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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 6, 1940 NO. 1

TODAY ONLY IS OURS

The fugutive years follow each other on their appointed rounds. Days and years are like the moods of men. Some are full of sunshine and brightness, blue skies and the fragrance of flowers, others are gray with clouds and hints of rain and storm, fretfulness and complaining. The New Year is young—it lies before us. Let us not harbor the belief that we have plenty of time to make sure of our purposes. Today only is ours. What we do today is the essential thing of our life. Providence has been good to the human race, because hopes of youth, plans of the matured, and memory's medium lend enchantment to the present, and make life very much worth while.

—Sunshine Magazine.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

247759

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

New year's resolutions! How many are made and how few are kept, people tell you, shaking their heads over our human weakness. But after all, if a few really are kept, we get somewhere. Everything isn't lost!

It was not New Year's Day when Lincoln, reading his Gettysburg address, said:

"Let us here highly resolve . . ."

But the principle is the same. We must highly resolve, or we can hardly expect to do anything worth doing. And New Year's week is a handy time for most of us to think over where we stand and what it is we want or hope to do. We know our own faults better than anyone else knows them, and we alone can really cure ourselves of them, if we are minded that way.

Think yourself over thoroughly and pick out one little pet fault to fight in the months to come. Concentrate on it, beat it. Perhaps you are always a trifle late, a bit behindhand. Make up your mind you will be prompt this coming year and use all your will power and resolution to be prompt. Don't let yourself think that perhaps just this once it won't matter. Make it matter every time. The victory, if you win it, will be a triumph when next New Year comes round.—Hildegarde Hawthorne.

THE NEW YEAR — 1940

The last page of 1939's history has been written. It is not easy to appraise values of the old year just ended, but with it all there has been a mixture of the good and bad, joy and sorrow, and with no wish of ours we smoothly glide into the New Year. The events of the past have been recorded and will go down in history.

There is no time to start the New Year with regrets, for it is impossible to sail on the winds of yesteryear, instead it is better to launch out on the tide of the present day with a hope and resolve to make this the very best year of all time.

The New Year is before us, it is yet in its infancy. Let us not harbor the belief that we have plenty of time to put our purposes into action. Instead let us recall the old maxim, "Time and tide wait for no man." Life is what we make it. With the right slant upon life, and the will to do, 1940 will prove a record-breaker for fine service by all who so resolve. At least, The Uplift starts the New Year wishing for all people a prosperous and peaceful life, also joy and happiness.

* * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL

Despite the fact many boys were indisposed during the Christmas holidays with colds, the time was pleasantly spent, and as usual the Christmas cheer made possible by the friends of the School, was not the least disappointing. Our boys did not escape the epidemic of bad colds. The infirmary was filled every day with boys suffering from heavy colds and coughs. It was not unusual to hear different officials of the institution remark, "How did we ever manage without an infirmary?" It truly was one of the greatest needs of the School facilities. The way it has been filled during this epidemic is proof of the statement.

Just a word about the Christmas entertainment that emphasized the birth of the lowly Nazarene. The program was splendidly rendered with the appropriate Christmas decorations, and was most impressive.

After the Christmas program the superintendent of the Jackson Training School, Charles E. Boger, was called to the rostrum. From the expression on the face of the superintendent it was evident he was unaware of what was in store for him. Dr. E. K. McLarty, pastor of Central M. E. Church, Concord, in a few well chosen words presented to Mr. Boger a handsome watch from the staff of the institution. The gift was indeed a surprise, and Mr. Boger was so completely swept off his feet he simply smiled and received the gift with sealed lips. We all know there are times when the feeling of gratitude is too deep for words. From every angle, Christmas this year at this institution was one of good will for our fellowman, and love for the underprivileged child.

THE MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES

The New Year's meeting of the trustees of the school was held Thursday, January 4th. Present for that occasion were Messrs. Alex Howard, and L. D. Coltrane, Concord; and Mesdames George E. Marshall, Mt. Airy; R. O. Everett, Durham; Cameron Morrison, Charlotte and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham.

The report of activities of the school from the time of the last meeting in October up to the present date was given by the superintendent. There was no new business for consideration so after a most pleasant gathering the board adjourned till the next quarterly meeting,—the first Thursday in April.

* * * * * * * *

TEACHING STUDENTS TO USE THEIR HANDS

The following from the Beaufort News gives nice publicity to the activities of the local public schools. Such publicity, or propaganda, as Andy expresses it, is "a wonderful thing, it does the work":

Beaufort Schools, (both white and colored) are fortunate in having school leaders who are pressing the importance of teaching students to work with their hands as well as learn the various subjects offered in their text books. Principal Leary of the Public School (white) calls his course of study "occupational guidance." Occupational guidance gives students the opportunity of seeing with their eyes, the actual operation of things which have been included in the course of text book study.

At the Colored High School under the direction of Principal Long and Instructor Hayes the students are learning such useful things as carpenter work, plastering and brick laying. It might be interesting for those learning these trades now, that if they become experts, they can some day command salaries which is more than many college graduates make due to an over-crowded "white-collar" world. The faculty of the Colored School also includes home economics teachers who are helping Negro girls to learn the art of working with their hands.

SCRAP IRON FOR EUROPEAN WAR

This week American scrap iron interest reported the largest deal of its kind in history—the sale of 750,000 tons of scrap iron to Great Britain for delivery within the next three months.

At about the same time, Italy which has a common border with Germany, bought 150, 000 tons of scrap iron in the American market.

The Philadelphia Record also states, as the war goes on, the steel production has climed to the highest peak in American history. We read as we run at this time, but it is difficult to forecast the future.

* * * * * * * *

ANOTHER GOOD CHRISTMAS

The Jackson Training School boys have again received a most enjoyable treat of Christmas goodies, donated by friends and well-wishers in various parts of the state. Acknowledgment of receipt of these donations have been carried in The Uplift as they came in each week. Some of them did not arrive in time for tabulation in our last issue, hence we are carrying below a complete list of all donations. It is needless to say that the thanks and appreciation of the boys are gratefully tendered to many fine friends who helped to make this Christmas season most enjoyable. Please accept their hearty thanks expressed through these columns. Contributors were as follows:

8-7-8	$25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord	10.00
Rowan County Welfare Department, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt., Salisbury,	3.00
New Hanover County Department of Public Welfare, J. R. Hollis, Supt., Wilmington,	10.00
Willard Newton, Pasadena, California	2.50
A Friend, Charlotte,	2.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Durham County Welfare Department, W. E. Stanley Supt., Durham,	10.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,	2.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,	5.00
Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. C. Hunt, Supt., Lexington,	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00

Anson County Welfare Dept., Miss Mary Robinson Supt., Wadesboro,	5.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	5.00
Guilford County Welfare Department, Mrs. Blanche Carr Sterne, Supt., Grennsboro,	5.00
City of Greensboro, Juvenile Commission	2.00
City of High Point, Mrs. Mabel H. Hargett, Girls' Commissioner, High Point,	8.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger,	5.00
A. W. Colson, Mooresville,	5.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Citizens of Charlotte, by Judge F. M. Redd	100.00
	$314.50

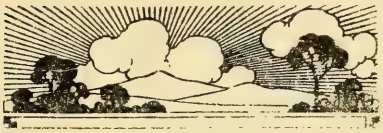
1 Year's Subscription to the American Boy, Boys Life and Look Magazines, by The Greenville Woman's Club, Greenville.

One year's subscription to The American Boy Magazine, by Miss Alice Armfield, Concord.

Assortment of games and puzzles, King's Daughters Circle, Kannapolis,

4 large boxes loose raisins, 3 bags nuts, 5 boxes tangerines, 25 bags oranges, 9 boxes of oranges, 11 boxes grapes, 19 baskets apples, from citizens of Charlotte, by Judge F. M. Redd.

550 large apples, 550 packages candy, A. C. Sheldon, Charlotte.



AMERICA'S 'CHRISTMAS CITY'

By Earle W. Bader

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is also known as "The Christmas City" of the United States. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the country come to Bethlehem each year during the Yule season.

It was on Christmas Eve in 1741, nearly two hundred years ago, that the early Moravian settlers, inspired by a Christmas hymn, first named this community for the birthplace of the Prince of Peace in Bethlehem of Judea. Hence, today under the leadership of the Bethlehem Chamber of Commerce and a Women's Committee, a special effort is being made to make Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, outstanding as "The Christmas City of the United States."

Some of the features of "The Christmas City" are as follows: An elaborate street lighting display, containing eight miles of street lights, will decorate twenty-two city blocks, and Bethlehem's famous Hill-to-Hill Bridge at a cost close to $35,000. This display, which will practically "roof" the streets of the city, will feature millions of electric bulbs with the star design predominating. The bridge, which is an immense structure and which crosses a river, a creek, a canal and four railroads, will be a thing of beauty with its red and green electric light design.

A 100-foot two-faced electric star will be built atop South Mountain, at the foot of which Bethlehem nestles. The star will be visible twenty-five miles away and will be symbolic of the "Star of Bethlehem."

A real Moravian "Putz," for which Bethlehem has long been famous and which will depict the Nativity scene, is to be erected. The "putz" is being built at the Chamber of Commerce headquarters. As the story is told and retold, music will be furnished by the Moravian Trombone Choir of Bach Festival renown.

Elaborate community Christmas trees will be erected on the campus of Lehigh University and Moravian College and Theological Seminary. The Moravian College for Women, oldest Protestant girls' school in the United States, will have candles burning nightly in the 200 windows of the historic building used as a hospital during the Revolutionary War.

Throughout the Christmas season various groups of carolers from Bethlehem's seventy-five Protestant churches will tour the city day and night, and sing appropriate Christmas hymns.

A special float will be constructed, depicting Santa Claus driving his sleigh and reindeer. The sleigh will be driven through the streets to further add a touch of Christmas cheer.

The Post Office Department is preparing to handle the usual heavy influx of mail from out-of-town people who wish their Christmas cards mailed and postmarked from Bethlehem, "The Christmas City."

This year the Bethlehem Chamber of Commerce is offering to place an appropriately designed Christmas seal on each letter sent to the Chamber for mailing from Bethlehem. This seal will bear a special design showing the Wise Men following the Star of Bethlehem. There will be no charge for this service.

WHY BENEVOLENCE?

By Wayne Easterday, in The Lutheran

Some people are persuaded that they do not believe in benevolence. If it were not for benevolence many of our church doors would be closed today. Because benevolence is a reality new churches have been started and many a lame-duck church has been saved. Are we thankful for these blessings to others? Do we experience the greater blessedness of giving?

If we planted a tree and God-given rains caused it to grow, it would bring forth seeds or sprouts that would produce other trees. If we prevent the seeds from growing we will have only one tree. Eventually its branches will die and finally the whole tree will die. If we have failed to let other trees start to grow in the meantime what will we do for another tree?

Our benevolence is like that; if we refuse our synod benevolence it is like refusing to let the seeds grow and eventually, because we have failed to develop a Christian-like charitable attitude toward others, the rot of self-centered selfishness kills off the branches of the tree until the whole tree, or church, is dead.

Your doctor will tell you not to think about yourself but put your mind on other things if you want to keep healthy. You know that the things you do for others which make them happy, bring you more satisfaction than the self-centered things you do for yourself.

Do you want a lone tree which will die off? or do you want a forest of trees? Do you want just one church? or do you want others to have churches too? Some of them need a push to get started. The mission board, which is only one branch of the church at large, often furnishes the needed push. Let us remember the eleventh commandment: do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

If our Christian religion means anything to us, if it has helped us over the difficult places, we will want to tell others; or if we cannot tell others in person, we will want to give money so preachers or missionaries can tell others in our own lands or other lands. A great deal of our benevolence comes back to us in analyzed or prepared programs through our magazines, books and pamphlets and in the administration of the whole church. What would an army be worth without a general?

We will not have a hundred per cent Christian community until our members become 100 per cent Christians, neither will we have 100 per cent Christians as long as we are self-centered and selfish. Did Florence Nightingale become famous because she was self-centered and selfish? Or was it because she thought of others and gave of her best that others might forget themselves and their pain?

We may do something because of fear, or we may do something because we feel it is our duty; but best of all we may do the same thing because of our love for someone. Christ said, "If ye love me ye will keep my commandments." Benevolence is something to be done out of our love for Christ and His cause. May we praise God from Whom all blessings flow and may others praise us because

our love for His cause has helped to keep His blessing flowing on to others.

Some people want religion sold to them through the church and the gospel but refuse to let it be sold to others.

If we had and were able to keep all of the benevolence in the world we could not make our community 100 per cent Christian because the act of withholding from others would starve out the seed of Christianity within us until those whom we would save would see our unwholesome condition and would be turned from us because we, as examples of Christianity, did not represent what they were seeking. Again, it is only by sharing that we receive.

The man with a chip on his shoulder always carries an unnecessary load.—Selected.

WRITERS CALL TRYON HOME SINCE LANIER DIED THERE

By James E. Johnson in Charlotte Observer

Just on the outskirts of Tryon, and to the east of the traffic-laden Atlanta-Cincinnati highway is the small village of Lynn. Between Lynn and Tryon, on a knoll that commands a view of the beautiful Pacolet river valley and of the towering mountains that gather close on every side is the last residence of Sidney Lanier, the South's most beloved poet.

Weak and at the very door of death from a final onslaught of consumption, Lanier accompanied by his wife and two of his sons, came to Lynn in midsummer,1881, looking for the rest and quiet that he had hoped would cure or at least ease pains of a long-tortured body.

At this time there were principally only three houses in Lynn. First was the Mimosa Inn, which was then the home of Columbus Mills, a pioneer of this section of the state, and it was at this home that Lanier had hoped to stay. However, arriving here from another Inn, located near Asheville, Lanier found that the Mills home was much too public to allow the rest that he so badly needed, and he made arrangements to put up with his family just across the way in the Wilcox house, where six weeks later he died.

Contrary to the general idea that Lanier lived for several years in this Wilcox house, records show that he was confined to a stretcher during the entire trip across the mountains from Asheville and was never out of his bed during the time he arrived here until his death September 7, 1881. During this short time, Lanier rested on the porch of this now-famous house and for the most of the time gazed silenty up at the mountains.

During the very last days he was moved from the porch to the left room

of the house and died, with his face toward the mountains and as Elia W. Peattie wrote and had engraved on the plaque that stands just in front of the house:

"Night slipped into dawn, and his pain merged into beauty.
Bright grows the road his weary feet had trod
He gave his salutation to the morning, and found himself before the face of God."

After Lanier's death, his wife and children remained in this vicinity as Lanier himself had wished and asked. One of Lanier's boys, Sidney Jr., finally entered the then fast-growing grape industry here and, with a Mr. Doubleday, suceeded so well that a few years later these two had an extensive vineyard that covered most of Piney mountain.

Mrs. Lanier remained in this section until the summer of 1886, she left to give a series of lectures to raise money to have the works of her beloved husband published. A little more than a year ago the wife of Sidney Lanier, Jr., gave a lecture at the Lanier library in Tryon on the life of Sidney Lanier and his last days in Tryon.

Polk county has remembered this great poet, and to his honor has been constructed one of the largest libraries in Western North Carolina. The Lanier Library in Tryon. Named also in his memory is beautiful Lake Lanier on the west side of this town, where are situated the homes of many famous writers of today.

After the time of Sidney Lanier many are those who have come to Tryon, and who like Lanier, gave the world of their work with gifted pen and typewriter. Among those who followed soon after the time of Lanier are Miss Alice Ball, books about birds; Roy Elliot, Bates,poet; Dr. Lelia Bedell, medical books; Margaret Culkin Banning, who has a beautiful home here and another in Duluth, Minn., and who says of Tryon, "When we first came to Tryon, we were just visitors, and had no intention of staying; since then we have acquired a house and regard it as home.

"Many people wonder, Why Tryon? Those who have been there cannot understand why a small town in the mountains should have such a hold over everyone who goes there. I have always had a suspicion that days in Tryon are longer than they are anywhere else, longer and more satisfactory. It is certainly the only place in the world where I have ever found plenty of time both to work and to be idle. My family and I love Tryon, consider it a home, and hope that, as the years go by, the people of Tryon will regard us as their neighbors,"

At one of Tryon's inns, Olive Higgins Prouty author of "Stella Dallas" and other noted novels, finished "Lisa Vales," which ran serially in the American Magazine. F. Scott Fitzgerald comes to Tryon often and Mrs. A. L. Berry, noted for her books and lectures on the Bible has a home here.

Others of a literary trend who have found and are now finding Tryon a natural retreat in which to carry on their work include: Delores Bingamon, children's poems and stories; George Broadhurst, dramatist, who finished one of his plays here; Dr. C. C. Curtis, retired teacher of Columbia University, books on botany; Dr. Raymond Dodge, retired professor of psychology of Yale university, books

on psychology; Dr. David Linn Edsall, retired dean of Harvard Medical school and contributor to medical journals; Dr. Edward Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson; Mrs. Payne Erskine, novelist, who grew up here and whose decendants are still living in this immediate section; Barbara Peattie Erskine, poet; Anne Bosworth Greene, who spends part of each year here; Manfried Gottfried, managing editor of "Time" whose sister owns a modern dairy farm near here; Jean Stansbury Holden, poetry and newspaper work; Alfred Huger, who before his death recently maintained a home here and at Charleston, S. C., and who wrote many stories on the Carolina lowlands; Alice Lightner, poet; Mrs. C. A. Lightner, author of a play produced by Belasco (she died at her home, "Seven Mountains", recently); Theodore Lightner, authority on bridge and author of a book on contract bridge; Donald Culross Peattie, whose home, "The Peattie House" is situated here, and whose writings on nature are world-famous.

Mrs. Hamilton Mabie and Mrs. Brand Whitlock have spent many months in Tryon, as have Dubose Heyward, Max Eastman, communist leader; and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, wife of the noted illustrator, who often visits her sister, Miss M. B. Flynn here.

Another famous Tryonite of the past was William C. Gillette, noted actor and playwright. Gillette Woods, an exclusive residential section of this community, was named for him, and it was here that he built his well-remembered "Crazy house" and in it he wrote the successful play, "Too Much Johnson." His home here was called "Thousand Pines," and practically all of the furniture was built-in and of unusual designs. Guests of his were often surprised to enter the dining room and see the laden dining table slowly rise out of the floor before their eyes, and to sit in spacious chairs which contained under the seat, everything from a miniature library to liquid refreshments. Gillette lived here less than two years, and his house is now one of the most popular upper-class inns in this section.

Some of the South's greatest artists have also found homes and accomplished some of their most creative works here.

For what shall a man give thanks? For the simple blessings of the day. For the golden laughter of a child. For grass and trees and water and sunshine; the soft tumult of the leaves, and the friendly bark of a dog: For neighbors and friends and strangers, who pause in a teeming, turbulent highway to bestow acts of kindness. For the calm of the night, and a star-filled sky to light the dark way: For warm firesides and still shadows. For the smile of the stranger to remind us to smile again. For the physician's soothing hand, the scientist's impenetrable mysteries; for all who mobilize for human need and happiness: For all these, and the countless good, let us give thanks.—Gabriel Heatter.

OUR STATE SONG

(North Carolina Public School Bulletin)

An account of our State song shows its rather varied career. The story goes like this: In 1835 a group of Swiss Bell Ringers came to this country and toured the theatres of the South. They played and sang European folk songs, and three Raleigh girls, having heard the program presented by the Bell Ringers, liked one of the songs so well that they begged a copy from the leader of the company. They sang the melody under Judge William Gaston's window, and he was so pleased with the little serenade that he said he thought there should be words for such a pretty tune. Indeed there were words for the music, but they were in German and meant this when translated into English:

When I want a sweetheart
She must be beautiful
And as sprightly as a woodpecker,
Not too big and not too small.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Tra tui tua tua ta,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Tra tui tua ta.

Mrs. James F. Taylor, in whose home Judge Gaston lived at 102 W. Hargett Street, Raleigh, suggested that the tune was suitable for a patriotic hymn, so Judge Gaston set to work in earnest and wrote the words we all know so well.

The music, however, underwent several changes before an arrangement made by Mrs. E. E. Randolph of Raleigh was finally adopted as the official song in 1927. We have no record of the orginal manuscript, but in 1851 there appeared in Wiley's North Carolina Reader a copy of the music arranged by R. Culver, with Judge Gaston's words.

Again, around 1896, Alfred Williams and Company of Raleigh printed the song, but there were a few changes made then, especially in the chorus. In 1909 in a little book called the Songs of the Seasons we find the Old North State again, this time arranged by Francis Hale, and again there is a change in the Hurrahs.

The Rotary Club of Washington, North Carolina, wishing to make people more familiar with the State song, had many copies printed and distributed, the arrangement of the music being made by W. H. Harding. Mr. Harding returned the Hurrahs to their orginal form in so far as the use of the repeated notes is concerned, but follows Mr. Hale's rhythm. Of course the mountain and eastern sections of the State have had their own variations of the song, but Mr. Harding said he made his arrangement in accordance with the way he heard the song sung as a child.

For the present version we are indebted to Mrs. E. E. Randolph, who gathered all the information about the song that she could possibly find, used the best from all the different arrangements, and made the song we now sing as our State hymn. During the legislature session of 1927 on Feburary 11th through the efforts of Judge Francis D. Winston at the request, of Mrs. John H. Anderson historian of the North Carolina Division of the United Daughters of

the Confederacy, a bill was passed making "The Old North State" the official State song. On March 27, 1928 the Caswell-Nash Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution placed a bronze tablet on the side of the building now standing on the corner of Hargett and Salisbury Streets, Raleigh, where formerly stood the office of Judge William Gaston and in which building the poem "The Old North State" was written.

Carolina! Carolina! heaven's blessings attend her,
While we live, we will cherish, protect, and defend her,
Tho' the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,
Still our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.
Hurrah! Hurrah! The Old North State forever,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State.

Tho' she envies not others their merited glory,
Say whose name stands foremost in liberty's story,
Tho' too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal subsmission?
Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State.

Then let all those who love us, love the land that we live in,
As happy a region as on this side of heaven,
Where plenty and peace, love and joy smile before us,
Raise aloud, raise together the heart thrilling chorus.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State.

The wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so.—Selected.

CONCEPT OF LIFE

(Selected)

It is unfortunate that many people of this present day have completely missed one of the finest things in life—a sense of gratitude. Perhaps in their youth they were pampered, given every trinket that their fancy desired, surfeited by every pleasure that loving, but foolish, parents could possibly provide.

As these youngsters grew into manhood and womanhood, they suddenly became aware of the fact that their little world was rather hollow—somewhat flat. Life was so "easy" that, at times, a terrible sense of ennui overcame them. They were weary of the constant round of social gaiety. Briefly, they had tasted all the pleasures of life in a few hectic years and future experiences would be, as

they thought, but a repetition of past performances. Gratitude, apparently, for them was restricted to an inconspicuous and limited place in the dictionary, if indeed they had ever heard of the term.

Some young people are prone and even encouraged to take things quite as a matter of course. They must have the finest clothes, attend the most representative private schools and universities, drive the latest model motor cars, live in the most exclusive residential districts, etc. Probably the majority of these young men and women became independently wealthy solely by inheritance, although a few have dabbled in business or professional life as a sort of experiment, while some of them have really made good in the world of affairs.

Such a concept of life would not suit those two-fisted men who started on nothing and are successfully waging the battle of life—always climbing higher, never satisfied to be a mere cog in the machinery of a gigantic industry. These men are happy; they are grateful for every little step forward. Their minds are so filled with healthy, constructive thoughts connected with their daily work that ingratitude simply has not a chance to creep in. There is a glowing expectancy that animates them. They appreciate life, with all its so-called hardships, for some day they will attain that goal toward which they strive. It may be a little home in the country, it may constitute travel to the far corners of the world, or it may be just to sit back, without fear or worry, and enjoy the declining years of life protected and sustained by the savings of years carefully invested and yielding steady returns.

It is generally acknowledged that "money does not buy happiness." In fact, money's purchasing power is rather limited as to the worthwhile things of life. A man who is grateful, hard-working, steady and loyal, is surely far more happy than the hepless drone whose pockets bulge with gold earned by other men, and whose life is meaningless, devoid of all purpose.

The sensible man need waste no tears over the fact that he was not born into riches. Let him who has been endowed with a strong mind, a healthy body and an ability to make his living be everlastingly grateful to the Giver of All Good for the many blessings he enjoys.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind, and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—Holmes.

THE CYCLONE CELLAR

(The Way)

People like to have some place of safety near them when they are in danger. The little chicks sometimes grow very forgetful of their mother when everything is going well, but let a hawk fly above them, and at their mother's cluck and call they fly to her and hide under her wings, close up to her heart. The prairie dog plays very boldly on the top of its queer little village—with owls and snakes; but let a hunter put in his appearance, and it quickly disappears. Boys and men sometimes talk very boldly. They would never show any signs of fear—not they! They are too brave for that. Even the bravest like to have a place in which to hide when danger comes.

In some parts of the great West people used to build cellars. They are called "Cyclone Cellars," for they are built as a place of safety if a cyclone should come. Some parts of the land are visited quite often by these terrible storms. They sometimes destroy many lives, and would destroy more if the people did not make ready for them by making such cellars as this.

There is no time to begin to dig a cellar after they see the storm coming. It comes very quickly. Sometimes they have hardly time enough to run from their houses to the storm cellar —the storm comes so quickly.

There is a greater storm coming than any of us have ever seen. John tells about it in the sixth chapter of the Revelation.

"I beheld, and lo, there was a great earthquake. The sun became black as sackcloth, and the moon became as blood. And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heavens departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

That is a very important question: "Who shall be able to stand?"

For that storm will be worse than any cyclone that ever swept over land or city.

Listen to the answer:

"I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb." When the question was asked, "Who are these and whence came they?" the answer came back, "These are they which washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

These are they who shall stand in the great day of His wrath.

Are you hiding in that sure refuge?

HE IS AN AMERICAN

(New York Sun)

He is an American.

He hears an airplane overhead, and if he looks up at all does so in curiosity, neither in fear nor in the hope of seeing a protector.

His wife goes marketing, and her purchases are limited by her needs, her tastes, her budget, but not by decree.

He comes home of an evening through streets which are well lighted, not dimly in blue

He reads his newspaper and knows that what it says in not concocted by a bureau, but an honest, untrammeled effort to present the truth.

He has never had a gas mask on.

He has never been in a bombproof shelter.

His military training, an R. O. T. C. course in college, he took because it excused him from the gymn course, and it was not compulsory.

He belongs to such fraternal organizations and clubs as he wishes.

He adheres to a political party to the extent that he desires—the dominant one, if that be his choice, but with the distinct reservation that he may criticize any of its policies with all the vigor which to him seems proper—any other as his convictions dictate, even if it be his decision, one which holds that the theory of government of the country is wrong and should be scrapped.

He boes not believe, if his party is out of power, that the only way in which it can come into power is through a bloody revolution.

He converses with friends, even with chance acquaintances, expressing freely his opinion on any subject, without fear.

He does not expect his mail to be opened bewteen posting and receipt, nor his telephone to be tapped.

He changes his place of dwelling, and does not report so doing to the police.

He has not registered with the police.

He carries an identification card only in case he should be the victem of a traffic accident.

He thinks of his neighbors across international borders—of those to the north as though they were across a state line, rather than as foreigners—of those to the south more as strangers since they speak a language different from his, and with the knowledge that there are now matters of difference between his government and theirs, but of neither with an expectancy of war.

He worships God in the fashion of his choice, without let.

His children are with him in his home, neither removed to a place of greater safety, if young, nor, if older, ordered ready to serve the state with sacrifice of limb or life.

He has his problems, his troubles, his uncertainties, but all others are not overshadowed by the imminence of battle and sudden death.

He should struggle to preserve his Americanism with its priceless privileges .

He is a fortunate man.

He is an American.

CREED OF CHILD WELFARE LEAGUE OF AMERICA

(Selected)

1. We believe in saving the home in order to save the child.

2. We believe in care and training for every child according to his need—in his own home, in a foster home, or in an institution.

3. We believe in the beneficent influence of the family home for delinquent children, under intelligent and symptahetic care and supervision.

4. We believe that service by trained, devoted persons is more es sential than external conditions in the family home or in an institution.

5. We believe that all projects in behalf of children should be based on knowledge and experience, and on recognized standards of child welfare work.

6. We believe in an infant and maternal welfare program which safeguards mother and child in the prenatal and postnatal period.

7. We believe in systematic health work with the individual through childhood and adult life.

8. We believe in the study of the mental life of the child in order to understand behavior and develop character.

9. We believe in a school system that recognizes its social responsibilities for the better adjustment of the child in home and in school.

10. We believe in a system of group activities for supervised play and for character-training.

11. We believe in raising the standards of parental responsibility—through the education of parents in the care of their children, and, in cases of improper guardianship, or flagrant neglect in the home, through legal action.

12. We believe in State programs of child welfare, in which the services of public and private organizations shall be harmonized and co-ordinated to deal with prenatal and postnatal care, pre-school and school care, recreational, educational, and vocational guidance, the building of character and health, special care for dependent, delinquent, and defective children, and to provide supervision of the work of private child-caring organizations.

One way to learn a man's true character is to watch him at play. It is both interesting and amusing to note the attitude of men engaged in playing a game and in business dealings. It is surprising how closely the two gibe.

One man will play the game with all his might—he works like mad for every point in the game, winning or losing. Another man will plug hard so long as his side is winning, and quickly lets down when the opponent starts to forge ahead. And then there's the fellow who likes to play only with inferiors, to make winning easy, and takes advantage of close plays.

And so a man's principles in business are manifested in his play, and the degree of his success may well be observed in his leisure hours.

—From "The Dixietype."

BRONCHO BEAN

By Charles Doubleyou

Thus the local name, in the Southwest, for that odd plant generally known as Mexican jumping bean, which. however, is not a bean at all!

The so-called jumping bean is the seed of several plants of the spurge family, found principally in Central and South America. About a thousand species of spurge are known, the botanic name being euphorbia. Some of these are weedy, others cactus-like. Still others are flower-like in foliage, for which they are cultivated in gardens, particularly the poinsettia. Another is the cypress spurge, a cemetery plant. This member of the spurge family has been experimented on in Germany for its possibilities as a rubber substitute.

Spurge possesses an acrid, milky juice. In some species, the milk is poisonous, while the juice of others produces skin blisters. The juice of one species of ornamental spurge, called snow-in-the-mountain, is used to advantage in Texas for branding cattle.

The names jumping bean and broncho bean have been applied to the somewhat triangular spurge seeds due to their activity, their jumping properties; and this is owing to the presence in them of the full-grown larvae of a certain gray moth—carpocapa saltitans. This occupies about one-fifth of the interior of the spurge seed, or so-called bean. When the interior becomes too warm for the moth's comfort, after exposure to the sun, the caterpillar wriggles about in an effort to move its resting place to a shaded spot. This causes the "bean" to jump. The caterpillar can cause the bean to roll from side to side as well as jump. When, while guiding the seed to a new location, it realizes that it is going in the wrong direction, it quickly performs an about face and rights itself.

Late in the winter the larva cuts a circular door through the seed. This it strengthens with silk and proceeds to transform itself into pupa. Soon afterwards the moth appears and emerges into the world outside by pushing its way through the door thus prepared.

And so a Mexican jumping bean has become untenanted; and one "broncho" of the Southwest has ceased to jump.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—F. W. Faber.

TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS ENJOY HOLIDAY SEASON

By Leon Godown

The familiar greeting, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," has again been sounded throughout the length and breadth of this great land of ours. While in many countries where death-dealing instruments are causing untold sorrow, this age-old message must have seemed a hollow mockery, but here in America the anniversary of the coming of the Prince of Peace was a time for great rejoicing.

Here at the Jackson Training School the Christmas spirit was very much in evidence for many weeks before December 25th, and as this joyous day drew nearer, the smiles upon the faces of the youngsters entrusted to our care grew more pronounced. The usual preparations for this happy holiday season made it necessary to call on the boys for the performance of many additional tasks, but they responded most promptly in each instance. The boys on the bakery force were busily engaged preparing and baking some of the very best cakes ever produced by our bakery; the office boys and extra mail-carriers could be seen trudging about the campus, heavily laden with all kinds of packages and boxes; the carpenter shop boys were working on both outdoor and indoor lighting and decorations; the store-room helpers were filling Christmas bags; the lads in the printing class were called upon for extra printing such as Christmas programs, "thank-you" cards, menus, etc.; many other were practicing Christmas carols and rehearsing their parts for the Christmas play; in fact the boys in all departments entered into the spirit of the occasion with a will, each one joyfully doing his part in an effort to make this a happy Christmas for everybody at the school.

At seven o'clock on Saturday evening, both boys and members of the staff, together with several visitors, assembled in the auditorium for the purpose of enjoying the annual Christmas exercises. The stage was beautifully decorated and the huge Christmas tree, ablaze with an abundance of gaily colored lights, made a fine appearance.

The first number on the program was the singing of that fine old Christmas hymn, "O Come, All Ye Faithful," by the entire assemblage. This was followed by the recitation of the beautiful Christmas story as recorded in the second chapter of Luke, by the entire student body, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2. After the Scripture recitation, Oscar Roland, also of Cottage No. 2 group, made a most beautiful Christmas prayer.

Superintendent Boger then introduced Dr. E. K. McLarty, pastor of Central M. E. Church, Concord, who talked to the boys on the birth of Christ and what it means to us. He began by stating that people never tire of hearing the story of Jesus' birth and singing the beautiful old Christmas carols. The best song ever sung, said he, was the one sung by the angels on that first Christmas Eve—

"Peace on earth, good will to men." As we celebrate the anniversary of this great event, there is something in the air that brings to us a feeling of joy and good will that wells up in our hearts and bursts forth into song. It seems that we just can't help being happy at this time.

Dr. McLarty then asked the boys a number of questions relative to the first Christmas Eve and about other Biblical characters, and in practically each instance, the correct answer was immediately forthcoming. He then explained to them the reason why Joseph and his wife, Mary, were not in their own home this night. They had to return to their birthplace to be taxed, as this was the ancient way of census-taking.

The speaker then pointed out briefly how they made the long journey, reaching Bethlehem as the sun was sinking in the west; how they found so many people in this small town, coming for the same purpose, that they could not find accommodations for the night at the inn on in the homes of their friends. The town was full. They finally obtained permission to spend the night in a stable, which is far different from the type of stable known to us of this modern day. It was the custom in that country for dwellings to be erected on pillars of considerable height, the space underneath being used to shelter cattle during the winter months. There in the humblest of surroundings the Savior of the World was born.

Dr. McLarty then told the boys how the Baby Jesus and his parents had to flee into Egypt a little later to escape the wrath of Herod, the king, who threatened to destroy him. He then called attention to the fact that on this Christmas Eve, 1939, over in England, France and other European countries, little children were suffering and were forced to spend this happy season far away from their homes and loved ones. There is not so much difference in conditions now existing than those of Herod's day. On that night, more than 1900 years ago, God sent the Baby Jesus into the world, but because of hatred in the hearts of men, his parents were forced to flee to another country. So it is in Europe at this time when all children should be permitted to enjoy the happiness of home, malice in the hearts of people, just as that in the jealous Herod's heart, makes it necessary for thousands of European children to seek safety away from the family firesides and among strangers. If tonight there were room for Jesus in men's hearts, English, French, German, Russian, Polish and Finnish children could enjoy Christmas in their own homes and communities, rather than having to try to escape horrible death by seeking shelter in distant places.

In conclusion Dr. McLarty stated that here in America our hearts are glad because we have a Savior. He is continually knocking at the doors of our hearts. If we will let him enter, our joy will be unbounded; if not, we are in just as bad circumstances as the people in other countries who are suffering tonight. He then urged the boys to try to realize the true meaning of Christmas and ever strive to pattern their lives after that of Jesus Christ who came to the world as a little babe on that first Christmas Eve.

The next number on the program was the singing of an old Christmas carol, three small boys, Jack Suther-

land, Carl Ray and Conrad Stone carrying the melody and little Miss Betty Hobby singing the descant. This was a beautiful number and was rendered by these youngsters in a most pleasing manner.

Then followed the Christmas play—"The Empty Room"—a drama of the first Christmas. The scene was a room in an old khan, the Oriental name for a public lodging house, built around a courtyard; the place was Bethlehem; the time was the evening of the first Christmas. The cast of characters was as follows: Hamar, a young Bethlehemite, keeper of the khan, Henry Ennis; Joanna, his cousin, Quentin Crittenton; Rebecca, mother of Hamar, William P. Freeman; The Prophet, Arthur Edmondson; Mary of Nazareth, Jack Mathis; A Noble of Capernaum, William Young; a servant, Edward Murray.

Time nor space will not permit other than a brief account of the portrayal of events as they occurred in Bethlehem on the night Jesus was born. Joseph and Mary applied at the inn for lodging. Hamar, a miserly young man, refused them, saving his remaining two guest rooms for the prince whose coming was foretold by the prophet. His mother and Joanna tried to pursuade him to let Joseph and Mary have one of the rooms, but he could only think of the gold he might receive from the prince, and turned them away.

A wealthy noble then paid Hamar a great price for one of the vacant rooms, the greedy young landlord deciding to hold the other for the prince, for the old prophet had told him that before dawn a prince would come to his house, and that the blessing of the Most High would rest upon he who received him.

Hamar was next seen gloating over his bag of gold. From time to time members of the household came in to tell him of strange things happening in Bethlehem that night. They told of the bright light of a strange star resting over a stable on a hillside just outside the town; his servant told him of the angelic song heard by the shepherds as they watched their flocks; finally his mother and Joanna went to the stable where the Holy Babe was born; the wealthy nobleman also went to see the Christ-child. Toward dawn the servant told Hamar of the coming of strange men with jewels and trains of camels, looking for the new-born King, not stopping at the khan, but continuing to the humble stall.

At last Hamar realized that the Prince of Peace had come and he did not receive him. He had been born in a stable while he kept an empty room, hoping to add to his supply of gold. He became remorseful. Suddenly a new light dawned upon him and he hastened to worship the Baby Jesus, deciding to lay his gold at his feet and beg forgiveness from the Heavenly Father. He did so and once more became a happy man. A joy had come to him far more wonderful than his store of gold could have provided.

The boys taking part in this drama, especially those playing the feminine parts, did exceptionally well. The entire performance went along smoothly and without any delays. The lads exhibited considerable dramatic ability and reflected much credit upon those in charge of this presentation of the beloved Christmas story.

Superintendent Boger then made the announcement that each boy at the School, upon returning to his cot-

tage home, would find a well-filled bag of articles that always bring joy to young folks at this time of the year. He explained that this was made possible by the contributions of many friends in various parts of the state. These friends, said he, had done this because they loved boys, believed in the boys at the School and were confident that when the time came for them to leave the institution, they would return to their respective communities, develop into worthwhile citizens, and become valuable assets to our great state rather than liabilities.

Then followed one of the high lights of a most enjoyable evening. Just as Superintendent Boger concluded his remarks, Dr. McLarty suddenly confronted him and insisted that he accompany him to the stage. Looking somewhat bewildered, Mr. Boger complied with the good doctor's request. Having succeeded in enticing his "victim" to the rostrum, Dr. McLarty divulged the reason for this seemingly untimely request, informing him that at the request of the members of the School's staff of workers, he had a very pleasant duty to perform—that of presenting their superintendent a beautiful 21-jewel Hamilton watch, as a token of their love and esteem. Upon the back of the watch had been engraved these words:

Presented to
Chas. E. Boger, Superintendent,
by the
Members of the Staff
of
Stonewall Jackson Training School
Christmas
1939

It was not hard to see that Mr. Boger was surprised. At first, holding the handsome gift in view, he was utterly speechless. He looked at the watch, then at Dr. McLarty, and then out into the faces of nearly six hundred grinning, applauding boys and workers. Finally, regaining his composure somewhat, he briefly expressed his thanks—too full for words, but happy to the nth degree.

The closing hymn, "Glory to God," was then sung and Dr. McLarty pronounced the benediction, thus bringing to a close a most delightful evening.

The next day, Sunday, was spent in opening and enjoying the contents of hundreds of boxes received from home folks, during which time the contents of the huge bags received the night before were not overlooked. The usual morning session of our Sunday school and the preaching service in the afternoon were called off, due to an epidemic of "flu" and bad colds among the boys. It was deemed advisable to keep them from assembling in large numbers, hoping to prevent further spread of disease.

On Christmas Day the regular morning assembling of our cottage lines was dispensed with, and the boys spent the morning engaging in sports at the ball grounds, taking part in various games on the campus or in the cottages and listening to radio broadcasts of Christmas programs. Then came the most important event of the day—the Christmas dinner, consisting of

Baked Chicken with Noodles
Rice with Gravy
Baked Ham
Cranberry Sauce
English Peas Candied Yams

Cole Slaw
Pickles
Japanese Fruit Cake Chocolate Cake
Sliced Pineapple
Milk

It was a great dinner. The boys had been playing hard all the morning and had worked up enormous appetites (if an appetite for Christmas dinner needs working up) and huge quantities of delicious viands disappeared as if by magic. The afternoon was spent in much the same manner as was the morning.

For the next five days all work at the School was suspended, save the performance of necessary duties. It had been the intention of the officials to allow the boys to enjoy a motion picture show each afternoon during this week, in fact the films had been selected, but after putting on one program, all others were cancelled. This was a precautionary measure in an effort to lessen the probability of further spread of the pesky "flu". The amusements for the rest of the week were confined to smaller groups. There were several football games between cottage teams. Taken by cottages, for one hour periods, the boys were allowed to spend the greater part of each day in our new gymnasium. Here they made use of athletic equipment of all kinds and many games of basketball between cottages were played.

While those in charge of the School found it necessary to omit some of the entertainment features which had been planned for the boys, not a single word of complaint was heard. Their conduct during this vacation period was all that could be desired. Realizing that it was for their benefit that part of the program was not to be had, they entered into such forms of recreation as could be permitted, determined to make this one of the most enjoyable Christmas seasons in the history of the School. How well they succeeded may very easily be determined by expressions coming from the boys themselves. We have yet to hear one lad say that he did not thoroughly enjoy Christmas week of 1939.

LOVE'S MESSAGES

We look out on many a gray morning that seems the beginning of a hard day, when, if our sight and hearing were not "holden," we should find the air filled with messengers of good cheer. "The earth is full of messages that love sends to and fro"—the swift remembrance of absent friends, the tender thoughts and good wishes of those who are dear to us, the prayers that go up to God for us and that He hears though we do not. "The days that we knew the churches in the homeland were praying for us and our station were bright days," said a returned teacher, speaking of the missionary calendar of prayer. But there were many days when He did not know, and the prayers ascended just the same.

Most important of all is the fact that there are God's thoughts of love for us. Human remembrance may fail, but His remembrance will not fail and His messengers come in uncounted ways: the unseen angel that guards us from some danger, the book that brings a word of courage or help, the song that floats in at the window and lifts our drooping faith. Those thoughts are beyond our counting, but they are as real as the earth upon which we stand.—The Way.

INSTITUTION NOTES

To Our Exchanges

During the year 1939 hundreds of publications from correctional and penal institution in all sections of the United States have come to this office. We have thoroughly enjoyed reading them, and in many instances have used articles found therein in the columns of The Uplift. We are grateful for having been kept on your mailing lists for another year and look forward to the receipt of future issues. To the editors and publishers we tender our very best wishes for the continued success of their respective periodicals. We trust that you and those near and dear to you enjoyed a Merry Christmas, and express our wishes for you throughout the New Year in the following lines:

Health enough to make work a pleasure.
Wealth enough to support your needs.
Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.
Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.
Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.
Charity enough to see some good in your neighbor.
Love enough to move you to be useful to others.
Faith enough to make real the things of God.
Hope enough to remove all anxious fear concerning the future.

Early Hamilton, of Mount Holly, who has been away from the School since November 1, 1933, visited us on Christmas Day. He reported that he had been working in a cotton mill for some time and was getting along all right.

Arthur Martin, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who now lives in Albemarle, called on friends here during Christmas week. Arthur left the School November 3, 1938, going to his home in Albemarle, and for several months worked with his father at the painting trade. He then secured employment in the Wiscassett Cotton Mills and is still working there. He works in the spinning room and tells us he is doing nicely. Arthur is now eighteen years old and has developed into quite a nice looking young man.

Robert Worthington, formerly of Cottage No. 2 and a member of our printing class, called on friends here on Christmas Day. He left the School April 22, 1937, securing a position as linotype operator with the Daily Herald-Observer, Concord. Several months later, this paper merged with the Concord Daily Tribune, and Bob, being the latest addition to the staff, had to secure employment elsewhere. In a short time he went to work for the Daily Independent, Anderson, S. S., where he remained for eleven months. A little more than a year ago, Bob obtained a position with the West Point News, a bi-weekly newspaper published at West Point, Georgia, where he is still employed.

He stated that he was very pleasantly situated down in the "Cracker State", very fond of his employer and the other members of the force, and was getting along very well.

Another Christmas visitor at the School was Glenn Jenkins, a former member of the Cottage No. 15 group. Upon returning to his home in Lexington, January 8, 1937, he worked in a cotton mill. He then secured a position as helper on one of the Royal Crown Bottling Company's trucks. About two years ago he was made a regular truck driver and is still working for the same firm. Glenn stated that he thought his stay at the School was most beneficial and seemed very grateful for the training received here. He is now nineteen years old, is well-mannered and has the appearance of being a very good boy.

Harold Queen, of Burke county, who was allowed to leave the School September 1, 1934, was a visitor here on Christmas Day. This lad was better known as "Madame" Queen as a lad here, at which time he was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and the regular first-baseman for the School's baseball team. He is now connected with the Pender Store at Lenoir, where he has been working for several months. He commutes from Morganton to that city daily. Madame is now a fine-look, well-mannered young man, and in conversation with one of the members of the staff, stated that "it was always a great pleasure to come back to the School and see his friends." As a boy here, he was quite a favorite with boys and officers, and they were equally glad to see him and to learn that he has been making good since leaving the institution.

Stacy Long, a former 14th Cottage boy, who left the School in 1937, was among the Christmas visitors here. He enlisted in the United States Army for a two years' period, September 9, 1937, and was detailed for duty in the Panama Canal Zone. His term of enlistment having ended last September, Stacy immediately re-enlisted and is now a member of the 16th Observation Squadron, Air Corps, and, after a ten day's furlough which expires the first week in January, will report to Fort Bragg for duty. Stacy dropped in to see us Christmas Eve, but had to go to Charlotte that night in order to attend church services with members of his family. He is now a fine-looking young man, has fine manners and a most pleasing personality, and his many friends at the School were glad to see him. We learned from this young man that several old Training School boys were in Uncle Sam's service and were stationed in the Canal Zone the same time he was down there. Among these were "Junior" Garrett, of 4th Cottage; "Red" Connor, of 12th Cottage; and Brevard Hall, of 14th Cottage. At that time, according to Stacy, these boys were also getting along very nicely.

Quite a number of former Training School boys sent Christmas greetings to friends among members of the

staff of workers here. Receipt of cards from the following boys has been reported to The Uplift office:

Clyde A. Bristow, Winston-Salem; William Bell, Roper; Dermont Burkhead, Norfolk, Va.; John T. Capps, Kannapolis; J. T. Godwin, Roseboro; O. M. Hunt, Jr., Muskegon, Mich.; Harold Walsh, Cycle; C. Keith Hunt, Houston, Texas; Robert McNeely, Fort Bragg; William Glenn Miller, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Horace McCall, Shreveport, La.; Jack W. Page, Broadway; James H. Winn, Altamahaw; Theodore Wallace, Fayetteville; J. D. Ingram, Derita; Joseph Moore, Boston, Mass.; Norman Brogden, Norfolk, Va.; Craven Pait, Lumberton; Sidi Threatt, Monroe; Carl Henry, Detroit, Mich.; Edgar Burnette, Old Fort; Robert Coleman, Lumberton; Robert Teeter, High Point; William Brothers, Elizabeth City; Willard Newton, Pasadena, Calif.; Rufus Wrenn, Lincoln, Neb.; Wayne Collins, Asheville; Harry Sims, Charlotte; Robert Atwell, Salisbury; Fred Vereen, Logan, Utah; Lloyd Pettus, Marshville; Vernon Bass, Charlotte; Grover Gibby, Sylva; John Holmes, New York City; John Elliott, Laurinburg; Albert Spangler, Shelby; Clyde Small, Morganton; James Medlin, Gastonia; Clyde Adams, Kannapolis; Arlie Maddox, Charlotte; Henry Cowan, Belmont; Rex Allred, Greensboro; Russell Moore, Wilmington; Neil Huntley, Wadesboro; Colby Buchanan, Asheville; Howard Todd, Raleigh; Cleo King, Hemp; Caleb Jolly, Charlotte; Montfort Glasgow, Winston-Salem.

A HOME WITHOUT A BIBLE

What is home without a Bible?
  'Tis a place where day is night,
Starless night; for o'er life's pathway
  Heaven can shed no kindly light.

What is home without a Bible?
  'Tis a place where daily bread
For the body is provided,
  But the soul is never fed.

What is home without a Bible?
  'Tis a vessel out at sea,
Compass lost and rudder broken,
  Drifting, drifting, aimlessly.

What is home without a Bible?
  Listen! Ponder while I speak:
'Tis a home with Bibles in it,
  But not opened once a week.

Monday comes and goes, and Tuesday
  Comes and goes, and Wednesday, too;
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday,
  Book unopened whole week through!

—Author Unknown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending December 31, 1939

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Clyde Gray 5
James Hodges 5
(6) Gilbert Hogan 6
(6) Leon Hollifield 6
(6) Edward Johnson 6
(6) Robert Maples 6
(6) Arna Wallace 6

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 5
William G. Bryant 4
Jack Broome 4
Clinton Call 4
Porter Holder 4
Clay Mize 3
Arlie Scism 4
(6) Jerry Smith 6
Edward Warnock 4
(6) Lee Watkins 6
William Whittington 4

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 2
James Blocker 2
William Burnette 2
Charles Chapman 2
Jack Cline 4
George Cooke 4
Joseph Christine
(6) John D. Davis 6
Julian T. Hooks 3
J. W. Jones
Robert Keith 3
Frank King 3
Milton Koontz 2
Floyd Lane 3
Thurman Lynn 2
Forrest McEntire 3
Donald McFee 4
William Padrick 3
(6) Richard Parker 6
Henry Phillips
Nick Rochester 5
Oscar Roland 4
Landros Sims 4
Clyde Sorrells 2
Charles Smith 2
Raymond Sprinkle 2
James C. Stone
Charles Tate 2
Newman Tate 2
(6) W. J. Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 4
Clyde Barnwell 5
Earl Barnes 3
Jewell Barker
Earl Bass 2
Richard Baumgarner 3
Grover Beaver 5
James Boone 2
Kenneth Conklin 2
Jack Crotts 3
Max Evans 4
Coolidge Green 5
Bruce Hawkins
A. C. Lamar 2
William Matthewson 5
Douglas Matthews 3
F. E. Mickle 4
John C. Robertson 4
George Shaver 3
William Sims 5
William T. Smith 2
John Tolley 2
Jerome Wiggins 2
Louis Williams 3
Allen Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 4

Paul Broome 4
William Cherry 2
Quentin Crittenton 4
Lewis Donaldson 4
John Jackson 3
Hugh Kennedy 3
Ivan Morrozoff 5
Edward McGee 5
J. W. McRorrie 3
J. C. Nance 4
George Newman
Henry Raby 4
Melvin Walters 5
James Wilhite 3
Samuel Williams 4
Cecil Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 5

Robert Dellinger 2
(6) Lindsey Dunn 6
A. C. Elmore 4
Ray Hamby 5
J. B. Howell
(6) William Kirksey 6
Everett Lineberry 2
Ivey Lunsford 2
Paul Lewallen 3
James Massey
Richard Starnes 4
Hubert Walker 5
Earl Watts 5
(6) Dewey Ware 6
Henry Ziegler

COTTAGE No. 6

Martin Crump 3
Noah Ennis 3
Leo Hamilton 2
Leonard Jacobs 3
Winley Jones 2
Durwood Martin
John Maples
Randall D. Peeler 2
Jack Reeves
Carl Ward 2
George Wilhite

COTTAGE No. 7

Cleasper Beasley 3
William Beach 4
(6) Carl Breece 6
(6) John Deaton 6
(6) Donald Earnhardt 6
Raymond Hughes 2
Robert Hampton 4
James Jordan 3
Lyman Johnson 3
Hugh Johnson 4
Robert Lawrence 4
Elmer Maples 4
Carl Ray 5
Joseph Wheeler 5
William R. Young 5

COTTAGE No. 8

Thomas Britt 2
Howard Griffin
Daniel McPhail 4

COTTAGE No. 9

J. T. Branch 4
(6) Roy Butner 6
Robert Gaines 3
(6) Frank Glover 6
(6) C. D. Grooms 6
Wilbur Hardin 5
Osper Howell 4
Mark Jones 5
Daniel Kilpatrick 5
(6) Harold O'Dear 6
Eugene Presnell 5
Lonnie Roberts 5
Thomas Sands 3
L. B. Sawyer
Cleveland Suggs 5
Richard Singletary 3
(6) Preston Wilbourne 6
Horace Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 4
J. D. Hildreth 3
Lee Jones 4
Thomas King 3
Vernon Lamb 4
William Peeden 2
Oscar Queen
Oscar Smith 3
Rufus Wagoner 3

COTTAGE No. 11

(6) J. C. Allen 6
Harold Bryson 5
John Benson 4
William Covington 5
(6) Earl Hildreth 6
William Hudgins 3
Ballard Martin 4
Paul Mullis 4
(6) Edward Murray 6
Donald Newman 5
(6) Fred Owens 6
(6) Theodore Rector 6
(6) N. C. Webb 6

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen 4
Odell Almond 5
Jay Brannock 3
Allard Brantley 4
William Broadwell
William C. Davis 2
William Deaton 5
Howard Devlin 3
Max Eaker 4
Norwood Glasgow 4
Everett Hackler 5
Joseph Hall 3
Hubert Holloway 4
Richard Honeycutt 2
S. E. Jones
Tillman Lyles 3
Clarence Mayton 3

James Mondie 2
James Puckett
(6) Avery Smith 6
(6) Ralph Sorrells 6
George Tolson 2
J. R. Whitman 3

COTTAGE No. 13

Merritt Gibson 5
William Griffin 5
(6) James V. Harvell 6
(6) Vincent Hawes 6
James Lane 2
Walter Morton 4
Paul McGlammery 4
(6) Alexander Woody 6

COTTAGE No. 14

Robert Deyton 4
Henry Ennis 5
(6) Audie Farthing 6
Henry Glover 2
(6) Feldman Lane 6
Norvell Murphy 3
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle 3
Henry McGraw 3
John Reep 5
Harold Thomas 5
(6) Desmond Truitt 6
Garfield Walker 5
Wallace Woody, Jr. 5

COTTAGE No. 15

(6) Raymond Anderson 6
Jennings Britt 3
Clifton Davis 4
Albert Hayes 3
Fred McGlammery 4
J. P. Sutton 4
William Wood 5
Arvel Ward 3
William Young 5

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Duncan 5
(6) Warren G. Lawry 6
(6) Thomas Oxendine 6
(6) Charles Presnell 6

HEROES OF EVERY DAY

We boast of the deeds of mighty men,
And proudly we speak the name
Of the heroes of old, so brave and bold,
And sing their undying fame.

But I sing of the heroes of every day
Who the straight, hard pathway plod.
And do their deeds in a quiet way,
Unnoticed by all—save God.

For there's many a hero of lowly estate
Who seeks not the limelight's glare,
But gives of his best for humanity's sake—
Inspired by courage rare.

And of all of these who shall live and die,
Not one shall have lived in vain;
For, deep in the grave though their bones may lie,
In their works they do live again.

—Alex Tuer.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVIII CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 13, 1940 NO. 2

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BE TRUE

Thou must be true to thyself,
  If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
  Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
  To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
  Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
  Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
  A great and noble creed.

—Horatius Bonar.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE ENGLISHMAN IN BRIEF

The outstanding and upstanding characteristics of the English appear right vividly in the following brief paragraphs which have been culled from the Methodist Recorder London:

"The right angle from which to approach any problem is the try angle.
Putting things off somehow mostly applies to duties and not to pleasures.
Some men love to work and some love play. Wise man loves both.
You can always propagate a propaganda if you can find the proper geese.
Don't put oil of lavender where there should be elbow grease.
Misfortune can't keep dogging us if we're only dogged enough.
It is easier to spend allowances than to make them.
Even if you are on the right track you will be run over if you sit there.
Reputation is what you have when you come to a new community. Character is what you have when you go away.
Getting on is largely a matter of getting up each time you are knocked down."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

———o———

ARCHITECTS OF OUR FORTUNES

We pass men daily who were just on the brink of misfortune, but they never ceased digging away at the old job, and finally, a good break came their way. Some call this luck, but luck came their way because they remembered the slogan of a nationally known advertising agency—"Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success." It takes bulldog tenacity to put over anything that is truly worthwhile. A vision coupled with courage and energy never fails.

For instance, Henry Ford was forty years old before he built his first automobile, but what a vision, combined with push, pluck and perseverance he had—and it made him millions.

Then, too, there is another prodigy of the yesteryears, "Tommy" Edison, who began life as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad line. He used his "spare time" when not busy. In a baggage car he fitted up a laboratory and tried all sorts of new things. The greatest inventor of world's history was Thomas Alva Edicon.

We are familiar with the background of Abraham Lincoln, who from a boy was handicapped by poverty and other misfortunes. He walked miles to borrow books to read, and then after his task of splitting rails for the day, he would, in the still hours of the night, read by the flicker of the fireplace light.

James Watt was a poor boy and during his dreams of greater things he would lie for hours near the hearth of his home in Scotland, and draw geometrical figures with pieces of chalk. And he invented the steam engine.

Few know that one of the greatest Southern orators, Henry Clay, the speeches of great men and then would retire to the woods to was a poor boy. He reached the peak of success by memorizing practice where only the birds of the forest heard him. He was the most persuasive speaker in the country during what is called the "golden age of American oratory."

There are many others equally as great who made their way in the face of difficulties. We feel that success can be acquired by the will to do, but today college attainments play a conspicuous role in the rise and fall of mankind.

* * * * * * * *

THE PRESIDENT MOVES FOR PEACE

During the past few weeks events suggestive for peace have been reported through the press and over the radio, all inspired by the season that makes every heart pulsate with love—Christmas, the birthday of the Prince of Peace. During the entire time President Roosevelt has been at the head of the affairs of the nation, he has reflected a great interest in people, and he continues to sustain the fine impression made by inaugurating a plan to mold public sentiment for peace.

Wise as he has proved himself to be in every venture, he makes his approach this time to the general public through leaders of the Jewish, Protestant and Catholic denominations. All of this is done

in the interest of humanity and every head should bow with a prayer that strength be given to these leaders to carry the plan to a successful finish, and the Prince of Peace may soon reign in all warring nations.

The President sent Myron Taylor, a most distinguished citizen of America, to the vatican of Rome, the center of Catholic faith, to consult with Pope Pius. It is known that the most influential church of Europe is that of the Catholic faith, and that help from the Pope and his followers will give strength and courage to other Christians. With the spiritual and material aid of the wealthiest nation of the world—the United States—combined with the power of European countries will wield a great influence in the affairs of the world. The whole plan seems to be a fine approach to get the interest of the people at large, if possible to reach them at all.

* * * * * * * *

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS

The state of Kansas, name derived from the Kansa Indians (it seems the Indian tribes of this country were legion) was admitted to the Union January 29, 1861. Today this state ranks as the pioneering state in the cause of prohibition. From newspaper reports —unlike conditions in other states—fine and most satisfactory results have been realized from the bone-dry law.

Of the one hundred and five counties, fifty-four of them have no insane or feeble-minded; ninety-six are without poorhouses, better known locally as county homes for the indigent; fifty-three are without a person in jail and fifty-six counties without a representative in the state penitentiary. That is a fine rating, and would be worth the time of representatives of other states to send a commission to study cause and effect.

* * * * * * * *

TWO MILLION AMERICAN FLAGS

There are two million American flags made and sold in the United States each year. And there are 7,000 babies born each day, a population increase of two and one-half million persons each year. That means that we make an American flag for eighty per cent of the babies born each year.

Or putting it another way, there are two and one-half million people attaining the age, each year, when they become customers for all kinds of products. And all but twenty per cent of them buy flags. Assuming that half the group are women and half men and that they establish a million and a quarter homes, that would mean an average of one and three-fifths flags per home.

These facts are cited by a trade publication that comes to our desk as an answer to those who would have us believe that the Spirit of America is dead! Here is inspiring evidence that the love of liberty still is vitally alive in the land!—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

THE NEED—A VISION

We are now in the midst of a whirl of bitter strife, intolerance, confusion and an accelerated preparation for a more intense warfare that affects the whole world. If the smothered bitterness of one nation against another finally results in one great outburst the destruction of human life and loss of material values will exceed human reason and civilization will be stalled for generations. It matters not whether the battles are upon sea or land the taking of human lives and the flowing of human blood will be the picture too horrible to dwell upon.

The question arises, where will the world look for a different idealism with which to subdue this riot of feeling? The answer is in our boys and girls. The challenge rests in the homes, the schools and the churches if the young people meet the needs of the age.

We pause and repeat from the Proverbs of Solomon—"where there is no vision the people perish." The great need is a vision, a compelling sense of our obligations to our fellowman if our civilization is more merciful, and our humanity more genuinely human. Such things as jealousy and greed, the baser elements of mankind, have eaten like a cancer into the heart of man till they have forgotten the law of love which is the very breath of His Kingdom.

* * * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF BIBLE SOCIETIES

A most interesting article captioned "How the World Gets

Bibles" was brought to our attention in a popular periodical. We have advantages daily brought to our doors and never know from whence they came. In the article referred to, it was revealed that about one hundred and thirty years ago a "Bible Society" was started in England, specifically to print and distribute Bibles.

Soon thereafter similar societies sprung up in America. The need for the Bible in this country was keenly felt between 1810-1850 when America was having an influx of immigrants from Europe, and this country was expanding westward. A close follow-up revealed there were many, many homes without Bibles.

"The Bible Societies" set themselves to the task of supplying this great need. The societies were aided in this work by the missionary societies and the missionaries of that part of America.

The Bible Societies also had for their goal the translation and publishing of Bibles of all languages of the world. The press reveals the Bible, in whole or part, has been translated into over a thousand languages. Sad, but it is true, that with the co-operation of societies, ministers, missionaries and church societies one half of the people of the world do not know that the Bible exists. And sadder yet, those of us who have access to the Bible do not use it with the understanding heart that we should.

SEEK BENTONVILLE MILITARY PARK

By Hoover Adams in Charlotte Observer

If a movement to have the National Park Service take over the Bentonville Battleground is successful, this scene of North Carolina's principal battle of the Civil War will be preserved for future generations.

It was here 74 years ago that the northern and southern forces engaged in a memorable and costly battle—but contrary to belief, it wasn't the last battle of the War. Fought on March 19-21, it was the last on North Carolina soil, but the war didn't close until late in April.

This conflict left more than 400 soldiers dead on the battlefield, and they are still buried here. Only a few tiny monuments mark the battleground, and local historians believe that, with the aid of the government, it would become a principal point of interest to students.

The movement was begun more than a year ago, sponsored by the Smithfield Kiwanis club and the Johnston county unit of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Congressman Harold D. Cooley has also been very active in trying to get action on the project.

Bentonville is about 15 miles from Four Oaks, about 18 miles from Smithfield, and about the same distance from Clinton in the heart of a rich agricultural section.

So far, definite action has not been taken on the park, but proponents are still optimistic over the chances. Monuments now erected were set up by the North Carolina Historical commission and the North Carolina chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. No markers have been added in recent years.

Each year, on the anniversary of the fight, a sham battle is staged on the field. Other than that there is no celebration, and tourists have to find their own way about. Johnston county officials want the grounds tended and kept by the Federal government, with guides available for tourists and appropriate markers for preservation.

One of the principal points of interest here now is the old hospital, where the wounded soldiers were taken, both Confederate and Yankee victims. And history has it that no soldier taken to the hospital, which was merely a dwelling house ever lived, probably because only those most critically wounded were given aid. The house is still occupied. Reamus Dunn is the present occupant.

The Battle of Bentonville is distinguished for many reasons, chiefly because it was the last and principal battle fought in North Carolina. A brigade of 1,000 17-year-old boys has also attracted attention to the battle, to say nothing of the fact that there were troops from nearly every southern state and from many of the northern states. Throughout, the battle shows how Southern soldiers fought under the most adverse conditions when the cause was "almost entirely lost," they said.

A lot has been written, and is still being written, about the battle, but probably the most accurate and most colorful description is that written by the Rev James P. Smith, retired Presbyterian minister of Smithfield.

An ardent student of history, Mr. Smith has spent several years gathering data on Bentonville. He discounts as "folly" a lot which has been written in history books, and offers a comprehensive, practical and smooth-running story of the battle.

This memorable action was fought on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of March, 1865, relates Smith. On one side was the Union Army of General W. T. Sherman, containing 65,000 men, and on the other the Confederates force under General Joseph E. Johnston, containing 15,000 men.

Sherman was making his march from Savannah, Ga., to Goldsboro, 450 miles in 60 days, the army traveling on parallel roads on an average front of 40 miles. Records show that only coffee, sugar and salt were issued from the commissary, the subsistence of the army being secured by a body of foragers covering the county on each side.

After occupying Fayetteville and destroying the army arsenal there, Sherman's Army started for Goldsboro, the left army under General Slocum, taking roads north and then east, the right army under General Howard, traveling on roads to the east and by Falling Creek church.

Rear guard actions were fought all the way north by small Confederate forces, Sherman's calendar showing from January 25 to March 19 about 69 skrimishes, eight actions and one battle at Averasboro in Harnett county.

At Averasboro, General Hardee with less than 6,000 Confederates, blocked for a time the left army, leaving 123 dead on the field and suffering a total loss of killed, wounded and missing of 450.

The northern army reported 95 killed, 533 wounded and 34 missing at Aferasboro. This action was the forerunner of Bentonville, three days later, and fought on March 16. General Sherman camped on the night of the 18th at the junction of the Clinton road and the road to Bentonville, where the fireworks began on the following day.

General Johnston had about Smithfield the remnants of serval corps and departments. His commanders being Hardee, Steward, Hoke, and Hampton. Hampton reported that the 14th corps of the left army was on his front and the 20th corps was a few miles south on the same road.

He informed General Johnston that General Howard's right army was traveling towards Goldsboro on roads some miles south, and that in his opinion the place was admirable for an attack. Hampton engaged him self to delay the enemy until General Johnston could bring his troops from the Smithfield area.

Skirmishing was general, Mr. Smith writes, and on Sunday morning, March 19, the Southern forces attacked the 14th corps, endeavoring to hurl it back on the 20th corps approaching in the rear.

This was about the Cole house, and southwest and west of the Cole house, and an eveloping movement with entrenched positions southeast of the Cole house. Entrenched positions were prepared in the rear of this position and these were occupied by Confederates on the night of the 19th.

Johnston stated his force numbered 15,000 men, and that the number of the enemy rose from 20,000 to 44,000. When the battle began on Sunday morning, the Confederate forces pressed the northern forces with great daring and drove it back

some distance.

Here Mr. Smith quoted the writings of a Southern officer who was present and gave a graphic description of the panorama of the battle.

"Hoke's division lined the road and at right angles to us was the 'Army of Tennessee' (Stewart). The enemy was in the angle. In the afternoon we saw this army of Stewart at right angles to us as it charged and took two successive lines of breastworks, capturing the enemy's artillery. Several officers led the charge on horseback, across an open field in full view, with colors flying, and with line of battle in such perfect order as to enable us to distinguish the several general officers in proper place, and followed by a battery at full gallop, which wheeled, unlimbered and opened fire with their field guns. It looked like a picture and at our distane was truly beautiful."

The official report of Johnston to General Robert E. Lee shows that the Federal forces were greatly augmented by six o'clock p. m. and that they attempted to take the offensive, but without effect. On the morning of the 20th, with the arrival of the 15th Corps from the Southeast on the left flank of the Confederates, the Confederate line was changed from the line running east an west, to a line running north and south, at right angles to the line of the 19th. On the afternoon of the 21st, it was founl that the 17h corps had broken hrough on the extreme left towards the old Benton house.

Johnston's army being thus attacked on three sides. and the line of retreat by Bentonville bridge being threatened, the great number of wounded were removed toward Smithfield, and the Confederate army retired to Smithfield and Mitchener's Station. Sherman proceeded to Goldsboro for junction with the armies of General Schofield from Kinston and General Terry from New Bern.

General Johnston reported the Confederates suffered a loss of 239 killed, 1,684 wounded and 673 missing. The report shows the Federal forces buried 267 Confederates left dead on the field. The tradition of the battleground is that many were never buried. On the Confederate monument the names of 41 dead are given, and the statement is carved on the stone that 360 others are buried there, unknown. The exact number of Confederates killed at Bentonville is not known, but they were from most of the states.

The Northern army reported 195 killed, 1,112 wounded (about 10 per cent of these died in the field hospitals in 48 hours, according to the report of the Federal Surgeon General), and 221 missing.

When the Southern Army withdrew from Bentonville on the night of March 21st, 45 Southern wounded were left at the Harper place and 63 at Bentonville. A scout was sent from the outpost of the First (Confederate) Kentucky Cavalry, who reported on the condition of the wounded.

"We remember the heroism of particpants and marvel at the boldness of those who fought so resolutely and at such great odds," declares Mr. Smith in closing his article.

Stop bragging about yourself and see if anybody else brings up the subject.—Selected.

N. C. MINERALS ARE WIDELY FAMED

By Mariam Glovier Rabb in Charlotte Observer

With the discovery of vast deposits of kaolin, feldspar, and quartz, and the development of a practical method of electrical firing for fine chinaware, the Spruce Pine region in Avery, Yancey, and Mitchell counties, is coming to the ceramic industry.

For many centuries the ceramic, or pottery industry has remained unchanged, and chinaware in use today differs little from the earthenware in use in Biblical times. America's ceramic industry has its center in the North, and until recently was almost entirely dependent on foreign countries for its raw materials.

North Carolina kaolin, or clay, is now being supplied to these northern manufacturing centers, but ceramic authorities who have made a study of the Spruce Pine region assure us that a new industrial frontier looms here. In the future the manufacture of ceramics may be centered in the region where the best materials are found.

Among those interviewed are such authorities as R. E. Gould, chief engineer and general manager of Buffalo Potteries, at Buffalo N. Y.; and formerly chief ceramic engineer of the T. V. A.; S. T. Henry, ceramic engineer and editor of the Tri-County News at Spruce Pine; and Harry Bailey, Sr. who has a prominent part in mineral developments. In answering questions about the resources of the region, they say that experts who have surveyed them agree that the known supply of kaolin, feldspar, and quartz—the three minerals essential to the making of fine chinaware—is practically inexhaustible in the vicinity of Spruce Pine.

For more than 30 years the minerals have been mined on a comparatively small scale, but in recent years the great advances in research and commercial experiment have led to the conclusion that the mining done so far is only a small beginning.

The development of electrical firing through research commercial experiment marks an important step forward. In addition to being cheap, since the region abounds in water power, this type of firing produces a finer type of chinaware than the old methods of firing. There are now refineries for kaolin and feldspar at Spruce Pine, and the experts say that it is only a question of time before some interest will build a plant for the manufacture of the finished chinaware.

It was formerly believed that the kaolin of the United States was inferior to that found in the famous Carlsbad region of central Europe. It is now known that it is even better. In North Carolina, kaolin, feldspar, and quartz are found together, a situation which does not exist elsewhere. The china manufactured of this material through electrical processing is of high quality. It is light, vitreous, and capable of taking a fine decoration. Another outstanding advantage is its great durability. As it is impervious to heat and cold and does not crack and chip easily.

The quartz of the Spruce Pine re-

gion has recently received significant recognition. It is this quartz that was used in the huge 200-inch telescope for the Mount Palomar observatory. Experts from Corning Glass Company tested quartz from all over the world before pouring the telescope glass and found that from the Spruce Pine section best in purity, uniformity, and the manner in which it could be handled in the process of manufacture.

The quartz for the telescope was taken from the Cheastnut Flat mine, about six miles from Spruce Pine. The mine has been open since 1916, and the supply of feldspar and quartz shows no signs of depletion. The vast tunnels of the mine extend more than 600 feet into the face of a rugged mountain side. Its daily output at present is about 30 tons, including both quartz feldspar.

Quartz is known coloquially as "flint". It goes into many highly specialized uses, in addition to its use in the ceramic field. Extensive experimental work is now being done in the use of this quartz in the making of new types of bulbs for electric lights and for polarized glass.

So far this Western North Carolina quartz has been mined and shipped only as crude raw material for manufacturing centers in the North. Experts state that practically all these products could be made into finished products to advantage in plants adjacent to where they are mined.

To everyone who has driven through the Spruce Pine region, the glittering particles of mica in the roadsides are familiar. Mica is found in abundance in the region and has been mined commercially for many years. Most of the mica mines are small, located on private property and mined by the owners themselves. At Plumtree in Avery county is a mica plant which has been in operation since 1897. Here Western North Carolina mica is stamped and punched by machines into insulation pieces. No car could run, no electrical appliance could function safely without this insulation of mica.

Mica is also used in the manufacture of wallpaper; paint, and tinsel for Christmas decorations. Split mica from India is shipped to America for use in the manufacture of lamp shades and other articles made of mica and some other substance.

It may be concluded, say experts that one of North Carolina's greatest assets is its vast undeveloped mineral resources which are destined to make this state nationally known as and when further development is made. It is also the opinion of experts that the surface has hardly been scratched, when it is considered that so far the only development has been in the mining and refining of raw material to be shipped out. The experts are certain that in the future the raw materials will be used in plants close to the source of supply, manufactured by modern scientific methods. When this is begun, a new era will dawn for the ceramic industry and for the Spruce Pine region of the mountains.

———o———

If you can see some good in everybody, most everybody will see some good in you.—Selected.

AN OBLIGATION EXISTS

By Dorothy Herbst

The birds of America have served man better than man has served them. Such a statement probably brings to mind the value of birds in the destruction of the insects that are man's most voracious competitors for the fruits of the earth. But this is only a fraction of their contribution to the building of our country. If you doubt that, consider your inherited New England feather bed. Do you know that it is made from the down of the great auk, once plentiful on our shores, but now extinct because its meat and its feathers were of such value to our ancestors? The eider-down that covers you on a sub-zero night was orginally the property of a sea duck that could not keep it in the face of man's need.

Undoubtedly, our pioneer ancestors had great need of the meat and feathers they obtained from the birds that seemed as numerous as the sands of the shores on which they waded. Certainly, we cannot begrudge the Pilgrims of New England or the prehistoric Pueblo Indians of the Southwest the wild turkeys that meant not only food but, for the Pueblos, blankets also. Nor would we condemn those courageous frontiersmen who simply could not believe the prairie chicken that helped to keep them alive through long, cruel winters would not last forever.

It is a little harder to excuse the prosperous, well-fed nineteenth century Americans who hunted the passenger pigeon—plentiful in every part of the country—until it became extinct. And none of us can believe that the ladies who wore the plumes of the American egret needed them badly enough to justify destroying this lovely bird which is now being coaxed back under Government protection.

Surely, we have at last passed the point where the sacrifice of bird life is necessary to keep us nourished and warm. We have thousands of sheep to give us wool. Domestic turkeys, raised for the purpose, provide more and better meat than that which sustained our forefathers. We have learned to make, from waste products like cornstalks, strong and beautiful fabrics that keep us warm and should satisfy our craving for personal adornment.

The time has come when we can afford to make some return to the feathered folks who have too often contributed even their lives to preserve our race. Much is being done to save the birds whose beauty justifies their existence, as well as those that are of service to mankind. Yet daily we see the thoughtless destruction of many. Farmers unwisely slaughter their best friends because, at certain seasons of the year, the birds must vary their diet of insects with more accessible friuts or grain. Children thoughtlessly destroy nests and eggs. Birds starve to death in our yards when a spring storm covers berries and water with ice. Yet a few crumbs or currants and a pan of warm water would save them.

How small and mean our thoughtless unwillingness to meet our obligation to the feathered neighbors that have given so much to man.

UNCLE SAM'S INVENTORY

By Wilfred Brown

How many of us are there, here in the United States?

How do we live, and where did we live five years ago?

How many homes do we own? How many farms? How many stores? How many mines and factories?

How many of us need jobs? How many of us are in debt?

How have the depression years affected us?

Uncle Sam wants to know the answers to those, and many more questions—and he is finding them through the census that he takes every ten years.

The census, which counts each and every one of us, is sort of a gigantic inventory—like stores and other business firms take at the first of each year to see how they stand. Only the inventory that Uncle Sam will take this year will be the biggest counting job ever undertaken.

Uucle Sam's inventory will count about 132 million people, 33 million homes, seven million farms, three million business concerns, 170 thousand factories, twelve thousand mines and quarries. And it is a big job.

About 120 thousand enumerators will travel a distance equal to one thousand times around the world at the equator.

They will ask more than seven billion questions—equal to fifty-three for every one of us.

It will take more than two million pounds of paper to record the census returns.

But the count never will be quite complete. Each day, census or no census, about six thousand babies arrive in the United States. And about four thousand of Uncle Sam's people die.

In earlier years the census was most concerned with the increase in the population of the United States. But this year's count will not show much of a total gain. Many localities probably will show a decline. This year Uncle Sam is more concerned with finding how his people live, and how well they live.

The past decade saw the great depression that threw millions of men and women out of jobs. It saw hundreds of business firms and factories close—and many new ones open. It saw the rise of a number of new industries, and the development of important new farm crops. It saw desolating droughts and dust storms in part of America that resulted in shifts of population. It saw the start of tragic new wars in Asia and Europe.

This year's census will give facts and figures to answer such great questions.

Where did you live five years ago? The answers to that question will show the movements of population. Never before, census bureau officials believe, have there been as many families without permanent homes, wandering the roads of the nation, as there are today.

House trailers, which are the only homes of thousands of families, are largely a development of the last ten years. A family living in a trailer normally will be counted as part of the community where the trailer happens to be parked, when the census

taker calls. The same is true of families employed temporarily at weeding truck gardens, or harvesting fruit. They may not be true residents of the places where they are counted, but all of them added up will give a true picture.

Questions on employment will tell Uncle Sam how many of his people are without jobs, and how many have only part time work. Each wage earner must tell how much he earned in the past year, and the totals will show how well off are the working people of America.

Other questions will show whether the depression years have greatly harmed education—whether as many boys and girls finish grammar school, high school and college now as a decade ago.

One question—"Can you read and write?"—will be missing from the 1940 census for the first time. There is almost no illiteracy in the United States today.

How many American families own their own homes? Twenty questions asked in the 1940 census will tell, and whether the percentage of home ownership is increasing or decreasing. It is known that Uncle Sam's people badly need several million new homes. The census will show how badly.

The questions will find the type and age of each building, the number of rooms and conveniences, whether there is a radio, the estimated valuation and how much, if any, is the debt against it.

The farm census will show Uncle Sam the great changes that have occurred in agriculture since 1930. It will tell of major increases and decreases in certain crops, of new farm products that have been developed since the last census, whether the trend is toward larger or smaller farms. Fur farms will be listed for the first time. Also to be counted for the first time will be suburban farms, located near cities, which provide their owners only part of their living.

In 1900 sixty per cent of Uncle Sam's people lived in the country and forty per cent in the city. By 1930 the city population totaled fifty-six per cent, the country people forty-four per cent. This year's count may show a trend back to the country again.

The census of manufacturing will show whether machines have done away with more jobs than they have created in the past decade, how wage and salaries compare with those of ten years ago, with the value of manufactured products, and with the general cost of living.

Installment buying will be one of the subjects covered by the business census. Other questions will determine whether the trend is toward big or little stores, whether chain stores are increasing, what kind of things Uncle Sam's people spend most of their money for today.

One of the biggest parts of the counting job, and certainly the most unusual, is the census of Alaska.

Because of the vast distances involved the Alaska census started six months' earlier than in the states, October 1, 1939. It will take a year to complete.

From Alaska's southernmost boundary to Point Barrow, on the Arctic Coast, is farther than from Mexico to Canada. And from the British Columbia line to lonely Attu Island, the end of the Aleutian chain, is farther than from the Atlantic coast of the United States to the Pacific. Attu Island is so far West that it is East,

past the International Date Line and closer to Japan than it is to Hawaii.

Fewer than sixty thousand people—no more than in one fair sized city—lived in the vast Alaska country in 1930.

But two hundred enumerators will be required to take the census. During the course of a year they will cover the territory and visit every inhabitant,' traveling by dog sled, snow shoes and on foot, by canoe, steamer, train, automobile and airplane.

Taking of the Alaska census will require the co-operation of the U. S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, Bureau of Fisheries, Coast Guard, Forest Service, Army Signal Corps, Coast and Geodetic Survey, Alaska Game Commission, Alaska Road Commission, and a few other agencies.

One of the hardest assignments fell to Miss Mildred Keaton, a government nurse, who spent fifteen years ministering to the needs of Eskimo families along seven hundred miles of Arctic Coast.

This winter Miss Keaton started out with a sled pulled by a team of Husky dogs, as soon as the swampy tundra was frozen solid and covered with snow. When she turns in her report she will have covered the full Arctic coastline of Alaska, and visited every Eskimo family.

The job was easier for Miss Keaton than it would have been for anyone else. She is a friend of almost every family in the area because of what she has done in the past fifteen years. She was only twenty when she left her home at Snohomish, Washington, and journeyed into the Arctic to serve the Eskimos.

In addition to continental United States and Alaska, the census covers American Samoa, Guam, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Panama Canal Zone, the Virgin Islands, and military and naval units stationed abroad. Ten years ago all of the outlying territories had a total population of more than two million.

Some of the questions asked by the census enumerators are quite private and confidential, but none of the individual records are ever seen by anyone except Census Bureau workers sworn to secrecy. Uncle Sam is interested only in pictures of his people as a whole.

After the last questions are asked, and the last records are forwarded to the Census Bureau at Washington, D. C., the huge work of tabulating the returns begins.

If done by hand, this would be an almost impossible job. Even with the Census Bureau's intricate machinery, it will take five thousand people to tabulate the returns.

The answers to questions asked in the 1930 census filled more than 326 million cards—enough to make a belt reaching twice around the earth at the Equator. Because of the additional information obtained, the 1940 census will be an even bigger job.

Each card will have a series of holes punched in it, representing answers to various questions.

And when all the cards are punch ed, Uncle Sam can find any information he wishes in a comparatively short time.

For example: How many small farms are there in the state of Ohio, compared to 1930?

Thousands of cards representing Ohio families are fed into an elaborate machine that might be compared to a player piano. A device is set so that it will count, each time a

card passes with a hole punched in the position to represent a small farm. The machine can handle the cards as fast as four hundred a minute, and within a short time the answer to the farm question is ready.

The first tabulating machine of this type was built by a Census Bureau employee, Herman Hollerith, in 1890. Similar machines are now used by governments and business firms in all parts of the world.

This year's census is the sixteenth taken by the United States. The Constitution orders a census every ten years, and the first count was made in 1790, three years after the Constitution was ratified.

The first census showed that the United States had a total population of less than four million—about that of the city of Chicago today. Virginia had the largest population of the seventeen states, with Pennsylvania second, Massachusetts third and New York fourth. There were only six cities of eight thousand population or more.

How we have grown since then!

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THE USEFUL WOODPECKER

The woodpecker and his immediate relatives constitute a very useful group among our bird friends in spite of some persecution which has come to them. With his chest of tools always handy he does the carpenter work, not only in establishing his own home but also in providing homes for a long list of his neighbors, including bluebirds, nuthatches, chickadees, wrens, tree swallows, starlings, house sparrows, and screech owls. His main business is to police the community and rid the trees of borers, spruce bark beetles, larvae of the codling moth, pine weevil, hairy caterpillars, and ants. Even though he spots up the trees with holes yet he does no damage; instead the trees are benefitted. He is a diligent official, working early and late, and refuses to leave the insect clean-up job on a tree until he knows it is finished. He does not sing at his work except that his resonant drumming on a sounding hollow limb or the tap-tap as he digs out an unlucky borer in his way of resorting to pure exuberance of joy and vigorous living. He attacks wormy fruit, not for the fruit but for the worm. The downy woodpecker is the most useful of the group and is especially beneficial to the orchardist. The hairy woodpecker does his good deeds more in timber lands than elsewhere. The flicker frequents fields, orchards and open spaces and preys extensively on ants. The entire family deserves our protection because they are practically indispensable to the forester and the orchardist.—John H. Jollief.

EXPECTATION

(Selected)

How often have we heard the stock expression: "Well, what can we expect?" following a statement on the part of some pessimistic soul who views with alarm the political, financial or moral situation of our nation today. The inference is plain that we must expect corruption in high places, malfeasance in public office, dishonesty in federal, state and municipal affairs, etc. But why?

Why do a vast number of our citizens sit back helplessly and expect the worst, not only in affairs of their government but in more intimate matters concerning their homes, businesses, states of health, economic conditions, etc? People generally realize what they expect will happen. A flood tide of public opinion is psychologically harmful or beneficial, according to the very nature of that opinion. As men, individually, have it within their power to make or mar their careers by their mental processes, thus it is, and far more pronouncedly, that an army of people can by their united thought either make or mar the success of their city. state or nation.

If man expects to be a failure in life, and constantly thinks along that line, the chances are that he will be just this. If one expects ill-fortune, unemployment, lack and deprivation, his supine acceptance of these negative conditions, or his stoical indifference to his own welfare, may promote the fruition of these very things.

If one makes no effort to visit the polls and vote for political candidates of integrity, courage and vision, then bewails the fact that the country "is going to the dogs," he need expect scant sympathy from his mentally alert and constructively progressive neighbor.

When will people awaken to the fact that it is just as easy, and far more agreeable, to expect good rather than evil? When will they expect, nay demand, good government, an honest, clean administration of city, state and national affairs rather than their opposites? Expecting the worst has profited them nothing. Calamity howlers have too long held sway. Funereal pessimists have too long issued their dolorous predictions. Discouragement and hopelessness have too long been in the saddle, riding roughshod over the nation.

Let us all expect the best in every avenue of life. Let us know that manifold blessings are ours if we will—by changing our thought from fear to confidence, from ignorance of our true status to an effulgent understanding of our real self-hood—reach out, courageously, and make these blessings ours.

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The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error.
—William Jennings Bryan.

IT FRIGHTENED HORSES AND CHILDREN

By Charles Doubleyou

Demand a Chamberlain in stores throughout a large part of the civilized world and you will undoubtedly be led to the unbrella rack. Such is the recent wide publicity given this utilitarian article which accompanied the Prime Minister of Great Britain on his historic flight to Munich.

But prime necessity that the umbrella is in England, particularly in London and other coastal cities, due to the drizzles and fogs that are almost incessant features there, yet the umbrella was a long time reaching that once tight little isle. It was only during the reign of Queen Anne in the errly part of the eighteenth century that it reached England by way of Italy.

At first the umbrella was used in England only by women and merely as a sunshade, until an eccentric individual named Jonas Hanway demonstrated its utility as protection from rain. And although the sterner sex was inclined to scoff at the use of this article as rather effeminate, it soon came into general favor and use.

This scoffing at the use of the umbrella seems to have been the rule of men in other days and in other lands. In ancient Greece and Rome, for example, the umbrella was used by women only.

The first appearance of an umbrella in this country was probably at Baltimore in 1772, when a citizen of that city purchased one of those odd contrivances from a sailor of a ship arrived from India. When this Baltimorean on a rainy day raised his umbrella and walked down the street, horses veered at the strange sight and little children ran in alarm to their mothers' sides, and even the women themselves viewed the thing with trepidation. Accounts of this episode in New York and Philadelphia papers proved a good advertisement for this new article. And soon it came into common usage, not only for its utility, but, in certain instances, and particularly in the small town, as a badge of dignity of the village sage.

This use of the umbrella, that is, as a symbol of rank, is an ancient custom in Oriental countries. Ancient Egyptain and Assyrain sculptures are profuse with slaves bearing an umbrella over the royal personage. The custom is practiced to this very day.

The umbrella in use today is little changed from that of thousands of years ago. One commendable improvement has been noted of recent years—and particularly in women's styles. The long ferrule has given way to a mere stub, minimizing the possibilities of accident to passersby when the folded umbrella is held carelessly under the arm.

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"Jumping at conclusions is not half as good exercise as digging for facts."

THE MESSAGE FROM AFRICA

By Emily Southern

Dora and Flora had got together for a happy day. There was a pan of fudge cooling in the ice box, and a plate of freshly made sandwiches on the sideboard. Lunch would be a simple affair. In the meantime, there was nothing to do but enjoy themselves.

It was not often that such a pleasant occasion presented itself, for both girls were busy and in families where no help was hired. But this morning Dora's mother had departed to attend a convention. Father had gone with her. So Dora had straightway invited Flora to spend the day with her.

"We'll have a regular picnic," she had said; "just we two. There are so many things I want to talk about, and, if we have time, we can work a little on the lunch cloths we are making.

The house was in order now, and both girls had adjourned to the porch, agreeing that it was the pleasantest part of the house.

"It's so nice to be together," sighed Flora, as she stretched both hands over her chestnut locks. "I must confess I'm tired. We've had company and company and *then* company at our house for weeks. It seems lovely to be here with you, and to know that there will be no interruptions—that nobody is going to come and that there will be nothing to do."

Dora did not answer. She was watching a tall, thin man with a suitcase, who had walked up the steps to the house next door and was ringing the bell.

"There's someone at the Walden's," she said to Flora in a low voice. "Mr. and Mrs. Walden left yesterday to visit a relative who lives in Fairbury. They're not coming back until this evening. I know, because I'm taking care of their bird. I wonder who that man can be."

The ringing of the bell continued.

At last Dora arose from her seat. "I'd better go over and tell him there's nobody home," she said.

Flora frowned a little. "Why bother at all? He's probably only a peddler or an agent selling soap powder, or stove polish, or rubber brushes."

But Dora smiled. "I'd better go," she answered. "I'll be back in a minute."

The minute lengthened to five, and still Dora did not return. When she came, she was accompanied by the tall, thin man with the suitcase.

"This is my best friend, Flora Bennett," said Dora, easily. "Flora, this is this is Mr. David Porter, an uncle of Mrs. Walden's." She paused. "He's a returned missionary from Africa," she added.

She gave him a seat on the cool and shady porch, then excused herself that she might go and get him a drink of water.

Flora followed her. "Dora," she cried, "why in the world did you invite him over here Where is the happy time that we had planned? We never have a whole day together. Now it's all spoiled."

Dora's sweet face became suddenly grave. "I know, dearest, but I couldn't let him go back to the station

without seeing Mr. and Mrs. Walden. He is back from Africa on a furlough. Mr. and Mrs. Walden have been expecting him, but not today. Now dont scold me; instead, help me. We'll have a little different lunch from the one we had planned, for even missionaries might prefer something more filling than fudge and sandwiches.

"However, there's cold meat in the refrigerator, and we can open some pickled peaches. How glad I am I made biscuits! With honey and currant jelly, these are not to be regarded lightly."

She threw her arm affectionately about Flora's neck. "You'll help me, won't you, dear? Only think, he's a missionary from Africa—the Lord's own. We mustn't neglect him. Here's a little opportunity to do a kind deed —let us not be found wanting."

Flora was really tender-hearted. "I'll do my best, Dora," she replied, "although I *am* a little dissipointed."

They ushered Mr. David Porter into the dinning room a little after twelve. Both girls had done their best.

The table was spread with a white cloth. There was a pitcher of milk and a pitcher of lemonade at either end. The cold meat was attractively placed and flanked by a plate of hot biscuits on one side and French fried potatoes on the other. There were a glass of currant jelly and a dish of honey. There were pickles, too.

The missionary's tired face brightened. "This is so kind of you," he said, as he took his seat. "I can't tell you how disappointed I would have been had I been compelled to go away. I did not write my niece and her husband, thinking surely I would find them home. But you are making that disappointment less to be regretted every moment." He paused. "I had a little daughter once, but we lost her when she was an infant. Her name was Mary Emma."

Both young faces grew instantly sympathetic.

"How sorry I am!" exclamied Flora.

"I wish she could have lived!" said Dora.

There was another pause. Dora broke it. "You are not to go back to the station, she said. "You are to stay until Mr. and Mrs. Walden return. They will be back this evening."

The missionary looked at the bright-faced girl serving his plate. "You are more than kind," he said gently. He paused again. "I have some curios I'd like to show you after lunch," he said.

When the meal was over, and they were comfortably seated on the front porch again, the missionary from Africa opened his traveling bag.

Such wonderful things as came out of it! An elephant's tusk, queer-looking knives, cloth made from the bark of a certain tree, and jewelry—such funny, grotesque jewelry.

Both girls were more than interested. And then, as they sat there looking at these queer relics of barbarism and heathenism, he began to tell them about Africa—in her needs and in her sin.

Both girls sat spellbound. They did not realize that missions *could* be so thrilling as this. They had not known before what it meant to talk with a missionary face to face,

The afternoon waned, and still the missionary talked on of Africa—Africa with its sea of black faces.

All at once he stopped. "I've talked too long," he said. But both girlish faces assured him to the contrary.

Then Dora produced the key to the Walden house and gave it to him. "Be sure and come back to supper," she said.

"I will," replied the missionar.y

When he was gone, Dora looked at Flora.

"Well!" said Flora.

From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands.

"Those words have a new meaning. We did not have the day we planned at all; but, oh, Dora, I wouldn't have missed it for anything in this world. I've received a new vision. It seems to me I can never be indifferent to missions again. I feel since hearing our friend's story that I want to do something—I want to give something. Mrs. Jackson asked me yesterday if I wouldn't come to the next missionary meeting, and I refused; but I've changed my mind; I've decided to go."

Dora's eyes were dreamy. She, too, was seeing pictures—pictures of little grass huts, thick jungles, black people waiting, waiting to be led.

"I'm so glad we didn't let him go away," she said softly.

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HOUSE AND HOME

A house is built of bricks and stones,
  Of sills and posts and piers,
But a home is built of loving deeds
  That stand a thousand years;
A house, though but a humble cot,
  Within its cot may hold
A home of pricely beauty, rich in
  Love's eternal gold.

The men of earth build houses,—
  Hall and chambers, roofs and domes,
But women of the earth—God knows;—
  The women built the homes;
Eve could not stray from Paradise,
  For, oh, no matter where
Her gracious presence lit the way,
  Lo, Paradise was there.

—Nixon Waterman.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Quite a few of the members of the School's staff of workers have been absent from their regular places of duty during the past few weeks on account of illness. We are glad to report that most of them have recovered and are back on the job.

Since last Sunday we have been wading through some snow and ice. The snow came early Sunday morning and was shortly followed by rain, which soon froze, making travel quite difficult. The weather has been cold all the week and there is still quite a lot of snow and ice on the ground.

James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, who had spent some time in the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, earlier in the year, was recently re-entered in that institution for examination and treatment. We hope that it will not be very long until James will be able to return to the School.

The epidemic of "flu" and bad colds which has prevailed among our boys for the past six weeks, seems to have abated somewhat. At this writing we have thirty-five boys in the infirmary. The total number of cases to date has been reported to us as a little more than two hundred. As the boys are discharged from the infirmary they are placed in separate groups during the period of convalescence. All of them seem to be recuperating in a most satisfactory manner.

A committee from the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, composed of Messrs. S. E. Casper, chairman; Guy Biggers and J. R. Wade, visited the School last Monday morning. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, these gentlemen made a tour of inspection of the departments here, after which they expressed their delight with the manner in which the work of the institution is being carried on.

Messrs. C. C. Huie, a Davey tree expert, of Statesville and Charles Corriell, of Concord, recently spent a couple of days at the School. These men were employed by the Concord Telephone Company to do line clearing work on telephone lines running into and out of the city of Concord. While here they took time to accompany Superintendent Boger through the various departments.

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending December 31, 1939, as follows:

First grade—James C. Wiggins, highest general average; second grade —J. R. Whitman and Richard Parker, highest general average; third;

grade—Ballard Martin and Wilson Bailiff, most improvement; fourth grade—Jack West and Weaver Penland, best in spelling; fifth grade—Cicero Outlaw, most improvement in studies; sixth grade—William Covington and Theodore Bowles, highest general average; seventh grade—Forrest McEntire, best in arithmetic.

School Honor Roll Summary—1939

Following is a summary of the monthly School Honor Roll for the year 1939, with the names of boys appearing on same grouped according to the total number of times they were listed on this roll during the year:

11—Theodore Bowles, Dillon Dean, Lewis Donaldson, George Green, Randall D. Peeler, Landros Sims, Joseph White, Thomas Yates.

10—Henry C. Call, Clifton Davis, Edward Murray, Fred Tolbert, Carl Ward, Jerome W. Wiggins.

9—William Burnette, Robert Deyton, Eugene Edwards, James Lane, Jack Mathis, Hubert Smith, J. R. Whitman, Wallace Woody, Jr.

8—Raymond Anderson, John Baker, Leo Hamilton, Mark Jones, Thomas King, Tillman Lyles, Douglas Mabry, Roy Mumford, H. C. Pope, Eugene, Puckett, Theodore Rector, Henry Smith, Loy Stines.

7—Raymond Andrews, Clarence Baker, Cleasper Beasley, Paul Briggs, Aldine Brown, Robert Bryson, B. C. Elliott, Lacy Green, Wilbur Hardin, Hugh Kennedy, Vernon Lamb, Ballard Martin, Donald McFee, Fred McGlammery, J. W. McRorrie, Harold O'Dear, Elroy Pridgen, James Puckett, Henry Raby, Charles Smith, James C. Wiggins.

6—Homer Bass, Donald Britt, William Broadwell, Howard Cox, John Davis, John Deaton, Noah Ennis, Monroe Flinchum, Richard Freeman, Robert Gaines, Clarence Gates, Earl Hildreth, Gilbert Hogan, Frank King, A. C. Lamar, Spencer Lane, Carl Moose, Garland McPhail, Marshall Pace, Richard Patton, Thomas Shaw, Melvin Stines, George Tolson, Arvel Ward, Eugene Watts, George Wilhite, William Wilson, Edd Woody.

5—John H. Averitte, Lacy Burleson, William Cherry, William Dixon, Audie Farthing, Frank Glover, Donald Holland, Roscoe Honeycutt, Peter Jones, James Jordan, Horace Journigan, Burman Keller, William Kirksey, Floyd Lane, Calvin McCoyle, George Newman, Thomas R. Pitman, Charles Presnell, Lonnie Roberts, Arlie Scism, Richard Starnes, Jack Sutherland, Edward Thomasson, Jones Watson, Jack West, Louis Williams, Samuel Williams, J. C. Willis, Thomas Wilson, Alexander Woody, William Young.

4—Eugene Ballew, Norton Barnes, Edward Batten, Carl Breece, William Brothers, Edgar Burnette, Clifton Butler, Collett Cantor, James Coleman, Charles Davis, William C. Davis, Robert Dellinger, Donald Earnhardt, A. C. Elmore, Henry Ennis, C. D. Grooms, Everett Hackler, Robert Hampton, J. D. Hildreth, Caleb Hill, Clyde Hillard, Lonnie Holleman, Leon Hollifield, Clyde Hoppes, J. B. Howell, Leonard Jacobs, J. W. Jones, Milton Koontz, Alfred Lamb, Wilfred Land, J. C. Long, Harley Matthews, Ivan Morrozoff, Paul Mullis, Charles McCoyle, Paul McGlammery, Jesse Owens, Weaver Penland, Lloyd Pettus, Eulice Rogers, Eugene Smith, J. P.

Sutton, Leo Ward, Dewey Ware, Edward Warnock, Walker Warr, Lee Watkins, James Wilhite, Horace Williams, William R. Young.

3—Rex Allred, Wilson Bailiff, J. C. Branton, James Bunnell, James Butler, Roy Butner, Fletcher Castlebury, Carrol Clark, Jack Cline, George Cooke, William Covington, Floyd Crabtree, John Crawford, Quentin Crittenton, Delphus Dennis, J. B. Devlin, George Duncan, William Freeman, John Ham, Vincent Hawes, Bruce Hawkins, William T. Hawkins, William Herrin, Osper Howell, Hugh Johnson, John Kirkman, Hardy Lanier, Everett Lineberry, Fernie Medlin, Julian Merritt, James Mondie, Norvell Murphy, William Nichols, James Nicholson, Jack Norris, Filmore Oliver, Richard Palmer, Forrest Plott, Carl Ray, John C. Robertson, L. B. Sawyer, Oscar Smith, Cleveland Suggs, James C. Stone, Edwin Thomas, John Tolbert, Joseph Tucker, Hubert Walker, Torrence Ware, Latha Warren, Earl Weeks, Marvin Wilkins, Floyd Williams, William C. Wilson, Joseph Woody, George Worley, Edward Young, Charles B. Ziegler.

2—Grady Allen, Odell Almond, Robert Atwell, Clyde Barnwell, Earl Bass, Ray Bayne, Grover Beaver, Howard Bobbitt, J. T. Branch, Thomas Britt, William Cantor, Herman Cherry, Frank Cotter, Henry Cowan, Arthur Craft, Frank Crawford, Jack Crawford, Harold Crooks, James H. Davis, Leonard Dawn, Matthew Duffy, Robert Dunning, John Fausnett, Charles Frye, Grover Gibby, Howard Griffin, James Hancock, Jack Haney, Elbert Head, Beamon Heath, John Hendrix, Dallas Holder, Junius Holleman, William Hudgins, William Jerrell, Edward Johnson, Winley Jones, Bruce Kersey, James Kirk, Samuel Kirksey, James Kissiah, Harvey Ledford, Paul Lewallen, Edward Lucas, Edward J. Lucas, Oakley Lunsford, Franklin Lyles, McCree Mabe, Irvin Medlin, Samuel Montgomery, J. P. Morgan, Edward McCain, Claude McConnell, Edward McGee, Henry McGraw, Jordan McIver, Cicero Outlaw, Richard Parker, Eugene Presnell, Oscar Roland, Howard Sanders, George, Shaver, Canipe Shoe, Clyde Sorrells, Carl Speer, Raymond Sprinkle, Brown Stanley, Julius Stevens, William Suites, Graham Sykes, Elmer Talbert, O. D. Talbert, Garfield Walker, Ronald Washam, Eldred Watts, W. J. Wilson, Leonard Wood.

1—Clinton Adams, J. C. Allen, Cecil Ashley, Lewis H. Baker, William Barden, Richard Baumgarner, William Beach, Wesley Beaver, Monte Beck, Mack Bell, James Blocker, James Boone, Horace Branch, Jay Brannock, Clifton Brewer, James Brewer, Postell Clark, Wade Cline, Mack Coggins, Robert Coleman, Wayne Collins, Floyd Combs, Kenneth Conklin, Ben Cooper, Henry Coward, James C. Cox, Martin Crump, Velmar Denning, Howard Devlin, Paul Dockery, Aldine Duggins, Lindsey Dunn, William Estes, Max Evans, Julius Fagg, Baxter Foster, Clyde Gray, Blaine Griffin, Woodrow Hager, L. M. Hardison, James M. Hare, Jack Howard, Albert Hayes, Roy Helms, Isaac Hendren, Hubert Holloway, Edwin Jackson, Lyman Johnson, Robert Keith, Jesse Kelly, Thomas Knight, Olin Langford, Bruce Link, Rufus Linville, Felix Littlejohn, Thurman Lynn, James Martin, Douglas Matthews, William Matthewson, F. E. Mickle, Clay Mize, Edmund Moore, Claude Moose, Benjamin McCracken, Forrest McEntire, Arnold

McHone, J. C. Nance, Ernest Overcash, Fred Owens, Thomas Oxendine, R. J. Pace, James Page, Fred Pardon, Norman Parker, John Penninger, Grady Pennington, Henry Phillips, Ray Pitman, Ray Reynolds, John Robbins, Rowland Rufty, Joseph Sanford, Paul Shipes, Richard Singletary, Jerry Smith, Earthy Strickland, Claude Terrell, William Tester, Calvin Tessneer, Rufus A. Wagoner, Harvey Walters, Melvin Walters, James Watson, N. C. Webb, Joseph Wheeler, John Whitaker, William Whittington, Preston Wilbourne, Gilbert Williams, Cecil Wilson, Woodrow Wilson, George Wright, Brooks Young, Ross Young.

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ANIMALS' AGES

The oldest animal is probably the Galapagos Island tortoise. While figures on the longevity of animals are not very accurate, it is estimated that these giant tortoises live to the age of 200 years.

The natural life of horses is from 18 to 25 years; for cows, from 14 to 15 years.

A cat reaches extreme old age at 15; a rat is very old at 7. Beavers sometimes attain 50, and squirrels live only 8 or 9.

Canary birds and sparrows, as well as chickens and doves, may live up to 20 years.

It is popularly believed that elephants reach miraculously old ages, from 100 to 200 years. This is a popular fallacy, for the elephant is old at 75 and rarely lives much longer than that. The huge hippopotamus lives about 20 years. Lions, leopards, jaguars, and hyenas live to be approximately 25.

It is extremely difficult to estimate the age of fish. Various authorities have reckoned the carp's age at 150 years, the pike's life duration at 100 years, while the salmon lives only about 4 years.

The age of insects is hard to determine. Many insects live only a few hours, though ants may live as long as several years.

Monkeys live to be approximately 17. However, apes confined to a cage age very rapidly.—Fact Digest.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—DECEMBER

(NOTE: The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1939.)

FIRST GRADE

(Note: Because of illness of teacher, no Honor Roll was reported for this month.)

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Aldine Brown 7
William Broadwell 6
Audie Farthing 5
Charles Frye 7
George Green 11
Hardy Lanier 3
Douglas Mabry 8
Fred Tolbert 10
Carl Ward 10
J. R. Whitman 9

—B—

John Crawford 3
Howard Cox 6
Paul Dockery
Monroe Flinchum 6
Lacy Green 7
Earl Hildreth 6
Winley Jones 2
Spencer Lane 6
Roy Mumford 8
Richard Parker 2
Eugene Puckett 8
L. B. Sawyer 3
Oscar Smith 3
William Suites 2
Gilbert Williams
Wallace Woody, Jr. 9

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Wilson Bailiff 3
Mark Jones 8
Thomas King 8
Oakley Lunsford 2
Ballard Martin 7
Cleveland Suggs 3

—B—

Raymond Anderson 8
Earl Bass 2
John Fausnett 2
Franklin Lyles 2

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Edward Batten 4
Frank Glover 5
Theodore Rector 8

—B—

J. T. Branch 2
Mack Coggins
A. C. Elmore 4
William Kirksey 5
Norvell Murphy 3
Randall D. Peeler 11
Eulice Rogers 4
Joseph White 11
William C. Wilson 3

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Lewis Donaldson 11
Henry Ennis 3
J. W. McRorrie 7
O. D. Talbert 2

—B—

Jack Cline 3
William Cherry 5
Julian Merritt 3
Paul McGlammery 4
Cicero Outlaw 2
George Wilhite 6

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 11
William Covington 3
James Kissiah 2
Paul Mullis 4
Thomas Oxendine
Jerry Smith
James Wilhite 4

—B—

Horace Branch
Richard Baumgarner

William C. Davis 4
John Deaton 6
Bruce Hawkins 3
Harvey Ledford 2
William R. Young 4

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Norton Barnes 4
Frank Cotter
Hugh Johnson 3
Frank King 6
Fred Owens
William Young 5

—B—

Roy Butner 3
Harold Crooks 2
William P. Freeman 3
C. D. Grooms 4
Floyd Lane 5
Donald McFee 7
Charles Presnell 5
William Whittington
Cecil Wilson
N. C. Webb

———o———

CAMELS

Camels are vicious beasts. The creature's long, yellow teeth can inflict one of the ugliest of wounds, and there is scarcely a time when a camel will not seize an opportunity to tear its master's flesh. The Arabs treat their camels badly, and the creatures retort by showing themselves the meanest domestic beasts known.

Native owners freight their camels with as much as 1400 pounds, and drive them as far as eighty miles within three days. It is considered an act of fate if the animal dies after such an ordeal; if the camel manages to live, it is pastured for a week to recuperate.

Camels are fierce fighters among themselves. They don't have horns or claws, so they use their teeth. Seizing one of the legs of a rival, a fighting camel twists and tugs till either he or his opponent is down; the victor then falls upon thé weaker one and pommels him with his feet till death comes.

Man's temperature varies only a degree or two, whether he is in the torrid zone or at the North Pole; the camel's temperature may rise or fall as much as nine degrees within 24 hours on the Sahara Desert.

The camel stores water inside its body in 30 or 40 cells, shaped like large tobacco pouches. Each cell, when filled, may contain three gallons, though the cells don't hold as much when all are full since they are close together and crowd upon one another. The camel can open each cell at will, thus taking a drink from time to time as it makes its way across the arid desert.

Camels do not care for thick green grass; give the camel prickly thorns and thistles to eat and he is contented.

—Fact Digest.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive tir has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total n of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending January 7, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Clyde Gray 6
(7) Gilbert Hogan 7
(7) Leon Hollifield 7
(2) James Hodges 6
(7) Edward Johnson 7
(7) Robert Maples 7
Frank May 6

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Frank King 4
(2) William Padrick 4
(7) Richard Parker 7
(2) Landros Sims 5
(7) W. J. Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Earl Barnes 4
(2) Richard Baumgarner 4
(2) Clyde Barnwell 6
(2) Max Evans 5
(2) A. C. Lamar 3
(2) William Matthewson 6
(2) Allen Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 4
Paul Briggs 4
(2) Paul Broome 5
(2) Quentin Crittenton 5
(2) Lewis Donaldson 5
Arthur Edmondson 3
Arlow Goins
(2) Ivan Morrozoff 6
(2) Edward McGee 6
(2) J. W. McRorrie 4
(2) J. C. Nance 5
(2) George Newman 2
(2) Henry Raby 5
(2) Melvin Walters 6
(2) James Wilhite 4
(2) Samuel Williams 5
(2) Cecil Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 5

Theodore Bowles 5
Collett Cantor 6
(2) A. C. Elmore 5
(2) Ray Hamby 6
(2) Paul Lewallen 4
Samuel Montgomery 2
J. C. Reinhardt 4
(2) Richard Starnes 5
Eugene Smith 2
(2) Earl Watts 6

COTTAGE No. 6

Edward Batten 4
(2) Noah Ennis 4
(2) Leonard Jacobs 4
(2) Randall D. Peeler 3

COTTAGE No. 7

(7) John Deaton 7
Paul Dockery 4
(7) Donald Earnhardt 7
(2) Hugh Johnson 5
(2) Elmer Maples 5
Edd Woody 5

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Thomas Britt 3
Harold Crooks
Edward J. Lucas 2
(2) Daniel McPhail 5

COTTAGE No. 9

Holly Atwood 4
(7) Roy Butner 7
(7) Frank Glover 7
(7) C. D. Grooms 7
(2) Osper Howell 5
(2) Mark Jones 6
(7) Harold O'Dear 7
(2) Eugene Presnell 6
(2) Thomas Sands 4
(2) Cleveland Suggs 6

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Junius Brewer 5
Aldine Brown 2
John Crawford
James Eury 2
James M. Hare
Lee Jones 5

Jesse Kelly 2
2) Thomas King 4
2) Vernon Lamb 5
2) Oscar Smith 4
Carl Speer
(2) Rufus Wagoner 4
George Worley 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(7) J. C. Allen 7
(2) Harold Bryson 6
(2) John Benson 5
(7) Earl Hildreth 7
(2) William Hudgins 4
(2) Paul Mullis 5
(7) Edward Murray 7
(2) Donald Newman 6
(7) Fred Owens 7

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Burl Allen 5
(2) Odell Almond 6
(2) Allard Brantley 5
(2) William Deaton 6
(2) Howard Devlin 4
(2) Hubert Holloway 5
(2) Richard Honeycutt 3
(2) Clarence Mayton 4
(2) James Mondie 3
(2) James Puckett 2
Howard Sanders
(7) Avery Smith 7
(2) George Tolson 3

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Merritt Gibson 6
(7) Vincent Hawes 7
William Lowe
Jack Mathis 2
Douglas Mabry 5
(2) Paul McGlammery 5
Walter Morton 5
Thomas R. Pitman
Joseph White
(7) Alexander Woody 7

COTTAGE No. 14

John Baker 3
(7) Audie Farthing 7
(7) Feldman Lane 7
(2) Norvell Murphy 4
(2) Charles McCoyle 4
Charles Steepleton 2
(2) Garfield Walker 6
Jones Watson 5
(2) Wallace Woody, Jr. 6

COTTAGE No. 15

(7) Raymond Anderson 7
(2) Jennings Britt 4
Howard Bobbitt 3
William Cantor 4
Wade Cline
(2) Clifton Davis 5
Clarence Gates 3
(2) Albert Hayes 4
Oakley Lunsford 3
Claude Moose
J. P. Morgan
(2) Fred McGlammery 5
(2) J. P. Sutton 5
Calvin Tessneer
(2) William Wood 6

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) George Duncan 6
Philip Holmes 6
(7) Warren G. Lawry 7
Earl Oxendine 5
(7) Thomas Oxendine 7
(7) Charles Presnell 7
Curley Smith 6
Thomas Wilson 4

———o———

THE IMMEASURABLE

We have no pleasure in thinking of a benevolence that is measured by its works. Love is inexhaustible, and if its estate is wasted, its granary emptied, still cheers and enriches, and the man, though he sleep, seems to purify the air, and his house to adorn the landscape and strengthen the laws. People always recognize this difference. We know who is benevolent by quite other means than the amount of subscriptions to soup societies.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE UPLIFT

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ON SHARING

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered,
And nobody helped us along;
If each every minute looked after himself,
And the good things all went to the strong;
If nobody cared just a little for you,
And nobody thought about me,
And we all stood alone to the battle of life
What a dreary old place this would be.

—The Southern Churchman.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LIFE

Oh, the sky was so pretty this morning,
With its lavender and pink, and its blue,
'Til the clouds rolled out of the nowhere
And gave it a gray sombre hue.

Oh, a child is so happy in youth-time,
With its toys and its games and its play,
'Til dark clouds of doubt overshadow
And shatter its dreams in a day.

Oh, the sky! It was gorgeous at noontime;
Not a fleck in its cerulean blue,
'Til a storm marches out of the somewhere
And hides all its beauty from view.

So oft does it happen in lifetime,
That life seems a bright, golden dream,
'Til adversity steals upon us,
And then things are not as they seem.

Oh, the sky is so glorious at twilight;
Every cloud wears its silver and gold,
And the soft lights playing upon it
Give a beauty that cannot be told.

Oh, a life can be happy at twilight,
With its memories, tender and true.
Let the clouds drift away on the sunbeams,
As they sink in the pure azure blue.

—Maud V. Preston.

THE BIRTHDAY OF FAMOUS PEOPLE—

Robert Edward Lee

Robert E. Lee first saw the light at Stratford, Westmoreland

County, Virginia, on January 19, 1807, in the same room in which two signers of the Declaration of Independence were born—Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee.

There was a wonderful resemblance in character of Robert E. Lee and George Washington, the Father of his country, though widely separated in time. Reared in the same section of the country, each seemed to have fallen under similar influences, having well-molded characters, (fair and square to the nth degree), which in turn have served to raise thousands to higher standards and excellence of living.

Lee's father died when he was eleven years old so the responsibility of the home fell entirely upon the mother. He learned from her self-reliance, self-denial and practiced doing all things to the best of his ability, and having for his goal—perfection.

It has been said by an old comrade of Lee, one who knew him from boyhood, and intimately, that he never heard this gallant and courageous soldier use a profane word, and neither was he an addict to intoxicants. These characteristics were taken with him to West Point, and throughout his career as a soldier and leader, they were a part of him, and his speciality in every act was a "finished job." While at Lexington, Viriginia, he died October 12, 1870.

Benjamin Franklin

Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston, January 17, 1706. He ran away from home when seventeen years of age and went to Philadelphia. There he established himself as a printer and publisher, 1729, publishing an almanac under the "nom-de-plume" of Richard Saunders, or "Poor Richard" as he was commonly known.

He was prominent during the Revolutionary struggle; was ambassador to France from 1776 to 1785; was the first to demonstrate the practical utlity of electricity, also wrote extensively of this and other scientific subjects. He died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson

Thomas J. Jackson, known as "Stonewall" Jackson, was born at Clarksburg, West Virginia, January 21, 1824. Coincident with the the life of Robert E. Lee, Jackson's father died when the boy was

three years old, leaving the mother with three children and no support. The mother was rather resourceful, she taught school, and during leisure hours she plied her needle and sewed whenever work was presented.

But the way was too hard, so the children were distributed among near relatives. The boy, Thomas, was sent to an uncle, who took the place of a father.

In 1842 an appointment was secured for young Jackson at West Point. After his graduation his first commission was to aid General Scott in the Mexican War.

When the War-Between-the-States started Jackson joined the Confederate army under Robert E. Lee, and soon was made a Brigadier General. In the Battle of Bull Run, Jackson was supporting General Bee with his force on a hill nearby. General Bee to encourage his men, pointed to the ridge on which Jackson was standing, and said, "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall, rally behind those Virginians."

A moment later Bee was killed. Soon after Jackson engaged the enemy. His order to his men was: "Reserve your fire till they come within fifty yards; then fire and give them the bayonet, and when you charge, yell like the furies." This is said to have been the origin of the well known "rebel-yell."

Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded by his own men at the Battle of Chancellorsville, and soon thereafter he died May 10, 1863.

* * * * * * * *

JUST A LITTLE—

Just a little kindness, added to what you do, makes all the difference in the world.

Just an added smile, a song composed within your heart—just a little more lift for someone close at hand—just a little more effort when things begin to lag—these are what bring out the sun and drive the clouds away.

Just a little planning, just a little thinking, just a little resolving hour by hour, and you'll find yourself growing—just a little all the time!

Just a little knowledge—and then a little more—banked for the

day that you need it, will keep you fresh and glad, and make you a sought-out man.

Just a little waiting, when you ill-humored get, will save you extra trouble and sadness which to you will mean a lot.

Just a little solid sense, just a little wholesome faith, just a little word well spoken, just a little hope fulfilled in deeds, just a little scattered sunshine, helps to make this world a better place.

Just a little reading, just a little music, just a little art, just a little dreaming—and life's just a little more worth while.

Just a little encouragement, just a little comfort here and there, just a little better, decenter chance for those who need it most—just a little understanding on everybody's part—and everything runs smoother, surer, and with greater zest.

Just a little oil on troubled waters, just a little love turned loose, just a little consideration—for the "under dog."

Let us all see what we can do to be just a little better and do just a little more!—Source Unknown.

* * * * * * * *

FEW KNEW HER NAME

The author of "Rock-A-Bye-Baby" and "Mother Goose Rhymes," Mrs. Effie L. Cumming Carlton, Boston, fell upon eternal sleep last week at the ripe old age, eighty-four years. She died as a poor woman, living upon sweet charity, but her work made for others millions. It is the same old story—those who have the talent to create do not have the business acumen to convert their efforts into a livable remuneration. The familiar Rock-A-Bye-Baby has lulled many a baby to sleep, and the mothers were none the wiser as to the author.

* * * * * * * *

THE GOOD WORK CONTINUES

The latest report as to rural electrification is very gratifying. Today North Carolina has 13, 038 miles of rural power lines with 1,843 under construction, and 2, 245 authorized. This has been done by a small per cent of the cost of construction by the farmers themselves. The goal for 1940 in North Carolina is that 100,000 farms

will be electrified. It was hard to convert the rural people to rural electrification, but it would be a loud protest if the farm life had to be turned back to the old way of lighting the homes by the use of the oil lamps and candles. Oh, boy, would it not be a dreary life.

* * * * * * * *

A DIFFERENCE

There is a difference between Christian education and all other education.

The difference is that Christian education is inbued with the love of Christ, and all other education is not. Once the love of Christ is instilled into education, it is no longer merely education, but it becomes Christian education.

The only approach to Christian education is to inject a high standard of morals in every day education. This could be classed as the Gospel of Morals. It will inspire a higher standard of living,—eliminating the social evils that stiffle the higher ideals of life. But Christian education is motivated by the love of Christ. Such teachings inspire for the good of all men through all eternity. Is it not possible to teach the spirit of the living Christ, without touching upon creeds or forms of worship? We need cultural and humanitarian activities, but spiritual values endure for all time.

JOHN WESLEY AS VIEWED BY A CONTEMPORARY GERMAN WRITER

By Clifford Lee

Many aspects of the life and works of John Wesley have been presented in many biographies of this great man. A contemporary German authoress, Sophie LaRoche (1730-1807) on a trip through Holland and England in 1787 met him by chance, and her delineations have probably escaped the biographers. Her entries in her diary of the good man, now in advanced years, are interesting and enlightening. Twenty-two travelers happened at the same time to come together awaiting favorable winds to sail to England. Among these were this authoress and Mr. Wesley with two of his assistants. The entries in the diary are under date of August 31, 1787.

"This venerable old gentleman of wide understanding handles all subjects well. Now at the advanced age of eighty-three he enjoys a high degree of health. His assistants, attractive young men in their twenties, talk very little and most of the time remain with him in his room.

We gathered in the dining room after the bell rang and soon had an example of the strict principles of the Methodists. After we had seated ourselves Mr. Wesley began to pray. A gentlemen seated near the window did not at once notice the prayer and continued his conversation. Wesley very severely rebuked him and censured his lack of reverence for God and for righteousness. The Methodists received their name from jolly students at Oxford when Wesley and Whitefield were there and with extreme care observed the university rules. After they had completed the course in theology, they went out to preach according to their own way, partly in England, and then also in America, discarding all books but the Bible. From this they chose the first text that appeared, or the one they found by sticking a needle between the pages. This text was then used in houses where they gathered, in the market places, or on the highways."

The traveler may have made some erroneous statements, but the general report was recorded. As to tenets she states: "Their principles are, first, to follow exactly biblical injunctions; second, to tell all their faults publicily to their people; third, not to wear diamonds, gold, silver, or silk; and fourth, in business not to over-rate and not to deviate from the truth. There are many adherents, and most of them exercise extreme piety. All Englishmen esteem Wesley and his followers highly. It is estimated that more than 70,000 souls could be reckoned in his sect."

On the way across there was a storm during which Mr. Wesley preached "a fine sermon on the necessity of death and the dangers of life, which was very well-timed, as it came during the tempest." Later in regard to Germany and various English and German authors "the good man spoke of his sojourn in Germany, of Halle, where he had been visiting our famous Frank, of whom he spoke in very high terms. He was also familiar with Young,

author of "Night Thoughts," and praised this writer. However, he could not endure Sterne, for he esteemed it unworthy of a preacher to prefer a comic writer, and he hoped among the 700 preachers of his sect never to find a copy of Sterne."

The piety, the noble bearing, and the unimpaired faculties of the aged man made a great impression. On the deck of the wind-tossed ship "old Mr. Wesley sat, and without glasses read his Virgil, an Elziver edition. Heavens. thought I, if the principles of the Methodists preserve so clearly the eyes until the eighty-third year, then I should like to have been brought up in this sect." As the little company separated on reaching England she was delighted to share with her friend, Miss Lake, "some jasmine flowers which she had just received with the blessing of Mr. Wesley."

———o———

GOVERNOR PAYS TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATE LEADER

Governor Hoey, in a speech commemorating the birthday of General Robert E. Lee, described the Confederate leader as a man who typified "the best in American life."

"Measured by all the standards by which values are determined, General Lee excelled," the Governor said. "We pause to contemplate his greatness; we linger to catch a glimpse of his glory; we visualize his stately bearing, his majestic character and his gentle manner; we stand in reverence of his God-likeness; and we covet a double portion of his spirit for his own loved land—our reunited nation."

The commemorative exercises, sponsored by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, were held in the hall of the House of Representatives in Raleigh throughout the day, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy had flown over the Capitol.

"General Lee's surrender at Appomattox," Governor Hoey said, "and the brief years to follow only added to the splendor of his name and fame, and emphasized those elements of greatness which he displayed throughout the historic struggle of the four years of armed conflict in which he won first place in the hearts of his countrymen and the highest niche in the world's hall of fame for military strategists.

"The five years following the war and until his death on October 12, 1870, he led the way for the rebuilding of the South and as president of Washington college in Lexington, Va., dedicated his lofty character and imperishable ideals to the people of his stricken land and expended his energy and ability in the education of young men. His college had only one rule:

" 'Every student must be a gentleman.' "

A WOMAN LIVES FOLLOWING DEATH

(State Magazine)

This weird story comes to me on good authority. In sending it from Edenton, the Rev. Charles A. Ashby, well-known throughout the state, writes: "I have rather featured the study of Washington, Jefferson and General Lee. Long ago I heard the story of the strange experience of the mother of Robert E. Lee. When I mentioned it to our efficient librarian here, Mrs. Sidney McMullan, I found she had the papers, and the incident is vouched for by the War Department."

The story appears to be authentic, and a nephew of General Lee, Colonel Warfield Lee, of Cattlesburg, Kentucky claimed to have heard it from the General himself and from other members of the family.

According to the record which Mrs. McMullan has, the wife of Gen. Light-Horse Harry Lee was in poor health for some time prior to 1805, being subject to fainting spells of unusual duration. Physicians were unable to find the cause of or a cure for the trouble. Her condition grew worse gradually, and one day the family doctors called in three physicians for a consultation.

"There were four physicians at her bedside when she died in October 1805," says the record, "and all of them agreed that she was dead. For four days she lay in state in the Lee mansion, in a coffin with a lid of glass. Then the casket was moved to the Lee mausoleum. There was a constant stream of mourners in and out of the mausoleum and all gazed at the face of the dead woman but no one detected a sign of life.

"On the seventh day the sexton arrived to sweep up, and to bring a belated floral offering. As he swept, the old man imagined he heard a far-off voice. "Help, help, help," it seemed to cry, so weak that the sexton at first felt sure he was imagining it."

Again and again he heard the cry, or thought he did, and once it frightened him so that he went out of the building.

In the sunlight he laughed at his foolish fears and returned to the mausoleum. He completed the sweeping, then took the flowers to put upon the casket. Again he heard the faint cry, and looking down and staring at the features of the dead woman, he was certain that he saw the lips quiver and the eyelids struggling to open. Though frightened, he had presence of mind enough to open the lid of the coffin before going for help. The body was taken to the manor house, "and in a surprisingly short time" Mrs. Lee was restored to health. Fifteen months afterward Robert E. Lee was born, and the mother lived twenty-one years after that.

It is said that she continued to be subject to fainting spells, but that after this occurrence they were more in the nature of swoons than of trances.

———o———

'The man who is afraid to begin isn't any better off than the quitter."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRADESMAN

By Benjamin Franklin

"Remember that time is money. He that can earn ten shillings a-day by his labor, and goes abroad or sits idle one-half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that credit is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum where a man has a good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember that money is of a prolific generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again is seven and threepence; so on till it becomes a hundred pounds.

The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow destroys all her offsprings to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum (which may be daily wasted either in time or expense, unperceived) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of a hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man produces great advantage.

Remember this saying: "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually, and exactly the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometime of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings: Therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or at nine at night heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern; when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it before he can receive it in a lump.

It shows besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all is your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect— you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to a large sum, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be

saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words— industry and frugality; that is waste neither time or money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will go, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted), will certainly become rich— if that being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine."

———o———

WISHING

Do you wish the world were better?
  Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions,
  Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
  Let your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden
  Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
  Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
  In the scrapbook of your heart:
Do not waste one page on folly:
  Live to learn, and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge,
  You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
  Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
  As you pass along the way,
For the pleasure of the many
  May be ofttimes traced to one.
As the hand that plants an acorn
  Shelters armies from the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

N. C. PRESS IS 190 YEARS OLD

By Gertrude Carraway, in Charlotte Observer

With the remarkable strides made by newspapers and printing presses in North Carolina in the last three fourths of a century, it is interesting to note that this year marks the 190th anniversary of the press in the state.

For, on June 24, 1749, James Davis went to New Bern from Virginia as the first printer in the province, through invitation and subsidy of the General Assembly. During the first week of July, 1751, he started the first newspaper in North Carolina. In the same year he printed the first book ever published in this province, Swann's "Revisal of the Laws of the Province."

Before the arrival of Davis, citizens of the colony read little. Cape Fear planters sometimes saw the South Carolina Gazette, and other North Carolinians often read the Virginia Gazette, still published at Williamsburg, as the South's oldest paper.

After long consideration and discussion, the General Assembly in 1749 passed an act encouraging the establishment of a printing press. Davis accepted the bid to leave Virginia and come to North Carolina. New Bern was selected for his headquarters. It was then the capital of the province and the largest of the three chief towns, New Bern, Wilmington, and Edenton, having about 500 or 600 inhabitants.

Upon establishment of his printing press at New Bern, Davis first printed money for the province and the journals of the Assembly meetings of 1749 and 1750. A second edition of his first book, Swann's Revisal of the Laws, came out in 1752, and because of its tannish leather binding was called "The Yellow Jacket."

The earliest issue of his first weekly newspaper now extant is dated November 15, 1751, and is listed as No. 15 of the publication. This was discovered only a few years ago in the binding of an old book of county court minutes in Tyrrell county. Previously it had been believed that Davis' paper was first issued in later years.

On the first page of the old paper is this announcement:

"With the Freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic. All persons may be supplied with this paper, at Four Shillings, Proclamation Money, per Quarter, by James Davis at the printing Office at Newbern; where all Manner of Printing Work and Book-Binding is done reasonable. Advertisements of a modern length are inserted for Three Shillings the first week, and for Two Shillings for every Week after."

Probably not having paid expenses during the 10 years, the paper was suspended in 1761. On June 1, 1764, it was revived by Davis under a longer name, "The North Carolina Magazine, or Universal Intelligencer." For an unkown time it appeared on a demi-sheet in quarto pages. Judge Francis Xavier Martin, later an editor and historian before becoming Attorney-General and Chief Justice in Louisiana, wrote of the jejune and vapid papers, filled with long extracts from the works of theological writers or selections from the British magazines."

In 1768 Davis revived his Gazette for a decade, suspending it again when his son was drafted in the Continental army.

The first book or pamphlet known to have been compiled by a North Carolinian and printed in the colony was published on Davis' press in 1753—"Collections of Christian Experience," by the Rev. Clement Hall.

Davis was appointed by Benjamin Franklin as postmaster at New Bern in 1775. The next October the Assembly authorized the first post, to be run every 11 days between Suffolk and Wilmington. For 100 pounds, six shillings and eight pence, proclamation money, Davis was engaged for this work.

For 32 years he served as public printer, though his career was by no means smooth. Only scant support came from his fellow citizens. Little news of local interest was printed in his sheets. In 1769 his house was destroyed by a severe storm, his printing office was demolished, his type was buried in sand, and all his money and papers were lost.

Charges of neglect of public duty were brought against him by Royal Governor Arthur Dobbs and others. Andrew Steuart, a Scot of Philadelphia, was brought to North Carolina and appointed by Dobbs as "His Majesty's Printer."

A dispute arose, however, between the Governor and the Assembly. The House denounced the action of the Governor, voted 100 pounds to Steuart for his trouble in coming unnecessarily to the section, and then reappoint-Davis as public printer.

From 1778 to 1783, during the Revolutionary period, there was no newspaper in North Carolina. At different times, however, there are believed to have been four presses in operation in North Carolina during that era: one at New Bern, one in Halifax, another with the army of Lord Cornwallis, and a fourth with the army of Gen. Nathaniel Greene.

On August 28, 1783, Davis began his third Gazette, his fourth newspaper venture. This was called, 'The North Carolina Gazette, or Impartial Intelligencer and Weekly General Advertiser." No headlines or column rules were used. Assisting him was Robert Keith, an immigrant from Pennsylvania.

Leaving large holdings of slaves and real estate, Davis died in 1781, after a long and active life. He had served in numerous important positions, in addition to his journalalistic duties, including the posts of sheriff, judge, general assembly-man, justice of the peace, postmaster, post runner, member of the council of state, member of the committee of public safety, and member of the provincial congress.

Stephen B. Weeks ranked Davis as second only to William R. Davie, "The Father of the University," among the men "who did the greatest work for the state in the 18th century."

Publication of the New Bern paper was taken over in 1793 by Martin, a French refugee, who had served as an apprentice printer and law student. It was published irregularly and peddled around the country.

Another example of how much outside work those early Carolina editors did and how many offices they held is found in the fact that Martin also served as the first postmaster of New Bern, the first post office in the state under the republic having been opened there on June 1, 1790. As early as

March, 1793, he inaugurated mail delivery service in the town, for 50 cents a year per customer.

The second town in North Carolina to have a newspaper was Wilmington. From the early fall of 1764 to 1767 Andrew Steuart published there the North Carolina Gazette and Weekly Post Boy. Cape Fear patriots forced him to issue the paper without British tax stamps, a skull and crossbones appearing in the margin, with the caption, "This is the place to affix the stamp."

Steuart was drowned in 1769 in the Cape Fear river. Afterwards a son of James Davis, captured by the British, was beaten to death near Wilmington for refusing to obey English orders. Tragedy thus came there to the families of the two earliest state newspapermen.

Adam Boyd purchased Steuart's printing outfit, and on October 13, 1769, he issued the first number of the Cape Fear Mercury, which lasted until 1775. Boyd was more of a publisher than a printer. He was a patriotic citizen, and a member of the Wilmington Committee of Safety.

On copies of the paper appeared the following notice:

"Boyd's Printing Office in Wilmington, Cape Fear, where this paper may be had every Friday at the rate of 16s a year, one-half to be paid at the time of Subscribing or at 8s every six months. Subscriptions for this paper are taken by gentlemen in most of the adjacent counties, and by A Boyd, who has for sale sundry pamphlets and blanks; also Epsom and Glauber salts by the pound or larger quantity. N. B. Advertisements of a moderate length will be inserted at 4s Entrance and 1s a week Continuance; Those of an immoderate length to pay in proportion."

A newspaper was begun at Halifax in 1784 by Thomas Davis, another son of James Davis, who had inherit- his father's printing outfits. In 1786 a North Carolina Gazette was published at Hillsboro by Robert Ferguson for this Davis.

The North Carolina Chronicle, or Fayetteville Gazette, was published in 1789 at Fayetteville by George Roulstone for John Sibley & Co. Wilmington had three other papers before 1800; the Wilmington Chronicle and North Carolina Weekly Advertiser, Hall's Wilmington Gazette, and one other. At Salisbury there was a North Carolina Mercury and, Salisbury Advertiser begun in 1798 by Francis Cowpee.

For 15 years Abraham Hodge served as state printer. Previously he had followed Washington's army for press accounts. In 1785 he came to North Carolina from New York. During his career he was a strong Federalist and a personal friend to Washington. He managed the first chain of newspapers in this state.

In 1786 Hodge and a man named Blanchard established a press at Fayetteville and started the State Gazette of North Carolina. Henry Wills succeeded Blanchard in 1788, and the paper was moved to Edenton. During 1793 Hodge and Wills began the North Carolina Journal at Halifax. Hodge and his nephew, William Boylan, managed the North Carolina Minerva at Fayetteville, the True Republican at New Bern, the Edenton Gazette, the Raleigh Star, and the North Carolina Journal at Halifax.

"Davis, Martin and Hodge will rank in the hereafter with William R. Davie, Joseph Caldwell, and Archibald D. Murphy, that other trio,

who in the closing years of the 18th century did so much to broaden and strengthen the intellectual advancement of North Carolina," later wrote Weeks.

With approximately 850,000 inhabitants, North Carolina in 1799 ranked among the four most populous States of the Union. Republicans realized that they must compete with the Federalists for the service of the press. Joseph Gales was persuaded by Nathaniel Macon and others to locate in the new capital at Raleigh.

Gales was an Enlgish radical who had been forced to leave England to avoid governmental prosecution for having published in his paper, the Sheffield Register, ideals in opposition to the ministry. Subsequently he had become owner and editor of The Independent Gazette in Philadelphia, then the national caiptal, and was recognized as one of the most able and liberal editors of the era.

On October 22, 1799, he issued the first copy of the Raleigh Register. Its heading was a budding staff, topped by a cap of liberty, with a scroll bearing the words, "Libertas," and the motto:

"Ours are the plans of fair, delightful peace.
Unwarped by party rage to live like brothers."

Despite this peaceful announcement, there developed a partisan press in North Carolina. Within a short time the Register had become so powerful, working diligently for the Republican party, that William Boylan moved his North Carolina Minerva from Fayetteville to Raleigh, with the backing of strong Federalists. Between the two arose great rivalry, and a clash was inevitable.

After a tilt about the character of Thomas Jefferson, the two editors fought on the street in Raleigh. Gales sued Boylan for damages. In the trial at Hillsboro Gales was awarded 100 pounds. When the fees had been paid from the sum, the remainder was donated to the Raleigh Academy.

The second Joseph Gales, with his brother-in-law, William W. Seaton, for many years managed the "National Intelligencer," the Whig organ in Washington, "which for dignity, propriety and intellectual elevation is yet unmatched in the history of American journalism."

Weston Raleigh Gales, another son of the elder Joseph, continued the work of his father in Raleigh. From 1823 to 1830 the paper was issued as a semi-weekly. Probably the first novel published in the state, "Matilda Berkeley," came from his presses.

In 1833, when his party came into power in North Carolina, the older Gales retired from active business life. His associates paid him many tributes. The Register lived until 1885.

There were ten newspapers in North Carolina in 1811. By 1851 the number had increased to 44; in 1858, there were 74; in 1892, there were 194 papers, including 152 weeklies, 24 dailies and weeklies, and 18 monthlies. During the century the press grew remarkably also in circulation, valuation and power.

There are no hammocks and very few shade trees on the road to success.—Exchange.

FRANKLIN'S VIEW OF DEATH FOUND IN OLD LETTER

(Selected)

A letter written by Benjamin Franklin in which he expressed his views regarding death was recalled in Portland recently when a copy of the letter was discovered. It is believed the contents of the letter, written in Philadelphia, Pa. under date of Feb. 23, 1756, have not been published before.

The letter was one of condolence to a Miss Hubbard, a member of a family identified with banking and business interests of Middletown, Conn. The copy was found among the private papers of the late Dr. William Rogers Chapman, whose ancestors frequently were associated with the Hubbard family.

Franklin's letter was written in the year preceding the termination of his "Poor Richard's Almanac," the periodical which made his name a household word throughout the colonies. Franklin wrote:

"I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living.

"A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society?

"We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an encumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them.

"Death is that way. We, ourselves in, some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the body, parts at once with all pains and diseases which it is liable to or capable of making him suffer.

"Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last forever. His chair was ready first and he has gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him: Adieu."

———o———

Of all hygienic measures for countering sleeplessness and its accompaying miseries, I know of none better than the simple habit of prayer.—Dr. Hyslop.

THE FAITH THAT IS AMERICA

W. L. Willkie, in the North American Review

For centuries my ancestors lived in Central Europe. Some of them were peasants, some artisans, others were landed proprietors; but all of them through those centuries had been restricted in their opportunities to the group in which they were born, and no one of them had ever known the true meaning of liberty. Those who did not observe the restrictions under which they were forced to live got into trouble: one had to flee his native land because he adopted the religion of his choice; another was ostracized because he believed in the principles of the French Revolution; and still another was jailed for expressing his own opinions. In 1848, my father and my grandparents came to America to escape this repression of individual liberties.

They were led to these shores, as were million before and after them, by a special reputation that the United States has had among nations. This reputation is founded upon one simple fact: in the United States the plain man has always had a chance.

My father and mother were the first generation in their families to grow up in America. My mother became a lawyer. My father was also a lawyer. Of course, in Europe my mother would have found it impossible to practice a profession; and my father would have found it difficult to get out of the groove worn by his ancestors. Futhermore, it would have been utterly impossible for them to have given their six children the education which we received in America. We went to high school and college.

And with schooling finished, there were no doors closed to their children just because they came from a plain family in a small town. No class distinction, no law interfered with their effort to earn a living in the occupation of their choice, or to express their opinions as they pleased.

In all the long history of their family, these six children were the first to know, from the time they were born, the blessings of freedom. I don't want them to be the last.

This family record is the record of any number of American families. For us the value of freedom has had a practical demonstration. Freedom means, for example, that if you run a store, you can see your products to anybody without a government official telling you what the prices must be; if you are a professor in a university, you don't have to alter science or delete history as a bureaucrat prescribes. If you own a newspaper you don't limit your editorial opinions to what an official censor approves. If you are a laborer, you can leave your job when you feel like it for any other job you prefer; you and your fellow workers can bargain collectively concerning the conditions of your labor. If you think taxes are too high, you can vote against those officials you think responsible. And there is no limitation upon your inherent American right to criticize anybody, anywhere at any time.

These are practical applications of this thing called freedom. In this country we take them for granted—perhaps too much for granted. But in more than half the world freedom

does not exist. The present conflict in Europe is perilous to this freedom because in a modern war people destroy the very things they say they are fighting for. It is because we wish to preserve our free democratic system that we must remain at peace. But we cannot remain carelessly at peace. If the price of democracy in ordinary times is eternal vigilance, in a war period that vigilance must be doubled.

We must be careful that, under the guise of "emergency," the powers of government are not so extended as to impair the vitality of free enterprise and choke off free expression of thought. Already we hear of the need for the government to control prices, to license American business, to regiment American employes and employers, to censor the radio. In a critical time there is always a temptation to surrender the responsibilities of a free citizen, to say to the government: "During this emergency, you take charge. You tell us what to do, what to think."

If we should yield to this temptation, the end of our free democratic system might come as readily in peace as in war. Once these responsibilities of citizenship are given up, they are not readily returned. Government, in its practical working, consists only of aggregations of men; and men, having tasted power, do not easily surrender power. We must not be misled because suggested restrictions are for humanitarian purposes, for, as ex-Justice Louis D. Brandeis recently said:

"Experience should teach us to be more on our guard to protect our liberties when the government's purposes are beneficient. . . . . The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding."

The war has not changed the grave domestic questions confronting America; it has just temporarily diverted our minds from them. For ten years we have been haunted by our depression decade, American industry accumulated an enormous deficiency in plants and modern machinery. To remedy this, industry will need even more than the present number of unemployed. Industry will also need a great deal of additional capital, and there should be no difficulty in getting this, as soon as the millions of American investors are reassured as to the future of free private enterprise.

The lack of confidence within industry is partly a result of industry's own defects in the period of over-expansion which ended in 1929. But since then we have had several years of reform; and some of these reforms have gone so far as to impair the efficiency and morale of business. In promoting recovery, the chief emphasis has been placed upon what the government should do: we have had colossal expenditures for "priming the pump," and a colossal tax program to pay for these expenditures. Here is just the point where our free democracy is threatened. We are not in immediate danger of losing our freedom of speech, or of press, or of worship. The greatest threat to the American system today comes from the effort to restrict free competitive enterprise. And such enterprise alone can make economic recovery possible.

We have been told that the frontiers are gone, that our established industries are slowing down, and that

there is little to be expected in the way of new inventions. We have even been informed that the very basis of the American dream is no longer true: that the plain man no longer has much of a chance. But such a philosophy is as false as it is cowardly. Our people, comprising only seven per cent of the world's population, still control more than 45 per cent of the world's wealth. And we enjoy the highest real wages, the shortest working hours, and the greatest percentage of home ownership on earth.

The great days of America are by no means done. We have only touched the border of our achievement. If I did not believe this, I would not believe in America. Because that faith is American.

So my creed, if I were asked to define it, would run something like this:

I believe in America because in it we are free—free to choose our government, to speak our minds, to observe our different religions;

Because we are generous with our freedom—we share our rights with those who disagree with us:

Because we hate no people and covet no people's land;

Because we are blessed with a natural and varied abundance;

Because we set no limit to a man's achievement; in mine, factory, field or service in business or the arts, an able man, regardless of class or creed, can realize his ambitions;

Because we have great dreams—and because we have the opportunity to make those dreams come true.

———o———

MY FORTUNE

Perhaps I have no funds in sight,
  But what is that to me,
With all the gold of sunlight.
  And the silver of the sea?

Perhaps I hold no title to
  Rich lands or mansions fine,
But overhead the skies of blue
  With all their joy are mine.

And in my heart I hold a store
  Of wealth in title clear
In coffers running o'er and o'er
  With Love, and Hope and Cheer.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

THE LOST BOY

By Elsie Singmaster

In her husband's wagon-stand west of Petersburg, on the National Highway, Mrs. Bradfield absent-mindedly prepared supper. She was a short, wholesome-looking woman with gray eyes set wide apart, and waving brown hair in which were a few threads of white. Her homespun linen dress and her knitted wool sacque appeared to have been designed for a larger person. Each day she became more absent-minded, and each day she lost flesh.

It was New Year, and usually New Year brought a spell of mild weather before the temperature settled to its winter level, but now a bitter gale plastered the windows with snow The kitchen windows opened to the east; for an hour before sunset they had been darkened. When a door opened, the wind lifted the strips of rag-carpet here and in the still larger room which was a dining room and living room and barroom, and set waving the fringed red and white cloth on the table.

On the cloth were plates turned upside down with a knife and fork crossed over each, heavy, handleless coffee cups, two plates of bread, two pats of butter, and many varieties of preserves and jellies and pickles. The remainder of the supper steamed and smoked and gave out heartening odors from the skillets on Mrs. Bradfield's great stove. In summer the stove stood in the deep chimney, in winter it was moved well into the room.

Six wagoners sat around the dining-room fireplace, in which burned four-foot logs. They wore heavy wool shirts and trousers, the latter tucked into high boots. Their faces were red from the wind and snow and sleet; they shook their heads over the next day's journey. "We'll slip and slide," said one. I'm glad I'm here for the night. Missis is the best cook between Baltimore and Wheeling."

Another man shook his head. "She's failin'; she cooks as good, but she ain't herself."

John Bradfield opened the outer kitchen door and stepped in quickly. The wind blew from the other side, but suction set the carpet billowing. He sat on the wood box and pulled off his heavy boots. He was a broad solid man, his weight that of bone and muscle and not of fat. No one could be the agent of a freight line and attend properly to business and at the same time be fat.

The freight line which he conducted for its owners extended from Baltimore to Wheeling. The merchandise was carried in wagons, twenty feet long, the bodies blue and the running-gear red, covered with white canvas raised on hoops so that the tops looked like clouds. Each wagon was drawn by six powerful horses; no others could go up and down South Mountain and North Mountain and Keyser's Ridge and Chalk Hill and Big Savage and Little Savage. Many of the lead horses had frames with bells over their heads; you could hear their chimes from afar. There was an excellent road, completed now for almost thirty years, used not only by freight teams but by stages and drovers and thousands of immigrants to the west and some who made their way wearily back.

The company which employed Bradfield had many wagons, and patronized stands fifteen miles apart—a day's journey. The wagoners slept on the floor before the fire. The strong horses were sometimes stabled, but often they were merely blanketed, no matter what the weather. Going west, wagons carried everything you would buy at a seaport and city; coming east they carried all the products of the country—flour, hemp, tobacco and whiskey which the farmers distilled from their grain. The journey from one end to the other took from two to three weeks according to the weight of the load, the strength of the horses and the character of the weather. It was possible that Bradfield's guests might have to stay through the next day.

"I never saw a worse night, Mother," he said. "We'll turn in early. There'll be no more custom, and the boys are too tired for any high jinks. The horses are still breathing heavy and the wagons begin to look like mountains with snow heaped on them. All wise men are under shelter, the others won't make shelter."

Mrs. Bradfield did not answer. She had once been a cheerful soul with a lively word when Bradfield came in, but that day was past.

"Sometime mother'll be better," he thought with a sigh. "It's almost three years now, she can't grieve forever."

Mrs. Bradfield did not look sad, she looked happy. Even when the wind roared in the chimney, and John, strong and courageous as he was, shivered, she continued to smile. The teamsters in the dining room were drowsy with weariness; having eaten supper, they would unroll their matress pads before the fire and lie like dead men until morning.

"It'll be a bad day tomorrow," prophesied Bradfield. "If it were March we could look for the snow to melt, but January snow's bad, especially when it drifts. We ought to have a thaw at this time and not a blizzard."

Mrs. Bradfield answered with another vague smile and began to lift large slices of ham from the skillets to a platter which had been heated in the open oven. She had given her guests turkey on Christmas, of course, fine wild turkey, shot by Bradfield, but on New Year you should serve pork. A turkey, she had heard as a child, was Christmas fare because a turkey scratches backward, but pork was New Year fare because pigs root forward. This was extra fine pork; she gave her guest the best of everything. She heard shocking tales of the slovenliness of some of the cooks on the road. She began to pile on another hot platter a huge supply of potatoes, fried raw with onion.

"Listen!" said Bradfield, sharply. Moving like lightning, he began to pull on his boots.

Mrs. Bradfield was listening, but not to the faint, clear musical note heard by Bradfield, which was not bells chiming but the horn of a stage-driver. Her hands went on serving the potatoes, directed, yet unseen, by her clouded eyes. What she heard was a voice calling "Mother!" It was now loud, now faint. She walked toward the east windows; unaware that Bradfield had gone out, she stared at the icy glaze as though her eyes pierced through.

She saw no ice, but May sunshine and green leaves and blue sky and a mammoth wagon before the door.

She had never seen a ship under full sail, but that was, she thought, what the wagons looked like. She saw six mammoth gray horses and riding the saddle horse a tall, slender boy. He wore a plaid homespun blue and white shirt and had a red handkerchief tied round his neck.

"Good-by, Mother!" he called. "Good-by, Pop!"

Mrs. Bradfield waved her apron; Bradfield, standing beside her, waved his hand in circles over his head.

"There's no better driver on the road than Frank," said he, proudly.

"He's too young," thought Mrs. Bradfield.

Through the icy window Mrs. Bradfield saw Petersburg, a pretty town where people came to stay for their health. She saw Winding Ridge and the gray horses climbing upward. She saw them descend and Frank walking beside the wagon, his hand on the projection brake. She saw log taverns and stone taverns, and tollgates, tall and finely wrought, before little octagonal buildings where the tollkeepers lived. She saw bridges built to last centuries and the line-stone where Frank crossed into Maryland.

She saw Keyser's Ridge, bald and bleak, the backbone of the mountain range, and Negro Mountain. On the eastern slope of Negro Mountain she had a friend, Mrs. Haldeman, who kept a wagon-stand and who would take special pains to make Frank comfortable. He could handle a team as well as his father and there were hundreds of wagoners and drovers and stage-drivers who would help him out of any difficulty. It was folly to worry about him.

She saw him pass through Grantsville and cross the Castleman River and travel through thick woods called the Shades of Death. He climbed Little Savage Mountain and Big Savage Mountain and passed through Frostburg and Cumberland and climbed Polish Mountain and Green Ridge and descended into Snib Hollow. He would stop for the night at the well-kept house of the Widow Ashkettle, then he would climb Sideling Hill. Still there were mountains before him —North Mountain, South Mountain and Catoctin, and good-sized towns, Hagerstown and Frederick.

In Baltimore she saw the Maypole Tavern with its great wagon-yard and its good food. She saw Frank threading the streets and the people looking at him and his team with admiration. She saw him unhitch the horses with the aid of a hostler, she saw him lie down on his mattress on the barroom floor.

Then she saw him no more. The gray horse and the great wagon, the tobacco and grain delivered, returned with dry-goods to be loaded on a river steamer at Wheeling. When she ran out to welcome Frank, she saw with alarm that another of Bradfield's wagoners rode the saddle horse.

"Where's my boy?" she cried. The man did not answer. "Where's Frank?" she repeated sharply.

The waggoner slipped down and stood with his hand on the saddle.

"Mrs. Bradfield, I hate to tell you. Frank's disappeared. He wasn't at the tavern in the morning. His mattress was rolled up in the wagon, but he wasn't there."

"Wasn't there! Where was he?"

"Soldiers are recruiting for the war with Mexico, there's much excitement. We believe he enlisted."

"Oh, he wouldn't do that!" protested Mrs. Bradfield. "We're against

the war, it's deliberately made to create more slave territory, it's wicked. He'd never enlist, but if he did, he'd let us know."

"Perhaps he thought it was the right thing to fight for his country," suggested the wagoner.

Bradfield was at once displeased and anxious. "I'm afraid that's where he's gone, Mother. We'll surely hear soon."

Mrs. Bradfield still stood staring at the window. Almost three years had passed and they had heard nothing. She ought not to stand here idly, she knew that. She did not remember that there had been war, she did not remember the names of generals or of battles— Scott and Taylor and Santa Anna, San Antonio or Cherubusco She did not look beyond the Maypole Tavern. Frank had been murdered, she was certain; he would come home no more.

She remembered suddenly that hungry men were waiting. She gazed absently at the wood box—was not John sitting there, pulling off his boots? She heard the faint clear note—could it be the stage-driver's horn? Was it possible that a stage was making the perilous journey?

There was a stir in the dining room, then Bradfield opened the door. "Bunting brought one passenger and has gone on to Mitchell's. Crazy! I don't believe he'll make it."

Mrs. Bradfield did not even ask what sort of passenger—young or old, male or female. She lifted the steaming platter of pork and Bradfield lifted the potatoes. All was on the table now except the coffee; she would carry in the gallon tin pot and fill each cup.

But Mrs. Bradfield poured no coffee. She set the platter of potatoes down and turned her absent, pleasant smile on one wagoner after the other, all her regular customers and friends. She smiled just as pleasantly at the stranger and she saw what no one else had seen—that his ragged suit was a blue uniform. Her face grew still paler, her eyes wider.

Looking at her the men were alarmed, one laid down his fork, another started to push back his chair. The stranger moved most quickly; he sprang up before Mrs. Bradfield fell, his arms outstretched. Together he and Bradfield laid her down.

"It's Frank!" she whispered. "It's Frank! I'm all right, only let me lie here for a minute."

Frank caught his father's glance. "I did wrong," he said. "I enlisted; I thought you'd know where I'd gone. I knew you wouldn't like it and I didn't write. My heart ached with homesickness but I had to stay till the end."

"You won't go far away again?" said Mrs. Bradfield, faintly.

"Never," promised Frank. "You wouldn't ask me if you knew how glad I am to be home."

———o———

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Mabel H. Hargett, girls' commissioner of the city of High Point, and Mr. Cameron Deans, boys' commissioner of the same city, visited the School last Tuesday afternoon, bringing with them a boy for admission. While here they made a tour of the various departments and had a few minutes' chat with the boys from High Point and vicinity.

In going about the campus the other day, we made a brief visit to the infirmary, where we found those in charge directing a group of boys in general house-cleaning. During the recent epidemic of "flu" and bad colds, of which there were more than two hundred cases among the boys, the infirmary was over-crowed, and it certainly was quite pleasing to see the extra beds being carried out and to learn that there were but two patients in the building, both of whom were rapidly improving.

Because of adverse weather conditions it has been impossible to get into our fields and gardens to gather winter vegetables for some time. Just recently the gardener brought in a good supply of that old plebian vegetable known as collards. We now hear from all sides just how good those collards were. At this season of the year one longs for fresh vegetables after having had our menus for several months overloaded with meats. The writer, after having indulged in a goodly quantity of the aforementioned collards, voices his approbation, giving the gardener this message—if you have any more, just trot 'em out.

Walter Scott, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who left the School, March 30, 1931, called at The Uplift office one day last week. For about two years after returning to his home in Durham, Walter worked in a dairy. He then started driving a truck for the Roadway Express Company, staying on that job a little more than a year. After trying other occupations for some time he returned to the transport company about three years ago, and now operates a large truck, running from Charlotte to St. Louis, Mo., and Akron, Ohio, and states that he likes this kind of work and is getting along fine. Walter is now twenty-four years old, is a very nice-mannered young man, and has the appearance of one trying his best to make good.

One of our cottage fathers recently received a letter from Clyde Bolton, who left the School in 1936. This lad is now in San Francisco, Calif., and writes as follows:

"I am writing you to let you know that after leaving the School I have been getting along fine. I did not stay long in North Carolina, but went on to Tennessee and then came out here. Am sending you something to let you know that I have not forgotten you all nor the "smokes" either.

"Tell your wife that Clyde Bolton will never forget the motherly way she treated us all and that some time I am coming back to North Carolina to see you. This is from a boy who was in your cottage in 1934, 35 and 36, and left you January 21, 1936. Here is hoping you are both well and that you get this letter."

We recently heard going the rounds among the boys that we were going to have a "puppy show" in the auditorium on Thursday night. Upon investigation we learned that Dr. Ernest A. Branch, director of the oral hygiene department of the North Carolina Board of Health, had visited the School last Tuesday, at which time he made arrangement for our boys to enjoy a puppet show, sponsored by that organization. The state dental department has been showing this entertaining feature in the schools of Concord and Cabarrus County during the past two weeks, and our good friend, Dr. Branch, who continually keeps his weather eye peeled for something that will benefit the Jackson Training School boys, wanted them to have the opportunity to enjoy the puppet show. Thank you, Doctor!

A boy from Winston-Salem was sent to the Training School about two weeks ago by the Juvenile Court of that city, but the case was appealed to the Superior Court. Last Monday the lad was taken to Winston-Salem for the hearing in Superior Court, at which Judge Zeb V. Nettles presided. After hearing the case, the judge ruled that the boy be remanded to the Training School, stating that this certainly was the place for him and that he be returned at once. The welfare officer who brought the youngster back to us last Wednesday, reported that Judge Nettles spoke very highly of the School and its work. Of course, we were very much pleased with these words of approval, coming from such authority as a judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina.

Superintendent Boger and Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, went to Raleigh last Thursday, where they met with Mr. W. C. Ezell, director of the division of institutions and correction, State Board of Charity and Public Welfare; the heads of other training schools in the state; Mr. Harry Sample, director of the State Probation Commission; Mr. J. H. Fleming, of the State Pardon and Parole Commission; Mr. R. Eugene Brown, assistant commissioner, State Board of Charity and Public Welfare. The purpose of this meeting was to effect a course of action, agreeable to all, in dealing with certain parolees from the training schools, especially those who might be transferred from the state prison to these institutions.

For several weeks past, due to an epidemic of bad colds, stormy and extreme cold weather, the regular Sunday school sessions, church services, motion picture shows and other contemplated assemblages have been suspended, and the boys spent their

spare time without any of these activities. Both they and those in charge of them were getting tired of such inactivity, and hailed with delight the appearance of the sun last Monday morning, realizing that they might resume their regular routine work and play. It has been said, "Happy is the man that findeth work to do," and we find that this applies to boys, also. The announcement was made that the regular weekly motion picture shows would be resumed on Thursday nights, bringing smiles to many boyish faces which had looked quite gloomy since being compelled to miss the weekly movies in the auditorium.

———o———

WANTED, A FRIEND

A while ago, in dire despair,
  In loneliness no end,
I posted a sign near the Door of my Heart.
Wanted—A friend.
Then I opened the door and waited
  For the world to saunter through;
And they came and went, some stayed awhile,
But those that stayed were few.
Down the corridor of friendship
  With them I proudly walked,
But when tears I'd shed, they turn their head,
And of other things they talked.
Another day, if I felt gay,
  The halls rang with my laughter,
But no answering ring, and I felt the sting,
Of their unconcern, long after.
What was wrong? I pondered long.
  Were there no friends tried and true?
Then a small voice whispered to my heart,
"What kind of a friend are you?"
So I gave, sincerely of comfort and love,
And happiness came, no end,
In forgetting "me," I had found the key
To the way to find a friend.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending January 14, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Clyde Gray 7
(3) James Hodges 7
(8) Edward Johnson 8

COTTAGE No. 1

Jack Broome 5
William G. Bryant 5
Howard Cox 3
B. C. Elliott
Jerry Smith 7
Elmer Talbert
Edward Warnock 5
Lee Watkins 7
Everett Watts 3
William Whittington 5

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 3
James Blocker 3
Charles Chapman 3
Jack Cline 5
George Cooke 5
Joseph Christine 2
Robert Keith 4
Forrest McEntire 4
Donald McFee 5
(3) William Padrick 5
Nick Rochester 6
(3) Landros Sims 6
Charles Smith 3
Raymond Sprinkle 3
(8) W. J. Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 5
(3) Clyde Barnwell 7
(3) Earl Barnes 5
Jewel Barker 4
(3) Richard Baumgarner 5
(3) Max Evans 6
Coolidge Green 6
Bruce Hawkins 2
Roscoe Honeycutt
Douglas Matthews 4
(3) William Matthewson 7
John C. Robertson 5
George Shaver 4
William Sims 6
William T. Smith 3
Jerome Wiggins 3

COTTAGE No. 4

Plummer Boyd 2
(3) Paul Broome 6
William Cherry 3
(3) Quentin Crittenton 6
(3) Lewis Donaldson 6
(2) Arthur Edmondson 4
John Jackson 4
Hugh Kennedy 4
(3) Ivan Morrozoff 7
(3) George Newman 3
(3) Henry Raby 6
Robert Simpson 2
(3) Melvin Walters 7
Richard Wiggins
(3) James Wilhite 5
(3) Samuel Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Ray Hamby 7
(3) Paul Lewallen 5
James Massey 2
(2) J. C. Reinhardt 5
(3) Earl Watts 7

COTTAGE No. 6

Joseph Dew 2
Robert Dunning 5
(3) Noah Ennis 5
Columbus Hamilton 3
John Maples 2

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte 4
William Beach 5
Carl Breece 7
(8) John Deaton 8
(2) Paul Dockery 5
(8) Donald Earnhardt 8
Lacy Green 5

Raymond Hughes 3
James Jordan 4
(3) Hugh Johnson 6
Lyman Johnson 4
J. C. Long 3
Robert Lawrence 5
Arnold McHone 5
(3) Elmer Maples 6
Carl Ray 6
Alex Weathers 6
Joseph Wheeler 6
Edward Young 2
William R. Young 6

COTTAGE No. 8

Joseph Linville
(2) Edward J. Lucas 3
(3) Daniel McPhail 6

COTTAGE No. 9

Holly Atwood 5
(8) Roy Butner 8
J. T. Branch 5
Percy Capps
Robert Gaines 4
(8) Frank Glover 8
(8) C. D. Grooms 8
(3) Mark Jones 7
Daniel Kilpatrick 6
Alfred Lamb 2
(8) Harold O'Dear 8
Lonnie Roberts 6
James Ruff 5
(3) Thomas Sands 5
(3) Cleveland Suggs 7
Richard Singletary 4
Preston Wilbourne 7
Horace Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) Junius Brewer 6
(2) John Crawford 2
(2) Jesse Kelly 3
(3) Thomas King 5
(3) Vernon Lamb 6
(3) Oscar Smith 5
(2) Carl Speer 2

COTTAGE No. 11

(8) J. C. Allen 8
(3) Harold Bryson 7
(3) John Benson 6
William Covington 6
(8) Earl Hildreth 8
(3) William Hudgins 5
Franklin Lyles 4
Ballard Martin 5
(8) Edward Murray 8
(3) Donald Newman 7
(8) Fred Owens 8
Theodore Rector 7
John Uptegrove 5
N. C. Webb 7

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Burl Allen 6
(3) Allard Brantley 6
Ernest Brewer 4
William C. Davis 3
(3) Howard Devlin 5
Max Eaker 5
Woodrow Hager
Joseph Hall 4
(3) James Mondie 4
(3) James Puckett 3
(8) Avery Smith 8
William Suites
(3) George Tolson 4
Carl Tyndall 2

COTTAGE No. 13

Frank Cotter
(3) Merritt Gibson 7
(8) Vincent Hawes 8
James Lane 3
(2) Douglas Mabry 6
(2) Jack Mathis 3
J. C. McEntire
Jordan McIver 5
(8) Alexander Woody 8
Joseph White 2
Marshall White 4

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews 5
(2) John Baker 4
John Church 4
Robert Deyton 5
(8) Audie Farthing 8
John Kirkman 6
(8) Feldman Lane 8
(3) Norvell Murphy 4
(3) Charles McCoyle 5
Troy Powell 6
John Robbnis 3
(2) Charles Steepleton 3
Desmond Truitt 7
Harold Thomas 6
(3) Garfield Walker 7
(2) Jones Watson 6
(3) Wallace Woody, Jr. 7

COTTAGE No. 15

(8) Raymond Anderson 8
(3) Clifton Davis 5
(3) Albert Hayes 5

(3) Fred McGlammery 6
(2) J. P. Morgan 2
(3) William Wood 7

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 4

(2) Philip Holmes 7
(8) Warren G. Lawry 8
(3) Odell Almond 7
Harvey Ledford
(2) Thomas Wilson 5

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture
  Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfield
  That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses
  Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
  And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
  They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
  In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
  And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs thickest
  On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
  And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
  Fairy barks that drifted to land.

They wave from the tall-rocking tree-tops,
  Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
  By a song that fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
  The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
  Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
  The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
  Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Anonymous.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 27, 1940 NO. 4

NATURE LOVERS

"To watch the sun, moon and stars, to listen to the wind, to hear Nature whispering in that still small voice of hers—is a better education than can be had from all the books that ever were written." Such is the extravagant expression of some Nature lover. Yet we feel that he is not far from the sober truth. For to know rocks and mosses and birds and beetles and flowers and stars brings one in touch with the sources of knowledge as no printed volume can ever do.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

"LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME"

In the give and take of experience I have learned—

1. To remember that my task is first of all God's work and that he is more interested in it than am I.
2. To keep silent about my own opinions and deal with facts and reasons rather than what "I think."
3. To hold steady under strain. Nothing is as bad as it looks.
4. To hear both sides before I decide major matters. Every man has something to teach me.
5. To leave important decisions until the following morning. God may take a hand if I hold off a little.
6. To treat every man man as my equal. Those who feel inferior will respond with new values and my "betters" are also timid.
7. To believe that every man means to play fair. Better to be imposed upon occasionally than suspicious all the time.
8. To give to my associates, not orders, but responsibilities with credit for results attained.
9. That no case is hopeless. Every failure deserves three trials under varying conditions. It may be a matter of finding his place.
10. Having done all things to decide, and having decided not to change without good reason.—Bishop A. Miller.

THE CANNON MILL LOYALTY BANQUET

The "Loyalty Banquet" was a colorful affair, and was of wide interest, bringing together 700 employees with employers and special guests of the Cannon chain of mills, around a banquet table that groaned beneath a feast of good things to eat that would appeal to the most fastidious epicure.

This banquet was held on the evening of January 18th, in the

new gymnasium of the large and handsome Y. M. C. A. in Kannapolis where is located the main office of the Cannon Mills, the largest industrial enterprise in this section of North Carolina.

C. A. Cannon, president of the Cannon Mills, was the inspiration of this event and as toastmaster he handled the situation with much ease, evincing an interest in his co-workers who have faithfully contributed to the marvelous growth and development of the nationally known Cannon Mills. The high spots of the occasion were the presentation of 'service-emblems' to employees who had been connected with the mills in some capacity for twenty-five years, and for the same faithfuls Mr. Cannon announced that a hospital policy had been arranged for them when in need of hospitalization. This humanitarian act upon the part of the president, conveying a feeling of security to many who are financially unable to meet the needs at such a time, brought forth a round of applause that voiced an appreciation of this beneficence. A fine spirit of good-will prevailed, there was joy written in the faces of employees and employers of every department of work.

The renowned inspirational speaker, Dr. Griffin, White Plains, N. Y., easily engaged the attention of his audience, telling in a humorous style his personal experiences as either a captain on a boat, music teacher or doctor of medicine. His varied life has given him a broad contact; he knows human nature, therefore, is adaptable to all kinds of audiences.

His theme was happiness, and the thought surely fitted into the occasion. He emphasized the six steps to happiness—"peace of mind, a grateful heart, a helping hand, service, tolerance and things to do." The speaker continued, "gratitude is one of the greatest assets of mankind and without it a man is hopeless," and that a "busy soul is like busy, rushing water, it is pure and clear."

The "Loyalty-Banquet" reflected the spirit of the event, and all left inspired for a finer and better spirit of service during the New Year.

This thing of rubbing elbows occasionally with the superior officers brings about finer results, a finer service, erasing many imaginary troubles and thereafter there is a better understanding between employees and employers of any and all big business concerns.

THE MARCH OF DIMES

Intead of marching to the beating of drums prior to a conflict on a battlefield, made horrible by the groans of mutilated humanity and the flow of human blood, the citizens of this entire country are interested in the "March of Dimes" that move on to Washington, the capital of the greatest of all countries, for a humanitarian cause. The object of which is not only to have this country renowned as the home of the "free and brave," but the home of a people who have at heart a loving care for their fellowman.

The thought that prompted the "March of Dimes," and the celebration of President Roosevelt's birthday to raise funds to safeguard humanity against infantile paralysis, came from a heart filled with interest and overflowing with love for suffering humanity. If modern civilization preserves its strength, the youth of the land must be saved.

This "March of Dimes" is suggestive of the ambition of our people,—a universal march for peace, health, life and happiness and not a march to war.

* * * * * * * *

RESOLUTIONS OF APPRECIATION

For two most valuable gifts to the Stonewall Jackson Training School, the "Cone Swimming-Pool," and the "Textile Plant," the trustees of the School, at the January meeting, expressed their appreciation in the form of most appropriate resolutions.

The distinguished Cone family of Greensboro, including the mother, Mrs. Caesar Cone, the widow of the late Caesar Cone—who honored the School as director when it was in its infancy—and the three sons, Caesar, Benjamin and Herman, made possible the pool, memorializing Caesar Cone, husband and father, who was recognized throughout the country as a man of most noble and generous spirit.

The "Textile Unit" has proven a most valuable asset in the way of keeping the boys busy and teaching them the technique of such a plant—the making of many different kinds of material of the raw cotton that contributes to the comfort and life of the boys, was donated by the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association. For these contributions, wonderful aids in building for the state a

better citizenship, the Board of Trustees is grateful and gives expression to the same through the medium of resolutions found in this issue of The Uplift.

* * * * * * * *

PUBLIC WELFARE NEWS

The January issue of the Public Welfare News, a bulletin published monthly, carries a volume of information relative to welfare work of the past year. For instance there are now 1000 workers, in different fields of activities, in the employ of the board; through this source 56,000 dependent old people and children received more than $5,000,000, and 7,000 youths found employment in the CCC camps where $10,000,000 was spent.

During the year $1,362,198 was used for the benefit of about 21,000 dependent children of some 8000 families. We quote:

All this means that about 21,000 children are given the chance to stay in school, safeguarded from bad company on streets, with some one at home to instruct them as to the right way of living. That the $5,270,863 spent on the state's aged and young during the past year is an investment in citizenship well worth the price.

An investment in citizenship is an investment in democracy, and as long as the democratic principles last in this country it will have nothing to fear because of social or political upheavals. The North Carolina Board of Charities and Public Welfare is comparatively young but from its progress in humanitarian interests it has long passed the experimental stage, but is accepted as a most important department of state work.

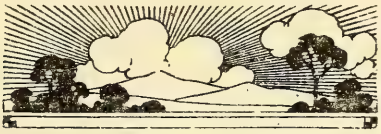
* * * * * * * *

Father Hubbard thiuks the "so-called civilized people and nations might do well to take lessons from the primitive Eskimos." Speaking recently in Omaha, this famous Catholic missionary held up the example of the Eskimos on King Island in Bering Sea. Of these "primitives", who came from Asia into the Arctic regions at the opening of the thirteenth century to escape the oppression of that mediaeval dictator, the Mongol conqueror, Genghis Khan, Father Hubbard says: "In fifty years there has been no murder, no suicide, no divorce, no deadly quarrel, no venereal disease, no vermin on

the island." The Eskimos are a peace- and liberty-loving folk. Old and young alike work hard; in the walrus-hunting season they often work twenty-four hours a day, and during less strenuous times, even twenty hours a day. Father Hubbard's testimony is seconded by that of the Episcopal Bishop, P. T. Rowe, for the last thirty years a missionary to Alaska. Bishop Rowe has already four times declined a bishopric in the United States. Perhaps the reason can be found in his statement that he wants to return to his Indians and Eskimos in January because he admires their faith: "They will creep to church on hands and knees, against bitter winds that would blow a man down. White people make me a little tired. They are ready to take everything and give nothing." Perhaps this sounds harsh; but let us ask ourselves whether it is true.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

The Gideons have just outdone themselves by ordering for the coming year 250,000 new Bibles, to be distributed in hospitals, hotels, jails and schools. This is the largest annual order ever given in the forty-year history of their organization. It is the opinion of the executive committe of the Gideons that the tension created interest in the Bible. Whatever the cause, the interest is a good one, as far as it goes. But is it necessary to be so unintelligent that only fear can drive so many humans to the reading of the wisest and most reasonable of all books?—Selected.



McKINLEY FIRST PRESIDENT TO RIDE IN AUTOMOBILE

By Douglas Nelson Rhodes, in Charlotte Observer

The President of the United States glanced again at the engraved calling card which the usher had placed on the desk after making his perfunctory introduction. It bore the name: O. F. Stanley.

"I've heard of you, Mr. Stanley," said the Chief Executive. "You recently invented a steam propelled horseless carriage, did you not?"

"Yes, Mr. President," replied the visitor, "and I have called to inquire if you will do me the honor of witnessing a demonstration of my invention, at your convenience, and perhaps take a short ride in it."

The President hesitated. "I appreciate the invitation, Mr. Stanley but are you quite sure the contraption is safe?—You know, as Chief Executive, I must refrain from taking unnecessary risks."

"You have my word there will be not the slightest danger," Stanley promised and hastened to add "The news that the President has recognized horseless carriages as a new mode of travel will stimulate public interest in the further development of these machines. I venture to predict that within a few years they will be a commonplace means of transportation."

"That remains to be seen," said the President. "However, I believe it will do no harm to accept your invitation. It may prove an interesting experience."

And thus, in 1899, William McKinley became the first President to ride in an outomobile.

Mr. McKinley evidently didn't enjoy his jaunt in the Stanley very much, for he is reported to have afterward confided to a friend that throughout the ride he expected every minute to be blown to bits, or that the vehicle would get out of control and run away with him and its inventor.

"Stanley's over-optimistic, I think, when he says those things will some day replace horses," McKinley is said to have remarked.

But O. F. Stanley lived to see his prediction come true, and twenty years later another of his cars was owned and driven by another President, Warren G. Harding, who often skimmed over the road at such a lively clip that he caused much consternation among government officials and traffic policemen.

McKinley's successor, Theodore Roosevelt, was noted for his fondness for travel, but, during his residence at the White House, remained true to his love of horses, and it was not until after the inauguration of William Howard Taft, that automobiles were considered to be safe and dependoble transportation for a President.

The first White House car was a huge, high-wheeled brougham, or landaulet, which looked like a juggernaut and sounded like a locomotive. President Taft used this car both for state business and for pleasure. The plump, jovial President soon developed into an avid motorist with a pronounced taste for speed.

Though he did not drive, Taft was thoroughly familiar with the mechanical aspects of motoring and liked to give competent technical advice to his chauffeur.

One time, while touring on a country road outside the Capital, the big car faltered and stalled—as it was wont to do at frequent intervals. The President immediately got out and assumed the role of diagnostician, superintending the chauffeur's futile attempts to locate the source of trouble. Finally the President became annoyed at the delay and chided the man for his deficiency as a mechanic. Whereupon the now thoroughly exasperated chauffeur is reported to have turned on his chief and said heatedly, "If we don't find the trouble it'll be your fault, Mr. President. You're the mechanic in this outfit—all I do is furnish the mucle power and get smeared with the grease!"

Taft took the rebuke good humoredly and afterward restrained himself from kibitzing whenever the car underwent roadside repairs.

Before Taft quit the White House, two other automobiles were purchased for him. One—an open touring car—was used to carry Secret Service men who closely followed the President's vehicle wherever it went, an ommnipresent motor escort which has guarded Chief Executives ever since. The other machine was a luxurious limousine for state occasions. The gigantic landaulet, however, remained Taft's favorite car because its folding top afforded him a better view of the passing scenery.

Woodrow Wilson also liked the landaulet for this reason. The wartime President though he enjoyed motoring, preferred to travel at a sedate pace and knew nothing whatever about the mechanical part of automobiles.

Wilson was the only President ever to use an electric car. The second Mrs. Wilson owned one before their marriage and frequently took him riding in it. The 16-mile-an-hour maximum speed of the electric, together with its exceedingly short cruising radius, was responsible for the Wilson's finally deserting it for a limousine in which the President pondered the problems of state while riding slowly about Washington's suburbs.

Incidentally, the second Mrs. Wilson and Mrs Franklin D. Roosevelt, are the only First Ladies to drive their own cars.

Wilson became so fond of his regular jaunts in the White House limousine that he purchased the car from the government when he retired from office and continued to use it until his final illness.

A magnificent car, especially built for him and with interchangeable open bodies, was presented to Wilson shortly after his return to private life. Though deeply grateful for this elaborate token of friendship from those with whom he had been associated, the ailing ex-president rode in it but once, preferring to take his outings in the second-hand car he had used so long.

With the induction of Harding into office, the White House garage was augmented by the addition of another limousine and a conveyance for the President's secretary. These increased the fleet to five. Harding also brought along his private car, though he found little time to use it during the short time he was in office and Mrs. Harding took it back to Ohio with her after the President's death.

Harding had one accomplishment shared by only one other President—he could drive. The other exception is Franklin D. Roosevelt, who, despite physical handicap, is an expert driver. At his Hyde Park estate, Mr. Roosevelt has a light car equipped with special controls which make it possible for him to operate the vehicle without the use of his feet.

The most conservative motorist of all was President Coolidge who never was able to relax while riding. He was regarded by the White House chauffeurs as being a natural-born backseat driver and never allowed himself to be driven faster than 16 miles an hour, no matter how pressed he was for time. Though he rarely uttered a sentence of more than three words to his chauffeur, Coolidge had an annoying habit of crisply calling the driver's attention to every potential hazard along the road and insisted on the strictest adherence to all traffic regulations.

An idiosyncrasy of Coolidge was his steadfast refusal to allow anyone in the car but himself and the chauffeur, the only exceptions to this rule being his wife and son.

For many years the Secret Service has dictated, to a large extent, the traveling of Chief Executives. For instance, they steadfastly refuse to allow both the President and the Vice President to ride in the same automobile or even on the same train. This is to prevent the possibility of losing the nation's two highest officers in a single accident.

Also, it is the duty of the Secret Service to see that no car, traveling in the same direction, passes the President's on the road. The idea is to forestall any attempt which might be made to take a pot shot at him from another car running alongside.

Coolidge and Hoover were in the opinion of the Secret Service, ideal Presidents from a motoring standpoint. Both insisted that their drivers keep well within the speed limit and they also shared a preference for closed cars—thus making them difficult targets for sniper's bullets.

Mr. Roosevelt's penchant for riding in an open car with top and windshield down is a source of constant anxiety to his bodyguard. His favorite place, while motoring, is in the front seat beside the driver—a democratic whim which was likewise practiced at times by Wilson.

The White House fleet increased almost threefold when Hoover took over the reins of the government. During his administration the garage housed fourteen cars; three for secretaries, four limousines for family use, one touring car for Secret Service men, Mrs. Hoover's three cars—a landaulet, and two others, one open and one closed, all for her exclusive use—one personal car for the President and two baggage wagons.

The upkeep of the Presidential garage is a real item in the White House budget. During the Winter, twelve chauffeurs are employed; in the summer, usually about nine. The head chauffeur—who always drives the President—enjoys an impressive title. Officially he is known as the "Superintendent of the White House Garage." His salary, paid by the government, as are all the others, is $2,520 a year. The eleven assistants receive smaller amounts scaling down to 1,200. Uniforms set the taxpayers back $2,000 yearly.

The cost of maintaining the fleet is about $8,000 per annum, figures

on a conservative basis of 10,000 miles for each car. This includes repairs and overhauling, tires, batteries, etc. but not gasoline, oil and other servicing estimated to cost an additional $36,000. As only late model cars are considered proper transportation for the nation's highest office-holder, eight new automobiles of expensive make are purchased every year. When all is added up, it amounts to quite a tidy sum which must be appropriated to keep a President in touring equipment.

President Roosevelt still retains his faithful "Monty" who is noted for his skill and ability to drive through heavy traffic at 60 miles an hour without scratching a fender. However, since his employer became President, "Monty" has given up this exciting pastime—he might get a ticket!

Though Taft and Harding were sometimes known to flirt with the speed limit, our motoring Presidents have generally been very careful to observe the rules of the road. Except when traveling on official business, the President enjoys no special privileges as a motorist. Conceivably, a Chief Executive may be cited for traffic violation like any other citizen. Up to date, though, none have received tags while in office. Newspaper reporters sometimes lament this fact. They are of the opinion that motorists everywhere would be keenly interested in reading an account of how the President of the United States failed to talk a tough motorcycle cop out of a speed ticket.

———o———

THE SONG HE SINGS

The man wins is the man who goes
  Ahead with his work each day;
Who's never struck by his adverse luck,
  But makes of his labor play;
From early dawn he will toil on,
  And know that the world's all right.
And he sings a song as he goes along,
  For it sharpens his appetite.

The man who wins is the man who smiles
  And sees that the sky is blue;
He is always there with a great big share
  Of smiles and sunshine, too;
He never growls, and he never howls
  That the world is out of gear—
But he meets the shocks and the jealous knocks
  With a great, broad smile of cheer.

—Selected.

MY O. HENRY

By Archibald Henderson

No one who reads the two hundred and fifty stories, which constitute his bid for immortality, can fail to be struck by the outstanding fact, first and foremost, that O. Henry was a typical American—a cosmopolite who was always at home even in his country. With the single exception of New England, all parts of this vast country furnish the scenes and settings for his stories, twenty-one states being represented. Mexico, Central and South America are the habitats of many of his characters; forty of his stories have Texas as a background. But New York with considerable justice claims O. Henry as her own, by virtue of the volumes "The Four Million," "The Voice of the City," and "Sixes and Sevens," and many of the tales in "Options," "Strictly Business," "Whirligigs," and "The Gentle Grafter."

A particular distinction achieved by O. Henry was not only in furnishing an intimate portrayal of numerous regions, with their peculiar dialects, habits and mannerisms, but also in affording a vivid contrast between the different regions. O. Henry paraphased the "No North, no South, no East, no West" of the oratorical advocate of a reunited country into the humorous: "No North, Little South, not much East, and no West to speak of." His impartiality and his nonsectionalism were the by-products of his cosmopolitan spirit. No American writer has been so genial and even-handed in satire of the contrasted foibles of North and South and West. I would particularly call your attention, in this connection, to the following stories: Thimble- Thimble, The Duplicity of Hargroves, The Champion of the Weather, New York by Campfire Light, The Pride of the Cities, From Each According to His Ability, The Rose of Dixie, The Discounters of Money, Best Seller, and The Two Renegades.

In 1914, Arthur Bartlett Maurice, the editor of The Bookman—who has since written, in collaboration with Bob Davis, a book on O. Henry called "The Caliph of Bagdad"—asked ten people to make their selections of their favorite 10, O. Henry tales. Among those who made these selections were Mr. Maurice and Mr. Davis, Booth Tarkington, George Barr McCutcheon, Owen Johnson, and Mrs. Porter, O. Henry's widow. It is an extraordinary fact that out of a possible minimum of 100, a minimum of 10, O. Henry's appeal was so great that 62 different stories appear in these ten lists. To these ten lists I add an eleventh, my own:

1. A Municipal Report. 2. The Gift of the Magi. 3. A Retrieved Reformation. 4. The Pendulum. 5. The Trimmed Lamp. 6. The Furnished Room. 7. Madam Bopeep of the Ranches. 8. The Memento. 9. Brickdust Row. 10. An Unfinished Story.

It is perhaps worthy of mention that in these eleven lists, An Unfinished Story leads with 8 mentions, followed by A Municipal Report with 7.

For all his colossal exageration, his sky-breaking humor, his rude horse-play, Mark Twain was a great narrative writer, with a remarkable

gift of description. Much the same thing may be said of O. Henry. The following vignette of a Honduran sunset is a little masterpiece:

"The mountains reached up their bulky shoulders to receive the level gallop of apollo's homing steeds, the day died in the lagoons and in the mangrove swamps, where the great blue crabs were beginning to crawl to land for their nightly ramble. And it died at last upon the higest peaks. Then the brief twilight, ephemeral as the flight of the moth, came and went; the Southern Cross peeped, with its topmost eye, above a row of palms, and the fireflies heralded with their torches the approach of soft-footed night."

Now let us take one of these descriptive passages in which he lets his harlequing humor have play and, by a series of similies, both comic and fantastic, achieves a total effect that is staggering in its cartoon-like effectiveness. Here is Sully Magoon's humoresque yet realistic kodak of a typical Latin American coastal town from "On Behalf of the Management":

"Take a lot of Filipino huts and a couple of hundred brick-kilns and arrange 'em in squares in a cemetery. Cut down all the conservatory plants in the Astor and Vanderbilt greenhouses, and stick 'em about wherever there's room. Turn all the Bellevue patients and the barber's convention and the Tuskegee School loose in the streets, and run the thermometer up to 120 in the shade. Set a fringe of the Rocky Mountains around the rear, let it rain, and set the whole business on Rockaway Beach in the middle of January—and you'd have a good imitation of Espiritu."

The pleasure in reading O. Henry is due, in no small measure, to the very excess of his imagination, the riot of metaphors, the appositeness and vigor of the simile. In Texas, he says, you can ride for a thousand miles in a straight line—you can't, but you've got the picture. Again: "My two Kentucky bays went for the horizon until it came sailing in so fast you wanted to dodge it like a clothes line"—a vivid figure that almost takes your breath away. In describing how faithful to his sweetheart a certain character was, he says: "Faithful? Well, he was on hand when Mary would have had to hire a dozen sub-poena servers to find her lamb."

Whatever else O. Henry may be, he is certainly a genius in the use of slang. He is one of the most eminent makers and users of that evolving American language. And after all, in so doing O. Henry was making a real contribution to the English language; for the most pictureque and least debased of the slang of today becomes the current coinage of English speech tomorrow. A genunine tour de force in the secret telegraphic message sent by one American to another in South America masked in the best slang of the day.

"His Nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack-rabbit line with all the coin the kitty and the calico he's spoony about. The boodle is six figures short. Our crowd in good shape but we need the spondulicks. You collar it. The main guy and the dry goods are headed for the briny. You know what to do." Which to any well-educated American reading the story means that the President of Coralio was absconding by mule train with an opera singer he had fallen in love with, taking with

him from the public treasury $100,000, and bound for the coast, whence he would sail to parts unknown.

All the devices of plays on words, mixed metaphors, puns, malapropisms, misquotations of Scripture, incorrect literary allusions, and twisted truisms flow from his pen in a perfect riot of exuberant extravagance. The author of "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" would turn over in his grave if he should read: "I went over to the store where the rude fourflushers of the hamlet lied"; and Tennyson could ill restrainhis impatience to read the observation of the Toledo man dying of consumption: "There'll be consideratable moanin' of the bars when I put out to sea; I've patronized them pretty freely." Mark Twain could not have surpassed the colossal exaggeration of the man with rheumatism who, asked if he had ever rubbed the affected part with rattlesnake oil, replied: "If all the snakes I have used the oil of was strung out in a row they would reach eight times as far as Saturn and the rattles could be heard at Valparaiso, Indiana, and back." Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop could not have surpassed the language of Mrs. Sampson: "He has made proposals to me sufficiently obnoxious to ruffle the ignominy of any lady. Today he caps the vortex." Neither Irvin Cobb nor George Ade could excel this comparison: "She had hair the color of a twenty dollar gold certificate, blue eyes, and a system of beauty that would make the girl on the cover of a July magazine look like the cook on a Monongahela coal barge"—or this: "He was the redhottest Southerner that ever smelled mint. He made Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee look like abolitionists." Chesterton could not exceed in cleverness this distortion of a familiar saying: "Charity covers a multitude of skins." And could anyone surpass this terse description of the deadness and slowness of Solitas, a little town in Central America:

"Yes, I judge that town was considerably on the quiet. I judge that after Gabriel quits blowing his horn, and the car starts, with Philadephia swinging to the last strap, and Pine Gully, Arkansas, hanging on to the rear step, this town of Solitas will wake up and ask if anybody spoke."

The most significant attribute of this richly inventive genius was his spirit of inextinguishable romance. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of O. Henry's career as a man of letters is found in the fact that a boy born in North Carolina, who spent the first forty years of his life in the South and Southwest, should have become the most brilliant and adequate interpreter in American literature of the spirit, atmosphere, and common life of New York City. No one who has read it will ever forget the prefatory words to The Four Million: "Not long ago some one invented the assertion that there were only 'Four Hundred' people in New York City who were really worth noticing. But a wiser man has arisen—the census taker—and his larger estimate of human interest has been preferred in marking out the field of these little stories of the 'Four Million'." "I wander abroad at night," he says, in one of his stories, "seeking idiosyncrasies in the masses and truth in the heavens above." O. Henry is the narrator and celebrant par excellence of the life of the great city in the parks and open squares, the cheap restaurants and Bowery haunts, the crowded department stores and the

tiny homes of the aerial flat dwellers. As he looked about him with amazed and loving inquiry—at the hobo and the shop girl, the clerk and the copper, the vagrant in the park, the derelict of the bread line, the flat dweller and the commuter—"he no longer saw a rabble but his brothers seeking the ideal." These words of his, which stand graven upon the national memorial in Raleigh, constitute the quintessence and epitome of his life.

O. Henry was a romancer: the American Haroun al Raschid of the modern Arabian Nights, the male Ccheherazade of the new Bagdad on the Subway. He did not disdain to be called the knight errant of the shop girl, that frail damsel of the bargain-counter. It is for this reason that I feel that O. Henry was a moral force in American literature that will move men and women to passion and to tears as long as literature shall be read and loved.

Against the conscienceless greed of the millionaire, the pitiless masters of capital, O. Henry turned the full battery of his irony and his scorn. His stories of the shop girl constitute a new literature of pity—pity for the sweated slaves of capital—robbed of their place in the sunlight of life, in the moonlight of beauty. Some day, mayhap, these slaves of this free country may erect a real statue, as they have already erected a monument in their hearts, to this knight-errant who titled in the lists of literature in their behalf. Let Vachel Lindsay speak the resolving word:

"And be it said, amid his pranks so odd
With something nigh to chivalry he trod—
The fragile, mean and driven would defend—
The little shop-girl's night unto the end.
Yea, had passed, ere we could understand
The blade of Sidney glimmered in his hand.
Yea, ere we knew, Sir Philip's sword was drawn
With valiant cut and thrust, and he was gone."

President Theodore Roosevelt once said, "All the reforms that I attempted in behalf of the working girls of New York were suggested by the writings of O. Henry."

I repeat, O. Henry was a genuine moral force in literature; and will remain so as long as men and women suffer, struggle and triumph. In every human being—the lowest as well as the highest—he caught a vision of the lifted gaze and the upward look. "My purpose," he once said, "is to show that in every human heart there is an innate tendency towards respectable life; that even those who have fallen to the lowest step of the social ladder would, if they could, get back to the higher life. The innate propensity of human nature is to choose the good." In his verses about O. Henry, Christopher Morley has

"Five years—the pencil and the yellow pad
Are laid away. Our changes run so swift
That many newer pinnacles now lift
Above the old four million he made glad.
But still the heart of his well-loved Bagdad

Upon-the-Subway is to him renewed.
He knew, beneath her harmless platitude
The gentler secrets that the shop-girl had."

In his youth, O. Henry absorbed the spirit and content of the Arabian Nights; and seemed to think to himself as a sort of modernized Haroun al Raschid in fiction. New York City he loved to call the Little Old Bagdad on the Subway; and the great bulk of his stories might fitly be grouped together under the title: "The American Nights Entertainment."

O. Henry was always in search of the romance just around the corner; and he has been called the laureate of American Bohemia. But he cherished no illusions himself in regard to a successful quest for that mythical Utopia. "Bohemia," he forthrightly declares in The Country of Elusion "is nothing more than the little country in which you do not live. If you try to obtain citizenship in it, at once the court and retinue pack the royal archives and treasure and move away beyond the hills."

As we wander through New York in company with O. Henry, we may imagine ourselves in as romantic a spot as ancient Bagdad. A soft light suffuses the city; its corner drug stores turn to enchanted bazaars. At the tables in the restaurants, says Leacock, we observe a strange and interesting crew—dervishes in the disguise of American business men, caliphs traveling as tourists, bedouins from Syria and fierce fautassins from the desert turned into Western visitors from Texas; and among them—can we believe our eyes—houris from the inner harems of Ispahan and Candahar, whom but yesterday we mistook for the ladies of the Ziegfield Follies, Earl Carroll's "Vanities," or a Shubert chorus!

The new Manhattan, the princess of the Great White Way, lured O. Henry ever on in search of adventure and romance. "In the big city," he says, in a passage memorable for its auto-biographic suggestiveness, "the twin spirits Romance and Adventure are always abroad seeking worthy wooers. As they roam the streets they shyly peep at us and challenge us in twenty different guises. Without knowing why, we look up suddenly to see in a window a face that seems to belong to our gallery of intimate portraits; in a sleeping throughfare we hear a cry of agony and fear coming from an empty and shuttered house; instead of at our familiar curb a cab-driver deposits us before a strange door, which one, with a smile, opens for us and bids us enter; a slip of paper written upon, flutters down to our feet from the high lattice of chance; we exchange glances of instantaneous hate, affection and fear with hurrying strangers in the passing crowds: a sudden souse of rain—and our umbrella may be sheltering the daughter of the Full Moon and first cousin of the Sidereal Sisters; at every corner handkerchiefs drop, fingers beckon, eyes besiege, and the lost, the lonely, the rapturous, the mysterous, the perilous, changing clues of adventure are slipped into our fingers. But few of us are willing to hold and follow them. We are grown stiff with the ramrod of convention down our backs. We pass on; and some day we come, at the end of a very dull life, to reflect that our romance has been a pallid thing

of a marriage or two, a satin rosette kept in a safety deposit drawer, and a life-long feud with a steam radiator."

———o———

MY COUNTRY

America! When first I heard
The music of that matchless word
My youthful heart with rapture stirred.
My Country.

As oft' I knelt at mother's knee
At twilight's hour in infancy,
She taught me how to pray for thee,
My Country.

Land where my mother lived and taught;
Land where my sire for freedom fought;
Land that our martyred blood hath bought,
My Country.

Lives there a man so mean, so base
Who can not in thy history trace
The struggle for a peaceful race,
My Country.

All we've fought for in the past,
Let us maintain while time shall last.
With truth and duty holding fast,
My Country.

While "Peace with honor" we proclaim
The starry flag which bears thy name,
We'll let no overt act defame,
My Country.

Blest burden of my prayer and song,
To thee my life my strength belong,
I love thee whether right or wrong,
My Country.

I'll live, I'll work, I'll die for thee
Dear land of my nativity.
Take all that life holds dear to me,
My Country.

—Julia W. Galloway.

RESOLUTION OF APPRECIATION AND THANKS BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

TO

THE NORTH CAROLINA COTTON MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

WHEREAS, the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association established a Textile Unit at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, Concord, consisting of one picker, two cards, one drawing, one slubber, one intermediate, one spinning, four looms, heating unit, etc., thus enabling the School to manufacture its own shirting, sheeting and other products not yet attempted, and

WHEREAS, this is a much needed unit of training for our boys and will be a great saving to the School;

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the sincere appreciation and thanks for this generous and valuable gift to the School be expressed by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School to the President and members of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association and

BE IT FUTHER RESOLVED, that the Secretary of the Board cause publication of this Resolution in the Press of the State and in the School's paper, The Uplift.

RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

January 4, 1940

WHEREAS, as a memorial to Caesar Cone, late of the City of Greensboro, North Carolina, a valued member of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School during the first ten years of its existence, his widow, Mrs. Caesar Cone, and his sons, Herman, Caesar and Benjamin Cone, donated 55 per cent of the estimated cost of the swimming-pool which was recently completed at the School, thereby enabling the State to obtain from the Public Works Administration of the Federal Government a grant of 45 per cent of estimated cost, thus making the construction of the pool possible; and,

WHEREAS, the swimming-pool is a much-needed adjunct to the new gymnasium, and will be of inestimable value in the training of the boys;

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the Board of Trustees express to Mrs. Cone and her three sons their sincere appreciation and heartful thanks for this generous gift to the School, in honor of a great and good man, who was not only a faithful trustee but a substantial benefactor of the School during his life, and after his death, by testamentary bequest.

RESOLVED, FUTHER, that the Secretary transmit copies of these resolutions to Mrs. Cone and her sons and cause publication thereof to be made in the press of the State.

ART OF STAFFORDSHIRE IS REVIVED AT JUGTOWN

By Gertrude S. Carraway in Charlotte Observer

Amid the rolling sandhills of an isolated area of upper Moore county, which they persistently endeavor to keep just as it was in Colonial days, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Busbee, natives of Raleigh and formerly artists there, have so successfully revived the potter's ancient arts brought to the section two centuries ago by early Staffordshire settlers that their Jugtown ware now ranks in topnotch international place for authentic shape, exquisite color and unsurpassed beauty. In the next quarter of a century this unique native art should form one of North Carolina's most important and profitable industries.

Already in the 22 years since the Busbees were inspired to give up their promising careers in art and photography the number of potteries in this state has increased from five to more than 200. The potters survived the depression without having to go on government relief rolls. Two or three pottery "factories" have been established, turning out cheaper pieces for the rapidly-increasing roadside stands.

Not all the potteries have been able to report the outstanding records of success that the Jugtown brand has achieved, for Mr. and Mrs Busbee are rare artists. From the beginning they have consistently emphasized art and time-honored methods rather than modern machinery or trade profits. They have personally led a crusade against commercialism.

Their standard is not how much pottery they can make, but how beautiful they can make new specimens of art by the ancient craftsmanship. Any piece that is not considered "perfect" is ruthlessly destroyed. Such damaged specimens are never offered for sale, but, if a customer insists on purchasing some, the price is double the usual fee.

The manner of making the far-famed Jugtown pottery is exactly like that of the pre-Revolutionary potters in the same locality. How hard the Busbees have fought to keep alive all these Colonial traditions and techniques! One of the oldest of all arts, pottery-making is with them substantially the same as it was in ancient China and Egypt and even among the early American Indians.

The same old types of kilns, pipes, and potter's wheels are used at Jugtown, as were in vogue for the same purposes 5,000 years ago. And Mr. Busbee goes to no end of trouble and research to trace historical authorities for his shapes and colors. Many of his vases are duplicates of antique Persian or Chinese survivals. One recently brought $100 at a New York auction sale. Others have been eagerly purchased for museum displays in Europe as well as in this country.

No modern machinery is permitted at Jugtown. The workers there are urged to take their time, to love their work, to treat every jug or jar as a distinctive masterpiece of their skill and individuality. A brilliant writer paid the Busbees what they regard as one of the highest of their many fine compliments when he spoke of them

as thus being "wilfully inefficient."

Production is not expensive. Wood from the surrounding forests is used for the open fires in the old "groundhog" kiln. A mule turns the clay grinder, with its hand-carved wooden mixing blades. Crude clay is dug from neighboring sun-hardened plains and weighed on primitive scales that use bags of pebbles as balances. Workers "kick" antique potter's wheels and fashion the clay into lumps that are the proper size for turning.

When the expert turners have fashioned their clay into the carefully-designed patterns, it is necessary to stack them correctly in the kilns. Two firings of from 10 to 12 hours each are required, the latter for the salt glazing process. Intense heat must be increased steadily and gradually, with as much care and caution as are given to the casting of the most expensive bronze statues.

Some of the Jugtown ware was on exhibit recently in New York City. Charles Gruby, world-famous for his tiles at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, chanced to see it. His attention was immediately attracted, and he demanded bluntly:

"What artist made this pottery?"

"It was made by natives of North Carolina," was the reply.

"I asked who is the artist that made the pottery," he repeated.

Again came the answer. "North Carolina natives made it."

Gruby was insistent. "North Carolina natives may have made it. But some talented artist must have planned it. It is even greater in its concept than in its execution."

Jacques Busbee is the genius behind the Jugtown ware, with the able assistance and inspiration of his wife, Juliana Royster Busbee. They have diligently studied the craft in all its details from time immemorial. Their pottery is kept simple, to harmonize in form and shade with its native clay and plain environment as well as to abide by historical precedents.

At first only practical pottery was made by the Busbees—utilitarian table ware from soup plates to pie plates. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, widow of the President of the United States, is one of the many owners of complete Jugtown table services.

More ornamental ware was requested by the public. Instead of designing new shapes, Mr. Busbee "translated" from models of the early Chinese potters. As a result some of his tea bowls look as if they were actually made in the ninth century, and some of his sorghum syrup jars might easily be mistaken for originals of the Han dynasty.

Persian vases and jars are also beautifully copied. Other bowls are distinctly English. Others resemble early American styles. Salt shakers in the shape of chickens are still being made just as they were almost 200 years ago, except that today the salt pours through tiny holes in the breast instead of coming from the eyes.

How their colors could possibly be more beautiful it is difficult to imagine, but the Busbees declare that their famed "red ware", really a deep orange color, is often mottled with olive green touches as "accidents" in the firing, without any touch of coloring matter. The transparent glaze is said to be traditional in the community.

Some of their noted Chinese blue jars have found conspicuous niches in important museums, while other shapes, colors or glaze, as shiny black, frogskin green, and warm gray are

sought for rare collections. Into the previous "mauve" pottery world they brought striking colors to "brighten the corners." No two pieces are identical, for the potters are taught to stress the individuality of workmanship, to fashion every bit of pottery as a distinctive masterpiece.

It was not until 1917 that Jugtown pottery first appeared on the world market. Then for the first time in almost two centuries it traveled on a train, and went more than a wagon trip distance from its birthplace. Since that time its success has been truly phenomenal operating entirely on its own earnings, leading to the establishment of scores of other pottery plants in the region and perhaps bringing more national publicity to North Carolina than any other handicraft or business revival.

As Fine Arts chairman of the North Carolina Federation of Womens Clubs, Mrs. Busbee was serving in 1915 as a judge at a Davidson County fair in Lexington, when her helper brought her a brilliant orange glaze pie plate for a display of apples. At first glance she was so impressed with its beauty that she deserted her judging task and rushed to the hardware store to ask where she could obtain more such plates.

Buying as many of the plates as she could, at ten cents each, she packed them in her suitcase. Her week's accumulation of clothes was shipped home by parcel post. Telegraphing her husband to meet her at the train in Raleigh, she returned home posthaste. On the floor of the Union station in the state capital, she opened her suitcase and proudly displayed her pottery.

Both she and Mr. Busbee were thrilled at the gorgeous color of the dishes and sensed the great possibilities of such a craft. But friends threw cold water on their enthusiaiasm. Soon afterwards their business intersts took them to New York to reside. There some of the Carolina pottery drew such favorable comments that they renewed their desire to revive the primitive craft.

Vainly they tried to get replies to letters they sent to "Why Not," the Piedmont village where they had been informed such pottery had long been made. Finally Mr. Busbee went there, but learned that farms, sawmills, and cotton factories had lured the potters away from their old wheels.

In the Jugtown section of Moore county Mr. Busbee at last discovered a few old men still making dishes, churns and pickle jars for their neighbors. This was probably not the only section producing pottery, but it seemed a more genuine survival of the finest and best types from their Staffordshire ancestors who had come to the New World about 1740.

Surplus pottery there was sometimes peddled by horse and cart along the backwoods roads and bartered in rural centers, Mr. Busbee learned. But the business was in pitiable condition. State prohibition since 1908 had killed the former chief means of support, orders for liquor jugs.

Before the days of prohibition there had been about 60 thriving potter shops within a 15-mile radius. All had lucrative trade in furnishing jugs for Southern whiskey distilleries. But legal bans against liquor drove almost all of them out of business.

One surviving potter, Josiah Wedgwood Sheffield, familiarly called "Old Joe Shuffle, was a veritable "mine of information about the lost art in

the dark corner." A ballad sang of him thus:

"Old Joe Shuffle he kicked a kick wheel,
Old Joe Shuffle turned pots on a wheel,
Old Man Shuffle he kicked out a jug
He drank from it all he could hold.

Mr. Busbee's burning desire to revive the fast-disappearing potter's craft by giving it a "hypodermic" of art became an obsession with him. But his wife was the only person whose interest he could stir deeply enough to assist in such an objective. Nobody in the Old North State seemed interested. Their attention was centered on the World War. The State Historical commission, the Home Demonstration clubs, other agencies and organizations in North Carolina turned down the Busbee pleas.

"They told us we were too enthusiastic, visionary, impractical," recalls Mrs. Busbee now. "And we were. But we didn't think so then. We thought we were noble. When no one else would do it, we decided to move ourselves to Moore County, to revive the ancient potter's art."

And so it was that Mr. Busbee gave up his profession as a portrait and mural artist and his wife checked her photography. They sold their library, in order to finance their thrilling new venture. And never have they regretted their choice.

Discarded wheels were brought out from remote sheds, under their sponsorship. A few old potters were enticed back from mill jobs. Boys were encouraged to dig pliable clay. The Busbees insisted upon the same slow and simple methods of the old-fashioned potters of the ancestral Staffordshire district of Arnold Bennett's "Five Towns." Always art and heritage were stressed more than profits.

After the pioneer revivalists became successful, under such influential art evangelism, other pottery industries sprang up all around them. Visitors came from all over the world. But, most of the natives, of Colonial and Revolutionary stock, retained many of their fuedal customs and much of their Elizabethan English. Other traditional arts and crafts were started in the area, as spinning, weaving, rug making, basketry, candlewick tufting, iron working, and chair making.

Gravestones in old cemeteries of that region had long been uniquely fashioned of pottery jugs, with closed tops. On the sides epitaphs were cut into the clay while still damp. But this was one custom that succumbed to modern, "progress." Today most of the tombstones are "store-bought" granite or marble. Regarded a little suspiciously at first as "furreigners," "Yankees," or "spies," because they had arrived with New York tags on their trunks, the Busbees have become an integral part of their environment.

Their simple, rambling and picturesque log cabin, with seven rooms was constructed 15 years ago of North Carolina pine for only $1,000. No paint is used on the exterior or the interior. There is no electricity, telephone, or running water. But within are comfort, convenience and beauty.

"We think mainly with our eyes" say these two artists. In their opinion, art is worth nothing unless it serves a practical purpose. Mr. Bus-

bee has the courage to assert that some of the finest examples of modern art are found on modern billboards.

Mrs. Busbee gives interesting public lectures in numerous cities on the subject of "Art in the Home." She holds that "beauty is a matter of taste in the beholder's eyes," that the main features of a home should be its effects of comfort, security, and peace, and that the five essentials of true beauty are rhythm, unity, harmony, balance, and fitness.

Gracious hospitality they regard as the greatest of all arts, and this they demonstrate daily to their many callers from near and far. Beauty is no sense dependent on money, they declare, adding that more things have been "uglified" by money than by poverty. Any house can be beautiful without the expenditure of much money, they assert, if the owner understands the fundamental principles of art.

These ideas of beauty in their home are the same as their ideals of beauty for their pottery and explain their crusades against commercialism in the potter's arts. Their insistence upon ancient motifs in the handicrafts, too, is carried out in their home arrangements of antiques.

Every article of furniture in their charming dining room ante-dates 1800, and every piece came from that immediate vicinity—a lovely table, two rare corner cupboards, an ancient blanket chest, a handmade sideboard, and attractive old chairs. There are old pewter, silver, china and glass. One different type of article is a handsome silver pitcher owned by State Chief Justice John Louis Taylor, Mr. Busbee's grandsire.

Colorful pottery made in the section is arranged artistically around the rooms, and in some of the beautiful vases are always found graceful displays of pine, laurel or other native flowers or shrubs. Mrs. Busbee is ever careful to have perfect blendings of colors.

"Color is music." she says.

That the couple love music is shown not only by their radio and victrola, with stacks of classical selections, but also by the fact that they call their dogs by musical names. Two are named for characters in Wagnerian operas.

In the mornings at Jugtown there is always time to go hunting or fishing or visiting; in the afternoon they usually stop their work to make tea or ice cream. They never rush through their cooking, eating, or conversation. For, at Jugtown there is no short cut for the making of pottery or the enjoyment of living or the spreading of happiness.

———o———

It is generally the case that when riches come in at the window, friends flock to the door. They are the sunshine kind. When the clouds hang low and trouble reigns, they vanish. It is astonishing how many folks used to know the granddaddy of a lucky man.—Exchange.

IT WAS EVER THUS

By Jacob Simpson Payton

New Years to the number of 140 have rolled round since the federal government established itself on its present site. Washington has come a long way since the year 1801 was ushered in with candles flickering in the windows of the cabin-dwellers along the reaches of the Potomac, and by neighbors with lanterns in their hands seeking their homeward way through the clearings of the new settlement. Now that the age of speed and splendor is here—full blast— and with fond farewells forever said to horse and buggy days, occasional anxiety is expressed about the direction in which America is going.

Of course that is nothing new. The ravens were croaking over the fate of the young Republic when the Federal City, as Washington was then called, greeted the New Year's dawn long, long ago. The outlook for the survival of the American government is inexpressibly more promising than it was when John and Abigaic Adams shivered through the first winter in the White House, and her Puritan husband was voted out of office by the politicians on Capitol Hill during a snow storm.

Like other Americans, Washingtonians take their blunderings rather seriously, and with many a sigh. Retribution usually overtakes plain, private trangressors on standard time, but with politicians it is different. They usually blunder collectively on Capitol Hill, and the disastrous results of their foolish legislation are so slow in cropping out, that only time will tell whether they have really been leading America along the straight and narrow path, or have gone star-gazing down the broad way that leads to destruction. More than once in our national history an administration has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, but not until after the chief offenders have been lain away with public honors. Until a statute has stood the test of usage, it is difficult to pronounce upon its wisdom or its folly.

Happiness is a rebound from hard work. One of the follies of man is to assume that he can enjoy mere emotion. As well try to eat beauty. Happiness must, must be tricked. She loves to see men work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will not be found in the palaces, but lurking in cornfields and factories and hovering over littered desks. She crowns the unconscious head of the busy child.

—David Grayson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We were very sorry to note in the newspapers the passing of Mr. Daniel D. Barrier, of Mount Pleasant. His unobtrusive manner, strict attention to his own affairs and most pleasing personality made him a prime favorite with all who knew him. He was familiarly known as "Uncle Dan" among a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. He was an uncle of Mr. George L. Barrier, a teacher at the School, who, with his wife, attended the funeral services last Tuesday. Mr. Barrier, together with several nephews of the deceased, acted as pall bearers.

One would have thought that everybody was sufficiently amused with the snow of two weeks ago, but when snow began to fall at the Training School last Tuesday, new life seemed to bob up all around. Inside, the boys were smiling, eager to get out; outside they could be seen frisking about, shouting with glee. One little fellow, three-year old son of Mr. Adams, of the Receiving Cottage, was doing all of these things at the same time. He exhibited the most happiness we have seen lately. As this snow fell throughout the day, it was a very pretty sight, and all would be happy if we did not know that in a short time it will be sloppy and slushy.

Our boys showed an uneasy restlessness on four Sundays, during which time Sunday school and church services at the School were postponed. They missed the inspiration of meeting together, singing their favorite hymns and otherwise taking part in these services. They seemed to be somewhat at a loss to know just what to do with themselves on these occasions. Last Sunday, when these gatherings were resumed, it was pleasing to note that the boys seemed to snap into regular order of service with a full spirit. This would lead one to believe these religious activities play an important role in the training of the lads entrusted to our care.

Lurren Kinney, age 19, a former house boy at Cottage No. 9, who left the School in February, 1937, called on us recently. Upon first returning to his home in Asheboro, he entered high school where he completed the tenth grade work. While going to school and during vacation periods, Lurren worked in a drug store in which was also a good-sized lunch counter. About three months ago he secured employment at a cafe in Asheboro, his duties being those of waiter, counter man and short order cook. He stated that he found his training as house boy at the School a great help to him in his present position. He told us that his employer is a very fine man and the working conditions all that could be desired, hence there was no reason why he should not be getting along all right. Lurren lives with his mother. His father having been dead several years, it falls to his lot, with the assistance of two brothers to assume the responsibility of caring for the home. We gathered from our conversation with the lad that he is a regular attendant at church and Sunday school, and that he seems to be making every effort to play the

part of a good citizen. He was quite enthusiastic in expressing his appreciation for the training received while here.

Our old friend, the genial Dr. Branch, of the State Board of Health, is tops when it comes to looking out for something to give pleasure to the boys of Jackson Training School. Last Thursday night, members of his staff, assisted by some of the Carolina Playmakers Association, staged a real puppet show in our gymnasium. Such shows have been given here before, but this one was greatly enlarged, both in character and number of acts.

As soon as the boys and officials of the School assembled, Dr. Charles Johnson, of the State Board of Health, who is conducting dental clinics in the schools of Cabarrus county, made a few introductory remarks, after which he turned the program over to Mr. John Morgan and Miss Ruth Mengel. Before the entertainment started we heard that this young lady was the best "puppetteer" in the business, and from the way she manipulated her fingers and voice, making the various figures appear lifelike, we are of the opinion that such a reputation was indeed well-earned. The response from the boys was free and full, which seemed to please those staging the show.

All present agreed that it was the best performance of its kind they had ever seen. It drove home the real purpose of the entertainment, four principle rules for good health: (1) eat proper food; (2) keep the mouth clean; (3) give the teeth proper exercise; (4) see your dentist three times a year. This was especially fine for the boys of the Training School, as many of them never gave these rules a thought prior to coming here, and it is often quite hard to teach them to eat vegetables, drink milk and give their teeth proper care.

We are deeply grateful to Dr. Branch, the Carolina Playmakers, and to all others who had any part in making possible this excellent entertainment for our boys.

After having dispensed with the regular sessions of our Sunday school and Sunday afternoon preaching services for four weeks, due to an epidemic of "flu" and extremely bad colds among our boys, these sessions were resumed last Sunday. The afternoon service was conducted by Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read a brief summary of the life of Samuel, "the boy who used his ears", as found in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd chapters of I Smauel. In commenting on this story, Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer urged the boys to be as nearly like Samuel as possible, always keeping their ears open to the sound of God's voice, and strive to do His bidding.

Just before beginning his address for the afternoon, the speaker presented his seven-year-old son, David, who delighted the boys with a piano solo. This manly little fellow played "Londonderry Air" in a manner that would have done credit to one several years his senior.

At the beginning of his most interesting talk the speaker told the boys that he was going to tell them about an incident in Jesus' life which occurred right after his resurrection. Here is the story:

Not knowing that Christ had already risen from the dead, two of his

disciples were walking along the road leading to Emaus. They were talking in rather dismal terms, for it seemed their fondest hopes had failed to materialize. They had hoped that Jesus might be their long-expected Messiah—their great King—but now they were sad because they had seen him put to death and buried.

As these men walked and talked a figure approached and spoke to them. Not recognizing that it was their beloved Master, they told him of their great sorrow as he walked along the road with them. Upon reaching their home they urged him to spend the night with them. This man, who was still a stranger to the two disciples, accepted the offer to share their hospitality. As they were eating the evening meal, something about this stranger appealed to these men. There was something familiar about his conversation and his way of breaking bread with them. Just when they realized that it was Christ whom they were entertaining, the figure vanished.

The two disciples, in discussing their wonderful experience, decided to go at once to Jerusalem, even though the hour was late, and tell the others gathered there in an upper room they had seen the risen Lord. He had risen from the dead, just as he had told them he would, and, fully realizing this, the disciples' hearts again became joyful.

The speaker then told the boys of a conference he had attended a few days before. At these meetings several hundred ministers and laymen were in attendance. There were many visiting speakers from other states. The chief topic of various addresses was the work of the Christian church throughout the world. As these ministers and laymen sat together, said Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, their experience was similar to that of the two disciples who talked with Jesus on the road to Emaus—their "hearts burned within them." This fellowship made all present feel closer one to another. It helped them to realize the presence of Christ in their lives.

The speaker then briefly called attention to conditions existing in the world today. Part of the nations of the earth are at war. People of several countries are experiencing all manner of hardships and suffering because there is hatred in the hearts of men. The Christain church has the opportunity to bring peace to the earth. The only hope for this is in Jesus, the Prince of Peace. The only way to put a stop to this wholesale murder will be to replace hatred in the hearts of men with love for all mankind.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer told the boys there was no more wonderful thing than Christian personality. By Jesus' help we can make the world a better place in which to live. With him as our friend, we can make life really worthwhile.

———o———

Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy.

—Chalmers.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending January 21, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Clyde Gray 8
(4) James Hodges 8
Leon Hollifield 8
(9) Edward Johnson 9
Frank May 7
Arna Wallace 7
J. C. Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) William G. Bryant 6
(2) Howard Cox 4
(2) B. C. Elliott 2
Porter Holder 5
Arlie Scism 5
(2) Edward Warnock 6
(2) Everett Watts 4
(2) William Whittington 6
William C. Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Joseph Christine 3
(2) George Cooke 6
N. A. Efird
(2) Donald McFee 6
(2) Nick Rochester 7
(4) Landros Sims 7
Clarence Wright

COTTAGE No. 3

Grover Beaver 6
James Boone 3
Jack Crotts 4
(2) Coolidge Green 7
(4) William Mathewson 8
(2) Douglas Matthews 5
Otis McCall
(2) John C. Robertson 6
(2) George Shaver 5
(2) William Sims 7
Harrison Stilwell 4
(2) Jerome Wiggins 4
Louis Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Plummer Boyd 3
(4) Lewis Donaldson 7
(4) Ivan Morrozoff 8
(4) Melvin Walters 8
(4) James Wilhite 6

COTTAGE No. 5

Theodore Bowles 6
Collett Cantor 7
A. C. Elmore 6
(4) Ray Hamby 8
Everett Lineberry 3
Ivey Lunsford 3
(4) Paul Lewallen 6
(2) James Massey 3
Sam Montgomery 3
William Nichols 4
Richard Starnes 6
Eugene Smith 3
(4) Earl Watts 8
Hubert Walker 6
Dewey Ware 7
Henry Ziegler 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Columbus Hamilton 4
Leonard Jacobs 5
Randall D. Peeler 4
Carl Ward 3
William Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Carl Breece 8
(3) Paul Dockery 6
(9) Donald Earnhardt 9
(2) Lyman Johnson 5
(4) Elmer Maples 7
(2) Arnold McHone 6
Ernest Overcash 3
Marshall Pace 4
(2) Joseph Wheeler 7
(2) William R. Young 7

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley 4
Jack Hamilton 3
Edward Hammond
Sidney Hackney
(4) Daniel McPhail 7
Harvey Smith

COTTAGE No. 9

Mack Bell 5
(2) J. T. Branch 6
(9) Roy Butner 9
(2) Robert Gaines 5
(9) Frank Glover 9
(9) C. D. Grooms 9
Wilbur Hardin 6
(2) James Ruff 6
(4) Thomas Sands 6
(2) Preston Wilbourne 8
(2) Horace Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 10

(4) Junius Brewer 7
(3) John Crawford 3
Lee Jones 6
(3) Jesse Kelly 4
(4) Thomas King 6
(4) Vernon Lamb 7
William Peeden 3
(4) Oscar Smith 6
George Worley 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(9) J. C. Allen 9
(4) Harold Bryson 8
(4) John Benson 7
(2) William Covington 7
Ralph Fisher
(9) Earl Hildreth 9
(9) Edward Murray 9
Thomas Turner 6
(2) John Uptegrove 6
Henry Wilkes
(2) N. C. Webb 8

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Burl Allen 7
Odell Almond 8
(4) Allard Brantley 7
William Broadwell 2
William Deaton 7
(4) Howard Devlin 6
(2) Woodrow Hager 2
Richard Honeycutt 4
Frank Johnston 6
Ralph Sorrells 7
J. R. Whitman 4

COTTAGE No. 13

Wilson Bailiff
James V. Harvell 7
(9) Vincent Hawes 9
(2) James Lane 4
(3) Douglas Mabry 7
(3) Jack Mathis 4
(2) Jordan McIver 6
Thomas R. Pitman 2
(9) Alexander Woody 9
(2) Joseph White 3
(2) Marshall White 5

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Raymond Andrews 6
(2) John Church 5
Mack Coggins 3
(2) John Kirkman 7
(9) Feldman Lane 9
(4) Norvell Murphy 6
Henry McGraw 4
(2) Troy Powell 7
(2) John Robbins 4
(2) Harold Thomas 7
J. C. Willis 2
(3) Jones Watson 7
(4) Wallace Woody, Jr. 8

COTTAGE No. 15

(9) Raymond Anderson 9
Howard Bobbitt 4
Sidney Dellbridge
(4) Clifton Davis 7
Clarence Gates 4
(3) J. P. Morgan 3
(4) Fred McGlammery 7
J. P. Sutton 6
Calvin Tessneer 2
(4) William Wood 8

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 5
George Duncan 7
(3) Philip Holmes 8
(9) Warren G. Lawry 9
Earl Oxendine 6
Thomas Oxendine 8
Curley Smith 7
(3) Thomas Wilson 6

———o———

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THE LIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 3, 1940 NO. 5

HOW TO BE A FRIEND

You cannot have friendship without being a friend. To be a friend is to have a solemn and tender education of soul from day to day. It is not easy to be a friend. You must sacrifice time. You must have patience, and affection. Your friend is entitled to your understanding. Friendship makes constant demands upon you.

From every seed of friendship you plant, a tree grows and bears golden fruit for you to gather. Start to-day to plant the seeds of friendship. Let us see that yours is a friendly attitude. Be a real friend to as many people as deserve your friendship. See how it enriches your personality and makes you happier.

"He who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare
And he who has one enemy
Shall meet him everywhere."

—The Indian School Journal.

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The Uplift

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SERVICE OR A THRONE

The Bible and other literature recite the names of men and women, and more than hint at others, who have craved with all the passion of their souls for places of honor and words of praise. That same spirit will be abroad in the world as long as time lasts. The rule of Christ will never banish it completely from the earth.

We may doubt if any other false and disappointing desire so completely sways the cravings of human hearts. The pages of history are filled with accounts of how multitudes who have wished and prayed for thrones realized nothing else than the ashes of disappointed hopes. Time was wasted, effort led nowhere and hosts of people became embittered.

The Jesus of history spoke so emphatically of the emptiness of honors and the disappointment and heartache of thrones that one would suppose that high stations would go begging for applicants.

Over against honors and thrones Jesus set the dignity and grandeur of service. He said, "He is greatest who serves. He is highest who goes down lowest. He is most Christlike who forgets himself and expends his energy in belhalf of others." What a strange philosophy! It flies in the face of what men pursue with dogged determination. They refuse to be convinced. They despise the towel and the basin. But Christ's way will prevail.

—Selected.

———o———

JANUARY 1940

We have just passed through below-zero weather, and have heard no regrets that the cold spell has been broken by rising temperature. From every source the news was broadcasted that the entire south was covered with a blanket of snow and ice, damaging very much the crops of the Southern states and causing serious damage to the citrus orchards of Florida.

There is a difference of opinion, some think it the coldest weather

this part of the country ever experienced, and there are others who say the cold was equally as intense in 1917. It was cold enough, and we are only interested to the extent that this late cold wave is a thing of the past.

From every point in this city frozen pipes were reported. The plumbers could not answer the calls. In fact the plumbers advised that the freeze was so intense, and prolonged that it was impossible to do much till the weather moderated.

The Jackson Training School experienced just a few frozen water pipes. The conjecture is the buildings of this institution are adequately constructed to meet the emergencies of zero weather.

From all activities on the outside the boys were excused. They attended school, and when not in the school room they spent their leisure hours in gymnasium or in the assembly rooms of cottages. In this way the five hundred boys passed the time profitably and neither were they exposed to the freezing weather. In passing from one building to another it was not unusual to hear some little fellow say, "Oh, boy ain't it cold?" Things are back to normalcy now at the school since the weather has moderated. But it was hard cold around those rugged hills of Cabarrus county for several days.

* * * * * * * *

THE FINNS

The endurance of the Finns and the manner in which they have fought for their homeland will pass down in history as a great conflict fought by men of valor and grit in the face of overpowering forces—the enemy more than ten to one numerically speaking. Knowing the numerical strength of the Russians is an occasion for alarm upon the part of the sympathizers for Finland. The Finns have truly proved their military capacity and their judgment may be relied upon. Unlike the Russians the Finns are fighting for a purpose, liberty and their peaceful homes—their country, and the Russians are in war because they are made to fight. The Finns have no hate in their hearts for the enemy, but a pity and distaste for the blind leaders who drive them to fight. World power, and a desire for greater power, is the direct cause of the Finnish disaster, and we fear a greater one is facing this little country

whose people are quiet, inoffensive, thrifty, religious and honest to the nth degree.

* * * * * * * *

THE CAUSE—PROGRESSIVE DEWATERING

There are times when one feels that perhaps we are not as progressive as we think, because of letting many opportunities slip. This is accepted as the land of opportunities and frequently it takes the foreign element to see and make "a go" of something not revealed as worthwhile.

For instance, Prof. R. V. Allison, head of Florida University's department of chemistry and soils states that the "picturesque everglades" of Florida are in danger of destruction. He thinks, if the rich muckland of the Everglades were properly developed 30,000,000 tons of sugar could be produced annually. Instead, he expresses the situation by saying the same "lies now on its deathbed." We quote as follows:

Dr. Allison blames the "progressive dewatering" of the undeveloped lands, not only for the destructive spring fires that have swept over 1,000,000 acres of the Everglades during the last twenty-five years and destroyed their agricultural value to the extent of $500,000,000, but also for "stopping the formation of the soil and thus producing shrinkage and oxidation losses." In other words, the state loses not only the mysterious beauty and appeal of the Everglades; it loses also its practical value. This "progressive dewatering," by the way, is one of the strong and immediate reasons offered against the proposed ship canal across the state from ocean to gulf.

* * * * * * * *

MAHATMA GHANDI

In British India, Ghandi is called the "Grand Old Man of India." This humble nationalist boss lives in Wardha, an isolated village. He is seventy years old; weighs one hundred and nine pounds; and shows no enthusiasm about the war in Europe. He is at this time busy directing his dusky disciples in building a model community of bamboo dwellings. Of India's 350,000,000 people, more than one

half live in eleven British provinces, and in normal times enjoy a measure of self rule.

The grand old man of India is not nodding. He and his party are demanding complete independence of India as the price of co-operation with Britain in the war. But Britain prefers not to enter into the question until all war issues are cleared.

To the progressive American, Ghandi is very primitive in his views of economy. He would revert to the days when the spinning-wheel and homespun cloth were used. Mahatma Ghandi thinks the spinning-wheel would prove a panacea for unemployment. The old fellow would be progressing backward, so to speak.

* * * * * * * *

RESOURCES OF YOUTH AND AGE

Youth and age are relative terms, according to the philosophy of the scientist, Dr. Albert Einstein. Seldom do we think of it, but true nevertheless. We no sooner see the light as infants than time begins to pile up upon us. First, the yard-stick for time is days, then weeks, then months and finally years and more years till we are victims of old age.

If the suggestion of Dr. Einstein were followed, our ambition would be, upon reaching the age of discretion, to grow old beautifully or gracefully. This is an accomplishment, and can be acquired just like other accomplishments—by practice.

The following is an excerpt from Dr. Einstein's writings. He emphasizes contentment as one of the essentials for a beautiful old age:

I live in that solitude which is painful to youth, but delicious in years of maturity. Is not this a fundamental difference between youth and age? We recognize the gang period of life when the young are always eager for the companionship that comes with personal association. Then too we know that with the coming of age, as old companions pass and the eager fellowship of youth are no more, life becomes more and more solitary. Fortunate indeed are they who can find this stage delicious.

Growing old beautifully is counted one of the fine accomplishments of the old. Does not this mean that all such must store up

those resources of soul that enable one to live contentedly without those incidents of life which are counted so essential to youth? The grandmother has resources of joy and quiet contentment that the active and buoyant grand-children in the good fellowship of youth know nothing. Much that is delicious to old age is painful to youth. Through the painful processes of life children come to the stage of grandmother.

* * * * * * * * *

THE PRIZE ESSAY

The school department of the Stonewall Jackson Training School is aware of the fact that the month of January is the birth month of many notable men, who have contributed in every way to the development of their country, and the citizenship at large never fails to emphasize the worth of such characters in some way.

The faculty of the school department this January selected from the galaxy of outsanding American citizens the name of Robert E. Lee, the great leader during the stormy days of the 60's, and inspired the boys of the seventh grade to write a biography of the beloved Lee.

Many boys responded to the request of their teacher, and from the number three of the papers were classed as the best, and in the final elimination Paul Lewallen scored above all others. But the other two, Allard Brantley and Sam Williams, deserve honorable mention for the judges felt that the race was a close one.

This kind of work in the school department has a two-fold meaning. It not only places before the boys the finest examples of citizenship, but gives them the experience of research work and inspires the ambition to excell.

The judges of the papers reported that all of the boys showed an earnestness and interest in the duty assigned them, and are to be commended for the same. In this issue of The Uplift we print the essay of Paul Lewallen, feeling that it is a creditable effort and the boy is a credit to the school.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

By Paul Lewallen

January 19th being Robert E. Lee's birthday, the school department went to work studying his life history. By a process of elimination, three essays were chosen as most outstanding from the number written in the seventh grade. These essays, written by Allard Brantley, Sam Williams, and Paul Lewallen, were revised and passed on for final inspection. From the three, one was chosen for publication. We here give you "Robert Edward Lee" as written by Paul Lewallen:

Robert E. Lee was born on January 19, 1807, at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va. He grew up with a passionate devotion to his native state which lasted him through a lifetime. His father, General Henry Lee, better known as "Light-Horse Harry," won fame as a soldier during the Revolutionary War. He was a friend and neighbor of George Washington. "Light-Horse Harry" died when Robert Lee was but eleven years old, leaving his mother, an invalid, to care for the five children. Robert idolized the memory of his soldier father, and that is probably what influenced him to become a soldier.

He had an excellent education. He went to the Carter Family School until he was 13 years of age, and then entered Alexandria Academy, of which George Washington was a trustee. Anne Carter Lee, his mother, never had had the money to send him to college, and he was appointed to West Point Military Academy, July, 1825. He passed his four years without a demerit, or even a reprimand, and was graduated second in his class. Two years later, on June 30, 1831, he married Mary Parke Custis, the great-granddaughter of Washington's wife. In 1834 he became assistant to the chief engineer of the army at Washington, and later superintended the construction of defensive works in the New York harbor.

During the Mexican war his services were so brilliant that General Scott said he was the greatest military genius in America. After spending three years at engineering work in Baltimore, Lee became, in 1852, superintendent at West Point, and at the end of his three-year term he left quite an impress on the institution. Made lieutenant of calvary in 1855, he spent most of the next six years in Texas, away from his beloved Arlington. In 1861, when Texas seceded, he was called home to Virginia.

Lee was opposed to slavery and said it was a greater evil to the whites than to the colored race, and had freed the few slaves he had inherited several years before. Loyalty to his state, however, caused him to refuse the command of Federal troops when it was offered him in April, 1861, and took command of the Confederate troops instead. It caused him much grief to part with his commanding chief, General Scott, and the Federal troops, as they were all dear to him. Appreciating his military genius, President Jefferson Davis gave him the highest command possible. Lee surrendered his troops to General

Grant, at Appomattox, on April 9, 1865, and his soldiers' loyalty was most striking at this hardest hour of his life. Lee retired to private life, and resolved never again to hold a public office.

On August 5, 1865, Lee was offered the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., now Washington and Lee University. After considering for several days he accepted the offer, as he had said he would educate the youth of the South. Lee was held high in the eyes of the students, and his slightest wish was their command. A student who would not obey Lee was cast out by the rest of the pupils. His services, however, were short, as his health failed early in 1870, and a trip to the South failed to help. He died October 12 1870, after a brief illness, muttering, "Strike the tent" and then, "Tell Hill he must come up." Lee was buried in the chapel of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia.

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LIFE

Life is too brief
Between the budding and the falling leaf,
Between the seed time and the golden sheaf,
For hate and spite.
We have no time for malice and for greed;
Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed;
Fast speeds the night.

Life is too swift
Between the blossom and the white snow's drift,
Between the silence and the lark's uplift,
For bitter words.
In kindness and in gentleness our speech
Must carry messages of hope, and reach
The sweetest chords.

Life is too great
Between the infant's and the man's estate,
Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate,
For petty things.
Lo! we shall yet who creep with cumbered feet
Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,
Or soar on wings!

—W. M. Vories.

NAVAJO CHILDEN TEND THE FLOCKS

By Beatrice Warren

Fortunate the white child who has a lamb for a pet. As long ago as our kindergarten days we heard of Mary who had a little lamb. But a mere lamb would not cause envy in the heart of a Navajo Indian child of Arizona because he has a whole flock of them—sometimes even running into hundreds of animals. Sheep cannot really be counted a domestic animal or a pet in a Navajo household—they are just "members of the family." They have the run of the place and may even come into the hogan to be nearer their human friends.

Each child more than ten or twelve years of age usually has his or her share in the family wool clip when it is taken to market. When each child is old enough to appreciate what it is all about he acquires an interest in the family property which thenceforth is his interest alone. The ownership of virtually all the sheep lies with the women, the men owning the horses and cattle. Usually when a baby girl is born or when she is still very young if her parents are reasonably well to do she is given a few head of sheep which are to be her dowry. Or the ownership may come about in this manner: The men of the family will be earmarking lambs. The desire to participate in ownership may come suddenly to a girl. She will dash into the flock and, throwing her arms around a lamb, announce: "This one is mine." Her mother will promptly designate an earmark for the child and her lamb will be so marked. That mark will be hers for ilfe and from that first lamb will be grown her own portion of the flock which will go with her to her husband's home.

Perhaps this ownership in part is responsible for the fidelity with which the children guard the flocks on the ranges and the deep interest they have in their welfare and safety. Away out on the desert miles from a hogan one sees a sturdy little chap on his burro, with his faithful dog, in charge of the family sheep. Occasionally two little children will ride along on the burro, but often the one youngster is in sole charge and he sees not a human soul during the whole day of guarding his flock until he returns to the hogan at night.

At present the soil conservation is perhaps the widest spread movement undertaken by the government in the welfare of the Navajos. When the family first moves into a given hogan, the sheep are grazed near by. As the forage in the immediate vicinity becomes more closely cropped, a wider circle is sought out. The Navajo is still much of a nomad and moves several times a year, but every night, when once a family is located in a certain area with bag and baggage, the sheep are brought home to the corral and taken out the following morning. Each trip, morning and night, throws an increased burden on the grass of the inner circle. Trampling and casual feeding on the already closely-cropped area increase progressively as wider and wider circles are utilized for the daily grazing. The ever-widening range of herding continues until the forage on the outer margins of the land-hold-

ing has finally been consumed, then the family moves to a new location, and the procedure of radial herding is repeated in a new area. One serious drawback to this method is that the sheep are harried at every step to get from and to the area of fresh grass. Instead of grazing leisurely as white men's flocks are allowed to do the Navajo sheep literally "eat on the run." One wonders how they are ever able to nibble off enough in their frantic haste even to faintly satisfy their hunger

The Navajo sheep spend an excessive amount of time traveling to and from the feeding ground. The government is trying to interest the Indians in the one-night bed ground system. Under this system the flock slowly, but steadily, moves in one direction. The herder, traveling with a minimum of equipment loaded on burro backs, allows his sheep to bed down wherever they happen to be when night overtakes them. Instead of putting the animals into a corral, he guards them against predatory animals by means of fires. When the sheep awaken in the morning they are right in the middle of fresh grass, and need no time trailing to the feeding ground.

Children, as every school teacher knows, are at present regarded as indispensable for sheep herding. If the entire family were to move as a body with the herd, the children would not be needed to any great extent. Under the present system, the child-herders are a serious problem to both the teacher and the range expert. Children are necessarily irresponsible, taking their herds wherever their play activities attract them and driving them about furiously to make up for lost time. Parents becoming adjusted to the one-night camp system would undoubtedly soon realize that their children are no longer needed for herding and would voluntarily release all of them for school attendance.

Even sheep come under the jurisdiction of the medicine men. Old Yellow Hair warned that if the Indians did not take their sheep off a certain area he would make magic and their sheep would die. The day following his warning, thirty-three sheep died. Government men said the sheep died from eating poisonous greasewood plant and not as a result of Yellow Hair's magic spell. There are three plants—sage, chamise, and greasewood—which are fatal to sheep under certain conditions. The sheep must have salt and if they do not get it they are likely to browse on these plants. If it happens to be a wet day when this browsing takes place, fatalities are more than likely.

The government schools attempt to train the Navajo children in courses that will benefit them in their reservation hogans—tanning sheep skins—and as a by-product making picture frames and lamp shades of the skins—to be sold to tourists—weaving, silversmithing. In a contest at school a record was broken when a Navajo student sheared a sheep in ten minutes and washed, braided, carded, spun and dyed two strands of the wool she had sheared in two and one-half minutes. Whew! That sounds every bit as hard work as corn husking contests.

As one classroom project the killing of a sheep and preparing it for food, according to their traditional practices, was carried out by the Navajo girls. It included the slaughtering of the animal, and cooking of the various parts by old established

recipes. It enabled the teachers to discover and record certain attitudes, traditions, and taboos of the Navajo people connected with the slaughtering and use of animals and to learn the Navajo methods of preparing the meat. The girls assigned to the task of killing the animal tied all four feet together and placed its head across a large tin pan. With a sharp knife they cut the sheep's throat deeply. The girls whose work it was to catch the blood held the pan until the bleeding was over, and then hurriedly went to work to prepare the blood for blood sausage.

Meanwhile, the girls who had slaughtered the sheep, proceeded to skin it. They slit the hide down through the belly, beginning at the throat, and then very deftly pulled the pelt from the flesh. Great care was taken that the wool should not touch the meat. The meat was then divided into portions and small groups of girls cleaned and washed it prepartory to cooking.

The cooking was done outdoors on an open bed of coals. To prepare the coals a hole was dug in the ground and a mixture of half sand and half dirt placed in the bottom. A bonfire was built on the top of this and burned down to a bed of coals. By this time the ground was well heated. The food to be cooked was placed in this hot sand and covered with ashes and dirt and another bonfire made over the top. This assures a slow, even heat for the cooking process. Goats and sheep are the chief items on Navajo menus and the government is trying to teach them about balanced diets.

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ATTAINMENT

Climbing higher is a matter of willingness to pay the price. Most of us are willing to give about eight hours a day to our jobs. Up to this point everyone else is in the race. But those who forge ahead put in "over-time." The return for a standard day's work is moderate because competition is so keen, but over-time pay is always high—it goes up in a geometrical ratio.

Many thousands have the ability to achieve outstanding success in every undertaking of life—politics, literature music—if they were willing to give themselves and over-time to one achievement. Getting is the result of giving. When one directs all his energy into one channel and gives himself wholly to one task, something will happen.—The Speakers' Library.

GASTONIA GIRL BACK FROM GERMAN TRIP

By Zoe K. Brockman in Gastonia Gazette

An old fashioned American Thanksgiving with peaceful skies and groaning board and no redskins lurking in the bushes must have a tremendous significance for pretty Martha Brunings, who landed in Hoboken on Oct. 31 after a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Frieda Hone, in Bremen, Germany. It isn't likely that Martha, whose German-born father, Karl Brunings, is an American citizen living in Baltimore, will ever look upon peace and plenty and personal liberty with a casual eye again.

For, leaving for Germany on August 18 on the S. S. Hansa, she arrived in Germany just two weeks before war was declared. And so, as a member of her aunt's household, she had a ration card, she assisted in the nightly blackout, she took refuge in the bomb-proof cellar when air raid warnings shrilled forth, she saw a tanker blown to bits by a mine, and she made the long, slow journey home with lifeboats slung over the side of the ship for instant readiness in case of attact and a lifeboat drill as grim preparation for the journey.

Martha, who has been with the Shelby studio for the past five years, is the daughter of a German father and an American mother. And her visit to her aunt in Bremen marked her first trip abroad. No special excitement, commented this slim brown-eyed girl, attended the announcement that a state of war existed. The German people, according to Martha, had looked upon war as inevitable, something that must come sooner or later, and so they simply took it in their stride. "Except for the ration cards and the blackouts," says Martha, "life goes on just as usual. We danced in night clubs, attended philharmonic concerts, movies and band concerts in the parks, and four days before I left I had a wonderful boat trip from Bremen to Bremerhaven."

In the household where Martha lived in the nightly blackout was achieved by means of black velvet portieres which her aunt drew across the windows. And the girl expressed herself as being amazed at what the German housewife is able to do with the limited food-stuffs allowed her. "We had ample food," Martha said. "Some meat—although you can't buy it as often as you might wish, and you can't buy much of it—plenty of potatoes and other vegetables, but a scarcity of milk, butter and other dairy products. The food supply of the nation," she added, "is much better than it was at the beginning of the World War."

And then I timidly played the trump card of any reporter interviewing anyone who's recently been in Germany. "What," I wanted to know, "do the German people really think about Hitler?"

"Hitler is not a person to the German people ," returned Martha, "he's an effect. It is easy to understand that he has their warm approval when you consider how quickly he rehabilitated an exhausted, hopeless, hungry nation in the desperate post war days. His marvelous achieve-

ments in the matter of putting the unemployed back to work and his inauguration of new ideas and projects gave a desperate people hope and courage. I don't think," she reflected, "that they see him as a man at all. They only see what Germany was after the Versailles treaty and what it is today. And that adds up to a rather nice score for Hitler."

Bremen, says Martha, is a very beautiful city. She was also most enthusiastic about Hamburg. But her three weeks' stay in Holland left her less impressed. For, in her frantic efforts to arrange for passage home, it was necessary for her to spend three anxious weeks in Holland waiting for passage on a Dutch boat. With her were 18 other Americans, they all stayed at a small private hotel, and they found the Dutch people most kind, hospitable and sympathetic with them in their plight.

But Martha was forced to admit that the portion of Holland which she saw is not quite so spick-and-span and picturesque as the Old Dutch cleanser ads would lead us to believe. "We were in Rotterdam," said Martha, "and, since it is a port and is literally threaded with canals, it had, to us, a cluttered and unlovely appearance."

The return trip was made on the S. S. Statendam ,which sailed on Oct. 4. A special pilot guided the boat through the channel where nets hold the deadly mines to their moorings. "In negotiating the channel," smiled Martha, "we made a zig-zag course and effected three complete circles before we were out of that small body of water." The boat took the northern route but, although Martha had satisfied herself that the white cliffs of Dover are as white as we've been told, they passed Ireland at dusk and only the lights and not the storied greenness of Erin could be seen.

There were two more things I or any woman talking to Martha just had to know. "No, I didn't see him," she said. "Hitler was in Poland almost the entire time I was in German". "It's entirely unpredictable," (this in answer to my query as to what she thinks as to the outcome of the war), "it has to be fought as it's being fought— Germany trying to blockade England and England trying to blockade Germany. And people who are too excited over the many British ships which have gone down are forgetting the immensity of the British merchant marine. Then the marvelous German air force is not as important as it might seem.

"What's the good," she suddenly asked "of Germany dropping bombs on London, or of England dropping bombs on Berlin? That won't win the war. The blockade attempts— slow and tedious as a game of checkers— seem to be the answer. And that, it appears, could go on indefinitely, with people of both nations pulling in their belts a little more, stiffening their spines and thinking about what will happen if the other fellow wins."

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

UNIQUE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY HAS ROMANTIC HISTORY

By Hoover Adams in Charlotte Observer

This early seat of Catholicism in North Carolina, Newton Grove, which boasts the second oldest church in the State, owes its very existence to a bottle of medicine.

And just as America was settled by pioneers who sought a place where they could worship Jesus Christ unmolested, the village of Newton Grove sprang out of a Catholic Church organized 71 years ago.

The Town of Newton Grove, incorporated a few years ago, has a population of approximately 300, the Holy Redeemer Catholic church has a membership of nearly 400, with more than 200 inactive members.

That's not all that's unusual about the "Catholic City," founded in a sparsely settled rural area of where Catholicism once was almost unknown.

It is governed, not by the Raleigh diocese of which it is a member, but by the Provincial of Brooklyn, New York, is operated separate and distinct from every Catholic church in North Carolina; it educates its children without any aid whatever from the State. Furthermore, it owns churches in cities 10 times the size of Newton Grove.

That's a record which Superior Father W. J. McLaughlin of the Redemptorists order is proud of, for the institution has prospered under his leadership, and a $100,000 church plant stands as evidence of progress.

Year by year, in a different way it has kept step with the Charlotte Observer because the two institutions are within a year of the same age.

Father McLaughlin loves to relate the story of how Newton Grove began, and the story is as fascinating as it is unusual. (When any one in Newton Grove refers to the town, it is interpreted as also meaning the church, for they are inseparable.)

The credit for its beginning goes to Dr. John Monk, (1821-72) one of the first physicians to locate in this section of the State, and his brother, Julius Monk, a druggist.

In 1868, the physician ordered a bottle of medicine from a surgical house in New York, and it came wrapped in a discarded newspaper, which turned out to be a Catholic religious sheet. Julius was the one who unwrapped the medicine, and the paper was eagerly read by the druggist.

It attracted his interest, and after reading it carefully, he handed it to his brother, with these words: "Here, John, is something that may interest you." It did interest John, and he came to believe that the true church is the Catholic church.

Dr. Monk wrote a letter to the only Catholic church in this state, at Wilmington, addressing it to "any bishop or Catholic." The inquiry brought Cardinal Gibbons, Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, to the country physician's home.

Four months later, every member of the Monk household had been converted to the Catholic church—with the exception of Julius, the druggist. He held out until the last, but on his death-bed at the age of 75 he was

converted and received the last sacraments. Dr. Monk died later at the age of 52.

A year or so passed and the church continued to grow. Father Mack Gross and Father Moore, missionaries, served the church alternately, holding mass once a month. Gross was a brother of the Most Rev. William H. Gross, C.SS. R.,DD., Archbishop of the State of Oregon.

The first resident pastor was the Rev. Father Edwards, O. S. B., who served one year, and then went to Richmond. Already a Negro church, "Saint Benedict The Moor," had been added to the plant, and Father Edwards erected two schools one for the white Catholics and another for the Negroes.

Father Patrick Quinn served for three years, then came Father John Smith, O. S. B., Father Charles, Father Michael A. Irwin, Father Price, and a number of other priests, all of whom added to the growth of the church. In the meantime, the Dominican Sisters of Newberry, N. Y., arrived at the institution and remained there for 15 years.

In 1906, the Holy Redeemer sponsored and fostered the organization of the Sacred Heart Catholic church at Dunn, the church at Clinton (Immaculate Conception), and smaller churches at Bentonville, Rosin Hill, Benson—nine of them in all.

Father Joseph J. McQuaid of Lima, Ohio, was the first Redemptorist to come to the church, although Bishop William J. Hafey, formerly of Raleigh, aided the church in many ways. Father McLaughlin has preserved the history in the church annals, and it has been published in several large church publications.

Today, there are five main buildings which make up the biggest thing in the village. There are two churches, the Holy Redeemer church for the white Catholics, and Saint Benedict the Moor for the Negroes, the Holy Redeemer School of Saint Francis for the negroes. Then, there is the beautiful parish, the convent, and a number of smaller buildings.

Each of these buildings is elaborately furnished, particularly the Holy Redeemer church, whose decorations include a $2,500 oil painting of Christ. The parish alone is valued at more than $20,000, to say nothing of the school property, and the churches in other towns which the organization owns.

Assisting Father McLaughlin in the important task of carrying on the work are four priests, who serve with the Sisters in teaching the students. They are: Father Keenan and Father Scannel of Boston, missionaries; Father Gommer of Baltimore, Father Ehinaun of Philadelphia.

The Sisters of Mercy, who came here from Belmont, are: Sister Mary Agatha, Sister Anastasia, Sister Tereseita, Sister Dominica, and Sister Louisita, all of whom have high degrees.

Average enrollment for the schools operated in connection with the church is approximately 100 white children and 30 negro children, who live within a radius of 20 miles. The church's bus travels about 50 miles a day to bring them to school.

Education costs these children nothing, neither does it cost the State, for the elementary school is financed by the church. Father McLaughlin believes they receive a better-rounded, better-balanced education than the pupil who attends public school. The only difference in the Catholic

school and the public school is that religion is taught in the former, and the teachers are better educated and better trained. Puplis enter public high school after being graduated from the Catholic elementary school.

Accomplishments of the graduates are excellent proof of the training they have received. The school has sent away a number of priests who have risen to high rank and other professional men.

Newton Grove now has a mayor and board of commissioners, and the city boasts of its Catholic institution. The church has made the town itself, and they stand together as unique as anything North Carolina can offer.

"The past 71 years have been successful, very successful despite the obstacles," commented Father McLaughlin, who is no doubt the most popular man in Newton Grove. "We naturally are proud of the accomplishment of our church and our people here, but we are looking forward to the future.

"We hope to reach our centennial, and again to exchange birthday congratulations with The Charlotte Observer," which is a regular visitor at his parish.

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Idleness travels so slowly that it doesn't take poverty long to overtake it.—Exchange.

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BANKER PONIES HARD TO CATCH

By Gertrude Carraway, in Charlotte Observer

Along the sand banks that skirt the coast of North Carolina are a thousand small, wild horses known as "banker ponies."

Pony pennings held two or three times a summer attract numerous visitors. For they form this State's chief representations of the more famous western rodeos.

Although the ponies run wild across the sand dunes, they all have owners, and it is the attempt to brand the young colts that occasions the periodic roundup. Sometimes, too, the animals are offered for sale and bidders come from far and wide.

Once tamed, the horses are noted for their endurance and docility. But it is exceedingly difficult at the outset to teach them to obey or even to eat properly.

Stunted in growth, though larger than Shetland ponies, these wild horses graze on the coarse grasses of the sand banks, supporting themselves almost wholly on salt foods. Accordingly, it is hard to get them accustomed to dry hay or the mainland feed.

So much grass and so many shrubs are consumed by these vandals and other coastal animals that they are held largely responsible for the alarming lack of vegetation on the banks,

leading to erosion dangers on the narrow peninsulas between sounds and sea.

When soil conservation forces of the Federal government four years ago began their most ambitious endeavor to check sand erosion along the Carolina banks, they soon realized that the banker ponies were ravidly eating the tough beach grasses and shrubs which they were carefully planting in long miles of brush panel fences to hold back the ravenous ocean.

The suggestion that the banker ponies ought to be exterminated, in the interest of anchoring the shifting sand dunes, brought forth so many stout defenders of the unique horses, with so many complaints against the proposed "cruelty to animals," that the murder plot was abandoned. But more care was taken to keep the ponies away from the grass fences.

Today there are said to be more poines along the banks than there were a decade or more ago, when another furore was occasioned by the State law requring all ponies and cattle to be dipped in special dipping vats in the effort to rid the section of Texas fever ticks.

Rather than go to the trouble and expense of catching and dipping these elusive animals every two weeks or so, to try to eradicate the ticks, many owners sold their ponies. In some areas vats were blown up as fiery protests against the legislation.

After the controversial law went out of effect, when the tick danger was regarded as past, the ponies grew more numerous on the banks. But they still fall far short of the many thousands that roamed the sands years ago.

Habits of the cattle on the banks form an unusually interesting study. In the mornings they go to the inland swamps for food, but as quicksands are occasionally found there, the calves are left on the outskirts of the marshes. No human commands or threats can drive these calves away from the spot where their mothers have ordered them to remain. If forced away, they return as soon as possible.

Where the banker ponies came from originally, how they got on the Carolina banks and what their pedigree may be constitute some of the great enigmas of the coastal regions.

Some persons assert that their ancestry may go back to the surviving horses of the drowned Egyptian hosts that were reclaimed from the Red Sea and taken on world migrations by the Israelites under Moses and Arron.

Another theory is that they might have been left in Florida by Ponce de Leon on his search for the fountain of perpetual youth and then might have made their way slowly northward. Other people believe they could have been brought to the section by Sir Walter Raleigh's unfortunate colonists.

A more humorous conjecture is that the horses developed by evolution from the "sand fiddler." Both beach animals exhibit many of the same characteristics of activity energy and stubborness.

The most reasonable and widely-accepted supposition as to the way the ponies got on the Carolina banks, however, is that they were descended from a shipload of horses shipwrecked off the dangerous coast, probably from and old Spanish vessel.

THEIR WINTER NEIGHBORS

By Anne McQueen

Doris Grey, home after a long visit, sighed luxuriously as she sat in her little, low rocking chair and looked out the window at her mother's flowers, which were unusually beautiful and abundant. There were dahlias—yellow, purple, and red; chrysanthemums of all shades and sizes smelling delightfully pungent in the sweet bracing breeze that floated in the window; and big, glorious poinsettias and hibiscus, which could not always be depended upon to bloom well, being sometimes killed by frost. Then there were beautiful, fresh roses and pansies and violets—all the flowers that one may have in a southern climate, with a little care and work.

"If our house were as pretty inside as our garden is outside, we'd have a palace," commented Doris to her little lame mother, who could not do much getting about, but who could still dig and delve and plant in her garden. "If we had a mansion like the old Patton place, now"—

"By the way, Doris, I forgot to tell you that people are now living in the old Patton house," said her mother. "They are rich people from the North and they have leased the house for the winter."

"Oh, winter visitors, tourists, folks who don't care a penny for anything or anyone!" said Doris. "I was hoping that we would have some real neighbors."

"I wouldn't say that they are not neighbors simply because they have money. We had money once—my parents and your father's parents. My grandmother always went to Saratoga in the summer, just as northern people come south in the winter. Your Grandmother Grey always went to Europe every other year." Mrs. Grey's voice was filled with respectful awe. "We are not rich, but we are respectable, and we have good blood in our veins. We try not to make enemies."

"Mother, I believe you've already been neighboring with them," laughed Doris.

"No—no; you know I never visit, child. But one day a woman came here in a big gray car to buy some flowers"—

"That just it. To buy some flowers! Rich people think the world is for sale. How would that woman feel if we were to go and ask to buy some of her flowers, if she had any!"

"This woman said that she was the housekeeper. She was real nice looking. She wanted some flowers for the young girl's room. It seems as if there is only one daughter in the family, and she is expected home soon. I told the woman that I was real sorry that I couldn't give her a great bunch of flowers, for I wanted you to see them in their prime. I gave her some pansies, a few roses, and a handful or so of chrysanthemums. But I gave her only two poinsettias. They were all medium-sized blooms, too, not the biggest blossoms," she said triumphantly.

Doris laughed, and patted her little mother lovingly. "Of course you gave her flowers, Mother. And to tell the truth, I haven't missed them, for I don't see how the bushes could have held another blossom. But what I do not like is that they came to

buy flowers because we are poor and live in a cottage."

"I think I'd rather have this cottage than the old Patton house," smilel her mother. "I always liked this little home of ours, and I think it is very nice inside."

She looked complacently about the big, low-ceilinged room, filled comfortably with treasures from the past. There was a what-not in the corner with a glass case on the top shelf covering a basket of wax flowers that were made fifty years before—maybe seventy—by her great-grandmother; there was, too, a little nest of tables behind the big, brocade-covered sofa on which, winter nights, they had, had tea at her grandmother's, served to everyone on an individual table. How big and grown-up she had felt, with a black, smiling servant placing a wee table before her, with a tray containing her bread and milk in a silver mug, and a big goblet of custard—it was worth eating bread and milk to get the custard in that particular goblet. Grandmother had left them to her small grandchild, who appreciated them so. There were old silver candlesticks on the mantel with crystal lusters that, when lighted, tinkled and shone with a thousand hues. There were old portraits on the wall—Grandmother Grey, painted in London by a noted artist; the other grandmother, painted by a wandering artist who "boarded round" with his "sitters," and did work in return. There was a gallery of ancestors, all to be proud of.

The curtains at the long window were lace, and very fine. Doris sniffed at them as being hopelessly old-fashioned; the carpet on the floor had been rich in its time, but now it was faded and darned. Doris declared that it looked better, since the violent red roses and the poison-green leaves hal softened with age and the sun; but she longed unspeakably for a brand-new rug.

"I told the housekeeper that my daughter was coming home soon, and that I reckoned she and the other girl would be neighborly. Did I do wrong, dear?"

"O Mother, the idea! That girl would think it presumptuous for me to call. When I visit people they'll be real neighbors, not just winter visitors who come down here for the climate and for nothing else. I want to be hospitable, of course, but unless I could entertain as that girl entertains, I wouldn't think of ever inviting her here."

"I'm sure we have all grandmother's china—dishes that she bought in London and that would cost a fortune now. We have solid silver spoons, and you could serve refreshments on the little tables. I can make good pound cake, and we could have custard in the old goblets."

"Mother, don't you know that such people as these folks seem to be, have hosts of servants, and a chef in the kitchen to make wonderful salads and ices, molded like doves and flowers and things? And French pastry—the idea of pound cake and custard! No, Mother, I'm not going to make any advances, but I would like to have some nice neighbors. A girl of my age would be a boon to me."

"It's your place to call first," said her mother mildly. "I told the woman that you would call."

"You mean you told the housekeeper," Doris amended tartly.

"Why Doris, after the war, your own Aunt Mary Hartfield was housekeeper to some rich people in the

North. And I am sure and certain that she was a lady in every sense of the word. She said they all treated her with deference, and she liked them, too."

"I don't remember Aunt Mary Hartfield, but I do think she might have found some other employment," Doris declared. "I wouldn't be a servant —a mere domestic, for anything."

"Aunt Mary knew how to keep house beautifully. She received a good salary, and was glad to get it. You must remember that in those days girls were not taught to go out in the world and be clerks and do office work. They had to be teachers or they had to do housework."

"Aunt Mary might have been a matron in some college; she might have done anything rather than be a servant for those people," Doris insisted. Then, rising, she kissed her mother, being a bit ashamed of what she had said. "You are the best little mother in the world, but your daughter insists that she won't 'neighbor' with those tourists on the hill! But you may make me some pound cake and custard, and we'll eat it by ourselves on the little nest of tables, and we'll imagine that we are back in the past century, in the good old days. We'll have no rich girl with her airs to make fun of us behind our backs."

"She wouldn't do that, if she were a lady, and ladies do not have to be rich, you know. If I were a girl I would go to see her."

"She might give me a lift in her car—one of her cars—sometimes, and I could do something for her in return. I could take her for a drive behind Aunt Emily, in the old buggy! Aunt Emily is a dear old white mare, and I like her, but the rich girl wouldn't, I'm afraid."

Doris ran out of the room laughing at the idea of "Aunt Emily" and the old top buggy as a substitute for an automobile.

Her mother seeing that argument was useless wisely decided to let things take their own course. Something might happen to change Doris' stubborn nature.

But there was no chance then, for, in a very few days, Doris had an imperative message from her married sister, away off in another state. Would Doris come and stay with the children while her sister went to her husband, who was in a hospital dangerously ill?

Her sister's husband was a traveling man, and at that time he was away from home. It was out of the question for little Mrs. Grey to go; besides, she was a chipple, almost an invalid, and had to take extreme care of herself. There was no one but Doris to go.

Doris found her hands full with a houseful of merry, small children, and she enjoyed them thoroughly. Her letters to her mother were full of their doings and those of the servants. She could have enjoyed the pleasures of the town, if she only had had time to accept the invitations that her sister's friends were always sending her. But the baby couldn't be intrusted to the maid, and Doris, of course, had to decline all invitations. She was having a pleasant, busy time, but she would be glad when Tom was sufficiently recovered for Mary to leave him, so that she could return to her mother.

She asked no questions about the winter people in the old Patton house, and her mother never mentioned

them; they gradually passed out of Doris' remembrance, so that when she at last found herself seated in the "Dixie Flyer" on her way home again, she had quite forgotten the neighbors who were not neighbors—just winter visitors.

She changed from the Flyer to a little local train which would take her to her home station; and, right out in the pine woods, miles from anywhere, the little engine stopped, with doleful grunts and whistles, and the train of small, stuffy coaches came to a halt.

"Just an hour or so, ladies and gents, and we shall be off again," called the conductor, smiling apologetically from the doorway. "You all climb out and walk around in the woods, pick flowers, and see the sights, and I'll whisle when we're ready."

The disgruntled passengers, with exclamations of annoyance, clamored for particulars. They all wanted to reach their destinations as soon as possible; they didn't want to get out and walk around! It was nothing short of criminal carelessness that made an engine break down—the railroads in this section were abominable. It was enought to make tourists stay away, or at least come in their own cars.

While they sat and condoled with on another, and abused the train, the engine, and the trainmen, the sun outside smiled softly, dimpling the brown needles under the great swaying trees with freckled light. The birds sang as if it were springtime instead of midwinter, and the swaying tops of the pines seemed to nod an invitation to come forth and sit on the carpet at their feet, listen to the birds, and smell the balsam-freighted air, so different from the stuffy atmosphere of the coach.

A girl who sat just across the aisle from Doris looked longingly out of the window. She turned, and her eyes met the eyes of Doris in a glance of mutual understanding. The girl was dressed in a neat, quiet coat suit of gray. She smiled at Doris and half rose from her seat.

"Oh, I do want to walk so badly! Will you go?" she said implusively, with a shy little smile, as she rose from her seat.

"Gladly; I was just aching to go," confessed Doris, and the two girls walked away into the freckled sunlight of the pines, while the crew and the conductor toiled, and the passengers fretted and fumed inside.

The girl in gray was a city girl; to her everything was a marvel. Doris, a native of the country, knew every sound of bird and of animal—the sweet whistle of the quail, the honk of a flock of geese, the chatter of a squirrel, peering at them from the boughs overhead.

"It is so wonderful to live in the country," said the girl in gray, who listened with respect to Doris' knowledge of the birds and animals. "This is my first winter in the country. And you've always lived here?"

"Not far away from here, and I like it, of course, for it is my home. Only I do get lonesome sometimes, for we haven't any neighbors," confessed Doris, rather ruefully. "It is hard for a girl to live without other girl neighbors. But I have the most wonderful little mother in the world, so I ought to be ashamed of being lonesome."

The other girl sighed—a brief, stifled little sigh that was removed at once by a radiant smile. "I haven't

had a mother since I was a little girl, a baby, almost. I've lived nearly all of my life in hotels with nurses and governesses. Father is a business man who travels through the country, and when he is at home the most of his time is spent in the office. He has several offices in different cities, so you see any one of them may be called our home. But I've finished school, now, and father has given me a real home at last. I haven't any mother, but we have Mrs. Blake, a dear old friend, for housekeeper, and for the first time in my life I have a neighbor—a real, dear neighbor. Just think of it!"

"I envy you. Do tell me about her. Is she your own age? Is she a college girl?" Doris asked wistfully.

The other girl chuckled, her eyes shining. It was a beautiful secret that she had to tell.

"You couldn't guess in a year, so I'll have to tell you, or the train will be going before I finish. She is an old lady—quite sixty, I think."

"Oh!" Disappointment was in Doris' voice. "She isn't very congenial, is she?"

"Yes, she is," sighed the girl in gray contentedly. "Now let me tell you about it. When we first went to this place to live I was so lonesome for companionship, though Mrs. Blake told me that I soon would have a visitor. But the days rolled by—the weeks, rather—and no visitor appeared. I felt that I must have someone to talk to besides the servants and Mrs. Blake. I looked out the window one day and saw coming up the avenue the queerest-looking old top buggy, with a white mare drawing it, and my neighbor sitting alone on the seat!"

"Oh!" gasped Doris, and paused abruptly. She must hear this girl's story before she interrupted.

"Yes, a buggy, did you ever hear of such a thing! I ran down the steps to meet her, and help her out; she was lame, and just as amiable and sweet as she could be. 'I can't get out,' she said, 'but I came to take you for a ride, if you'll get into the buggy. Old Aunt Emily—that's the mare's name—is as gentle as a lamb, and we can drive round and see the sights.'

"Of course I hopped in, and she took me all about the country, and showed me the old powder magazine the soldiers had in Indian war times, and the big dam, and the lone pine that measures so many feet that I've forgotten, and the place in the woods where the violets always come first —oh, she showed me beautiful things! Then she took me to her own home, and it is the dearest little gem of a house, with so many pretty things that I can't tell you about all of them. Dear old portraits, and real lace curtains, and an Oriental carpet on the floor, and—oh, that 'nest' of tables!"

The girl's eyes shone brighter than ever. 'We had lunch on them, a table apiece, and I'm sure that you never would guess what we had." She paused impressively and then whispered, dramatically: "Pound cake and custard! I never ate such good things! The custard was served in a tall goblet with a twisted stem. Her cook, and old black woman, had them all ready, and my neighbor confessed that she had made them herself, before she came for me. 'I knew you were lonely,' she said, 'and even an old woman is better than no neighbor. My daughter is away, and I thought I'd call on you in her place.' Wasn't that kind? Of course since

then I've been there many times. I run over nearly every day, and so does Mrs. Blake, who gets lonely, too. And I know all the stories about the dear old pictures, and the furniture, and the Turkey carpet, and everything. It is fine to have a home, isn't it?"

"Oh, it is—indeed it is!" breathed Doris, with heartfelt earnestness.

"Some day we'll have old things, but just now, they are all new—so dreadfully new! Mrs. Blake says: 'Poor child, that's because you've never had a home.' And—'things must have a beginning; a hundred years from now your descendants will have some treasures, too.' So I'll just enjoy my neighbor's while I'm waiting," the girl chuckled.

"Toot, too-oo-ot!" shrilled the little whistle, and the engine began to chug. "Come on!" yelled the passengers, fluttering warning handerchiefs from the window, "we're ready to start."

Hand in hand the two girls ran, refreshed and glowing, to the dusty, cindery little compartment, which mattered nothing, for they were going home!

Doris made up her mind to tell her new acquaintance all about herself, when they were seated again, and the train began to move. They would talk about what beautiful times they would have together. She was glad that she had found a real friend. Now that her eyes were opened, Doris saw the familiar old things of her home transformed into jewels of great worth—they never again could be dross! But if she had been at home, Doris knew this miracle never would have happened. She would have tempestuously forbidden the little, neighborly mother to visit the rich winter visitors, who cared nothing about the "natives." Never, never would she have allowed little Mrs. Grey to go jogging up to the old Patton house in the buggy, with Aunt Emily flickering her skimpy tail between its shafts.

"A—a—all a—aab-o-o-r-d!" shouted the conductor, and the two girls scampered up the steps, rushed into the dingy coach, and sat down together.

"And now let me tell you a secret of my own—something that you would never guess," beamed Doris, squeezing the hand of the girl in gray. "You and I are going to be neighbors, too!"

———o———

ROCKING CHAIRS

The origin of rocking chairs is not known, but it is definitely believed to be American. They are known to have been in use in the United States since 1774 and are referred to in a handwritten bill from William Savery, cabinet maker of Philadelphia, February 11, 1774. However, they were not known in Europe until much later. Tradition ascribes the first rocking chair to Benjamin Franklin, but the invention is not mentioned in any of his writings. He possessed a very remarkable one, which was described by a visitor in 1787.

—San Francisco Chronicle.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. R. A. Sappenfield, officer in charge of Cottage No. 14, who has been confined to his room by illness for several weeks, reported for duty last Wednesday morning. We were glad to see him back on the job again.

Mr. Walker and his group of boys killed and dressed several hogs last Thursday. There is still quite a number of fine fat animals in the pens and those in charge are anxious for the weather to stay cold a little longer in order that the hogs may be disposed of before spring.

Beginning last Thursday night, the showing of motion pictures at the School, suspended for several weeks because of illness among the boys, was placed back on the same old weekly schedule. The title of this week's picture was "Mother Carey's Chickens" and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it.

Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No. 2, had the misfortune to fall last Tuesday, sustaining an injury to her knee. She was taken to the Charlotte Sanitorium, where she is receiving treatment under Dr. O. L. Miller, celebrated orthopaedic surgeon. The latest report coming to this office concerning her condition was that she was improving.

Messrs. H. R. Niswonger, extension horticulturist at North Carolina State College, Raleigh; Roy D. Goodman, Cabarrus County Farm Agent; W. H. Williams, assistant county agent; and H. E. Bonds, prominent Cabarrus farmer and a member of the AAA committee, visited the School last Thursday afternoon. Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, conducted these visitors on a brief tour of the farm, gardens and other vocational centers at the School.

Judge K. W. Davis of the juvenile court of the city of Winston-Salem and Mr. W. E. Ayers, probation officer, were visitors at the School last Thursday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger they visited the various departments. It was the first time Judge Davis had visited the School since the establishment of the Swink-Benson Trades Building and the building of the infirmary, gymnasium and the Cone Swimming-Pool and he was quite enthusiastic in expressing his delight as he looked over these new additions to our plant.

Joe Wilkes, aged 28 years, one of our old boys, was a visitor at the School last week. He came to us from Winston-Salem, February 23, 1923 and was allowed to return to his home on January 20, 1926. While a lad at the institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group.

For several years following his return home, the reports concerning his conduct, coming from various agencies, were very good. Our last report on Joe was recieved in 1930, coming from the Department of

Charity and Public Welfare, of Forsyth County. It stated that the young man was in California at that time and that he had been leading a clean life since leaving the School. The official making the report added that the training the boy had received here had meant a lot to him, and he was sure that some day he would be a good man.

While on this brief visit Joe told members of the staff that he had been in California eleven years. He operates a small clothing store of his own and says he is able to make a living and save a little money. When asked if he was married, he replied, "Just about." Joe further stated that he attributes what success he has made to the training received as a boy here. He remarked to Superintendent Boger, "I wouldn't take a million dollars for what the School has done for me."

Joe has many freinds among the members of the School staff who knew him as a small boy here and they were delighted to see him and to learn that he has been getting along so well.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, led the boys in the Scripture recitation and prayer. Mr. Sheldon then introduced Dr. S. W. Grafflin, of New York City, a former Y. M. C. A. secretary, as the guest speaker of the afternoon. In presenting Dr. Grafflin, he stated that the speaker was a man who was considered too old to be an active Y. M. C. A. secretary but not too old to travel all over the United States speaking to high school students and other groups of young people.

Dr. Grafflin selected a rather strange title for his address, his subject being "-Bitions", and he listed them as follows: "Prohibition" is the thing to the repeal of which law, history, and the Bible say "no." These we should pay attention to. "Inhibition" is the thing inside us that tells us not to do a thing. But the chief "bition" to which the speaker called attention was "Ambition." He pointed out the four parts of ambition in this manner: (1) Know something worthwhile. Learn every minute, for you never know when it will be worthwhile; (2) Have something worthwhile. The only way to get something worthwhile is to earn it and save it. As long as you live you will see others you may like to help with it; (3) Be something worthwhile, so that people will know that you really are somebody; (4) Do something splendidly worthwhile. No matter how strong you are or how well you do it, it will amount to little unless you place you capacities at the service of others.

Dr. Grafflin then told the boys that God has provided three means for having these "Ambitions." They are: (1) His Bible which has never gone wrong; (2) His Son, the perfect example; (3) The Holy Spirit, who is still with us, guiding, helping and strengthening us.

He concluded his remarks by telling his listeners that every day they should look five ways. (1) Back, and be thankful. (2) Ahead, and be careful. (We are born but not buried). (3) Up, and be reverent and humble before God. (4) Down, and be helpful. (5) In, and be sure you are on

the level and doing the very best you can.

We are very grateful to Dr. Grafflin for the inspirational message he brought to our boys and trust that, should he ever visit this section of the country again, he may find it convenient to make another stop at the School.

The more a man's success raises him above his neighbors, the more it forces him to depend on himself for moral support. But no man ever grows so self-reliant and so much the master of events that he does not still feel the need of sympathy from kindly hearts. Success sometimes makes the need of sympathy all the more emphatic, because the rest of the world imagines the successful man beyond the need of it.—Selected.

CHILDREN IN OUR JAILS

(Smithfield Herald)

What a tragedy to do away with an orphanage in North Carolina when in November 93 children were being kept in jails because they had no other place to stay. The Junior Order has been maintaining two orphanages, one in Ohio and one at Lexington in this state. Closing the one at Lexington is now under consideration, but what a pity when the need for orphanages is so apparent.

Doubtless the 93 children in the jails were not orphan children except orphaned by crime. The fathers were likely serving terms on the roads, or the mothers not considered fit to care for their offspring. But jails were not built to house children, and children were not created to live in jails. It is hard to picture innocent boys and girls of tender years forced to abide in a jail even for a day. The State Board of Charities and Public Welfare should be given places where little children could be taken care of in a proper environment while their destinies are being decided by the powers that be.

It is cause for gratitude that there are men and women in the United States who are aware of the needs of childhood and who are advocating spending the money necessary to meet these needs. Such a group was the White House conference which met in Washington last week. Composed of men and women from every section of the country, this conference has been making surveys and considering plans for underprivileged children. But the process is slow and in the meantime little children are growing up in the poorest kind of environment with little hope of growing into useful citizens.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending January 28, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Leon Hollifield 9
(10) Edward Johnson 10
(2) J. C. Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 1

(3) William G. Bryant 7
(3) Howard Cox 5
Eugene Edwards 3
(3) B. C. Elliott 3
(2) Porter Holder 6
Horace Journigan 2
Burman Keller 2
Bruce Link
H. C. Pope 3
(2) Arlie Scism 6
(3) Edward Warnock 7
(3) Everett Watts 5
(3) William Whittington 7
(2) William C. Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 4
James Blocker 4
Jack Cline 6
(3) George Cooke 7
(2) N. A. Efrid 2
Julian T. Hooks 4
Robert Keith 5
Forrest McEntire 5
(3) Donald McFee 7
(3) Nick Rochester 8
(5) Landros Sims 8
Charles Smith 4
W. J. Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 6
Clyde Barnwell 8
Earl Barnes 6
Earl Bass 3
Jewell Barker 5
Richard Baumgarner 6
(2) James Boone 4
Kenneth Conklin 3
(2) Jack Crotts 4
Max Evans 7
(3) Coolidge Green 8
Bruce Hawkins 3
Roscoe Honeycutt 2
(3) Douglas Matthews 6
Harley Matthews 3
(5) William Matthewson 9
(2) Otis McCall 2
(3) John C. Robertson 7
(3) George Shaver 6
(3) William Sims 8
William T. Smith 4
John Tolley 3
(3) Jerome Wiggins 5
(2) Louis Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 5
(3) Plummer Boyd 4
Arthur Edmondson 5
Arlow Goins 2
Gilbert Hogan 8
John Jackson 5
(5) Ivan Morrozoff 9
J. W. McRorrie 5
Henry Raby 7
Robert Simpson 3
(5) Melvin Walters 9
Samuel Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Theodore Bowles 7
(2) Collett Cantor 8
(2) A. C. Elmore 7
William Kirksey 7
(2) Everett Lineberry 4
(5) Paul Lewallen 7
(3) James Massey 4
J. C. Reinhardt 6
(2) Richard Starnes 7
(2) Eugene Smith 4
(5) Earl Watts 9
(2) Hubert Walker 7
(2) Henry Ziegler 3

COTTAGE No. 6

Edward Batten 5
Martin Crump 4
Noah Ennis 6

(3) Columbus Hamilton 5
Leo Hamilton 3

COTTAGE No. 7

Cleasper Beasley 4
William Beach 6
(4) Paul Dockery 7
(10) Donald Earnhardt 10
George Green 5
Lacy Green 6
Hugh Johnson 7
(3) Arnold McHone 7
Carl Ray 7
Alex Weathers 7
(3) Joseph Wheeler 8

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Jack Hamilton 4
Joseph Linville 2
(5) Daniel McPhail 8
(2) Harvey Smith 2

COTTAGE No. 9

Clarence Baker
(2) Mack Bell 6
(3) J. T. Branch 7
(10) Roy Butner 10
(3) Robert Gaines 6
(10) Frank Glover 10
Osper Howell 6
Mark Jones 8
Harold O'Dear 9
(3) James Ruff 7
(5) Thomas Sands 7
Richard Singletary 5
(3) Preston Wilbourne 9
(3) Horace Williams 8

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Lee Jones 7
(4) Jesse Kelly 5
(5) Thomas King 7
(5) Vernon Lamb 8
(5) Oscar Smith 7
O. D. Talbert 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(5) Harold Bryson 9
(5) John Benson 8
(3) William Covington 8
(10) Earl Hildreth 10
Franklin Lyles 5
(10) Edward Murray 10
Fred Owens 9
Theodore Rector 8
(2) Thomas Turner 7
(3) John Uptegrove 7
(3) N. C. Webb 9

COTTAGE No. 12

(5) Burl Allen 8
(2) Odell Almond 9
(5) Allard Brantley 8
Ernest Brewer 5
(5) Howard Devlin 7
(3) Woodrow Hager 3
Joseph Hall 5
Hubert Holloway 6
(2) Richard Honeycutt 5
(2) Frank Johnston 7
Tillman Lyles 4
James Mondie 5
James Puckett 4
Howard Sanders 2
George Tolson 5

COTTAGE No. 13

Dillon Dean 2
William Goins 4
(10) Vincent Hawes 10
(3) James Lane 5
(10) Alexander Woody 10
(3) Marshall White 6

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Raymond Andrews 7
John Baker 5
(2) Mack Coggins 4
Robert Deyton 6
Audie Farthing 9
(3) John Kirkman 8
Marvin King 5
(10) Feldman Lane 10
(5) Norvell Murphy 7
Roy Mumford 2
Charles McCoyle 6
(2) Henry McGraw 5
(3) Troy Powell 8
(3) John Robbins 5
Charles Steepleton 4
(3) Harold Thomas 8
(2) J. C. Willis 3
(4) Jones Watson 8
(5) Wallace Woody, Jr. 9

COTTAGE No. 15

(10) Raymond Anderson 10
Albert Hayes 6
(5) Fred McGlammery 8
J. P. Morgan 4
(2) J. P. Sutton 7
(5) William Wood 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) George Duncan 8

(4) Philip Holmes 9
(10) Warren G. Lawry 10
(2) Earl Oxendine 7
(4) Thomas Wilson 7

A PRAYER FOR BUSINESS MEN

Lord, give me vision that shall see
  Beyond the profit of today
Into the years which are to be,
  That I may take the large way
Of labor and achievement; so
  Help me to fashion, stanch and sure,
A work my fellow-men shall know
  As wrought to serve—and to endure.

I seek for fortune, Lord, nor claim
  To scorn the recompense I earn;
But help me, as I play the game,
  To give the world its just return.
Thou mad'st the earth for all of us;
  Teach me, through struggle, strain, and stress,
To win and do my share, for thus
  Can profit lead to happiness.

Guard me from thoughts of little men
  Which blind the soul to greater things;
Save me from smug content and then
  From greed and selfishness it brings;
Aid me to join that splendid clan
  Of Business Men who seek to trace
A calm-considered working plan
  To make the world a better place.

—Berton Braley.

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Charlotte, N. C.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 10, 1940 NO. 6

SAYINGS OF LINCOLN

I am nothing, but truth is everything.

Killing the dog does not cure the bite.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

This country with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

God bless my mother! All I am or hope to be I owe her.

Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.

My experience and observation have been that those who promise the most do the least.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anyone is hindering him.

God must like common people, or he would not have made so many of them.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LINCOLN, THE GREAT COMMONER

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow;
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the Judgment thunder split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—Edwin Markham.

———o———

EXAMPLE SET BY LINCOLN

The life of Lincoln was one of hardships. The average boy of today has comforts compared to the life of the Lincoln when a youth. It seems that the harder the job the harder "Honest Abe"

worked till he held first place,—president of the United States. The following selection is given to inspire the boys of our institution to read the life of Lincoln:

It is not necessary for us to undergo the hardships and privations that Abraham Lincoln went through, in order to emulate his example. It is not necessary that we read by the light of a fire place or split rails for a living but we can emulate his honesty, his sterling character, and his high ideals. The more closely we follow the example set by "Honest Abe" the better citizens we will be.

Boys now, generally speaking, too often look for some kind of "snap" job; something that requires but very light effort, short hours, and no responsibility. Lincoln was mighty glad to get any kind of job, the harder the job, the better he liked it, for he knew that an easy job could be taken care of by a weakling, while it required a real he-man to tackle the harder ones. He improved every opportunity to fit himself for bigger things, no matter whether they were harder or not. His endeavor was to learn and to profit from his learnings.

No boy needs to be told of the hardships that Lincoln endured; that is common knowledge. But the great idea through all his life was the fact that he made the best of his opportunities and surmounted difficulties by honest and conscientious work.

Any boy will profit by taking the great emancipator as an example.

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SAINT VALENTINE—FEBRUARY 14th

From the February number of the Sunshine Magazine we copy the thought as recorded about Saint Valentine. " 'Tis said that on Saint Valentine's day the Patron Saint will smile on maidens the world over. In medieval times the first youth who saw a maiden in the morning, or the youth whose name she drew from a box, was her valentine, or "chivalrous knight." He gave her a gift, often flowers, and attended her gallantly."

The origin of the day concerns a priest named Saint Valentine who lived in the third century. He was supposed to have the power of healing lovers' quarrels, and often was beseeched to bring

back straying lovers. His gentle sweetness of character made him so beloved generally that the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius Claudius, feared for his throne, and had Saint Valentine beheaded. After his death it became the practice to celebrate his birthday with the gift of sweets and flowers.

Thus the custom of gift-making started and grew. Red, the color, symbolizing cheer, for many years was most popular, but has been largely replaced by blue, the true lovers' colors, and which symbolizes thought.

Valentine letters full of love were the old time customs. Now-a-days, if one does not wish to bestow a more substantial gift, pretty cards are sent.

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500 YEARS

The following clipped from the Mooresville Enterprise gives out a most valuable piece of information, the invention of printing by movable type. The discovery was made by John Guttenburg, born in Mainz, Germany in 1400. No invention has advanced civilization as the invention of printing:

Every year brings to our page memorable dates and notheworthy events marked as history. We trust we meet and deal with them to your satisfaction. There is one anniversary to be observed during the entire year of 1940 so replete with importance in every day lives, so packed with significance, so teeming with power, that a year is needed to give it attention and an editor should be gifted with gilded speech to do justice to its name. We commemorate the 500th anniversary of printing in 1940. There will be recognition of it in schools, churches, libraries, clubs and papers.

In 1440 John Gutenburg invented printing from movable type, and in doing so gave to civilization the force of knowledge and power of progress. This anniversary is observed not for only its original importance but for the consequences that followed the invention. To make a word live from movable type was a discovery of great meaning. Little did its inventor realize to what extent he was developing mankind, replacing ignorance with learning and providing intelligence in the place of antequated beliefs.

History is the important by-product of printing, also a taste in government and the influencing of all humanity through imagination. Printing is the important agency in your life and in mine. Let us honor its name and not defile it through misuse.

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SUNDAY IN AMERICA

Sunday, in America, once stood out distinctly in the week. Now the difference is becoming less and less noticeable. In parts of the land a very small percentage of the community still go to a brief morning service, and the Sabbath school is still maintained. However, to judge from Monday's papers, Sunday is the great day now for sporting events and contests. The Covenanter Witness reminds us of the importance of Sunday by giving this quotation from a sermon by Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo:

"Voltaire was right when he said that the only way to destroy the Christian religion is to destroy the Christian Sabbath. Something happens to a man when the forces to which the Christian Sabbath bear witness go out of him. . . . . If there were no Sabbath we would have to invent one to keep the world from going mad. . . .

"It is not easy to keep the Christian Sabbath. Everything has its price, and the keeping of the Sabbath, too. The question is, are we willing to give up indulgences that are perfectly harmless in themselves? Are we willing to turn our backs upon pleasures that are not essentially wrong in order to keep alive and cultivate these eternal things that alone will make the nation great and good?"

—Selected.

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FACTS—HERE AND THERE

It is estimated by the State Library Commission that 49 per cent of our people in North Carolina, the equal of 1,567,000, are without the benefit of public libraries. The total number of books in circulation through the public libraries is estimated to be 6,000,000, which means two books to a person. The public schools have libraries, and the children in the schools are taught to read and

encouraged to cultivate a taste for reading, but when school days end the reading habit will necessarily have to be curtailed, because public libraries are not available. It is quite impossible for all homes to have libraries so a public library is a very necessary institution for every city, or community. There is considerable argument as to which wields the greater influence on life—heredity or environment? It is equally as hard to fix the relative values of each to life as it would be to decide which of the two organs—the ears or eyes—could best be discarded. We feel that heredity is the seed, but environment is the cultivation. Therefore, a continuation of the culture of the mind is quite impossible without an adequate library for the youth of the state.

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Four times as many cases of infantile paralysis were reported during the summer of 1939 as there were during the same period of the preceding year, it was announced by Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, New York.

Nearly 7,000 cases were recorded during the first 47 weeks of the year, as against 1700 for the whole country in 1938.

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The highway safety division has officially reported that 943 persons died and 7,190 were injured in North Carolina traffic accidents during 1939. The number of children killed on streets and other ways by motor accidents dropped from 98 in 1938 to 93 this past year. The goal now is—safer highways.

A LINCOLN REBUKE

(Selected)

(The following article is taken from an old scrap book, and is anonymous, and we doubt not but that it is true. It carries a wonderful lesson which should impress every boy.)

In November of the second year of the Civil War a young surgeon was stationed in a hospital near Washington. One rainy morning, as he made his way to the cot of a man who was dying, an orderly stopped him.

"This is Dr. Jason Wilkins?"

"Yes."

"Sorry, doctor, but I've got to arrest you and take you to Washington."

Jason looked the orderly over incredulously. "You've got the wrong man, friend."

The soldier drew a heavy envelope carefully from his breast pocket and handed it to Jason. Jason opened it uneasily, and gasped. This is what he read:

"Show this to Surgeon Jason Wilkins,—Regiment. Arrest him. Bring him to me immediately.—A. Lincoln."

Jason whitened. "What's up?" he asked the orderly.

"I didn't ask the president," replied the orderly dryly. "We'll start at once, if you please, doctor."

In a daze, Jason left for Washington. He thought of all the minor offenses he had committed.

Jason was locked in a room in a Washington boarding house for one night. The next day at noon the orderly took him to the White House. An hour of waiting, then a man came out of a door.

"Surgeon Jason Wilkins?" said the sentry.

"Here!" answered Jason.

"This way," and Jason found himself in the inner room, with the door closed behind him. There was but one man in it besides Jason, and that man was Mr. Lincoln. He sat at a desk, with his somber eyes on Jason's face—still a cool young face, despite trembling knees.

"You are Jason Wilkins?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln," replied the young surgeon.

"Where are you from?"

"High Hill, Ohio."

"Have you any relatives?"

"Only my mother is living."

"Yes, only a mother! Well young man, how is your mother?"

Jason stammered, "Why—why—I don't know."

"You don't know!" thundered Lincoln. "And why don't you know? It she living or dead?"

"I don't know," said Jason. "To tell the truth, I've neglected to write and I don't suppose she knows where I am."

Mr. Lincoln clenched a great fist on his desk and his eyes scorched Jason. "I had a letter from her. She supposes you dead and asked me to trace your grave. What was the matter with her? No good? Like most mothers, a poor sort? Eh? Answer me, sir!"

Jason bristled a little. "The best woman that ever lived, Mr. President."

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Lincoln. "Still you have no reason to be grateful

to her! How'd you get your training as a surgeon? Who paid for it? Your father?"

Jason reddened. "Well, no; father was a poor Methodist preacher. Mother raised the money, though I worked for my board mostly."

"Yes; how'd she raise the money?"

"Jason's lips were stiff. "Selling things, Mr. President."

"What did she sell?"

"Old things mostly; beyond use except in museums."

"You poor fool!" said Lincoln. "You poor worm! Her household treasures—one by one—for you."

Suddenly the president arose and pointed a long bony fonger at his desk. "Come here and sit down and write a letter to your mother!"

Jason stalked obediently over and sat down in the president's seat. He seized a pen and wrote his mother a stilted note.

"Address it and give it to me," said the president. "I'll see that it gets to her." Then, his stern voice rising a little: "And now, Jason Wilkins. as long as you are in the army, you write your mother once a week. If I have reason to correct you on the matter again, I'll have you court-martialed."

Jason rose and handed the letter to the president, then stood awaiting further orders. Finally Lincoln turned to Jason.

"My boy," he said gently, "there's no finer quality in the world than gratitude. There is nothing a man can have in heart so mean, so low, as ingratitude. Even a dog appreciates a kindness, never forgets a soft word or a bone."

Again Lincoln paused, and then said to Jason, "You may go, my boy."

Needless to add, the doctor recognized the justice of the president's hot words and at once began making atonement to his mother for his apparent forgetfullness.

FRIENDSHIP

"Of all the things we need in life
We need our friends the most.
Though riches, youth and joy may go,
Of friends we still may boast.

"Then to our friends let us be true,
And loyal from the heart;
And as the days and years go by,
From them we will not part."

—Author Unknown.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN GOES TO SCHOOL

By James Baldwin

When Abe Lincoln was thirteen years old, the people in the Pigeon Creek settlement decided to build a schoolhouse. It would not do, they said, to let their children grow up in ignorance. One morning in autumn, when the crops had been "laid by," and there was a lull in the work on the farms, all of the men settlers met together at the crossroads, where a plot of ground had been given for school purposes. Axes rang in the woods, trees crashed to the ground, logs were cut in proper lengths and laid one above another—and before nightfall the schoolhouse was finished.

It was much like any other log cabin. The door was at one end; and on either side there was a small square window. Nearly the whole of the other end was taken up by the fireplace—a huge affair, built of blue clay and flat stones. Benches made of logs split in halves were placed around the inside of the room for seats. A rude shelf was put up near the door to serve as a desk, before which the pupils who wished to study writing could stand by turns and trace their copies. Of course there was no floor. There was no glass in the windows, but it was expected that when the weather grew cold the master would paste a sheet of greased paper over each opening—and this would serve just as well.

The first master was Azel Dorsey; and the boys and girls from the Lincoln cabin were among the pupils. School began at sunrise and was not dismissed until the sun was setting. It was scarcely daylight when the children started to school, for the house was three or four miles away, and often the stars were shining before all were back at the home fireside. The master had agreed to teach spelling, reading, writing, and arthmetic "to the rule of three"; but only a few of the scholars studied anything but spelling.

Of course, Abraham Lincoln stood at the head of his classes, not because he could learn more easily than his schoolmates, but because he studied harder. He was the only one who saw that the way to rise in the world is by hard labor and by getting knowledge. The other boys cared for nothing so much as being good wrestlers and fast runners, hard hitters and straight throwers. They looked with scorn upon book-learning, and would have made things very unpleasant for Abraham if he had not shown them that, with all his love for books, he could wrestle and run and strike and throw as well as the best of them. On the fly leaf of an arthmetic which he used at about this time, one may still read these lines written by himself:—

"Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen;
He will be good,
But God knows when."

But God knows when."

Azel Dorsey's school soon came to an end, and it was two years before another master was employed to teach in the little log schoolhouse. But all this while, Abraham was quietly teaching himself at home; and it is not likely that any backwoods schoolmaster could have taught him better.

His father thought that it was folly for him to learn anything more, and that so much reading of books was a great waste of time. But when Andrew Crawford at last opened another school in the little cabin, Mrs. Lincoln declared that the six children should attend it— and so they did.

It was at this school that Abraham wrote his first composition of which we have any account. Its subject was "Cruelty to Animals," and knowing how gentle-hearted he was toward all living creatures, we can easily guess some of the things he said.

The second school was even shorter than the first. The settlers seemed to think that a very little learning was sufficient, and so it was a long time before the log schoolhouse again echoed with voices of children conning their spelling books.

When Abraham was nearly seventeen years old, a wandering schoolmaster whose name was Swaney, opened a school in a deserted cabin four and a half miles from the Lincoln home. Of course young Lincoln was one of the scholars. He was so anxious to learn, that he thought nothing of walking nine miles every day to gain what little he could from a man who knew far less than himself. But his father soon came forward and declared that the boy had already had more schooling than was good for him, and that he must stop all such nonsense and go to work. And so Abraham Lincoln's school days were an at end. If all had been put together, they would not have made a twelvemonth.

During all this time Abraham Lincoln's love of books continue.d He read everything he could get hold of. If he heard of a book anywhere in the settlement, he could not rest until he had borrowed it. Once he walked barefoot twelve miles to borrow a book containing the laws of Indiana. When he was plowing in the fields, he would almost always have a book with him to read while he gave the horses a few moments' rest at the end of the row.

His father was not in favor of so much reading. He thought that it unfitted the boy for his work and made him lazy, but the good mother pleaded in his behalf, and begged that he should be allowed to have his own way. "He was always a dutiful son to me," she afterward said, "and we took pains when he was reading not to disturb him. We would let him read on and on till he quit of his own accord."

He would sit by the fireplace at night and read as long as the fire lasted. Often he would have a pile of hickory bark at his side which he would throw in, piece by piece, as the flames died down. In Pigeon Creek settlement a candle was a luxury which common people could not think of using save on special occasions.

Whenever Abraham found anything in his reading which seemed to be good not to be forgotten, he would take note of it whatever way he could. If he had no paper, he would write with charcoal, or with a piece of red "keel," on the side of a smooth board. The logs in the chimney corner were covered with his rude notes. When he had learned his notes by heart, he would rub them out to give place for others.

Paper was a rare article, and every piece that he could get was kept with great care. He made ink from poke berries, or walnut hulls, or the sap of brier roots. His pens were of goose quills and turkey quills, and no one in

those times had better. Some pages of his exercise books, filled with figures and examples in arithmetic, have been found and may still be seen.

Young Lincoln was now more than ever determined to gain for himself a good education. It was hard for him to learn; he could not go to school; he had but few books; there was no person who could help him: but in spite of all such difficulties, he kept steadily on, doing his best every day, and learning whatever he could. He studied hard and did everything thoroughly; and so you need not wonder if he learned more than some boys do nowadays who have every opportunity and yet are lazy and careless.

About the time that his father took him from Master Swaney's school, a book of elementary surveying came into his hands. He at once set himself to learning the principles of the science, and— perhaps because he knew that George Washington had once measured land— Abraham Lincoln dreamed of becoming a surveyor.

I have already told you how, when he was but a little child, he delighted to imitate the wandering preachers who came to the Knob Creek settlement. As he grew older he still cherished the ambition to become a public speaker. Few things pleased him better than to stand on a stump or a log and, with the other five children as listeners, deliver a funny speech on some subject of common interest. As he was always greeted with applause, he became bolder and would sometimes practice speaking before a crowd of country people at the village store. In harvest time his father forbade his speech-making in the fields, "for when Abe begins to speak," he said, "all the hands stop work and listen."

He was nearly eighteen years old when he walked barefooted to Boonville, fifteen miles away, to attend a murder trial that was being held there. It was his first visit to any court of justice, and the first time that he saw lawyers at their work. He was filled with admiration for the judge, who seemed to him the greatest and wisest of living men. He listened with intense interest to all that was going on; and when one of the lawyers arose and made a speech in defense of the prisoner, he was delighted beyond measure.

The lawyer's name was Breckenridge, and he was from Kentucky. When he had finished speaking, Abraham Lincoln could no longer hold himself. He rose from his seat, pushed his way across the courtroom, and held his hand to the astonished lawyer. "That was the best speech I ever heard," he said.

It was a strange scene. The gawky youth, nearly six feet four inches in height, stood with outstretched hand, forgetful of everything but the wonderful speech. But Mr. Breckenridge, with a sneer on his face, turned away and took no further notice of his admirer. Young Lincoln, unused as he was to the ways of the world, felt this rebuff keenly. It was the first time for him to experience the inequalities of society. It was the first time that he had met any one who looked down upon him as an inferior. I doubt not that he then and there resolved to win his way to such a position that some day even Mr Breckenridge would be glad to take his hand. Many years afterward the two men met again; and Mr. Lincoln, who was then the greatest man in our country, reminded Mr. Breckenridge of this scene in the courtroom— a scene which

the proud Kentuckian had forgotten, but which the humble backwoodsman could not forget.

After his visit to Boonville, Abraham's mind was wholly bent upon being a laweyr. He did not expect to become a lawyer at once, or indeed without much study and labor. He would do whatever came to his hand, and he would do it well; he would be anything that it was necessary for him to be, and he would not give way to impatience or despair; but the end which he kept steadily in view was a career of honor and usefulness in the practice of law. Although he could not help but dislike the hard work on the farm, yet he took pains to learn how to do everything there in the best possible way.

He had grown to be very tall, and his strength was something wonderful. He could outlift, outchop, and outwrestle any man in the settlement. And best of all, he was known among his acquaintances as being kind-hearted, brave, and honest to a degree that was not common among boys in any community.

Instead of regretting yesterday get busy and prepare for tomorrow.

DIAMONDS FOUND IN STATE NOW IN RALEIGH MUSEUM

(Selected)

That Rutherford county was at one time the gold producing center of the United States and that ore is still being mined to some extent are widely known facts. It has also been fully established that many other varieties of minerals may be found in this section, including mica, kaolin, and feldspar. However, very little has ever been said about the numerous diamonds that have been found in this section of North Carolina and which are now on display in some of the largest museums in the country.

North Carolina diamonds have been found repeatedly, there being at least ten authentic occurences besides several reported discoveries that are not entirely reliable. They have been distributed over a wide area in the counties of Rutherford, McDowell, Burke, Lincolun, Mecklenburg, and Franklin. The largest diamond ever found in North Carolina was discovered in 1886 on the farm of Albert Bright in McDowell county, the stone weighing 4 1-3 carats.

A Rutherford county diamond is included in the collection of the Smithsonian institution, Washington, D. C. In acknowledging this fact, Dr. W. F. Foshag, curator of mineralogy and petrology, makes the following statement:

"The largest diamond found in the United States was a forty carat cry-

stal found in Pike county, Arkansas. Several other large stones have been found there. An eighteen carat crystal is in our collection. A twenty-four carat crystal was found near Richmond, Va., in 1855. The largest diamond from North Carolina we have recorded is one of 4 1-3 carats found near Dysartville, McDowell county in 1886. The only diamond from North Carolina in our colection is a pale yellow octahedron from Rutherford county weighing .14 carat."

Collett Leventhorpe, whom Rutherford county gave to the Confederacy as a brigadier general during the War Between the States, was evidently the original owner of the diamond now in the Smithsonian institution. Records show that a small and poor specimen was found in a placer mine on his property in Rutherford county and that he presented it to Professor Charles U. Shepard, who retained it in his cabinet. Since only one other diamond was ever reported from this county and this a much larger stone, it is surmised that the Leventhorpe diamond is the one now in the collections of the Smithsonian institution.

This larger Rutherford county diamond, weighing 1 1-3 carats, was among the first discovered in North Carolina. It was found in 1845 in the gold washings of J. D. Twitty's mine at Twitty's Ford on Broad River, Southwest of Forest City.

Unusual in the discovery of the North Carolina diamonds is the fact that in most cases the localities in which they were found are situated in the same section of the state—"in the mountainous district, lying just North from the Northernmost extension of the border of South Carolina." Here the counties of Burke, McDowell, Rutherford, Cleveland, Lincoln and Mecklenburg lie closely adjacent. However, two other diamonds were discovered in a locality far removed from these counties. These were obtained at the Portis mine in Franklin county, one of which was described as a beautiful octahedron.

Still another crystal is in the State Museum at Raleigh. The particulars of its discovery are not known; but it was purchased by the state with the collection of the late Dr. J. A. D. Stephenson, of Statesville, who had possessed it for some years, and reported that he had bought it, with other minerals, from a countryman in Burke county. It has an oblong spheroidal form, the faces being curved and rounded, and it weighs 5-16 of a carat. (This is evidently the third Burke county diamond referred to by Colonel Pratt in his address at Asheville in 1932. The connection, if any, between Dr. F. M. Stephenson, who found the first diamond in 1843, and Dr. J. A. D. Stephenson, of Statesville, could not be learned.)

The last discovery of a diamond occurred in Cleveland county, near Kings Mountain, in 1893. This was a polished octahedron, weighing 3-4 carat, of a bright, light canary yellow.

———o———

"True success, namely happiness, can be found in any occupation if we will adjust ourselves to the job. Then we will know the most precious of all things, the joy of the job."

IN GUATEMALA

By Walter E. Taylor

If you approached Guatemala, as I did, from the Pacific Ocean, you would probably be just as disappointed in it as I was. I had come in a tiny coastal steamer from the Mexican port of Acapulco, and as the ship approached the Guatemala shore I expected to see one of the busy Central American ports I had read about. San Jose was not busy, and it was not very interesting. Like Guatemala's other Pacific ports, it has no place for ships to land and a tender came out from the shore to transfer me and my baggage to land. As I stepped onto the sandy white beach I was tempted to go back aboard ship and return to Mexico. I had been expecting a part like Puerto Barrios, Gautemala's famous banana port on the Atlantic side, and San Jose was disappointing .

Don Pedro de Alvarado, a soldier of old Spain, was the cause of my coming to Guatemala. While in Mexico City I had been privileged to spend an hour in the pink stone Casa de Alvarado, the house Don Pedro had built for himself. The present owner of the place, an American, had regaled me with tales of the intrepid Don Pedro. The Spanish knight was the most trusted lieutenant of Hernando Cortes, and after the successful conquest of Mexico, Cortes dispatched Alvarado to Guatemala to conquer that country. Don Pedro accompilshed that feat with a flourish. I had come to see the country he had made his own.

As the train pulled out of the station at San Jose and headed for the mountains the green slopes of several valcanoes that overlook the town gave promise of the rugged grandeur of the interior. Guatemala has more than a score of volcanoes within its borders. Some of them have not been active for years, but others have performed regularly and the Guatemaltecos accept the possibility of sudden eruption and earthquake resignedly. The history of the country is studded with tragic accounts of the destruction of cities by earthquake and as recently as the year 1917 the capital city was almost completely destroyed. The volcanoes, distant and mysterious, hold their eternal threat over the populace, and were important in the religion of the Indians in pre-conquest times. Some rise to heights of 12,000 feet, and from the summit of one it is possible to see both the Alantic and the Pacific Oceans on a clear day.

The ride from the coast to the capital presents continually changing scenes of agricultural operations on a vast scale. For the first few miles the train skirts densely planted groves of fruit and cacao trees; fields of cane and cotton stretch away to the horizon and there seems to be little small farming. Most of the important crops are grown on great estates or haciendas.

Enroute to the highlands the train circles jewel-like Lake Amatitlan, where Indian women wash their clothes in hot springs along the shore and rinse them in the cool lake waters. The numerous hot springs of Guatemala remind one of those in Yellowstone Park.

Scarcely a white face is seen in in-

terior villages of Gautemala, and only the dark, serious faces of the Indians are turned to watch the train pass. More than two-thirds of the population of Guatemala is pure Indian, and it is ruled by the Spanish and Indian-Spanish upper class. Like the Indians of southern Mexico, the Guatemaltecos have a superb dignity and reserve. They are descendants of a proud though conquered race, and they appreciate their heritage. When the Spaniards came they killed off the Indian scholars, artists, and achitects so that today's Indians are descendants of the lower strata of the Indian social structure.

It was spring and we were below the Tropic of Cancer, but there was a distinct chill about the air when we reached Guatemala City. It is a mile high and has a temperate climate. Guatemala boasts three separate climate zones. Along the hot, steamy coast grow the bananas and other tropical plants; in the tierra templada or temperate zone is found coffee; and in the high country it is possible to grow crops similar to those grown in the vicinity of the Canadian border.

A Spanish-Indian showed me to my hotel room, and when I exclaimed over the beauty of the solid, massive mahogany furniture he explained that mahogany is common and cheap because Guatemala has forests of it. Later I met an American whose business was cutting out the mahogany and floating it down the rivers for shipment to the United States.

Guatemala City, not an old city as Latin American cities go, shows the Spanish-Moorish influence in its pink tinted houses, grilled windows and narrow streets. With the exception of the numerous churches of varying degrees of magnificence, there are few high buildings. The city was founded about the time of the American Revolution, and has suffered so many earthquakes that the citizens do not dare to build higher than two stories because they never know when their walls and roofs will come tumbling in upon them.

A traveler who described Guatemala City as it appeared twenty years ago, pictured a backward town of cobbled streets and little activity. Today it is a place of asphalt streets and smart, broad-windowed shops. Motion picture houses show American films and advertise with brilliant electric signs in the accepted American manner. All sorts of American-made products, from automobile tires to aspirin, are advertised in the city, and even in immense whitewashed letters on mountain slopes. Guatemala City is the metropolis of Central America, and like any American city, it has its chamber of commerce and its boosters' clubs. The boosters have placed signs bearing the legend, "Guatemala Grows the Best Coffee in the World," in many conspicuous places, for coffee is one of the leading exports. When I visited the offices of the Department of Agriculture I was given a packet of fragrant, freshly-roasted coffee as a souvenir. Guatemala's coffee crop is grown on big estates, and a large majority of the coffee estates are owned or managed by Germans.

For the visitor who wants a bird's eye view of Guatemala the government has built a giant relief map that covers a half acre and shows the railroads, water courses, highways, and principal towns. The map is viewed from a platform, and is an excellent example of the visual education in Latin America today.

Ten years ago it was possible to drive only a few miles in any direction from the Guatemalan capital, but today good roads lead to remote portions of the republic. The government is pushing road building and modernization of transportation facilities as fast as funds will allow, and Guatemalans look forward to the time when their country will be connected with the United States by the proposed inter-American highway. A considerable portion of Guatemala's section of that highway is already complete.

A few miles west of Guatemala City is Antigua, former capital of the nation and known as America's Pompei because, like Pompei, it was destroyed by a volcano. A good highway leads over the mountains to where Antigua drowses in the shadow of the Volcan de Agua, the volcano that blew up and destroyed the city when the lake in the volcano crater poured out upon it. Established in 1542 by Pedro de Alvarado, Antigua was once the capital of the entire Spanish colonial empire. The flower of colonial civilization flourished there and the city had a university when the now great cities of our Atlantic seaboard were mere clusters of huts. When the Spaniards built this city at the foot of the volcano the Indians warned that it would be destroyed, and the prophecy came true, not once, but several times. The city was so often ravaged by earthquake and fire that in 1776 the capital was removed to its present site at Guatemala City. Today Antigua is a sleepy town of a few thousand inhabitants, and is noted only for its magnificent ruins. Two of the old buildings, the church of La Merced and the old governors' palace, survived all the quakes and are still in use, but the rest of the glorious colonial city lies in ruin. And even in ruins these buildings are beautiful. In the roofless chapels and corridors of the Convent of the Capuchines, where the daughters of the Spanish grandees were schooled, Indians now spread their wares for sale. Noble arches, moss-grown and crumbling, recall the gay days of the city's glory. The magnificence of the ruined palaces testifies to the wealth of the colonial empire, and here and there the coat-of-arms of the Spanish king is seen emblazoned on a lintel or an ancient fountain. The brilliant wild flowers of the tropics flourish among the broken buildings.

Some of the merchants of Antigua's market place have only a few bananas or oranges to sell, and their profit for the day would amount to less than a quetzal. The quetzal is the Guatemalan dollar, and it is named for the national bird of the country. The quetzal is a green and scarlet bird that is a real symbol of liberty, for it cannot survive in captivity. Today it is seldom seen for it has retired to the remotest jungles.

From Antigua I made excursions, sometimes by car, sometimes afoot, to Indian villages where life has not changed greatly for a thousand years. The highlands of Guatemala are a series of valleys and steep mountain slopes, and every few miles silvery waterfalls leap hundreds of feet in glorious cascades. The rivers of Guatemala all seem to hop and skip along at great speed, as if they were late for their rendezvous with the ocean. The Indians travel always on foot and carry incredible loads on their shoulders and heads. One day I met a group of Tedos Santos tribes-

men and they looked for all the world like replicas of our cartoon character of Uncle Sam. The tribal costume of the Todos Santos men is made up of red and white striped trousers worn with blue jackets. All they lack is the tall, starred hat! Each tribe in the mountains has a distinctive costume, but since the coming of highways and modernity some of the Indians are giving up the fine old hand-woven dress in favor of blue denim overalls from Massachusetts.

Throughout the Guatemalan highlands one hears the music of the marimba, an instrument that has been a national institution in this country since time immemorial. Latter day American dance bands have adopted it as their own, and some Guatemalan players have marimbas from the United States. Most of the Indians make their own marimbas from home-grown gourds, and it seems to me that the home-made instruments are sweeter toned than the gaudy, factory-made article.

THE DUTY OF PARENTS

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

On two recent occasions in Newton speakers who are in a position to speak authoritatively have lain the blame for juvenile delinquency directly at the door of parents.

The two persons referred to are Judge Allen H. Gwyn, of the Superior court who addressed the Kiwanis club, and Clerk of Court Wade H. Lefler, juvenile judge, who spoke at a recent meeting of the Parent-Teachers association.

In both instances these men, who have had many occasions to inquire into the background and environment of delinquents, have found that most of those youths who find their way into the courts are those whose parents have neglected to give any concern to their training.

Churches and schools are too often given the full burden of character training of children, but in the final analysis, unless parents are concerned enough to see to it that their children attend the school and church services regularly these two institutions have little opportunity to make much impression on the children.

It was noteworthy, too, that both speakers emphasized that parents should not only see to it that their children do certain things, but should accompany them, giving an appreciable amount of their time to activities with their boys and girls.

As juvenile delinquency is one of the greatest problems of society, the conclusions drawn by these and numerous other authorities would indicate that parent education is probably the first step to be taken in solving the situation. For regardless of amount of money and time spent in establishing institutions for the development of good citizens, unless parents fulfill their part of the obligation to youth, much of the effort is wasted.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

By A. W. Plyler

We do not refer to the golden touch that the old Greek myth tells us King Midas had. The gods gave Midas the power to turn whatever he touched into gold. Some men in this present day seem eager for the same touch and with it their ecstacy would know no bounds, as was the case with King Midas. It was wonderful for him to see how wooden chairs, earthen vessels, trees and hills were turned into shining metal. But when the cup of water and the crust of bread that touched his lips and the loving daughter that he kissed all turned to gold, then he knew that the poorest beggar in all the land was rich beside him.

Our reference is not to the touch that converts all things into the yellow metal, but it is to the touch that enriches life and character with the best and finest things within the gift of God or man. It is the touch of a great heart that overflows and sheds its blessings upon all around, or the inspiration of a great life that stirs others to high and splendid endeavor. Who has not been acquainted with just such as these. One of life's great hearts becomes as "the shelter of a rock in a weary land," and one of those great inspiring personalities stir men and women to holy daring like the presence of Napoleon inspired his "Old Guard."

Jesus had the power of that touch. The doctors of divinity at Jerusalem felt it in the lad of twelve, the woman of the street recognized his eternal goodness that shamed her into a better life, the twelve felt the touch till Judas, who dared to do violence thereto, went out speedily and hanged himself.

A little woman with the golden touch enters an uninviting cottage and lets the magic of her presence play upon the bare floor and walls. And without big outlay of gold for furniture, curtains, pictures and bric-a-brac, she with the eye of an artist puts a touch of beauty here and another expression of her exquisite taste over there, till after a little she has transformed the place into a home, beautiful as the gates of paradise. It is a result of the golden touch.

A little while ago a man with the eye of an artist and of a landscape gardner went out into the wilds of Florida among the barren and neglected sandhills of that southern peninsula and there upon the shore of a lake made him a place of wondrous beauty. Tropical flowers bloom there all the year round and tropical birds with brilliant plumage make it their home, the fawn and the doe browse in the parks and visitors from afar come to view and admire the wonders of park and lawn overlooking the broad, beautiful lake whose waters are like the bosom of a summer sea. What did it all? Not money alone. But the golden touch of a man who could see.

Who is it that bends over the cradle of infancy and ministers to childhood through the tender years of life and sets the youthful feet to travel the way of truth and duty? The woman with the golden touch. Who is it that comforts old age slipping swiftly to the tomb? Some angel of mercy

who is endowed with the golden touch.

How some men covet the touch of Midas! Give them the power to turn whatever they touched to gold and the supreme desire of their lives would be satisfied. They measure everything by its monetary value. Such men, though they know it not, are the world's most destitute and wretched paupers. But there is a golden touch that like mercy blesses both he that gives and he that receives. That touch in the home, in the social circle, in the shop, in the office, in the store, in church, everywhere is golden. That touch of some splendid personality has converted the girl into a princess, has awakened the careless and indifferent boy and made of him a patriot, a statesman, a prophet. Covet earnestly the best gifts, but above all covet the power of the golden touch.

But for some trouble and sorrow, we should never know half the good there is about us.—Dickens

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THE FINNS, THEIR TRAITS AND TEMPERAMENT

By Hudson Strode in the New York Times

In Finland the stranger senses security and fair dealing straight off.

Even in the cities he feels no necessity for bolting doors, and above the Artic Circle it is an unwritten law that doors be left unlocked, for in winter nights the difference between a locked door and one that opens quickly may mean the difference between death and life to a freezing traveler.

The oft-told tales of found purses being nailed to trees and retrieved by their owners months later are not exaggerations.

A Finn cannot see why people praise a man for anything as natural as honesty. In regard to the famous war debts to the United States, the Finns think it is pointless to make such a fuss. "Is it such a wonder," they ask Americans, "if I repay the money you have lent me. We did not intend to keep it, of course."

The Finns are relentless against boasting and pretentiousness. They do not encourage "personalities" among their compatriots. They are apt to discredit all "chiefs," and particularly those who rise too fast.

Rich men's sons are not pampered in Finland. Their fathers train them for the business of meeting life. "No tennis courts are allowed at our country place," the well-to-do son-in-law of Jean Sibelius said to me. "My boys can play tennis at school if they like. At home in summer they are in the fields with the laborers at 7 o'clock every morning. They work until the laborers quit in the evening, and the boys get the peasant's point of view."

"Don't they ever get a vacation?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. The 19-year-old one is on vacation now. He's helping to build anti-tank fortifications near the Russian frontier, fitting the granite boulders into the holes."

History has taught the Finn in the brutal way which is her own not to hurry needlessly. Finns do not like haste, but they always arrive in time. An old proverb says, "God made time, but man made haste." The Finn often conveys the impression of being phlegmatic. When it is necessary, however, he can hurry.

The Fins are grounded in their folk-ways and cling to customs that reach back a thousand years. Yet there is no nation today more alert to new ideas. The Finns are not afraid of experiments. They were the first to try out prohibition. Some of their schools and hospitals and cooperative shops are so replete with modern equipment they seem to belong to future decades. Their factories and laborers' houses, often designed by their foremost architects, are calculated to beautify the district as well as to be models of efficiency.

Though Finns are not big talkers, they can be excellent conversationalists. And they can be eloquent with passionate appeal when something that matters is at stake—something that touches their patriotism. Patriotism is the Finn's real religion.

The Finnish passion for education and self-improvement is another kind of religion. The Finns feel a responsibility to uplift themselves and their fellowman. There are more university students in Finland in proportion to the population than in any other country in the world. There are more books published annually per capita.

They savor living in their own peculiar way. A man of infinite patience, a Finn can be passive with the utmost calm. Yet without any prompting, he seems to know when it is his cue to act. And for all his cool-blooded rythms and serene, poker-faced appearance, there is something dangerous in his make-up to be mightliy feared if it is loosed. He himself does not fear death or destruction. When a situation looks particularly dangerous or grim, the Finn laughs and says, "Oh, well, nothing fiercer than death can come of it."

———o———

"All lovely things belong to me.
The sun is shining on the sea,
The wind is whispering to the tree,
The lark is singing to the sky,
The fleecy clouds are sailing by;
I am as rich as can be,
For all these things belong to me.
No one can take these joys away,
For in my heart they ever stay."

—Selected.

LIVE FROG FOUND SEALED UP IN 60-YEAR OLD BRICK WALL

(Morganton News-Herald)

A frog which was found in the center of a 24-inch brick wall of a State hospital building now being remodeled is a source of bewilderment to workmen and others who are willing to concede that the critter was sealed up there about 60 years ago.

The frog, guant and apparently lifeless when found, showed signs of life after being exposed to the air and is now reported to be "doing well." Close inspection found no way in which the frog could have gotten into the wall unless it was there when the building was erected.

When found, the frog was between two bricks, thoroughly sealed up, and occupying a space a quarter-inch in width.

It was in a portion of the wall about three feet from the ground and was dug out of the brick masonry by a Mr. Austin.

Lifted from between the bricks, the frog "came to life" and is being closely watched.

Through arrangement with Horace McMahan, one of the workmen on hand when the discovery was made, the frog will be brought to The News-Herald office today for examination by any newspaperman or others who are inclined to study what is pointed to as one of the longest "Rip Van Winkle" acts in these parts.

From time to time frogs have appeared in print under similar circumstances, and no one yesterday seemed to know the longest time on record that a frog has been sealed up in foundations and walls.

It was not determined immediately what species of frog or toad the local specimen belongs, but curious observers may decide for themselves when the critter is brought to The News-Herald office today.

———o———

He always said he would retire
  When he had made a million clear,
And so he toiled into the dusk
  From day to day, from year to year.
At last he put the ledgers up
  And laid his stock aside;
But when he started out to live
  He found he had already died.

DIAMONDS IN INDUSTRY

(Monroe Enquirer)

It took a war in Europe to draw the attention of the American public to a unique and dramatic phase of modern industry—the importance of the diamond in the manufacture of war materials.

To the average person the diamond was an expensive stone of undying brilliant fire to be placed in a ring, a bracelet, clip or other jewelry. Then we began to hear such unfamiliar terms as boar, carborundum and tungsten carbide associated with the gems. It was even more puzzling to the uninitated to be informed that diamonds were highly necessary in the manufacture of war materials—in the construction of airplanes, submarines, ships of the line and war tanks.

But the fact is, as representatives of De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., of Kimberly, South Africa, have pointed out, all the diamonds mined are by no means used for jewelry. Indeed, 75 per cent of the diamonds imported by this country are used industrially. They are applied to the truing of grinding wheels, shaping the hard surface of emery and turning machine parts of all kinds. The Ford Motor Company, for instance, uses more than 1,000 diamonds a year for this purpose. Aluminum alloy pistons, and other such parts, can be trued on a lathe with a diamond-pointed tool, to measurements varing less than one ten-thousandth of an inch from standard.

Another important use is in drawing wire. Diamonds with holes in them are fitted into oil nozzles, to be used in the furnaces of our homes and factories. For sawing and drilling building stone, the diamond is invaluable. When you visit a modern stoneyard, you can see giant steel saws, their teeth studded with hundreds of diamonds, whizzing around and cutting the hard, massive blocks like so much cheese. A saw blade seven feet in diameter has more than a thousand diamonds embedded in its teeth.

The glass cutter finds diamond-pointed tools the best for his work and thousands of carats are bought yearly for this ever day task. Other industrial uses of diamonds are legion: they are used in phonograph needles, in optical and dental drills, for knifie-edges in delicate scales, in tools for artistic etching on metal, in hardness-testing machines, as dies for extruding the lead in pencils, and for turning ivory, hardwood and bakelite into such things as billard balls, bowling balls and door-knobs.

Those who, with romantic impulses, sigh that the most romantic of gems should thus be diverted to prosaic industry, really should not be alarmed. For no diamonds that go to industry are suitable for cutting into the gem stones that go into rings and other jewelry.

No grudge is worth the mental storeroom which might be used for a live idea instead of a dead spite.

THE PLANNING ERA IN CHILD WELFARE

(The Connie Maxwell)

The Bulletin of the Child Welfare League of America for the month of December is a most interesting number. For us at Connie Maxwell the most arresting article is by Dr. L. W. Mayo. He is without doubt at the present time in the front rank of thinkers in the field of child welfare. The principles discussed by him have been thrust upon our consideration at Connie Maxwell Orphanage and at the present time we have a commission of nine persons studying with great earnestness some of the features of the present day challenges.

Some of the changes that are called for in the work of institutions today will without doubt be elaborated and treated at the White House Conference to be held in Washington this month.

Rather than make an attempt to paraphrase anything that Dr. Mayo has written, we take the liberty to make an extensive quotation from him as follows:

"As public services expand and voluntary agencies find it difficult to raise funds, they must scrutinize their present services and their value in the community more extensively and analytically than at any time in their history. Public funds for child welfare are now available to greater extent than previously, new frontiers are being pushed back, new areas of service opened up.

While it has always been true that the needs of children have transcended the importance of an individual or agency, it is even more apparent today. Planning for child welfare requires that lay and professional people throughout the country attain a level of social statesmanship not theretofore achieved. The challenge to the individual social worker, particularly those whose knowledge and experience have been confined primarly to the development of treatment techniques, is to raise their eyes from the test tubes in the laboratory and view the larger community relationships and issues. The challenge to board members and laymen is to see their agencies only as a part of a whole and the needs of children as paramount to the importance of a single agency.

"Insofar as the League is concerned it has contributed richly in the past years to the development and treatment techniques and in formulating and gaining the acceptance of high standards of service to children. The challenge that now confronts it is to rear on this foundation, laid by the late director and those who labored with him, a program of planning and community organization aimed at the preservation of these standards and of children themselves. The problem is no longer one of "Public versus Private," it is rather, how Public and Private can together create an adequate and workable plan of service and courage for "Children in a Democracy."

INSTITUTION NOTES

The recent freezing weather certainly played havoc with the plumbing system in various sections of the campus. Mr. Scarboro and his boys have made the necessary repairs and everything is again in good condition.

The appearance of the interior of our auditorium has been greatly improved, due to the fact that Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys recently completed the task of reconditioning the floor.

We are glad to report that Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No. 2, has returned from the Charlotte Sanitorium, where she had been receiving treatment for a knee injury, sustained through falling down the pantry steps a little more than a week ago. While much improved, Mrs. Lee is still confined to her room.

The boys on the outdoor forces have not been able to accomplish much during the past several weeks because of very bad weather conditions. Now that the snow has disappeared and the thermometer is again registering normal temperature, we are hopeful of having the farm and garden work going again at an early date.

The feature picture at the regular weekly show in the auditorium last Thursday night was a Columbia production, "The Gladiator," starring Joe E. Brown. This fellow, with the large oral cavity, is a prime favorite with youngsters everywhere, so it goes without saying that the boys thoroughly enjoyed the picture. A short comedy, "Window Shopping", was shown on the same program.

With the news coming to this office that hospitals all through this section being over-crowded, we take great pleasure in making the announcement that at this writing there is but one patient in our infirmary. This recent addition to the School's equipment proved to be a "shelter in the time of storm" during the epidemic of "flu" and very bad colds among the boys. With more than 350 cases to care for, every day was a busy day at the infirmary for about six weeks.

The grim reaper recently paid his last call to families of several workers at the Training School. About two weeks ago we received word of the death of Mr. Cox, of Raeford, who was the father of Mrs. L. S. Presson, who until just a short time ago was matron at the Receiving Cottage. Last week Mrs. J. R. Cook, of Concord, a sister of Mr. R. A. Sappenfield, officer in charge of Cottage No. 14, died at her home there. To the sorrowing relatives and friends of both, we take this opportunity to tender deepest sympathy in their hour of bereavement.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read a portion of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the subject of his most interesting and helpful talk to

the boys was "The High Cost of Low Living."

The speaker first brought out the fact that low living is willful living. As an example, he said the prodigal son did not ask his father's advice about going out into the world to make his living, he just said he was going. He took his portion of the goods of his own desire.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then stated that young man's low living first became wasteful living. Finally, when he added up the cost, all was spent. He had spent his time—his youth, when he should have been building character and fortune; he spent his health; he spent his character in riotous living; and he spent the esteem and friendship of good men. Once friends are lost, much in life is lost, for friendship adds greatly to one's success in life.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys that in sin we spend our immortal souls, urging all to leave sinful ways and arise and go to our Heavenly Father.

Former Faithful Worker Passes

Two sisters came to the Jackson Training School in the year 1922 and were employed as matron in adjoining cottages. They were always sisterly in companionship and in their helpfulness toward each another. These good ladies held their positions in high esteem, feeling that few people had better opportunity to help humanity than was offered them in caring for the needs of boys entrusted to their care. The welfare of the wayward boy became an obsession to them.

On Wednesday, January 24th, one of these sisters, Miss Aupha Wrenn, who left the service of the School because of ill health, died at the home of her niece, Mrs. Charles E. Thomas, near Wadesboro, thus ending the fond hope of recuperating sufficient to return to the School and take up her accustomed duties, along with her sister, Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, who is still matron at Cottage No. 7.

This loss will be felt very much, both by her sister and other relatives and friends, also by the boys and officials of the School. Miss Wrenn gave her best in the interest of the work to which she had been called. During the nearly six years she had been away from the institution, especially in her last days, the care of the boys remained uppermost in her mind. The true value of such a life can best be summed up by the following verse:

"There are some things beyond the gift of gold,
A richer treasure needed now and then;
Some things life needs which are not bought or sold,
The high occasion often calls for men.
Some for relief from service give their pelf,
But he who gives most freely gives himself."

Little progress can be made by merely attempting to repress what is evil; our great hope lies in developing what is good.—Calvin Coolidge.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL — JANUARY

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clarence Baker
Aldine Duggins
Robert Dunning
Leo Hamilton
Harold O'Dear
Marshall Pace
H. C. Pope
Landros Sims
George Tolson
Jerome Wiggins
Floyd Williams

—B—

Cecil Ashley
Roy Barnett
Mack Bell
Leonard Dawn
Dillon Dean
William Dixon
Alfred Lamb
J. P. Morgan
Elroy Pridgen
John Reep
Eldred Watts
John Whitaker
James C. Wiggins

SECOND GRADE

—A—

John Baker
Clyde Barnwell
Aldine Brown
William Broadwell
Velda Denning
Richard Freeman
Eugene Edwards
George Green
Hardy Lanier
Douglas Mabry
Fred McGlammery
Loy Stines

—B—

Charles Beal
John Crawford
Howard Cox
Percy Capps
Paul Dockery
Lacy Green
John Ham
Earl Hildreth
Leonard Jacobs
Winley Jones
Milton Koontz
Spencer Lane
Tilman Lyles
Everett Lineberry
John Maples
Durwood Martin
McCree Mabe
Roy Mumford
Richard Parker
Eugene Puckett
Oscar Smith
Calvin Tessneer
Gilbert Williams
Wallace Woody, Jr.
Clarence Wright
Thomas Yates

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Raymond Anderson
Wilson Bailiff
Clifton Davis
Mark Jones
Thomas King

—B—

Earl Bass
William Deaton
John Fausnett
William Jerrell
Hugh Kennedy
Franklin Lyles
Oakley Lunsford
James Puckett
William T. Smith
Cleveland Suggs
Edd Woody

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Samuel Kirksey

—B—

Theodore Rector
J. P. Sutton

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Jack Cline
Henry Ennis
J. W. McRorrie
O. D. Talbert
Arvel Ward

—B—

Lewis Donaldson
Max Evans
Jack Mathis
Julian Merritt

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles
William Beach
William G. Bryant
Wade Cline
William Covington
Bruce Hawkins
James Kissiah
Raymond Sprinkle
Eugene Smith

—B—

Richard Baumgarner
Jewell Barker
Donald Earnhardt
William Griffin
Wilbur Hardin
William Herrin
Porter Holder
Bruce Link
Robert Maples

SEVENTH GRADE

—B—

Frank Cotter
John Robertson
Fred Owens

———o———

There is one thing that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote that has stood out above all others. It is this: "Quiet minds cannot be perlexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm."

Lincoln holding his course during the trying days of the Civil War; Washington at Valley Forge; Elbert and Alice Hubbard calmly facing death on the Lusitania; Nathan Hale's "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country"; Christ before the mob—quiet minds all.

The man who can say, with Walt Whitman, "Nothing external to me can have any power over me"; the man who knows that, as the stoic philosopher Seneca said, "Most powerful is he who has himself in his power"; that type of man has a quiet mind. He moves forward "as tranquilly as a ship on a placid stream." He plows ahead like a steamer, rain or shine.

Is there a finer illustration of perfect poise than a clock during a storm?—Wilfred Peterson.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending February 4, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Bennie Austin
Clyde Gray 9
(3) Leon Hollifield 10
(11) Edward Johnson 11
(3) J. C. Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Browning 2
(4) William G. Bryant 8
(2) Eugene Edwards 4
(4) B. C. Elliott 4
(3) Porter Holder 7
Clay Mize 4
(2) H. C. Pope 4
(4) Edward Warnock 8
(4) Everett Watts 6
(4) William Whittington 8
(3) William C. Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 2

(4) George Cooke 8
(4) Donald McFee 8
(6) Landros Sims 9

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Earl Barnes 7
(2) Richard Baumgarner 7
(3) James Boone 5
(4) Coolidge Green 9
(4) William Sims 9
Harrison Stilwell 5

COTTAGE No. 4

(4) Plummer Boyd 5
(2) John Jackson 6
Hugh Kennedy 5
(6) Ivan Morrozoff 10
(2) Henry Raby 8
(2) Robert Simpson 4
(6) Melvin Walters 10

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Theodore Bowles 8
(3) Everett Lineberry 5
(4) James Massey 5
Currie Singletary 2
(3) Hubert Walker 8
(3) Henry Ziegler 4

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Edward Batten 6
Fletcher Castlebury
(2) Noah Ennis 7
(4) Columbus Hamilton 6
(2) Leo Hamilton 4
Leonard Jacobs 6
Joseph Tucker 3
Carl Ward 4
Ronald Washam
Woodrow Wilson 3
Jack West

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) William Beach 7
Carl Breece 9
(5) Paul Dockery 8
(11) Donald Earnhardt 11
(2) Lacy Green 7
(2) George Green 6
Robert Hampton 5
Lyman Johnson 6
(2) Hugh Johnson 8
Robert Lawrence 6
Elmer Maples 8
(4) Arnold McHone 8
Marshall Pace 5
(2) Carl Ray 8
(4) Joseph Wheeler 9
Edd Woody 6

COTTAGE No. 8

Lewis Baker
(2) Martin Crump 5
Sam Everidge
(3) Jack Hamilton 5
Junius Holleman
Lonnie Holleman
(3) Harvey Smith 3

COTTAGE No. 9

Mack Bell 7
(4) J. T. Branch 8
(11) Roy Butner 11
(11) Frank Glover 11
Wilbur Hardin 7

(2) Osper Howell 7
Lloyd Mullis 2
Lonnie Roberts 7
L. B. Sawyer 2
(2) Richard Singletary 6
Cleveland Suggs 8
(4) Horace Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 8
Aldine Brown 3
John Crawford 4
James M. Hare 2
Jack Haney
J. D. Hildreth 4
(3) Lee Jones 8
(5) Jesse Kelley 6
(6) Vernon Lamb 9
Max Newsome
Weaver Penland
(6) Oscar Smith 8
Rufus Wagoner 5
George Worley 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(6) John Benson 9
(4) William Covington 9
(11) Earl Hildreth 11
Donald Newman 8
(2) Fred Owens 10
Canipe Shoe 3
(3) Thomas Turner 8
(4) John Uptegrove 8
(4) N. C. Webb 10

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Odell Almond 10
Jay Brannock 4
(6) Allard Brantley 9
William Deaton 8
(6) Howard Devlin 8
Max Eaker 6
Everett Hackler 6
(4) Woodrow Hager 4
(2) Joseph Hall 6
(2) Hubert Holloway 7
(2) Tillman Lyles 5
Clarence Mayton 5
(2) James Mondie 6
(2) James Puckett 5
(2) Howard Sanders 3
Ralph Sorrells 8
(2) George Tolson 6
Carl Tyndall 3

COTTAGE No. 13

(11) Vincent Hawes 11
(4) James Lane 6
Douglas Mabry 8
(11) Alexander Woody 11

COTTAGE No. 14

(4) Raymond Andrews 8
(2) Robert Deyton 7
(2) Audie Farthing 10
John Ham
(4) John Kirkman 9
(11) Feldman Lane 11
(6) Norvell Murphy 8
(2) Charles McCoyle 7
John Reep 6
(2) Charles Steepleton 5
Garfield Walker 8
J. D. Webster 2
(3) J. C. Willis 4
(5) Jones Watson 9
(6) Wallace Woody, Jr. 10
William Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(11) Raymond Anderson 11
Howard Bobbitt 5
(2) Albert Hayes 7
(6) Fred McGlammery 9
(3) J. P. Sutton 8
Calvin Tessneer 3
(6) William Wood 10

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) George Duncan 9
(5) Philip Holmes 10
(11) Warren G. Lawry 11

———o———

He that would thoroughly equip himself for the government of human affairs, should have a wisdom that can look forward into things that will brighten the future, and a learning that can look back into things that are past.—Selected.

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VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 17, 1940 NO. 7

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Born February 22, 1732,

Died December 14, 1799.

Washington, the brave, the wise, the good,
Supreme in war, in council, and in peace,
Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear
Confident without presumption.
In disaster, calm; in success moderate; in all, himself.
The hero, the patriot, the christian.
The father of nations, the friend of mankind,
Who, when he had won all, renounced all,
Then sought in the bosom of his family and nature, retirement,
And in the hope of religion, immortality.

—Inscription at Mt. Vernon.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE GOSPEL OF THE SECOND CHANCE

Not by the same safe rules and charts
  Do pilgrims on earth's trails advance,
Some walk unhindered in their course
  And others bow to circumstance;
Some in the first attempt attain
  Goals that every mile enhance,
And some will stumble and invoke
  The gospel of the second chance.

Let us walk humbly in the way
  In which we all are strangers still.
Not one upon the road today
  Can estimate tomorrow's ill.
The strong are not infallible
  While sin still savors of romance,
And always weak ones must entreat
  The gospel of the second chance.

Be shame to him of any caste
  Upon life's stage of varied play
Who will not grant the weakest role
  Full leave to gain what meed he may,
And though he falls and spoils one act,
  If he gets up he'll win perchance,
If strong ones publish and obey
  The gospel of the second chance.

—Winfield Scott Higel.

THEN AND NOW

This tribute to the "Father of Our Country" is taken from the Masonic Beacon. It shows that to meet conditions two centuries ago it required man-power in the superlative sense:

The efforts of our present day civilization pale into insignificance as far as results are concerned when compared with the achievements of the time of George Washington, with what he had to work with.

We become a regimented populace of many thousands of minute segments which when operated congenially and cooperatively we have an harmonious machine-like whole that creates for us the happiness and contentment we apparently are seeking.

We have no leaders who exert an initiative so markedly demonstrated by Washington and others of his day. A leadership backed by a righteous belief on one hand and the confidence of his fellowmen on the other, even with the disadvantage of slow communication and transportation facilities, accomplished things so remarkable, we read of them with awe.

The progress that has been made in the past 208 years since the birth of Washington can be credited to those hardy forebears of ours who had definite plans for living and maxims that were followed to the letter. Handed down from one generation to another though they have been, they apply to our lives, now, as they applied to the lives in those early days, if we would apply them.

A careful reading of literature bearing upon life during Washington's time will cause anyone to "snap back" in case he has strayed from the scheme of things. It will take the wind out of the sails of some readers and put glorious optimism in the hearts of others.

* * * * * * * *

SCOUTING

The 30th anniversary of the Boy Scout movement was most appropriately observed last week. The scout movement stands for finer citizenship by directing the young boys physically, spiritually and mentally. During the brief history, scouting has had a rapid growth, and has given in return young men of a finer mold with an ambition for worthwhile things. As a first aid to better citizenship the people at large are bidding for greater interest in the scout movement.

The goal for the national organization is to give every boy, scout age, the privileges of scout life, and the same should be the goal

of all communities. It is not wealth, fine business or fine buildings that make a country, but it is her citizenship. It is well to keep in mind that the ideals planted in the minds of children, or youth, are pretty generally the motivating powers of manhood. When contributions are made for scouting that means we are taking the young boys from the streets, and placing them where they will not contact the tendency that leads to crime. Boys, if not gainfully engaged, are very likely to become mischievously engaged —the first step to misdemeanors.

When a stranger in a city the sight of the scout uniform inspires confidence. The wayfarer knows his way will be charted properly. There is something in the oath of allegiance when accepted as a scout that holds the boy fast, and makes him feel that he too plays an important role in the affairs of life.

* * * * * * * *

A NICE LETTER

Superintendent Chas. E. Boger has received many letters, expressing an appreciation of the clean, inspirational reading matter of The Uplift. But the letter given below is doubly appreciated, coming from a source having the same goal as the Jackson Training School, and from one who is Social Service Supervisor of a large institution for wayward boys in Michigan. It is pleasing to receive some recognition even if it is an echo of appreciation a far piece from home.

Detroit Michigan
January 13, 1940

Mr. Chas. E. Boger
Editor, The Uplift
Concord N. C.,

Dear Mr. Boger:

Your good paper Uplift, as an exchange, has come to our institution for a long time. It is invariably loaded with good cheer. The writer always finds time to read it some time during a spare moment. I was particularly impressed with the splendid quotation on the front page of the December issue, by Van Dyke. I am sure the boys appreciate the good that comes from reading through fully these fine thoughts

found in such quotations. While we read them we consciously and even unconsciously open up our minds to the higher things that build us up to the best manhood and womanhood.

My best wishes go to you all for a happy New Year.

Sorry that we can't send you a paper in exchange for "The Uplift." Our former publication—The De-Ho-Co News, has been discontinued.

Sincerely,
August Sherman
Social Service Supervisor

* * * * * * * *

HIGHWAY PRECAUTIONS

Ronald Hocutt, director of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division gives the rules as written for pedestrians, but these rules are good for any time and at any place. The Highway Division advises that it is wisdom to be doubly alert at night, because it is then that most pedestrians are killed. Impossible to know too much about the dangers of the highway:

1. Carry or wear something white at night to help drivers see you.
2. Cross only at crosswalks, keep to the right in the crosswalks.
3. Before crossing—look both ways, be sure the way is clear before you cross.
4. Cross only on the proper signal.
5. Watch for turning cars.
6. Never go into the roadway from between parked cars.
7. Where there is no sidewalk and it is necessary to walk in the roadway, walk on the left side facing oncoming traffic.

* * * * * * * *

HENRY FORD BROADCAST

The concert, broadcast from Detriot, Micigan, by the orchestra sponsored by Henry Ford, are wonderful contributions of first class music, and are appreciated by lovers of good music. The subject of the address by Mr. Cameron last Sunday evening was Thomas A. Edison, the fine friend of Henry Ford. He eulogized Edison, tracing his life course from the date Edison served as a

news-boy on some short line railroad in Michigan, up to the time the incandescent lamp signalized a revolution in illumination. The revolutionary effects, said the speaker, of the inventions of Edison on human living could scarcely be dreamed of, and difficult yet to imagine what science will develop in the future for the progress of civilization.

The Henry Ford program on Sunday nights is replete with an orchestra composed of the best musicians, interspersed with songs rendered by the best artists of the country. Henry Ford has made his millions in the manufacturing of automobiles, so in the time of his highest strength, financially, he is giving to the world expressions of the highest culture. The Henry Ford hour over the radio Sunday evenings is educational as well as a delightful pastime.

* * * * * * * *

The State Health Officer, Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, does not think the law designed to prevent diphtheria in children has been enforced. The reports show that there were 476 cases of diphtheria in the state in November, and 211 of which occurred under 5 years and 276 in children from 5 to 9.

We quote Dr. Reynolds: It requires about sixty days for a child to become immunized, and if the law had been observed to the letter, diphtheria could have been wiped out by midsummer of this year. This pitable picture of helpless children is given by the same authority:

"If the people of this State could only witness these helpless children and see the scores of them in hospitals with tubes in their throats, some of which had to be inserted by making incisions in their necks, our people would wake up to just what this means."

WASHINGTON AS A BOY

(The New Leaf)

We all know a great deal about George Washington, the man, the soldier, the statesman, and the president, but very little of George Washington, the boy. His boyhood will prove interesting and at the same time helpful to boys who are striving to make something of themselves.

George Washington was born on a plantation of twelve hundred acres called Wakefield, in Westmoreland county, Virginia, 65 miles below Washington city, on the Potomac.

Mary Ball, Washington's mother, was a mother worthy of her splendid son. She had spent some years of her girlhood at the home of her brother, Joseph Ball, at Cookham, in Berkshire, England, where Augustine Washington, George's father, happening to be in England on affairs connected with his property, met her. She was regarded as a belle and a beauty, and had many admirers in Virginia as well as in England. Augustine Washington was considered one of the handsomest men of his day, and was a widower, with two boys, at the time of his marriage to Mary Ball. Twelve years later Mary Washington was left a widow with five children, George, Betty, Samuel, John and Charles, and two stepsons.

George evidently merited his mother's love, for he was in all things a dutiful and upright son Even for that time, when children were most respectful to their parents.

His father's death and the placing of the honors of the oldest son upon him, made him even more mannerly and dignified. We are told that at 15 George was a splendid specimen of young manhood. Life in the open air, healthy, athletic exercise, clean, wholesome living, had added their charms to the splendid physique and graceful manners he had inherited from his father. At 15 he was the head of the household at Ferry Farm, read family prayers night and morning, presided at the table, was obeyed by his brothers and worshipped by his sister and consulted by his mother, herself an admirable manager and a woman of business.

George seems to have had few faults. We know him as truthful, punctual, systematic, executive, tender and brave. To his mother he was an ideal son.

George always had a passion for things military, and learned much of French military tactics from Lord Fairfax's bodyguard, Lance, while visiting Lord Fairfax at Greenaway Court in Virginia.

Lance also taught George to fence, and the future great man afterwards admitted that in addition to mastering the gentlemanly art he mastered something more important—the art of mastering his temper. He soon found that courage, swiftness, dexterity were all necessary, but that the man with the uncontrolled temper was always defeated. He once said to Lance: "Ever since I was a little boy, I have never lost my temper before my mother or any woman. It would be ungentlemanly." To this Lance replied: "Well, son, go a little farther. If you can do so out of respect for your mother, then out of respect for yourself, always keep your temper."

Life at Greenaway Court was filled with just such sports as boys dearly love—hunting, fishing, riding, association with two old soldiers, who delighted in telling their adventures to the eagerly listening boy beside them, and a little real defending of themselves against the Indians who attacked the house one night. George was a natural woodsman and hunter. No art or craft of the woods, known to white man or Indian, was unknown to him, and this knowledge always resulted in a full game bag whenever he allowed himself a day in the woods. On one occasion George shot a big black bear, measuring over five feet from snoot to tail. Lance, who had learned the art of curing in the woods, soon had the pelt in excellent condition to be presented to George's mother.

George's boyhood passed rapidly away, occupied as he was with man's responsibilities. The young man Washington, the master of Mount Vernon, to which he succeeded upon his father's death, the Soldier Washington, the Statesman Washington, the President Washington, were but the boy Washington developed. In all these stations he applied the same intelligence, the same spirit—the spirit of justice, gentleness, chivalry, truth and piety.

GOD MADE A BRIDGE

America looks back today
With reminiscent eyes,
When winter wafts, from clouds of gray,
A crystal robe that lies
Upon the woodland, field and shore;
And we see again
A tall, straight man, whose feet were sore—
Whose heart was a bulwark then.
We seem to hear the wild wind tear
At the muscles and bones of all;
But it also froze the Delaware.
God answered the patriots' call.

How many years has ice lain thick
Since the winter of long ago!
But still America is quick
In braving fire or snow.
We foster peace beneath the sun;
But the spirit of old we share.
We hear the steps of Washington
On the ice-bridged Delaware!

—Lida Marie Erwin.

A FAMOUS CHERRY TREE

By Leonora Sill Ashton

The well-known story of George Washington and the cherry tree growing on his father's farm, which as a small boy he cut down with his little hatchet, first appeared in print in the year 1800. It was contained in a pamphlet written by the Reverend Mason Locke Weems, on the "Life of George Washington."

The author of this pamphlet is one of the unique and interesting figures about whom we read in the history of the early writings of this country.

Mason Locke Weems was born in the colony of Maryland on October 1, 1759. When he was fourteen years old, his parents sent him abroad to study medicine. He appears to have continued this study for a time, but then gave it up, we read, for the study of theology. Nine years after he first sailed for the old world, we find him back in his native land again, an ordained minister of twenty-three years of age, established in Maryland, in charge of a church there.

Although he had changed his profession, he had evidently not forgotten his medical training; for in 1792 he wrote and published a pamphlet giving his views on the treatment of the sick. We would find this strange reading today; but faulty as these views might appear to us, they were hailed with great interest by readers in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The little book proved to be a great financial success for its author. The effect of its popularity was to turn Weems to yet a third way of life, which was the business of bookmaking and bookselling.

For a time he was connected in this capacity with Matthew Carey, a publisher in Philadelphia, but as time went on he increased his efforts and toured the Southern states on his own responsibility, both selling books and taking subscriptions for them.

On one of these business tours through Virginia, he married; he settled down at Dumfries, which had been the home of his wife. He lived there for several years. During this time he gained a wide circle of friends among the hospitable people of Virginia, and proudly counted his acquaintanceship with George Washington which came about while he was here. In addition to his bookselling, Weems continued his own literary efforts. We read that when, as one of these ventures he brought out a collection of the writings of Benjamin Franklin, Washington wrote him a letter, most warmly commending him for the work.

Spurred on and encouraged by this, Weems published another pamphlet which he wrote himself. This was entitled "The Philanthropist," and was really a dissertation upon what the character of men in public life in the United States should be.

Washington, who we know was at this time especially anxious to see the arts of peace, such as writing and scholarship and wise thinking encouraged and nutured in the new land, approved this piece of work too. Four months before his death he wrote a recommendation of it for the author.

After the death of Washington, the best known of the works of Weems appeared, and the one by which he will long be remembered.

This was a pamphlet of eighty pages, entitled, "A History of the Life and Death and Virtues and Exploits of General George Washington." The book was dedicated to Mrs. Washington. This book became popular at once, and sold so rapidly that the first edition was soon exhausted. He then issued a second edition; then another, and another.

Each succeeding edition was enlarged with new and extra material, gathered from history, and legend, and—as our literary historians express it—from "pure imagination." The story of the cherry tree did not appear in the first edition of the pamphlet; but it was included in a later one, and was part of the additional material which Weems had collected to enlarge and embellish his work. In that part of the pamphlet in which the story is first written, he explains that the information came to him from "the lips of an aged lady."

As soon as the story appeared, it was singled out from all the other anecdotes of Washington, by the many readers of the "Life." It has been printed and reprinted, and told and retold down through all the generations that have followed that time.

Whatever may be the actual truth of the tale of the boy, George Washington, facing a displeased father with the truth of his having destroyed one of the latter's cherished trees, that cherry tree stands first and foremost today among those trees whose branches seem to point the way back to chapter of the early history of our land. The story brings with it a picture of fields and orchards around that Virginia farm which was the home of George Washington from the time he was seven years old until he was twenty-two. Upon the death of his brother he became the owner and master of Mount Vernon.

Like the birthplace of Washington on Bridges Creek, the house in which he lived at the Ferry Farm was destroyed before he became famous, and before the pencil or brush of an artist or the pen of a writer had traced its outlines. The style in which the two houses are built can only be conjectured by comparing them with others of that day which remained intact for a longer period of time.

Washington Irving tells us in his "Life of Washington" that the house at Ferry Farm was similar in plan and proportions to the one at Bridges Creek, in that both were primitive Virginia farmhouses, made of wood, with steep roofs sloping down into low protecting eaves; with four rooms on the ground floor, other smaller ones in the attic, and an immense chimney at each end.

The largest of the four rooms in the house at Bridges Creek was a one-story extension at the back called the "chamber." This was the room in which George Washington was born.

In April, 1735, the house at Bridges Creek was burned. Tradition says that the fire was caused by sparks from a bonfire which lighted on the roof and set the building ablaze.

The bravery of Washington's mother at this time, is a matter of history. Her husband was away from home at the time of the fire, and she took the terrible situation in her own hands. She led the negroes of the plantation in carrying furniture and clothing out of the burning building, and later prepared supper in the cabin kitchen which stood apart from the house, and put up beds there for the family for the night.

On January 23, 1930, the George Washington Birthplace National Monument in Virginia Association was established for the purpose of providing a suitable and permanent marker for the spot where this house stood.

At that time the nation owned about twelve acres of land in the region which included the site of the house in which Washington was born. Gifts and purchases have now brought the total area of the property up to about four hundred acres. This comprises some of the original land owned by the Washington family when they first arrived in Virginia, and known to those early settlers as the Bridges Creek Plantation. At one time the Washington lands amounted to nearly four thousand acres. One section or farm of about thirteen hundred acres is that which is now owned by the Association, and it is called by its original name of Wakefield.

The "monument" is in the form of a very beautiful colonial house built of bricks which were made by hand and burned right on the ground.

There is much fine old colonial furniture in the house, but only one piece which is known to have been in the house when Washington lived there. This is a tilt-top table, which stands in the dining room.

At the front of the house is an old hackberry tree of great age, and there are fig bushes, herbs and flowers, all carefully nurtured in the garden, for they are the descendants of plants which grew on the place when George Washington was born there.

There is no such beautiful structure as the Memorial Mansion to be found at Ferry Farm to mark the scenes of the happy days of Washington's boyhood and his early youth.

Driving over the long state road to this spot today, one comes upon a white building on the bank reaching up from the river. It is a modern farmhouse, together with tenant houses and barns gathered around it.

There is however, one building still standing here, which was used by Washington. It is a one-room frame shack, which was his office in the early days of his surveying. It is a small building, scarcely large enough it seems, for a man as tall as George Washington to have taken more than two steps to and fro between its walls.

The little shack is now protected from wear and weather, under the wing of a two-story tenant house. It is connected with this building by an extra tin roof which projects several feet on three sides of the office, while its own, old, solid brick chimney sticks through.

But even if there are not tangible objects to recall the past to the present, there are many memories which linger here over the spot which someone has named "the Never-Never Land of George Washington; the place where we seem to think of him always as the child, never as the grown man."

Although, when the Washington family moved here, Mrs. Washington called her new home Pine Grove because of the evergreens standing near, the name by which it had long been known and is known today is Ferry Farm. This was because of the ferry which was attached to the property, and which operated across the Rappahannock between the banks of the farm and the town of Fredericksburg on the opposite side of the river.

Day after day George Washington

crossed this ferry on his way to and from his studies with teachers in Fredericksburg. From this bank reaching down into the water, he is said to have thrown his silver dollar across the river. In one of the meadows of the Ferry Farm he is said to have clung to the back of an untrained colt until it bucked itself to death.

And here, at Ferry Farm, so the story tells us, stood the cherry tree which he cut down. There have been many tributes paid here to this tree.

On February 22, 1935, the Chamber of Commerce at Fredericksburg planted a cherry tree outside the old shack which had been the surveyor's office of Washington. Following that year this tree has blossomed with every succeeding spring.

The road leading to the Ferry Farm is lined with a double row of cherry trees planted for the same purpose as the single one, to do homage to the tree of the old legend. There are four hundred of these, and it is interesting to note from what varying quarters of the world they have come.

Two hundred of them were sent as a tribute from Japan. The other two hundred are American trees which bear the scarlet fruit loved by the birds, as well as blossoms. These have been brought from orchards in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Michigan.

Years before the modern improvements in the way of barns and buildings were made at Ferry Farm, there was a flourishing cherry tree there, which in course of time reached a height of twenty-two feet. This tree was pointed out to visitors as one of the descendants of the victim of George Washington's little hatchet.

As thousands of visitors came to the spot during the years, and as they chopped at the tree unmercifully in their anxiety to have a piece of the wood for a souvenir, it was long ago demolished. Nothing remains of it now, but a tall rotted stump where the lovely flowering fruit-bearing tree once stood.

But year after year these later cherry trees blossom in a mist of fragrant memory. Flowering tributes to the springtide of a great human life they are kept unharmed, as they breathe to us of the glad boyhood days of the founder of our country.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owned so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome—after we have recognized them.

—Woodrow Wilson.

THE TWENTIETH CANE

By Seth Harmon

"Just imagine! Real Indians! And right here in the city of Washington," young Ethan Hale exclaimed excitedly.

His sister's hand trembled ever so slightly when she picked up the polishing cloth. Across the counter in front of her lay a long row of gleaming, silver-headed canes. She was polishing each one carefully before her father packed them into a stout cardboard box. Now she glanced timidly out of the plate glass window of their father's jewelry store.

"Why, Wendy, you aren't scared, are you?" teased the boy.

Wendy smiled and shook her head uncertainly.

"Well, not exactly scared. It's—it's just that their faces look so terribly fierce with all those colors painted on them."

"Silly!" her brother replied impatiently. "They're only dressed that way for the ceremonies this afternoon. Didn't President Lincoln invite the headmen of the Pueblo tribes to be his guests here because their people are so peaceful and friendly?"

Wendy had to admit that her brother's argument was correct. In the year 1862, everyone heard and read a good deal about the Indians in the far West. Many tribes resented the way the white settlers moved into their territory. But the Indians, who lived in the little towns, or pueblos, in New Mexico had always been helpful and friendly. As a special reward for their good behavior, President Lincoln had invited twenty of their chiefs or governors to be his guests at the nation's capital.

Ethan and Wendy Hale in particular knew more about the unusual visitors than most boys and girls in Washington. Their father had been commissioned by the President to engrave a special inscription on the silver heads of the canes he intended to present to the headmen. Both children were eager to help.

"This is the last one to be engraved, Father," said Ethan, when he reached for the twentieth cane.

"Whose will it be?" asked Wendy, eagerly. Ethan leaned over and watched the buzzing tool cut the letters into the silver.

"To the governor of the pueblo of San Juan, New Mexico," Ethan read aloud. "From his friend, A. Lincoln, President of the United States, of America, Washington, 1862."

Wendy shuddered a little.

"I know which Indian *he* is" she said. "He's the one with long gray hair and shaggy brows that hang down over his eyes."

"They'll all be proud of these fine canes," observed Ethan. "The pretty engraving on these silver handles reminds me of the initials father put on my new jackknife."

Wendy thoughtfully polished the last cane and laid it with the rest.

"But aren't canes queer gifts for Indians?" she asked. "I should think bright new blankets or beads would be much more welcome."

Mr. Hale chuckled. "Every headman or chief always carries an Indian cane as a symbol of his power. A cane from the Great White Father, as the Indians call our President, will represent the white man's authority

which he has given these peaceful pueblo governors.

The children watched their father pack the last cane into the box.

"Are you taking them over to the Indian encampment in the park?" Ethan asked eagerly. "I'd certainly like to go along!"

"—I'd rather stay here," spoke up Wendy. She had seen the tepees the Indian visitors had set up in preference to staying at a hotel. But that was from a safe distance and when she was sitting near her father in the carriage.

"Too bad, Ethan," Mr. Hale replied, "but I am to take these canes to the White House. There will be special ceremonies when President Lincoln presents them this afternoon. Now, Wendy, would you like to come along with me?"

Wendy quickly put on her best dress and bonnet and eagerly joined her father and brother. She liked nothing better than to stroll across the lovely White House lawn and inspect the carefully tended gardens. Indeed, it was quite a privilege when the public was allowed to do so.

But when Wendy left the carriage near the stately entrance to the grounds she was not sure she wanted to be there. A temporary platform had been erected for the speakers. Seated along the rear of this was a row of grim-faced Indians in their feathers, paint and striped blankets, most terrifying to look at.

Ethan and his sister stayed back while Mr. Hale delivered his package. Then he joined them and they sat down beneath one of the trees to watch.

"See, the box of canes has been placed on the speaker's table," Ethan whispered.

"Oh, look," Wendy gasped, "here comes the President!"

A tall, lean man with a kind smile lighting his careworn face appeared. Everyone stood until he was seated. Then several officials made tiresome speeches.

A hush fell over the crowd when President Lincoln arose to speak. His voice was full of gratitude to these redmen who had done their part to make the burdens of state a bit easier for him to bear. He paused after each statement so that an interpreter might repeat his words in the language of the Pueblos.

At last the President took the canes one by one from the box. Each Indian came forward to receive his award and to shake the Great White Father's hand. When they returned to their seats the Indians examined the canes presented to them with much interest.

Wendy watched the gray-haired headman of the pueblo of San Juan slip his cane into the folds of his blanket. Unconsciously she moved nearer to her father's elbow.

A great deal of confusion followed the close of the speaking. A big feast for the visitors was to be served immediately after they returned to their camp. The officials hustled them off with their arms full of native spears and other implements toward the carriages, where President Lincoln was waiting to bid his guests good-by.

Mr. Hale and his children followed the crowd past the platform toward the gate. Suddenly Wendy stopped in her tracks.

"Oh, what is that round, shiny thing under the platform yonder?" she cried. She looked around for her father. He and Ethan had both el-

bowed their way into the crowd to get a closer glimpse of the President.

Wendy stooped to look more carefully. Then a little cry escaped her lips. One of the Indians had dropped his cane!

Wendy looked about her desperately. The crowd had already pushed on ahead. Her father was nowhere in sight. Suddenly she spied a familiar figure. The crowd had made way for a tall, lean man to pass toward the entrance of the White House. He looked so kind and understanding, Wendy didn't hesitate another moment. She picked up the lost cane and quickly elbowed her way through the crowd to his side.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. President," she spoke up bravely, "but I know you would want the Indian who lost his cane to have it again. I found it under the platform there. It must have slipped from his blanket when he was carrying all of his other things."

President Lincoln smiled and patted her curly head.

"You are a very thoughtful little girl. Would you like to return the cane to the Indian chief yourself?" the President asked.

Wendy drew back. In her sudden embarrassment she glanced at the name engraved on the cane.

"To the governor of the pueblo of San Juan," it read. Then this was the twentieth cane! It belonged to the Indian with the fierce, shaggy eyebrows!

"Oh, no, sir," she gasped. I couldn't do that, sir!"

Abraham Lincoln, who understood people so many times when they could not understand themselves, smiled knowingly.

"Would you be frightened if I went with you?" he asked. Wendy slipped her small hand into the huge, gnarled one that was held toward her. Bravely she walked beside the President toward the waiting carriages, while the crowd looked on and smiled.

The Indian governor was overwhelmed with gratitude to the little white girl who had returned his cane. Through the interpreter he made it known that he would like to have her visit his tepee as an honored guest. Wendy looked up anxiously at her father, who had made his way to her side.

"Ethan and I will go with you if the Indian chief is willing," he told her. It was so arranged. A few minutes later the three were whisked into what seemed another world. Colorful tepees, each with its owner's totem picture over the entrance, were grouped around a campfire. A few squaws were preparing great quantities of food for the feast that was to follow. To Ethan and Wendy even the familiar trees of the park looked different.

When Mr. Hale and the children followed the chieftain to his tepee a laughing Indian boy ran out to meet the old Indian. The youngster was dressed in a soft leather suit, trimmed lavishly with bright-colored beads.

When he saw Ethan and Wendy he stopped short and stared shyly. With a few signs and grunts his grandfather seemed to explain to him why the strangers had come. At once he stepped over to Wendy and her brother.

"My name Leaping Deer," he said in a soft, guttural voice. "I learn white man's language at trading post."

"We are very pleased to meet you," Ethan said politely. Wendy smiled, but could say nothing.

"Maybe you come see me some day?" the Indian boy continued.

"Oh, we'd like to so much," said Ethan. "But the West is so big. I'm afraid we could never find you."

The Indian boy pondered a moment. Then he seemed to understand. He smiled and took off his wampun belt. He pointed to a queer design worked in the beads, then indicated the same design on the front of the tepee.

"Leaping Deer's totem— you take wampun," he said, pressing the belt into Ethan's hands. "Show any Indian wampun— Indian show white boy Pueblo every time.

Ethan hesitated to accept such a valuable gift, yet he feared he might offend Leaping Deer if he refused.

"Why not give him a present in return?" suggested Wendy. Ethan felt in his pocket and drew out his new jackknife. He looked fondly at the initials his father had engraved on its silver handle. Then he generously placed it in the Indian boy's hand.

Leaping Deer examined the knife with awe.

"White boy's totem?" he asked. Both his new friends nodded.

"Maybe some day Leaping Deer find white boy again," he said solemnly.

Ethan and Wendy and Leaping Deer played together several times before the Indians packed up and returned to New Mexico. Strangely enough, Wendy and the chieftain became fast friends. Wendy soon learned that, for all his fierce appearance, the old man was very kind and gentle. He insisted on giving the girl a gift. In return for his pretty beaded purse, Wendy gave him her set of wax crayons. His black eyes flashed with pleasure at this new possession.

To this day the governors of the twenty pueblos meet once each year for the All-Pueblos Council. Each carries as his credentials two canes. One is the usual Indian cane; the other, of silver and ebony, was presented in Washington by President Lincoln seventy-five years ago.

The twentieth cane has passed through many hands since it was in the proud possession of Leaping Deer's grandfather, for Pueblos governors are elected to serve one-year terms. Its owners, no doubt, have had many varied experiences. But none could be more impressive than the occasion when President Lincoln presented it to the fierce-looking chieftain who made friends with a timid little girl.

Upon the wreckage of thy yesterday
Design thy structure of tomorrow . Lay
Strong cornerstones of purpose and prepare
Great blocks of wisdom cut from dark despair.
Shape mighty pillars of resolve, to set
Deep in the tear-wet mortar of regret.
Believe in God—in thine own self believe
All thou hast hope for thou shalt yet achieve.

HEALTHS GAINS MADE IN NORTH CAROLINA DURING 1939

By Carl V. Reynolds, M. D.

Last year witnessed gains on several important fronts in the battle against disease in North Carolina.

Information that is both interesting and encouraging is found in the 1939 provisional report of the State Board of Health's Division of Vital Statistics, of which Dr. R. T. Stimpson is the Director. On the other hand, certain weaknesses also are revealed. Any report that simply gives figures, uninterpreted, carries little weight and is soon forgotten.

We must bear in mind that a year's compilation is merely factual; that it can, at best, reflect only a "trend," encouraging or discouraging as the case may be. To get the true picture, we must follow the "trend" through a series of years.

Vital statistics figure in North Carolina for last year, which have just been compiled, do, in some instances, reflect a very decided and encouraging "trend". The 80,421 births reported during the year outnumbered the 31,928 deaths that occurred during the same period by 48,493, and there were 1, 636 fewer deaths than were reported the previous year, bringing the rate down from 9.5 to 9.0 from 1938 to 1939. If the 1938 rate had remained unchanged in 1939, the total number of deaths would have been 33,839, instead of 31, 928, which means that, on this basis the number of lives saved was, in reality, 1,911 instead of 1,636. Please bear in mind and recall in your future reading that an increase or reduction of one point represents the saving or loss of 3,500 lives within a year.

Pneumonia has continued through the years to be one of the greatest scourges that has harrassed humanity. Men and women, physicians and the laity, have bowed helplessly before its inexorable law of death. But a new day appears to be at hand in the battle against this arch-enemy.

While a single year's figures cannot be taken as final as they apply to pneumonia any more than in their application to any other disease, yet we have here a very striking example of encouraging "trend."

In North Carolina last year we saved the lives of 537 more pneumonia patients from untimely graves than we did the previous year the total number of deaths from this cause in 1939 having been 2,172 as compared with 2,709 in 1938, the rate dropping from 76.8 to 61.0.

To emphasize the downward "trend" in deaths from pneumonia in North Carolina, it is pointed out that there was also a decline from 1937 to 1938, when the number dropped from 2,-945 to 2,709, and the rate from 84.3 to 76.8. In other words, the rate dropped 2.33 points in two years and the number of pneumonia deaths 773.

We feel this saving of life has been due to two major causes: The early typing of the disease for the administration of pneumonia serum and sulfapyridine, which has shown results nothing short of marvelous.

Technicians for typing pneumonia

may now be found at strategic points throughout the State, due to the courses in training which began at Duke University in January, 1938, through the co-operation of the Medical School of that institution and the North Carolina State Board of Health, stimulated by the active support of the North Carolina Commission on Pneumonia Control, of which Dr. Hubert B. Haywood, of Raleigh, also a member of the State Board of Health, is chairman. There were 67 technicians trained during the first course at Duke, in addition to those who had previously qualified and pioneered in this great work in our State.

I wish to emphasize here the value of Dr. Haywood's interest in this matter, as he devoted much time to laying the groundwork for what has proved to be such a successful undertaking.

While the use of sulfapyridine has wrought revolutionary changes in the pneumonia situation and has brought hope to the victims of a disease which, as late as 1937, took a toll of 110,000 lives in the United States, the importance of early diagnosis remains paramount. Neither syrum nor sulfapyridine can be expected to overcome the serious handicap that delay brings.

I cannot leave this subject without sounding a warning against neglecting what so many people erroneously term the "common cold" or a "touch of flu". Every "common cold" or "touch of flu" should be treated until it proves itself otherwise, and we should constantly bear in mind that the "common cold and "touch of flu" furnish a fertile field for the complication— pneumonia, which remains a serious menace to life and health.

One of the most gratifying features of the 1939 report lies in the fact that it reflects a "trend" which has now become very definite in North Carolina— a sharp reduction in both infant and maternal mortality.

Last year the lives of 757 babies under a year old were saved, the total number of deaths in this group havbeen 4,704, as compared with 5,461 in 1938. During a single year North Carolina's infant mortality rate dropped from 68.3 to 58.5 per 1,000 live births. The United States as a whole had an infant mortality rate of 54.4 in 1937, the last year for which figures are available, and it is interesting to note that the white infant death rate for the entire country that year was 50 and the negro rate 82. The white rate for North Carolina was 56, the negro rate 85 and the total rate 64.9. The average negro population in the United States is ten per cent, as compared with 29 per cent in North Carolina. This gives added importance to our local figures.

Maternal deaths per 1,000 live births in North Carolina dropped from 450 in 1938 to 383 in 1939, bringing the rate down from 5.6 to 4.8 in a single year. In 1935 the maternal death rate in North Carolina was 7.0 So, there was a drop of 2.2 points in four years. The United States rate in 1937 was 4.9. This means we are making progress. Stated in simple terms, North Carolina last year saved 67 mothers and 518 more live births than during the preceding year.

These figures are encouraging to public health workers because they show that beneficial results have accrued from the work that is being done in infant and maternal clinics

and from the other efforts that are being exerted to save the State's mothers and babies.

Last year saw the saving of 357 lives of children under 2 years of age in North Carolina from diahrrhea and enteritis, the rate falling from 29.2 to 18.9 between 1938 and 1939.

Now, let's take a look at another aspect of the vital statistics picture in North Carolina, as painted by figures for 1939. We will consider a few of the preventable diseases and see what we have done in this field. Typhoid deaths in 1938 numbered 72, or a rate of 2.0 as compared with 46 and a rate of 1.3 in 1939. This reflected an actual saving, not considering the increased population, of 26 lives. Typhoid is a preventable disease and we have gone a long way toward its elimination, but the means of combating it have only to be abated, even temporarily, for it to flare up and become the menace it formerly was.

I want to call particular attention to deaths from undulant fever .There were 6 last year, with a rate of 0.2 as compared with 2 in 1938, with a rate of 0.06. Only recently, I read with interest a newspaper article that had its orgin with our State Department of Agriculture calling attention to the problem presented by Bang's disease—or infectious abortion in cattle, which is a source of undulant fever, and discussing ways and means for its elimination. Here we have both an agricultural and health problem, and I am glad to note there is a serious effort being made to eradicate Bang's disease and, there by, lessen the "trend" toward a greater incidence of undulant fever. In this connection I wish to call particular attention of hog and goat breeders to the importance of inoculating these animals against infections abortion as a futher aid in the prevention of the spread of the undulant fever scourge.

There is at least one State in the Union where undulant fever is as great a hazard as typhoid.

Diptheria, in spite of the fact that it is preventable, continues to take its toll among our young. There were 173 deaths from this disease in 1939, with a rate of 4.9, as compared with 176 deaths and a rate of 5.0 in 1938, the decrease in both the number of cases and the rate having been negligible. It is nothing short of a disgrace that we should have so many deaths from this disease. Urgent appeals have gone forward for the enforcement of the law which provides that all babies shall be immunized against this disease between the ages of 6 months and 12 months and which provides that no child shall be admitted to any public, private or parochial school who has not been immunized.

The results of this law should have been apparent before now, as it was ratified last March. While there may be no evidence of enforcement up to the present time, this law must be complied with.

We are proud of the continuous progress we have made in our war on tuberculosis in all forms. Last year there were in North Carolina 1,657 deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis, with a rate of 46.5, as compared with 1,968 deaths and a rate of 48.1 in 1938—a decrease of 41 deaths and 1.6 in the rate. Other forms of tuberculosis claimed 149 victims, as compared with 155 the previous year, a drop of 6, while the rate fell from 4.4 to 4.2.

When I sum up the gains that have been made in our fight against typhoid fever, infant and maternal mortality,

pneumonia, tuberculosis and other diseases which we can either prevent or successfully treat and note the comparatively slow progress that has been made against diptheria, a preventable disease beyond question, I feel like crying out: "Mothers, beware"! or, perhaps, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do in practicing such neglect!"

The number of people who die violent deaths in North Carolina each year presents a distinct challenge. While many of these do not fall into the category of public health problems, strictly speaking, they have a very decided bearing on public safety. We hear a lot about "safety", but, alas, like the weather, there sometimes seems to be little we can do about it. In many cases, these voilent deaths are preventable. Think it over.

Last year there were in North Carolina 1,494 deaths from what are styled "preventable accidents," as compared with 1,444 the preceding year, a gain of 50. These included: Automobile accidents, primary, as reported to the State Board of Health, 899; automobile and railroad collissions, 28; other railroad accidents, 93; air transportation accidents,7; accidental drowings, 154; conflagration and accidental burns, 246; accidental traumatism by firearms, 67. There was a marked increase in drownings, 50 more having reported than occurred in 1938, the majority occurring, of course, in the summer months during the extremely hot weather.

There was a decrease of 57 in the number of suicides and an increase of 3 homicides.

In presenting these figures, I have undertaken to do more than to present so many "statistics;" I have tried to give the people something to think about and hope that I have succeeded.

LINCOLN THE FRIEND

A man of mighty fame was he,
  Of stalwart purpose none could bend,
But through the years that are to be
  He shall be known as friend.

He was a statesman, fearless, right,
  A patriot without a peer—
And in those eyes there glowed the light
  Of friendship, staunch, sincere.

A hero was he of the mold
  Of Moses and his prophet clan;
But the bravest story ever told—
  Our Lincoln's love for man.

Speak highly of his wisdom, power;
  On his wide fame your proud words spend;
But in this clouded, tragic hour
  Hail Lincoln, mankind's friend.

MATTAMUSKEET BIRD REFUGE IS INTERESTING SIGHT IN WINTER

By Francis H. Craighill

The North Carolina Bird club planned a field trip to the Mattamuskeet bird refuge for January 26 and 27, but it was called off on account of the bad weather then prevailing. However, two members of the club who were away from home and did not, for that reason, receive notice of the postponement, made the trip and had an interesting and not uncomfortable day with the birds. The snow did not extend into the coastal region, and frozen ground made use of a car easier than it will be after a thaw.

The Mattamuskeet refuge, in Hyde county, covers 50,000 acres, the greater part of which is the lake itself, 15 miles long by five or six wide. In recent years conservation officers have counted there as high as 15,000 whistling swans, 55,000 Canada geese, 42,000 pintail ducks, and smaller numbers of many other kinds of waterfowl. It is believed that, under recent legislation, the supply of these birds is increasing, especially the different varieties of ducks. A limited amount of shooting is allowed, in season, on certain parts of the refuge. The lake also offers the finest bass fishing in the state, the supply being so abundant that there is no closed season.

The waterfowl at Mattamuskeet feed chiefly on aquatic vegetation, most of it native, but some introduced. The government also plants in fields surrounding the lake large crops of soy beans, rice and oats, which the birds clean up, and they are also rather unwelcome trespassers on the fields of nearby farmers. During the recent severe weather tons of wheat and cracked corn were put out and were gratefully received. A sick swan was picked up by the visitors and placed where he could reach the food. There are many eagles and hawks around the lake, and it is believed that they cull out all sick and wounded birds and keep them from becoming sources of infection.

At one time an ambitious attempt was made to drain the lake and farm the bottom, but it was impossible to keep the water out. The main pumping station is now a comfortable hotel, and its immense smokestack is an observation tower from which a fine view of the refuge may be obtained.

Many interesting land birds may be seen on the canal banks and in the surrounding woods. Among those seen were a catbird and a yellow palm wabler, both of which ought to have been hundreds of miles further south. But the most striking of the summer-in-winter birds were hundreds of tree swallows which were coursing over the lake or perching by flocks in Myrtle trees to eat the berries which are the emergency substitute for their normal diet of insects caught on the wing.

The most striking bird sight of the trip was an immense flight of mixed blackbirds—redwings, crackles and cowbirds, seen between Washing-

ton and Belhaven. In heavy and unbroken ranks it took more than 20 minutes to pass a given point, and a rough and very conservative calculation estimated that the flock was seven miles long and contained 184,000 birds. A farm boy fired into the passing flock and killed a bird which proved to be a bronze crackle. Later in the day other flocks were seen some mixed, some all cowbirds, and some all redwings.

Before going to Mattamuskeet the two bird observers visited Atlantic Beach and the Beaufort region. Among the surprises there were three Louisana herons and five common terns, both of which are supposed to be only summer residents. Robins were plentiful and the fox sparrow, scarce in the interior, was the commonest roadside bird. The blackbirds so abundant in Hyde county, were entirely lacking.

So close to Mattamuskeet that their domains almost touch, is the Swan Quarter refuge, covering 60,000 acres of land and water along the deeply indented coast line of Albamarle Sound. It also has its tens of thousands of regular winter birds, and now offers an open water refuge for the ice bound birds of Mattamuskeet. The bird club pilgrims visited this refuge, but found that to see it fully would take more time than they had to spare, and also a boat, since it stretches along the coast through more than 30 miles of otherwise inaccessible marsh. The superintendent, Jack Windley, was out in his boat among his feathered charges, but his father assured bird club members of a cordial reception at any time.

Some have tried and not succeeded, but no one has ever succeeded and not tried.

MY BOY TO BE A FARMER

By O. E. Baker

You may wonder why in these hard times for agriculture we should wish our children to become farmers or farmer's wives. May I tell you?

1. The farmer and his family have more and better to eat than have most city people, and in times of depression they are more certain of a livelihood— if they have not mortgaged the farm. About six million people went from the cities back to farms during the years 1930-34 seeking shelter and sustenance, and two million of these were still on farms when the census was taken January 1, 1935.

2. The farmer has better health than the city man and lives longer—four to five years longer—according to a recent study made by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. If the farming people had equal medical facilities, the difference in duration of life would be still greater.

3. The farmer becomes a wealthier man than the majority of city men, judging from the per capita wealth of rural and urban states. This may not be true in the South. It is true

in the North because of the millions of city people who have almost no property at all— except an automobile and some second-hand furniture.

4. The farmer is more likely to enjoy his work than are most city people. Most city work is monotonous— tending a machine in a factory, operating a typewriter, standing behind a counter in a retail store hour after hour. The farm boy or girl may dream of a professional career in the city, or of being a successful business man or woman, but it is certain that relatively few young people from the farms will realize this ambition. Most of the young men and women who go to the cities will continue to do the simple tasks of city life— if they find work at all.

5. The farmer is more likely to rear a family and promote the welfare of the Nation and the race. The family is becoming smaller and weaker in the cities. Only two-thirds to three-fourths enough children are now being born in our large cities to maintain their population permanently without accessions from outside. The conditions of living and the philosophy of life in the cities tend toward the extinction of urban families. The rural philosophy of life, with its recognition of the family as the fundamental economic as well as social institution, tends toward survival. If there is one word that science teaches to be more important than any other it is the word "survive."

I cannot minimize the difficulties facing the farmers of the United States. The approach of a stationary and probably later declining population suggests a long period of low prices for farm products. The message I hope you can give to the boys and girls whom you talk with on your return home is that the prospect for becoming rich through farming is not bright, but the opportunity to serve their Nation and civilization is, in my opinion, greater than it has ever been. I would that they could see the rural people as the conservers of the traditions, the literature, the art, and, it may prove, of the science that has accumulated during the centuries. I would that they could see above them a cloud of witnesses, the farmers and farm women of the past, their ancestors for a thousand years heroes and heroines many of them. If modern civilization is to preserve its strength, the young people must, I believe, see the beauty of the river of life; they must realize that the individual is only a link in our endless chain which reaches back through geologic ages. I would that they could see in front of them the opportunity to build not a transitory urban but a permanent rural civilization; a civilization not founded on selfishness as the motivating principle but on cooperation, in which the economic objective is to produce sufficient for everyone while conserving the natural resources, and in which the social objective is service and preservation of the strength of the people.

To abandon covetousness and lust, to become free from evil passions, and to give up all hatred and ill-will, that is the right sacrifice and the true worship.—Buddha.

WHEN LITTLE IS WRONG, WHY NOT MAKE IT RIGHT?

(Selected)

The beauitful gold chain had one broken link, but the owner had no thought of throwing the whole chain away on account of one link; yet how many lives are thrown away or lost to the world because of one weak link in a golden chain of good qualities.

There was once a penman so skillful that he could imitate our paper money so well that it would often pass for genuine, but at last he was caught up with and sent to prison.

He could have easily have made an honest living with the same skill that made for a while a dishonest one, but the weak link in his character was the one desire to outwit Uncle Sam.

The skillful man was not a counterfeiter by birth. He was not cared for by a loving mother to grow up to fill a prison cell. He may have been a brilliant student at school, and his skill was used to follow copies in his writing book, but sometime as he grew up he decided to use his skill in a wrong way.

When Talleyrand was fleeing from the horrors of French Revolution, he went to London and learned that an American gentleman was staying at a hotel and might give him a letter to friends in America, but when he met the stranger and asked for a letter to some of the man's friends, the answer was: I am the only man born in America, who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, no not one, in all America.

But Arnold was not always a traitor to his country. With Ethan Allen, in earlier days, he was among the bravest of the brave, and with his many good links in the chain of character he would have come down as one of the heroes of his country, instead of one weak link making of him one who had not a friend in all his native land.

The gold chain with the bronken link was taken to a jeweler and he fastened a tag to it and placed it up on a board with watches and rings and bracelets that needed repairing.

If the chain could talk it might have said, I do not belong here among these watches that will not run and these broken rings and braclets. I belong in a pretty jewel case in a fine house.

And the jeweler might reply, No, your place is at home, but you are here with the watches and rings and bracelets to repair one broken link so that you can go back and take your place of use and beauty in the world.

Human lives are like that golden chain with many good links, but sometimes with a weak one. St. Paul calls the weak link, a besetting sin, so it is nothing new in the world. The great question is how to repair it.

We might do a good deal of repair work by keeping our pledge for a Card of Trust, I Promise to be Courteous, Polite, Diligent, Truthful and Honest, and we might add, Helpful.

We would have few broken links to mend if we did not break the

Golden Rule of doing to others as we would have them do unto us. But as Longfellow says: Look not mournfully into the past; it returns no more; wisely improve the present, that is thine; and go forth into the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

And we might recall the lines from Van Dyke;

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion, clearly
To love his fellow men sincerely,
To act from honest motive, purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely.

Golden chains of so many good links of youth and courage and hope and skill and only one or two broken or weak ones.

When so little is wrong
Why not make it right.

FIVE REASONS WHY YOUTHS DON'T KEEP FIRST JOBS

(Selected)

Lack of a sense of responsibility, unwillingness to work hard, lack of thoroughness, false notions about salary and promotion, and lack of principle are the five reasons why 90 per cent of the boys and girls of the United States lose their first jobs, according to a report made to the Chicago Association of commerce by A. D. White, statistican of Swift & Co. Mr. White's report noted that 90 per cent of the boys and girls lose their first position. The report also shows that in nine cases out of ten, the loss of the position can be traced to one of the five reasons noted. His report continues: "Lack of a sense responsibility is shown by neglect of work, failures to put the most important things first, and the expression of a general I should worry attitude.

"Unwillingness to work hard, is shown by being late to work, stretching the lunch hour, and stealing a few minutes at the end of the day, watching the clock, wasting time by social conversations and telephone calls during business hours "Lack of thoroughness, is indicated most frequently by unwillingness to begin at the bottom and to go through the drudgery of mastering each step before going ahead."

"The real secret of promotion lies in constantly doing more than you are paid to do. Keep yourself underpaid. As soon as you are overpaid you are bound to go backward. "Lack of principle is shown by concealment of mistakes, untruthfulness, and the constant making of excuses."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent and Mrs. Charles E. Boger have been spending several days in New York City. Mr. Boger is attending the sessions of the National Conference of Superintendents of Training Schools, which are being held in the Hotel Pennsylvania. He and Mrs. Boger expect to return to the School tomorrow.

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been busy for several days past re-roofing several large poultry houses, replacing the old paper roofing material with galvanized iron roofs. These repairs have been needed for some time and we are glad to see these buildings improved.

During the recent period of extreme cold weather, which lasted for several days, the large riser pipe on our 50,000 gallon water tank froze and bursted. Although we get our regular supply of water from the City of Concord Water and Light Department, it is advisable to maintain this tank for emergency use, and the necessary repairs will be made soon.

Thomas Oxendine, of the Indian Cottage; William Cantor and Eugene Smith, of Cottage No. 5; and Cecil Ashley, of Cottage No. 8, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday for observation. These boys had been treated previously for various ailments and were taken back for the usual check-up. The doctors at the Gastonia institution were of the opinion that all of them were getting along nicely.

If March winds are any stronger than that which visited this section last Wednesday, they will have to go some. Beginning early in the morning and continuing all day, a terrific cold gale swept accross the campus. With the exception of a few broken window panes and some slightly damaged trees, we suffered very little here. This wind was so bitter cold that it was necessary for those on the outdoor forces to remain inside, which pleased the boys very much as it gave them an opportunity to spend some extra time in the gymnasium.

Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, is very much interested in collecting old Currier & Ives prints. Just recently he had purchased an old lithograph printed in 1849, which he brought to The Uplift office to have some repairs made, the ravages of time having wrought some damage. The picture was that of a young man, attired in clothing of that period, and was entitled "Young American." Underneath was a sub-title, "Loyalty, Charity and Patriotism." Mr. White took the picture to one of the cottages, where a group of curious youngsters became very much interested in it. One little fellow asked who it was and our farm manager jokingly told him that it was his likeness, taken when he was a young man. The boy then took another look at it, and, glancing at the subtitle, exclaimed, "Aw, shucks, you can't fool me, Mr. White, there's

his name, 'Charlie Patrick', right under the picture."

We recently received a letter from Dr. Paul Caldwell, resident pharmacist at Sailors' Snug Harbor, a home for old sailors, located on Staten Island, N. Y., renewing his subscription to The Uplift. He is a native of Cabarrus County, but has been in New York for more than thirty-five years. He is a great admirer of the School and its work, and for several years he has regularly sent bundles of comic sheets and rotogravure sections taken from the metropolitan newspapers for the use of the boys here. In this letter Dr. Paul requested that we send him some snap-shots taken on the campus during the recent heavy snowfall, in order that he might show his friends up there that even in the "Sunny South" we occasionally have some real winter weather. We have taken some pictures and wish to assure our very good friend that as soon as the photographer sends us the prints, we shall be glad to send him some of them.

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Ccurch, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. It being the Sunday in observance of Boy Scout Week, commemorating the founding of Boy Scouts of America, the speaker chose "Reverence" as a very fitting subject for his talk to the boys, as one of the Boy Scout laws requires all members of that splendid organization to be reverent.

Rev. Mr. Summers told his listeners that the Boy Scout movement originated in England and was established in the United States about 1909. He then called attention to the twelve laws a Boy Scout is taught to obey, as follows: A Scout is trustworthy; a Scout is loyal; a Scout is helpful; a Scout is friendly; a Scout is courteous; a Scout is kind; a Scout is obedient; a Scout is cheerful; a Scout is thrifty; a Scout is brave; a Scout is clean; a Scout is reverent toward God, faithful in his religious convictions, and respects the convictions of others in matters of customs and religion.

Reverence makes one happy, said the speaker as he cited God's promises to those who revere him: "Them that honor me, I shall honor, and he that despises me shall be lightly esteemed." He concluded by telling the boys that reverence is respect, love, thoughtfulness and obedience. In order to make any nation great, the greatness of its people must be based on reverence and obedience to God.

---o---

The portrait of Lincoln which appears on five-dollar bills is from one made a year before his death, in 1865. This was his wife's favorite portrait of him with a beard, though she liked his appearance better without one. He raised the beard at the suggestion of an eleven-year old girl.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending February 11, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Keith 6
(5) Donald McFee 9
Nick Rochester 9
Raymond Sprinkle 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 6
(5) Plummer Boyd 6
Paul Briggs 5
Quentin Crittenton 7
Lewis Donaldson 8
Arthur Edmondson 6
Gilbert Hogan 9
Hoyt Hollifield
(3) John Jackson 7
(7) Ivan Morrozoff 11
J. C. Nance 6
(3) Henry Raby 9
(7) Melvin Walters 11
Samuel Williams 8

COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Theodore Bowles 9
Collett Cantor 9
Robert Dellinger 3
A. C. Elmore 8
Monroe Flinchum 2
(4) Everett Lineberry 6
(4) Henry Ziegler 5

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 5
Robert Dunning 6
(3) Noah Ennis 8
(5) Columbus Hamilton 7
Melvin Stines
(2) Joseph Tucker 4
(2) Carl Ward 5
(2) Ronald Washam 2
Eugene Watts
William Wilson 5
George Whilhite 2
James C. Wiggins 2
(2) Jack West 2
Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte 5
Cleasper Beasley 5
(12) Donald Earnhardt 12
(3) George Green 7
(3) Lacy Green 8
Richard Halker 3
(3) Hugh Johnson 9
J. C. Long 4
(2) Elmer Maples 9
(5) Arnold McHone 9
(3) Carl Ray 9
Loy Stines 3
Alex Weathers 8
(5) Joseph Wheeler 10
(2) Edd Woody 7
Edward Young 3

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley 5
(2) Lewis H. Baker 2
(3) Martin Crump 6
(4) Jack Hamilton 6
Joseph Linville 3
(4) Harvey Smith 4
John Tolbert 2
Walker Warr 3

COTTAGE No. 9

Holly Atwood 6
Clarence Baker 2
(2) Mack Bell 8
(5) J. T. Branch 9
(12) Roy Butner 12
James Davis 2
(12) Frank Glover 12
(2) Wilbur Hardin 8
Mark Jones 9

(2) Loyd Mullis 3
Harold O'Dear 10
(2) Lonnie Roberts 8
James Ruff 8
(3) Richard Singletary 7
Preston Wilbourne 10
(5) Horace Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Junius Brewer 9
(2) John Crawford 5
(2) James M. Hare 3
(2) Jack Haney 2
(4) Lee Jones 9
(6) Jesse Kelly 7
James Penland 3
(2) Rufus Wagoner 6
(2) George Worley 7

COTTAGE No. 11

(7) John Benson 10
(5) William Covington 10
(12) Earl Hildreth 12
(2) Donald Newman 9
(3) Fred Owens 11
(2) Canipe Shoe 4
(4) Thomas Turner 9
(5) N. C. Webb 11

COTTAGE No. 12

Jack Batson 2
(2) Jay Brannock 5
William C. Davis 4
(2) William Deaton 9
Howard Devlin 9
(2) Max Eaker 7
(5) Woodrow Hager 5
(3) Hubert Holloway 8
Richard Honeycutt 6
(3) Tillman Lyles 6
(2) Clarence Mayton 6
(3) James Mondie 7
(3) James Puckett 6
(3) Howard Sanders 4
(2) Ralph Sorrells 9

COTTAGE No. 13

James Brewer 5
Frank Cotter 2
Dillon Dean 3
Meritt Gibson 8
William Griffin 6
(12) Vincent Hawes 12
(5) James Lane 7
(2) Douglas Mabry 9
John Murdock
Jordan McIver 7
Thomas R. Pitman 3
(12) Alexander Woody 12

COTTAGE No. 14

(5) Raymond Andrews 9
John Baker 6
John Church 6
Henry Ennis 6
(3) Audie Farthing 11
Henry Glover 3
(2) John Ham 2
(5) John Kirkman 10
(12) Feldman Lane 12
(7) Norvell Murphy 9
Henry McGraw 6
John Robbins 6
(3) Charles Steepleton 6
Harold Thomas 9
(2) Garfield Walker 9
(4) J. C. Willis 5
(6) Jones Watson 9
(7) Wallace Woody, Jr. 11

COTTAGE No. 15

(7) Fred McGlammery 10
(4) J. P. Sutton 9
(2) Calvin Tessneer 4

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 6
(12) Warren G. Lawry 12
Harvey Ledford 2
Earl Oxendine 8
Thomas Oxendine 9
Curley Smith 8
Thomas Wilson 8

—o—

Happy the man—and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own,
He who secure within can say,
Tomorrow, do thy worst—for I have lived today.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1940 NO. 8

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PRAYER

Oft I have seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

—Longfellow.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—Longfellow.

———o———

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, sometimes known as "The Children's Poet," was born in Portland, Maine, in the year 1807. He was educated in that city and graduated from Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

He wrote many of his poems in the old Longfellow House which still stands as a museum in Portland. He suffered a great loss in the death of his wife who was accidentally burned to death. His three daughters, Alice, Allegra and Edith were named in his famous poem, "The Children's Hour."

His most famous poems were perhaps "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Evangeline" and the Indian poem, "Hiawatha."

Longfellow later moved to Cambridge, Mass., where he died March 24, 1882. After his death a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, London .

He was an American who was at once a citizen of the world and a loyal son of his country.

* * * * * * * *

FOUNDER'S DAY OF A & P STORES

The red front store is always recognized as one of the chain of the stores known as the Atlantic and Pacific. The man who first conceived the idea of the redfront store was Mr. Hartford from Maine. He was a merchant in New York city, and was concerned about the high price of tea at the time. He thought of buying in large volumes, and distributing the same so as to eliminate many handling charges.

In this way he figured out he could reduce the prevailing high price tea then selling for $1 per pound. Consequently the first red-front store was opened in the month of February, 1859, on Vesey street in lower New York.

The same philisophy in buying tea was applied to other commodities that make a grocery store adequate. The pioneer of this chain of stores, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, soon learned that buying in large volumes brought about a quick turnover at a profit. Hence, in a nutshell it is easy to understand the genesis of this chain of stores and the value of little things.

During Founders Day of this month the A & P stores will lay special emphasis on the sale of tea—once a luxury—but now inexpensive through modern methods of food distribution. Every thing, little or big, has a history, and when known is of interest.

* * * * * * * *

THE HOUSE WE BUILD

Once there was a great architect and builder who had worked faithfully for many years for a large corporation. He had been loyal and honest in all his dealings and had grown old in their employ.

One day the chairman of the board of directors called him in and

gave him plans for a fine home to be built in the most exclusive residential section of the city. The chairman instructed him to spare no expense in the construction of this house. It was to be a product of the best materials and skill, and he was ordered to use only the finest and most expensive materials and equipment and to hire the most skilled craftsmen and labor.

The men went to work on the house, but as work progressed he began to be tempted. Said he: "No supervision or inspection—no one will ever know what goes into the unseen portion of this house. Why hire such expensive labor? Why use such costly materials?

And finally the architect yielded to temptation. He substituted inferior materials, and employed unskilled labor, feeling that no one but himself knew of the deception.

When the house was completed in due course of time, the man's employer was notified, and the keys were delivered to the owner. But later the chairman of the directors of the corporation held a big reception to celebrate the completion of the house. The guest of honor was the builder. He received much praise for his fine work. At the conclusion of the evening's program this residence was presented to the architect for his faithful service to the corporation. One may imagine the retribution of the builder. But the moral of this story is: We live in the house we build.

* * * * * * * *

LEAP YEAR

We all know leap year is traditionally accepted as the year young damsels are given the opportunity to make proposals of marriage to the young men of their choice. It matters not whether a tradition or a custom, it presents to the young a dare, and furnishes an interesting topic for conversation.

But Leap Year has 366 days, one more than other years, and this extra day is accorded to the month of February. Leap Year is always divisible by four. We give a clipping explaining how leap year in the course of four years gained one extra day. The arrangement as given was made by Julius Caesar in the following:

The old name Leap Year was Bissextile. Previous to 46 B. C. there had been much confusion in arranging the calendar. At this

time Julius Caesar remedied the problem by the introduction of the Julian calendar, which made the solar year 365 days and six hours. These hours were set aside, and at the end of four years they made a day, which was added at the end, making February 29 a Leap Year, but the twenty-fourth of the month was counted twice.

A few years later a like law was passed in France, and in the fifteenth century the custom was legalized in Genoa and Florence.

Another thought of Leap Year. How often does a person born on February 29 have a birthday? Is it once a year or only once every four years? The courts have held that for such persons they shall advance a year on February 28 during the years in between Leap Years.

* * * * * * * *

A NERVOUS PEOPLE—

We struggle and sweat and worry and lose sleep about things that are not nearly as important as they seem. In fact we flounder about for things that we feel are really the source of all joy, but when the game is finished, the truth of the whole matter, there was more pleasure in pursuit than in gain. We Americans are a nervous people always trying to save time, and after saving it we do not know what to do with it.

This little story is quite appropriate at this juncture: A Chinese student was riding in an auto with one of our western speed-demons one day. The driver saw a train coming: "Unless we beat that train across we shall be delayed three minutes." He stepped on the gas, and made it, with only seconds to spare. When they were safe across, the Oriental asked quietly: "Now, what are you going to do with the three minutes?" Why rush? This planet will continue to spin long after we are gathered to our fathers. Besides, "haste makes waste" is the old time worn maxim.

* * * * * * * *

TOO OLD FOR SERVICE

Just lately we had a conversation in a business way with a man, once a preacher, but now he is doing odd jobs, working at anything that is honorable and gives in return a small compensation. This

ex-minister told his life briefly. He prepared himself for the ministry, but this time is too old for the work of a pastor,—the demand is for younger men so it is quite impossible for him to get a charge.

To one who judges age by looks we wager this minister does not exceed fifty-five, if so the margin above is a very few years. If ministers are retired that early in life there will be small inducement to prepare for a work that is so vitally important, and one that takes years in preparation and futhermore it takes years and years for a minster of the Gospel to get seasoned so that he can meet the emergencies of such a life. We feel that it is not a fair deal to shelve a man as incapacitated when physicially able, mentally alert, morally clean and spiritually imbued. We continue to believe that a woman is as old as she looks and a man is as old as he feels. It matters not what the calling of the person may be, he should be allowed to work as long as he is able to measure up to the requirements.

* * * * * * * * *

PUT IT IN YOUR HAT

It is not unusual to see the men of this country go without hats, but in England it is necessary that men wear hats. The selection given tells why:

"Put It In your Hat," is more than a slang phrase in England these days. On account of the frequent air raids along the English East Coast, the authorities have printed numerous local maps of the location of the "air shelters" to be found in the various districts. These fit into the hats and caps of the men. If the raid alarm comes while the men are about their affairs, all they have to do is to take their hats off; consult the map fastened there, and hurry along to the nearest shelter, if the bombs do not get there first. And presumably hat wearing will continue in England.

LONGFELLOW'S POETRY HAD QUALITIES AKIN TO RELIGIOUS ATTRIBUTES

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

Of all the months of the year none has been more prolific of greatness in American annals than the month of February. Two of our distinguished statesman and two of our beloved poets were born during this month: Washington and Lincoln, Longfellow and Lowell.

The world is ever ready to give ear to men of faith, to such as have a message, and to such as believe. All the New England poets were men of boundless faith; they spoke as with authority. Bryant believed in the immediate nearness of the next world, as witnessed in his "Thanatopsis." Whittier's unwavering faith finds expression in many of his poems, e. g., "My Triumph." And for Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes things unseen were decidedly near.

Of all these Longfellow was among the most religious. He always loved the beauty of holiness. It was his guiding principle through life to do good to his fellowmen in the world in which Providence had placed him. He cared little for books on ethics or for things sermonic. While in Rome he wrote in his diary: "For me a line from my mother is more efficacious than the homilies preached in Lent." And again: "I find more excitement to virtue in merely looking at your hand-writing than in a whole volume of ethics and moral discourses." His was a practical religion; he practiced what he preached and believed; and he did believe that if religion is to be of benefit it must become a part of our feeling, and in some way identify itself with our happiness.

He believed in hallowing the Sabbath day by attending divine service. He always felt that Sunday was less to him than it should be if he neglected to attend church. It would be a difficult task to find biblical echoes in Longfellow's poetry; instead, we find all his work permeated with a spiritual, moral tone, at once reverential and dignified. His poetry rings true to the best and noblest instincts of the soul. It brings hope and comfort and encouragement to the disconsolate and the despondent, expressed so feelingly in "The Psalm of Life."

If the merit of a writer's work is to be determined by the effect it has upon people for good, then Longfellow's place is surely among the masters; his poetry is more widely read than that of any other poet. This statement is vouched for by the fact that his work has reached more hearts in distant lands than have the words of any of his brother poets. There are over one hundred translations of his various poems in thirteen different languages—even in Chinese and Sanskrit! And why this world-wide recognition? Because he veritably

> ". . . took up the harp of Life,
> and smote on all the chords with
> might:"

He is the poet of the hearth and of the home; he has touched all the chords of those experiences which are common to mankind in its universality. "The Hanging of the Crane" affords a pathetic picture of the common course of domestic life; and in the poem, "Nature," the title is only a password, there is another picture, equally touching and affectionate:

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one . . ."

The longing, the aspirations, and the nameless melancholy of youth he has so effectively expressed in "My Lost Youth," with its recurring lilt—

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Longfellow bore his share of the world's sorrow and tribulation; so when he wrote of these he could write from the depths of his own heart. His first wife died in Rotterdam when he himself was only twenty-eight years old. She is the "Being Beauteous" in the "Footsteps of Angels"—

"When the hours of Day are numbered,
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door

And with them the Being Beauteous

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Takes the vacant chair beside me
Lays her gentle hand in mine."

then

"All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

"The Vacant Chair" ("Resignation") has been read with tears in many a sorrowing household. He wrote it after the death of his little daughter Fanny, of whom he wrote in his diary: "I feel very sad today. I miss very much my dear little Fanny. An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control."

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended
But has one vacant chair!"

His second wife burned to death in 1861. But never a murmur came from his lips; he made his grief wholly personal, for he considered the burden of his sorrow too sacred to reveal it to the public. After his death the touching sonnet, "The Cross of Snow," was found among his literary effects. No finer sonnet has ever been penned. It cannot be quot-

ed; it must be read in its entirety. Who that has loved and lost can read these several poems, just cited, and not feel a lump in his throat?

He had finished his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas," just one week before the end came. In it he expresses most beautifully his childlike faith in immortality, in whose great truth only he found consolation:

"Out of the shadows of the night
The world rolls into light:
It is daybreak everywhere."

Many more passages, beautiful, meditative and inspiring, could be quoted from many of his poems, like "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Rainy Day," "God's Acre," "The Day Is Done," "Children," etc.

Though Longfellow does not rank among the great bards and prophets who have brought burning messages to mankind, he will yet remain among the most popular and the best loved poets, for his sweet sympathy has dried the tears and assuaged the deep grief of thousands. He had tender feeling for all that is noblest in human nature, for all that is pure in thought and holy in aspiration.

———o———

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT PEANUTS?

The first salted peanut appeared in 1887, and the first peanut candy just after 1900.

The Arachis Hypogea, or the common peanut, is not a nut at all. The goober grows beneath the earth and is technically designated as a pea.

Peanuts are supposed to have originated in Peru or Brazil, and later carried by early explorers from South America over into the innermost parts of Africa across the ocean. Early colonists brought the peanut to this country and it was used as a food for slaves because of its high food value and low cost.

At present there are nine varieties of peanuts which are grown in the United States, the Virginia jumbo, the Spanish nut, and the Southern being among them.

The peanut, at the present time, is used in making about 325 products. Among these are included candies, oils, butter, linoleum, insulation, gasoline, cheese, cakes, lotions and dermatologocial preparations.

Peanuts are used for peanut butter more than for any other purpose. They are considered to be the best cure for the dreaded disease pellagra and much peanut oil is being used for the treatment of infantile paralysis.

Over 200,000,000 pounds of candy are consumed annually. Nuts comprise 12 to 15 percent of the materials used in candy. Peanuts account for 90 per cent of the nuts going into candy production.—Selected.

PUBLICITY

By Henry Hitt Crane

The first command of Deity should be the eternal demand of democracy: "Let there be light!"

Close the doors, pull down the shades, whisper, scheme, plot, make secret pacts, hide political movements, and self-government of a free people is impossible.

All dictatorships are born in the dark. They survive for a time in the shadows. They invariably die in the light.

The one thing tyranny cannot stand is publicity. It must gag the press, stop free expression, silence the pulpit, censor the radio, control the movies, propagandize the public with half-truths—which is the shadiest way of lying there is.

Voting and representative government are not valid guarantees against absolutism. Shrewd schemers, corrupt politicians, loud-mouthed demagogues can manipulate the masses, make puppets of legislators, and in one way or another assassinate the liberties of the people.

Not infrequently in the United States have there existed conditions under which citizens and aliens alike have been inexcusably exploited by combinations of criminal wealth and crafty office-holders operating in the dark.

The real bulwark of democracy is not the ballot box but the honest newspaper. Its best defender in not the soldier, it is the reporter who sees all, hears all, tells all.

One fearless, vigorous, watchdog newspaper can prevent what not all the prosecuting attorneys and courts can remedy; just as one electric streetlight is more effective than half a dozen policemen.

There are some obvious annoyances accompanying publicity, and sometimes injustice is wrought, but these are far outweighed by the benefits. For every good man hurt by vicious prying or slander, a hundred scoundrels are held in leash by the ubiquitous newshawk.

Even the vicious yellow journal's jaundiced reports are corrected and their influence nullified when they are properly exposed to the light. Their blessing becomes a bane; their curse a compliment.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, no doubt. But the power that enables us to pay that price is publicity.

———o———

O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand;
For what can war but endless war still breed,
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public Faith cleared from the shameful brand
Of Public Fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

—John Milton.

STAMPS PICTURING FAMOUS AMERICANS OF INTEREST TO COLLECTORS

(Selected)

A special series of stamps picturing famous Americans who have gained recognition in educational work, or who have achieved distinction in other arts and sciences will be out in a few weeks. Schools, clubs and others interested in stamps made nominations last spring for great men they felt worthy of the honor of having a picture on a United States stamp.

Philatelic members under the leadership of Miss Ruth Milford, sponsor, became interested in the plan and they centered interest on Horace Mann. Letters were written recommending that his name be placed on the list with the other Americans to be honored. One of the five educators in the series is Horace Mann. Some schools in various parts of the country conducted a poll to determine characters the students felt were representative Americans.

Educators chosen for the series include: Horace Mann, Charles W. Eliot, Booker T. Washington, Frances E. Willard and Mark Hopkins.

Five authors recognized are: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Samuel L. Clemens, Washington Irving, Louisa May Alcott, and James Fenimore Cooper.

Poets chosen in this group are: Henry W. Longfellow, James Whitcomb Riley, Walt Whitman, John Greenleaf Whittier, and James Russell Lowell.

Inventors honored are: Alexander Graham Bell, Eli Whitney, Samuel F. B. Morse, Elias Howe, and Cyrus H. McCormick.

In the world of music the five to receive honor are: John Philip Sousa, Edward A. McDowell, Stephen Collins Foster, Victor Herbert, and Ethelbert Nevin.

Five chosen as having contributed the most in the world of science are: Luther Burbank, Dr. Crawford W. Long, Dr. Walter Reed, John James Audubon, and Jane Addams.

"TRUTH"

Keep the flame of truth burning.
Never let it waver though,
It be carried through darkness,
And all chilly winds that blow.

Put on an armor of strong defense.
Against every dishonest word,
And from your mouth, your lips,
Let only truth be heard.

—Ermine Stanley.

LUTHERANS SING PSALMS

By Williard D. Allbeck

When the question is asked, "Where can we find the best religious poetry?" the answer must be, "In the Psalms." However, when we open our Bibles to the Psalms, we are inclined to say: "But we can't sing them!" Of course we can, and do sing some of them in Matins and Vespers. Yet we find it much easier to sing what has been written in the form of English verse.

The United Presbyterians are commonly known as "psalm singers," because in former years the only hymns they used were psalms which had been turned into English verse. These "metrical versions" of the psalms have a long and honorable history, some of them being of such excellent quality that they have been accepted outside of Presbyterian circles. We have a number of them in our Common Service Book. Some are quite familiar, others are not often used.

We sing the Twenty-third Psalm whenever Hymn 255 or 345 is announced. In the first of these two hymns, Isaac Watts presents the thought of the psalm in the words:

"The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His
What can I want beside?"

That was back in 1719. A century and a half later, another man, Henry Williams Baker, reproduced the theme of the psalm in the other hymn mentioned:

"The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever."

The deep trust in the Lord, expressed in Psalm 31, finds its voice in Hymn 341 composed by Henry Francis Lyte. Where the psalm declares, "Into thine hand I commit my spirit," the hymn sings:

"My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine."

Or when the psalm at the outset proclaims: "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, let me never be ashamed," the hymn continues:

"In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best."

Henry Francis Lyte, who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century, was a clergyman in the Church of England. Born in Scotland, he was educated in Ireland, served parishes in England, and died in France. Even during his lifetime he had a reputation as a religious poet. His hymn, "Abide with Me, Fast Falls the Eventide," is one of the finest in the English language. His fame, however, does not rest upon one hymn. Several other hymns inspired by psalms are in words, "God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause

his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations." Lyte's hymn (423 in C. S. B.) offers the same petition in the words:

"God of Mercy, God of Grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
To the earth's remotest end."

Hymn 422 is based upon a psalm also. We are quite familiar with the phrases of Psalm 84, which reads, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." Perhaps we are not so well acquainted with Lyte's hymn, which begins:

"Pleasant are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.

O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of Grace!"

Many congregations enjoy the vigor of hymn 294,

"O worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splender and girded with praise."

But few know that the author was a British nobleman, Sir Robert Grant, who was born in India, 1779, and died there in 1838. Though he was a lawyer, and a member of British Parliament before he became a territorial governor in India, he was the author of some noteworthy hymns. Nor do many realize that he based his hymn on Psalm 104 which reads, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: O Lord, my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty." Then the psalm continues, "Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind," the hymn sings,

"His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm."

An American joins our group of psalm-hymn writers. His name is Timouthy Dwight, D.D., a Congregationalist minister who became president of Yale College in 1795. During the War of Independence, he was a chaplain in the Colonial Army for over a year. About the time that most Americans were lamenting the death of George Washington, and were watching with keen interest the growing power of the government under President John Adams, Dr. Dwight was meditating on the Psalms. His thoughts expressed themselves in the lines of Hymn 199.

"I Love Thy Zion, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blessed Redeemer saved
With His own precious Blood."

But what is the psalm that suggested these words? Some have declared

that the verse, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." of Psalm 122, offers the answer. Others have taken a different view, asserting that the hymn reflects the praise of Zion found in Psalm 137. They point to the fact that the psalm records that "we wept, when we remembered Zion," while the hymn contains the lines,

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend."

When we sing Hymn 312,

"God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?"

we scarcely recognize the theme as descending from an ancient Hebrew Psalmist, an eighteenth century German Lutheran pastor, and a nineteenth century Scotch Presbyterian poetess. Yet we read in Psalm 95: 7, 8, "Today if ye hear his voice, harden not your heart, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness." These words inspired Pastor Gerhard Tersteegen, a pietistic German, to write the hymn, "God Calling Yet." This hymn was translated into the familiar English lines by Mrs. Sara Borthwick Findlater less than a century ago.

Two Irishmen, Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, D. D., the one a layman, the other a priest of the Church of England, jointly published a collection of hymns based on psalms. One of these is No. 257 in the Common Service Book, the first stanza of which is,

"As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace."

That this figure of speech is derived from the Forty-second Psalm is quite readily recognized when we read, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

An English preacher, Isaac Watts, D. D. (1674-1748), has provided us with a large number of hymns, some of which are based on psalms. He wrote and published about six hundred hymns, thereby starting English hymns on their glorious way. Psalm 72 is said to have inspired hymn No. 219. The second and fifth verses of the psalm are as follows: "He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment. They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations."

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

However, the Scotch editor, James Montgomery, a century later than Watts, wrote a hymn (No. 42 in C. S. B.) which follows more closely the thought of the Seventy-second Psalm. How we delight to sing:

"Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity."

In Psalm 90 Dr. Watts read the words, "Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," whereupon he wrote the linse of Hymn 505.

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

Likewise, when at Christmas time we sing No. 34,

"Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing,"

we may recall that Watts had in mind the phrases of Psalm 98: 4, 6, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth. Make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King."

Equally famous is Watts' rendering of the Hundredth Psalm: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord, he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves. Hymn 492 begins:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy."

Psalm 103 is so rich in suggestions for hymns that we have two by Dr. Watts and one by Mr. Lyte. The Watts hymns are Nos. 299 and 306, and the hymn by Lyte is No. 289. The first verse of the psalm is reflected quite prominently in the first stanza of all three hymns: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Watts joined the sentiment of this first verse with that of verse eight—"The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy"—when he composed the first stanza of Hymn 306:

"My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate."

In Hymn 299, however, Watts stayed closer to the language of the King James version:

"O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His Name,
Whose favors are divine.'

Hymn 289, composed by Lyte, is somewhat more stately, but no less high spirited:

"Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,

Who like thee His praise should sing?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King."

This brief survey of hymns inspired by psalms has a lesson or two for us. In a day when some congregations still sing songs which describe ourselves, the Psalms set the standard for hymns which are directed to God and glorify Him. Also the century-old Christian tradition is maintained.

THEN SHALL I TRULY GIVE THANKS

Give me an humble heart that I may see
What God and home and country mean to me.

I know the beauty of my native land,
Its quiet hills; its mountains crowned with snow;
Its waters that shall make a desert bloom
With strangest loveliness; all this I know.

And I have learned of men who gave their lives
In service that a dream might be fulfilled.
Remembered words have echoed down the years
A song of freedom that shall not be stilled.

Nor have I quite forgotten that much blood
Upon the land, a seeping, staining red,
Must be a mark of covenant between
The valiant living and heroic dead.

And yet it would be well if, for a day,
My life could be a sharper contrast shown
Against a background, somber and austere,
Deprived of all the sunlight I have known.

Because, perhaps, I take as if by right
Unnumbered blessings, scarcely giving heed
Or thanks to that vast fellowship of men
That, by the grace of God, has met each need.

Too flippantly I speak of sacred things;
In every diamond I see a flaw.
Too carelessly I tread on holy ground
Forgetting to remove my shoes in awe.

Forgive me: clear my vision till I see
What God and home and country mean to me!

—Eugenia T. Finn.

FOOTWEAR BECOMES MODERN

By Ruth I. Simon

We think of shoes as an indispensable part of our everyday wardrobe, but it was not always so. Many centuries before Christ an Egyptian gentleman, starting out for a stroll, ordered his servent to follow him, carrying his sandals. If he came to rough ground he put them on, otherwise he walked in his bare feet. These sandals were made from leather, palm leaves, or woven papyrus, turned up at the toes to show that their owner was a man of rank.

Need for protection inspired the first shoes. A primitive man suffering from cold filled bags with straw and bound them around his feet. Men in warmer climates used pieces of hide and wood, or wove grasses together as protection from stony ground. These they fastened to the feet with strips of leather brought between the toes and wound around the ankle.

Like the Egyptians' shoes of Bible times were simple sandals. The Hebrews made them from leather, felt, cloth or wood, and removed them as a sign of respect, much as the men of our country remove their hats. We remember that Moses, when he approached the burning bush, received the command, "put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." In those ancient times sandals were seldom, if ever, worn in the house or at meal time.

Among the Greeks and Romans it was possible to tell to what class in society a man belonged by looking at his shoes. Probably the first foot covering even approaching our modern shoe was the calceus of the Romans, a shoe which covered the ankle and part of the leg. This differed according to the profession of the wearer, one kind for the soldier, another for the farmer, and still another for the actor.

It was not until the middle ages that our modern footwear really had its beginning. Then each feudal lord employed his own shoemaker, a man regarded with esteem among the retainers. In the fourteenth century shoes and boots became elaborate, indeed, in the English court. They were not only high and tight, but had a different color for each leg. There were no heels, but the toes made up for that lack for they were often long enough to be turned back and fastened to the garter just below the knee. The French court rivaled the English in the elaborateness of its footwear, and from this court came the high narrow heels, still called French heels.

With all their elegance the shoes were not comfortable. Imagine wearing shoes with no distinction of last between the right and the left foot.

Not until 1785 was such a distinction made in England. The real comfort of correctly fitted shoes is a modern development, dating back less than a hundred years.

Since the shoe industry is one of the most important in our country, it is interesting to remember that the first shoemaker to come to America arrived on the third trip of the Mayflower in 1629, bringing his hides with him. His name was Thomas Beard and his salary for the first year was

fifty dollars and a grant of fifty acres of land.

The antecedent of our ever present stocking and sock was the leg bandage similar to the puttees of the army. The first real stockings probably were leather and used only for protection, not merely against cold but against injury as well. These the French wore as early as the seventh century. Chaucer describes for us the long cloth hose of the thirteenth century. Sometimes these were so ornamental that they were made from velvet, highly decorated with gold. Queen Elizabeth received from Italy a pair of knitted silk stockings, which so pleased her that she wanted to wear no other kind. Although they were very rare, her court soon followed the style set by their queen; but it was not until this century that silk stockings have been made available for all classes.

SEE IT AT THE ZOO

The hippopotamus has a Greek name which means "river horse," but old hippo is a good deal more like a hog than a horse. Its feet are like a hog's feet, and it is very fat. Its little ears and its big mouth add to its homeliness.

But a hippopotamus is not like a hog in its personal habits. The most up-to-date American is not more insistent upon having his daily bath than is this inhabitant of the African wilds.

Even a baby hippopotamus feels right at home in the water. It is said that a hippo can grunt and snort under water without sending even an air bubble to the surface. This makes it very hard to kill a hippopotamus unless it is caught at night when it comes out on land to feed. In the water only about four inches of its head will probably be visible and only one inch of that is worth shooting at.

A baby hippo is said to be so docile that it will let anyone rub its slimy, bristly nose, but when it is grown up it will think nothing of killing a man or a woman who walks carelessly among the reeds along the waterside. The hippo is usually not dangerous, however, except to small boats. Its ordinary diet is chiefly water plants, though it has no objection to cultivated crops if it can get at them.

Next to the elephant, the hippo has the distinction of being the largest four-footed animal in existence. It may grow as long as twelve to fifteen feet and it may weigh thousands of pounds. Its huge teeth furnish ivory of good quality.

The hippopotamus is a native of Africa and is especially partial to the tributaries of the Nile River. It has serious objections to being captured and imprisoned in a zoo, and under such circumstances it is apt to prove obstinate and malicious.

—Selected.

WHO IS A PRINTER?

(Imperial Magazine)

A person who takes a critical attitude toward terminology may inquire just who is entitled to bear the proud designation of "printer".

Men answer the roll call at club luncheons, appending printer to their names, who never set a line of type and who could not put a form on the press to save their souls. Yet business usage supports their title. It means that they are proprietors of printing plants. After all, many manufacturers lack the skill for the simplest operations in their factories.

Within the plant, itself, the term is sometimes applied as a compliment to a man's proficiency— distinguishing him from other members of the force, practicing limited roles in various departments.

There is also a usage which refers to the compositor as a printer to pressmen, sterotypers, feeders, etc., by these separate designations.

In pioneer days of American journalism, the word editor was practically unknown and the masthead of a paper would bear some such title as The Homeville Banner, Adame Wise, Printer.

To complete the state of uncertainty, we would have to refer to multigraph and mimeograph shops, where the manager often refers to himself as a printer. There are lithographic printers and offset printers, whose acomplishments bear little relation to those of the old-fashioned artisan of the type stick and tympan.

Printers produce printing, but the noun "print" is coming to mean (where it does not refer to calico) certain works of art produced by etchers, wood and linoleum block engravers, devotees of mezzotint and aquatint, and those who follow the old stone technique in lithography. They have avoided confusion by calling themselves print makers.

Probably the first step toward the division of labor in a printing plant was the training of certain men to operate a press. They became known as pressmen. But that term tends to be appropriated by reporters and correspondents, representing "The Press".

A similar uncertainty besets the use of the term "engrave". The bride insists that her wedding invitations must be engraved, not printed, by which she means that they must be printed by an intaglio process, not a relief process. She also wants the wedding ring engraved, which calls for a tooling process somewhat like that used on the wedding invitation, but in other ways quite dissimilar.

Neither operation bears the slightest resemblance to photo engraving, which accounts for the great bulk of work covered by the term, engraving. The word "cut", a survival from the day when most illustration was by wood cut, is still used indifferently to mean a halftone, a photo etching, electrotype or sterotype. Etching is used for processes in intaglio or relief that resemble each other little. In the former case, it means the completed picture; in the latter, only the plate.

Every technique has need for general terms, as well as specific. But in the case of graphic arts, it would seem that the vocabulary had lagged

behind the development of processes.

French is said to excel English in development of definite terms, rather than vague re-use of old terms, or complicated compound words, such as Germans love to apply.

Perhaps we have no printers, in the old sense. Use of the term with a plant is rare. There, men are known as composers, sterotypers, engravers, pressmen, feeders, and by terms which subdivide these functions. A compositor may be a hand compositor, a make-up man, a machine compositor. Or he may be designated as a keyboard man to distinquish him from a machinist. He may bear a designation to fit the particular machine on which he is experienced.

Versatility is by no means lacking in the printing industry. The smaller shops have men of well-rounded skill. In large publishing plants, too, there are men with exact knowledge of an amazing variety of technical processes, emblematic of the new day in graphic arts.

———o———

THE OTHER FELLOW

Don't think when you have troubles
  That your neighbor goes scot-free
Because he shows a smiling front
  And battles cheerfully.
No, man! He, too, has troubles,
  But herein the difference lies:
While you go idly moping 'round
  The other fellow tries!

Don't envy other people;
  Maybe, if the truth you knew,
You'd find their burdens heavier far
  Than is the case with you.
Because a fellow, rain or shine,
  Can show a smiling face,
Don't think you'd have an easier time
  If you could take his place.

'Tis hope and cheery courage
  That incites one to retrieve
One's past mistakes, to start afresh,
  To dare and to achieve.
So smile, and if perchance you light
  The spark of hope anew
In some poor sad and burdened heart,
  All honor be to you!

—Anonymous.

THE GIRL WHO WROTE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

(Selected)

It did not seem as if there were room enough in the little white house in Litchfield, Connecticut, for another baby. The Beechers had six little ones already, but when Harriet came everyone was glad to see her. They decided that they had all needed her very much and they began loving her with all their hearts.

It didn't matter that their father, who was a minister, had scarcely enough money to fill all the hungry mouths in the home nest. Harriet's mother taught school to help her father, but she found time to make the most delightful rag dolls for little Harriet, and take the best care of all the family.

Harriet soon grew to be a gay little girl with blue eyes and brown curls. She was as happy as if she had been a little princess, and she spent enchanted days over the meadows and the forest. She gathered wild flowers in the spring and nuts in the fall. She learned to know all the treasures of outdoors. There were the crisp apples of the pink azalea, honey suckle apples people called them. There were scarlet wintergreen berries, the pink blossoms of the trailing arbutus and the feathery ground pine. There were blue and white and yellow violets to be found, and wild anemone blossoms, and other quaint treasures of the woods.

Living and playing so much out of doors Harriet did not mind in the least the bareness of her home. There were not even carpets upon the floors. What do you think Harriet and her mother did one day? They laid down a piece of cotton cloth in the parlor and painted it in oil colors with a border, and a bunch of roses and other flowers in the center. It made a very fine carpet indeed even if anyone was afraid to step on it.

After awhile Harriet was 7 years old and she began to be very fond of books. There were not many in her father's library; he had to spend nearly all of his salary for bread and butter and shoes for the children. But Harriet found a fat book of hymns, and she learned twenty-seven of them so that she could say them without making a mistake in a word. There was another book that she grew to like very much. It was Ivanhoe, and Harriet, and her brother George read it over seven times.

She liked school very much indeed, and she found that she really enjoyed doing something that the other children disliked. She could write a composition without crying over it or misspelling a word.

———o———

Suspicion is far more apt to be wrong than right; oftener unjust than just. It is no friend to virtue, and always an enemy to happiness.—H. Ballou.

A HOBBY

(New York Sunday Mirror)

"Absence of occupation is not rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."—William Cowper. Simply, completely, John Ruskin has described the perfect life of accomplishment and happiness:

"Work first, then rest."

The biography of every successful man will fit that simple formula like a glove. Many young men know how to work hard, but they don't know how to rest. They burn out, crack under the strain, have no sprint left for the final dash to success.

They never learn that real rest does not mean merely stopping work. Read again William Cowper's explanation: "Absence of occupation is not rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

A sport can be a hobby that will make vacations and week-ends a real rest—golf, tennis, riding, hiking, sailing. But the real hobby is one that will occupy your mind and your hands at a task you enjoy while your body rests. A hobby relaxes your mind and and your body by keeping both at enjoyable work.

We can't rest while we are restless, fidgeting pacing the floor for want of something to do.

You are fortunate if you can pick a hobby, connected with your work. Most of us can't and shouldn't. Get away from your work, but don't stop working; that is a good rule in selecting a hobby.

A wise man will pick a hobby that might some day be a source of revenue, Stamp collecting is a form of saving money; stamps bought wisely increase in value over a period of years.

Many amateur photographers have become so expert at their hobby that their work attracts wide attention at exhibitions. Such an accomplished amateur can cash in on his hobby as a commercial photographer.

But the greatest value of a hobby is a "dessert" after hard work. Complete idleness after hard work breeds restlessness and there can be no rest where there is restlessness.

Pope wrote: "Too much rest itself becomes a pain."

A hobby is the only cure for that pain of restless idleness.

As a meal is incomplete without dessert, so work is incomplete without a hobby.

———o———

Life is a sheet of paper white,
On which each one of us may write
Our little word, and then comes night.
Greatly begin, though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—James R. Lowell.

ABOUT FRANKINCENSE

(Exchange)

From very early times frankincense has played a prominent part in religious celebrations among the people of certain creeds. We read that the Wise Men offered gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the infant Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem, but not many of us know what it is or where it comes from.

Frankincense is a fragrant resin obtained from a certain species of the Boswellia tree and was used by ancient physicians as a sort of cure-all medicine.

The island of Socotra— a floating part of the African continent— furnished the bulk of frankincense used in early times, but now the greater amount comes from the Warsangli country in Somaliland. The Socotrans called frankincense "Tee-lee-ah."

The trees from which this fragrant resin is obtained look wonderfully like giant sea serpents in the act of shedding their skins. The boles of these trees are livid and blotchy looking and bits of white peel hang from the stems. The fiber is so distended with a viscous sap that it resembles decaying animal flesh more that anything else, but the fragrance of the balsam which greets the nostrils at once overcomes the sensation of distaste which the first view of the "Tee-lee-ah" trees occasion.

Nearly every one in Socotra owns a certain number of frankincense trees, and the gathering of their harvest is very interesting. About June of each year, which is usually about a month after the rains begin, the men, women, and children go out among the trees and give the bole of each one about a dozen long, deep gashes with a sharp knife. The blade of the knife is turned in the lower end of each gash so as to form a sort of pocket or sack for the sap to collect and harden in.

In about a month the people go out again and collect the hard lumps of amber and white resin which have formed in the shape of tears. Then fresh gashes are cut in the bark, and in another month the collectors go out again.

A frankincense tree in Socotra yields about eight pounds of fragrant resin in a season and is usually sold to an Arab trader for ten cents a pound. A tree in Somaliland produces about twice as much and the product is twice as valuable.

A full-grown Boswellia or Tee-lee-ah is about twenty feet high and only from eight to ten inches in diameter at the broadest part of the trunk.

———o———

When I cannot understand anything it seems to me as though God has set a chair there for me to kneel down and worship.

—Spurgeon.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

(The New Day)

1. **The Pyramids of Egypt.** The largest of these was the pyramid at Gizeh, which was nearly 500 feet high and a little over 750 feet square at the base when built. The total weight of the stone in the Great Pyramid is estimated to be more than 6,000,000,000 tons. How the tremendous stones with which this pyramid was built were raised into position is not known.

2. **The Hanging Gardens of Semi-Ramis, At Babylon.** Nebuchadnezzar erected a magnificent building on the terraced roofs on which were planted flowers, shrubs and trees to comfort his Median Queen because the plains of Babylon seemed dreary to her in comparison with her wooded mountain home. (The story of Nebuchadnezzar's dealing with the Jews is recorded in the Old Testament of the Bible.)

3. **The Statue of Zeus (Jupiter) At Olympia.** This statue was the work of the great Greek sculptor, Phidias, and was of gold and ivory and about 40 feet high.

4. **The Mausolem at Halicarnasus.** This burial monument was built for King Muasolus by his wife, Artiemisia. Marble statues stood between its columns, and above them was a frieze, or border, in making of which the greatest sculptors of the ancient world hoped to perpetuate their fame. Our word "mausolem" meaning a vault built in ornate style to contain the casket of the dead is taken from the name of this ancient king and his burial monument.

5. **The Colossus of Rhodes.** The Colossus was a huge bronze statue about 100 feet high set up on the shore of the harbor of Rhodes. Later legends pictured it as astride the entrance to the harbor. An earthquake felled it and after remaining prostrate for 900 years, it was at last sold for the metal it contained.

6. **The Temple of Artemis (Diana) Atephesus.** According to Pliny, the temple required 220 years to build and included in it's structure 125 marble columns, each 60 feet high and weighing 150 tons.

7. **The Pharos (Lighthouse) of Alexandria.** This lighthouse was a lofty tower of white marble on the Island of Pharos. A fire atop the tower furnished the light and the structure stood for more than 1500 years. Note: The Walls of Babylon, magnificent and of great magnitude in structure, are sometimes named as an alternative seventh wonder of the world.

Nothing is more honorable than a grateful heart. . . Let the man who would be grateful, think of repaying a kindness, even while receiving it.—Seneca.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Because of inclement weather and partly on account of a misunderstanding of orders issued from the office, there was no session of our Sunday school last Sunday morning. On several occasions this year, weather conditions have prevented these regular Sunday morning sessions, which, together with the quarantine during the flu epidemic, have greatly interfered with our Sunday school and church activities. At times when there was no general assembly for this purpose, classes were held in some of the cottages.

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Superintendent Boger returned last Monday morning from New York City, where he spent several days in attendance at the 17th annual conference of superintendents of training schools, held at the Hotel Pennsylvania. He reports that he was pleased and very much benefitted by the discussions carried on at all sessions of the conference on various phases of the work of training schools. Forty-eight members of the conference were present at the meetings, coming from Canada all the way down the eastern part of the country, including Georgia, as well as from many middle and far western states.

According to Mr. Boger, about forty questions concerning the work of juvenile institutions were discussed. They touched many problems of vital importance to those interested in carrying on the work of training schools to greater success, giving one a broader and sounder basis of operation. Mr. Boger further stated that he believed such gatherings as those held in New York are very important and helpful.

———

Having made commendable records during their stay at the School, forty-eight boys have been allowed to leave the institution on conditional release since the first day of January. Most of these lads returned to their respective communities while others were placed elsewhere, where they will either attend school or follow some useful occupation. The names of these boys and the places to which they went upon leaving the School are listed as follows:

William Young, Ansonville; William Anders, Hendersonville; Clyde Sorrells, Asheville; Henry Phillips, Gastonia; Grady Pennington, Belmont; Frank King, Hendersonville; Floyd Crabtree, Hillsboro; Charles and Eugene Presnell, Marion; William Burnette, Old Fort; A. C. Lamar, Kernersville; F. E. Mickle, Charlotte; S. E. Jones, Whiteville; Lindsey Dunn, Asheville; Harold Crook, Asheville; Thurman Lynn, Chadbourne; Allen Wilson, Burlington; Edward McGee, Winston-Salem; Norwood Glasgow, Winston-Salem; Cicero Outlaw, Seven Springs; William Freeman, Windsor; Cecil Wilson, Asheville; Paul Mullis, Polkton; Avery Smith, Nora, Va.; Desmond Truitt, Burlington; James Jordan, Tabor City; William Hudgins; Asheville; Clifton Davis, Clinton; Paul McGlammery, Millers Creek; Clinton Call, North Wilkesboro; Jack and Paul Broome, Monroe; John Deaton, High Point; George McDonald, Wilmington; C. D. Grooms, Charlotte; James Wilhite, Mount Airy; James

V. Harvel, Star; Norton Barnes, Sylva; Burl Allen, Brookford; Raymond Hackler, High Point; John Uptegrove, Burgaw; Clarence Gates, Glen Raven; Allard Brantley, Nashville; Cleveland Suggs, Hope Mills; William Peeden, Wilson; Rufus Wagoner, Sparta; Eugene Smith, Vass.

We recently received a very good report on Julius Stevens, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who was allowed to return to his home near St. Pauls, July 11, 1939. The welfare worker making this report states that Julius is living on a farm with his parents, and is attending school, where he is doing satisfactory work in the eighth grade, and has also received recognition for his deportment and citizenship. It was further stated in the report that outside of school hours, he does farm chores, for which he receives spending money. During his leisure hours, Julius attends movies, reads and works on manual training projects.

From the same source of information we learn that the boy's parents own a small farm and home near the town limits of St. Pauls. The family is congenial with neighbors and is considered a substantial low-income family. While they do not have high cultural and educational standards, they seem to take advantage of more of the community activities than a number of the relative and friends. Julius has presented no behavior problems in the home or at school and appears to be making satisfactory adjustment. In view of the fact that the boy is making such a good record and his parents and school authorities are taking special interest in him, the welfare department of that county recommended that he be discharged from parole supervision.

This is a splendid report on Julius' progress since leaving us and his friends here are glad to learn that he is getting along so nicely.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read John 3: 1-21, and in his talk to the boys, called special attention to the 16th verse: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

When we stop and think of the things Jesus has done for us, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, we should realize that sin is nothing less than treason against heaven. A sinner is a rebel against God. When people do those things which are not pleasing in God's sight, we wonder how He can possibly forgive, yet we must realize that God tempers justice with mercy and is ever trying to bring people closer to Him.

It was with matchless wisdom that God conceived the plan whereby He might save man from sin. From the fact that He paid a great price—His only Son—we must realize that He will do anything to save men, regardless of the cost. Why should Christ give his life upon the cross? In searching for a motive, there is only one way we can look—upward. We are saved, not because of the fact that we are good, but that God alone is good.

The real motive for this great sacrifice, said the speaker, is found

in the text, "God so loved the world." Here is a truth that so frequently expresses a danger which may come into our lives. Many things in nature are priceless, but we fail to notice them. We see them so much that they become more or less common. If we would study, we would see the working of God in the world. So it is with the truths found in the Bible. If we would study as we turn the pages of God's Holy Word, they would become more forceful and we would realize the true value of them.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then stated that every writer in the New Testament bears testimony of God's love for all people, but John gives the greatest expression to this truth. He was called "The Apostle of Love." At the cross love was manifested more than at any other place. When we ask why, there is but one reply—"God so loved the world."

The speaker then told the boys the story of a piece of jewelry. A man had a piece of jewelry which he considered a priceless heirloom. He took it to an expert who examined it very closely before he felt that he was ready to place a value upon it. When he finally gave the owner his estimate of its true worth, the latter felt that it was entirely too low. The jeweler then showed him that the stones were not perfect. The ownes argued that the jewelry was the gift of a king, hence it must be perfect. The jeweler then replied that he often examined gifts of kings and found they were usually inferior, as the kings kept the best for themselves. Our great King, continued the speaker, is not like that. He gives nothing but the best, even to the extent of sacrificing His only Son.

If God so loved, we also should love. His love lays upon us the duty of loving Him. God loved us when we were without love and were unworthy of His love, therefore, we who are the recipients of the greatest love the world has ever known, should not be like a sponge, always taking in and giving nothing out. We must share that love with others. If our love toward God is cold, that is just the way we will feel toward our fellowmen.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told the boys that at the foot of the cross is the best place in the world to learn to know God, because it is the matchless revealer of His love for all mankind. The better we know God, the better we will love and serve Him, which, in turn will cause us to feel kindly toward those round about us and render real service to our fellowmen. This can be done only if we become true followers of the God of love.

———o———

Whoever yields to temptation debases himself with a debasement from which he can never rise. A man can be wronged and live; but the unrestricted, unchecked impulse to do wrong is the first and second death.—Horace Mann.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending February 18, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

George Cooke 9
Clyde Gray 10
James Hodges 9
Leon Hollifield 11
Edward Johnson 12
Robert Maples 8
Frank May 8
Arna Wallace 8
J. C. Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 1

Howard Cox 6
Horace Journigan 3
Bruce Link 2
Arlie Scism 7
William Whittington 9
William C. Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 2

Bennie Austin 2
Julian T. Hooks 5
(2) Nick Rochester 10
Landros Sims 10
Charles Tate 3

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 7
Earl Barnes 8
James Boone 6
John Bailey
Clyde Barnwell 9
Coolidge Green 10
Otis McCall 3
John C. Robertson 8
George Shaver 7
William Sims 10
Louis Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 4

(6) Plummer Boyd 7
(2) Arthur Edmondson 7
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 2
(4) John Jackson 8
William C. Jordan
Hugh Kennedy 6
(8) Ivan Morrozoff 12
(2) J. C. Nance 7
(4) Henry Raby 10
Robert Simpson 5
(8) Melvin Walters 12
Richard Wiggins 2
(2) Samuel Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 5

(5) Theodore Bowles 10
(2) Collett Cantor 10
William Kirksey 8
(5) Everett Lineberry 7
J. C. Reinhardt 7
Richard Starnes 8
Dewey Ware 8

COTTAGE No. 6

Edward Batten 7
Fletcher Castlebury 2
(2) Robert Dunning 7
(4) Noah Ennis 9
(6) Columbus Hamilton 8
Leo Hamilton 5
(3) Joseph Tucker 5
(2) William Wilson 6
Woodrow Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) John H. Averitte 6
William Beach 8
Paul Dockery 9
(13) Donald Earnhardt 13
(4) Lacy Green 9
(4) George Green 8
William Herrin 2
Raymond Hughes 4
Lyman Johnson 7
(3) Elmer Maples 10
Charles McGowan
(6) Arnold McHone 10
(4) Carl Ray 10
(6) Joseph Wheeler 11
(2) Edward Young 4

COTTAGE No. 8

Howard Griffin 2
Sidney Hackney 2

Edward Hammond 2
(2) Joseph Linville 4
(5) Harvey Smith 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Holly Atwood 7
(2) Clarence Baker 3
(3) Mack Bell 9
(6) J. T. Branch 10
(13) Roy Butner 13
(13) Frank Glover 13
(3) Wilbur Hardin 9
John Hendrix
Osper Howell 8
(2) Harold O'Dear 11
(3) Lonnie Roberts 9
(2) James Ruff 9
L. B. Sawyer 3
(4) Richard Singletary 8

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) Junius Brewer 10
J. D. Hildreth 5
(5) Lee Jones 10
(2) James Penland 4
Oscar Smith 9
O. D. Talbert 5
(3) George Worley 8

COTTAGE No. 11

J. C. Allen 10
Harold Bryson 10
Franklin Lyles 6
(3) Donald Newman 10
(4) Fred Owens 12
(3) Canipe Shoe 5
(5) Thomas Turner 10
(6) N. C. Webb 12

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond 11
Ernest Brewer 6
(2) William C. Davis 5
(2) Howard Devlin 10
(3) Max Eaker 8
(4) Hubert Holloway 9
(2) Richard Honeycutt 7
(4) Tillman Lyles 7
(3) Clarence Mayton 7
(4) James Mondie 8
(4) Howard Sanders 5
J. R. Whitman 5

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) James Brewer 6
(2) Dillon Dean 4
(2) Merritt Gibson 9
(2) William Griffin 7
James Kissiah 6
(6) James Lane 8
J. C. McEntire 2
Randall D. Peeler 5
(13) Alexander Woody 13

COTTAGE No. 14

(6) Raymond Andrews 10
(2) John Church 7
Mack Coggins 5
(2) Henry Ennis 7
(4) Audie Farthing 12
(13) Feldman Lane 13
(8) Norvell Murphy 10
(2) Henry McGraw 7
(2) John Robbins 7
(4) Charles Steepleton 7
(2) Harold Thomas 10
(3) Garfield Walker 10
(7) Jones Watson 10
(8) Wallace Woody, Jr. 12

COTTAGE No. 15

Raymond Anderson 12
Howard Bobbitt 6
(8) Fred McGlammery 11

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 7
Philip Holmes 11
Richard Lawry
(13) Warren G. Lawry 13
(2) Earl Oxendine 9
(2) Thomas Oxendine 10
William Williams 3
(2) Thomas Wilson 9

———o———

Nought can deform the human race
Like the armourer's iron brace;
The soldier armed with sword and gun
Palsied strikes the summer sun.
—William Blake.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CON 940 NO. 9

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HUMILITY

There was a time when faith began to slip,
When I had lost all that I had to lose—
Or so it seemed to me—I lost home,
My job—
I had not house, no food, no shoes.

Then, suddenly, I felt myself ashamed,
For I, who talked of shoes,
Then chanced to meet
Upon the busy highway of my life,
A man
Who had no feet!

—Marcella Hooe.

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

JUST A LITTLE FELLOW

I used to meet him every morning on my way to work. He would be at the same corner selling his papers and always with the same, shy smile and cheerful "hello." It was always a pleasure to hand him three cents for the morning edition and chat a minute.

He was just a little fellow, about twelve I guess, kind of thin and hungry looking. His clothes never seemed to fit, always a little small or too large, like had been handed down from a bigger brother and then outgrown.

In the summer he used to stand there in his patched overalls and bare feet shouting just a little louder than the rest and always selling a few more papers.

I can remember one cold winter morning, the snow was a foot deep and he was huddled in the doorway out of the sweeping wind. His overcoat was so thin and his mittens were filled with holes and his hands were red and chapped but the smile and the cheerful "hello" were still present. I felt so sorry for him, so small and so cold.

That was the last time I saw him for several years. I heard from one of the other boys that he was pretty sick, pneumonia or something, but I was busy those days trying to make a living myself and somehow I forgot to inquire about him again.

Then I went to Paris as correspondent for my paper and it was twenty years before I ever came back. When I did come back, I took a job with the old Chicago Press and then I met him again. He had the same shy, pleasant smile and cheerful greeting. Yes, I met him again, he was the editor and my boss.

—The Messenger.

MANUAL TRAINING CLASS

It is with great interest we note the activities in other schools, a facsimile of the Jackson Training Sshool, for boys who are the victims of circumstances,—because they never had a chance. The last issue of "The New Leaf" printed by the boys of the printing class of "The State Training School," Chehalis, Washington,was

very interesting, giving in detail work of each department, and the same was reported by some boy of the department in which he is enrolled. The following clipped from "The New Leaf", printed by the boys, tells of the fine work in the manual training class:

This term the buzz of the saw and the bang of the hammer greet your ears as you enter the Manual Training Shop. Every boy is busy making a project to take home with him. Included in the list can be found magazine racks, end tables, bird houses and many others. Joint making and the use of tools has been the main work and will be practical in the future in all our woodworking undertakings.

This term we are having two classes of manual training, one class consists of the seventh, eighth and ninth grades, the second class consists of the tenth grade. There are 14 boys in the first class and 17 in the second, and our instructor is a very busy man overseeing and helping us in the cutting and measuring of wood.

We received several instructive talks on planes, saws, chisels, etc., the different kinds and how they are to be used.

There may be a few in the class who are not over-enthused with the work and just manage to get by, but their carelessness and inattention will loom up big in their output, while on the other hand there are those who are anxious to learn and are careful in everything they do, and their work will show painstaking effort on its completion.

Our turning lathe will be ready for operation in a few days, and also a large jig saw is to be installed, and when we get these two pieces of much needed machinery we will be ready to go to town.

In our mechanical drawing work we are instructed to draw all our plans and projects to scale before starting any piece of work.

* * * * * * * *

CAFETERIA FOR COWS

It sounds that the above headline means that there is something "new under the sun," but there is nothing new in the project, it is only enlarged upon by a greater variety of grasses, and arranged so as to test which of the many grasses appeals to the cow. In the test the bovines show a human trait. They too like a varied diet, and know what they want.

This institution has a fine herd of cattle, and the school is proud of the same. The officials are always open for suggestions, so we give the following for all it is worth. The program sounds plausable at least:

A Cafeteria for Cows has been set up in Hawaii University's agricultural station. The cows are pastured in a large enclosure planted with twenty different kinds of grasses set out in separate plots. These grasses have been gathered from all parts of the world, with the intention of testing the palatability and appeal of each for the bovine customers. Incidentally the experiment is being used to eliminate the useless, inferior and even dangerous species of grasses from the cow's diet. Already it has been discovered that the cattle display the very human trait of having decided individual tastes, and that they will change abruptly from one kind of grass to another. In other words, they like to have a varied diet, and are thriving on it.

* * * * * * * *

PERSEVERANCE AND SUCCESS

"Victory," said Napoleon, "belongs to him who has the most perseverance." And Plutarch said: "Perseverance is the best friend and ally of those who use properly the opportunities that it presents and the worst enemy of those who rush into action before it summons them."

"Perseverance," says the sage, "is that faculty which gives us the power to accomplish a piece of work without allowing ourselves to be turned aside from our purpose either by the initial difficulties involved or by the obstacles that multiply themselves as we progress with our task."

The qualities of a man of perseverance are tenacity, composure, patience, activity, pose, attention. It is probable that in many of us lie dormant these qualities.

The man who stubbornly refuses to face the realities of life is doomed to fail in almost everything he undertakes. Failure is invariably the lot of a man who neglects to persevere according to righteous principles.

As we traverse life's way we observe those who have wooed

and won success, material, and many times spiritual, success. They persevered.

He who has attained material success may find happiness; but he who has attained both spiritual and material success has found happiness! And to attain genuine happiness one must persevere.

A man's perseverance can bring him amazing success and happiness or it can take him to the depths of hell. It all depends upon his principles.

For example, the great Napoleon was a man of perseverance, but his principles caused him to die in poverty on the isle of St. Helena, an exile, a man without a country, even though once a conqueror.

Some of us have persevered, but our principles led us astray. We are destined to lead a more or less miserable existence as long as we continue to live erroneously.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

REMEMBER THE MAINE

The sinking of the Maine in Havanna harbor forty-two years ago was the cause of the United States declaring war on Spain. There are living in our midst many survivors of the expedition to Cuba. On Sunday, March 18th, there was a fellowship meeting of Spanish War Veterans at Thacker's place in Charlotte, for dinner at 1 o'clock. Following the dinner a memorial service took place at the city armory, and the Spanish War Veterans were urged to attend.

It is hard to suppress the thought that tempus does fugit. It is difficult to visualize that the young men, of the "First Regiment of Volunteers" sent to Havanna are classed today as old men.

* * * * * * * *

A questioner signing himself "Interested Richmond" asked "What was Stonewall Jackson's favorite hymn"? The Richmond News-Leader replied:

"Since he could not carry a tune and was unable to distinguish one piece of music from another, it is doubtful that he had a favorite hymn. "Onward Christian Soldiers," which is often sung in his honor, is sometimes mistakenly believed to have been his favor-

ite. Actually it was not written by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould untill 1864, one year after Jackson's death. The familiar tune by Sir Arthur Sullivan was not composed untill 1872."

This debunking is getting mighty close to home.

* * * * * * * *

The late Dwight M. Morrow was of the opinion that there are two classes of people in the world, the one who really does things without applause, or the hope of applause, and the other who seeks credit for doing them. We are wondering what there was in Mr. Morrow's contact with a large clientelle that led him to such a conclusion. A big man, mentally and spiritually, is never too big not to see or to understand the bent of the human mind. Such a man understands human nature, and is charitable towards his fellowman.

* * * * * * * *

Among the famous birthdays in the month of February is that of Thomas Alva Edison, the 14th of this month. He was born in Milan, Ohio, in 1847. It was in 1927 that the United States Congress presented Edison the Gold Medal for his outstanding inventions that contributed greatly to better living conditions the country over. At that time it was estimated his entire group of inventions were valued at $15,599,000,000 to the people of the world.

* * * * * * * *

The three hundredth anniversary of the Finnish migration to these shores, in Chester, Pennsylvania, was surprisingly modest and poorly noted, considering the present heroic prominence of the Finns in the world today. The suggestion is this doubtless may be taken as a characteristic of their national spirit—no desire for the spectacular. And then on the other hand we Americans often overlook the noteworthy things and make a great hullabaloo over things that are short lived.

MARIJUNA: IS IT A LOCAL DANGER?

(Morganton News-Herald)

Rev. M. A. Adams, a Baptist minister of Rutherford county who has been a field representative of the United Dry Forces of North Carolina, is quoted by the Raleigh News and Observer as saying in an address there: "The greatest menace to the schools of our State is marijuana and it is present in all the high schools I have visited."

These are strong and upsetting words from a man who has traveled over the State as much as has Mr. Adams. At least once a year for several years, Mr. Adams has visited Burke county in the interest of the Dry cause and doubtless has gone into many schools in this aera, which makes more alarming his statement about the sexstimulating drug being "in all the high schools I have visited."

It is not our aim to close our eyes to the possibility that evil exists, but we are trying to think that the venerable minister exaggerates the danger, in the manner of the crusader that he is, crying loudly to raise his voice to be heard over the noise of everyday affairs and thus attract attention of the danger of the object of his attack. At least we hope that this is the case and that the presence of this drug has not been felt in our county.

The statement is justification for "the grave concern" expressed by Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, State health officer. who was responsible for marijuana (spelled mara huanna in the State law) in the same category with morphine and other harmful drugs in the North Carolina anti-narcotic law. And we agree with him when he thinks the statement should be thoroughly investigated:

Dr. Reynolds said:

"The fact this statement was made by a minister of the Gospel gives to it such weight that it should be thoroughly investigated by both Federal and State officials. I think that Mr. Adams should inform these officials, confidentially, if he wishes, in just what schools he observed the use of this dangerous drug and that the officials should get at the bottom of the matter and clear it up, hewing to the line and letting the chips fall where they may.

"I need not at this time to go into the horrible effects of mara huanna, as I have done this in previous warnings against the use of this nefarious drug, but I reiterate that there should be an immediate investigation of the minister's charges. The penalty for the first offense in violating the anti-narcotics law is a fine of $1,000 and imprisonment not exceeding three years, while persons found guilty of a second and subsequent violations may be fine $3,000 and imprisoned not exceeding five years or both. In either event, the punishment is not too great."

The test of good manners is being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones."

WHAT'S TO BE DONE ABOUT IT?

(Stanly News-Press)

The above question was pronounced this week by O. J. Sikes, judge of the county court, and was occasioned by the astoundingly large number of cases involving moral laxity that are appearing weekly in his court.

"Frankly," said Judge Sikes, "I don't know the answer. Certain penalties are prescribed for certain offences, but it appears that fear of punishment is no deterrent to the wave of immorality that has reached such startling proportions. I don't know who is the blame for this condition. But I do know that the general public is less harsh in its condemnation of certain offenses than was the case in former years. Young boys and girls are straying from the paths of rectitude and decency by the wholesale. And unless some remedy is applied to this almost universal tendency, there will ultimately be such a disregard of morality and the other virtues as to seriously handicap generations yet unborn."

A superficial check-up on cases of the character referred to by Judge Sikes revealed that an average of two cases per week are disposed of in this county. Only two weeks ago about fifteen persons were tried at one session of the court, one of the offenders being a girl who had only recently passed her fifteenth birthday.

Students of history say that moral laxity is encouraged by wars and the aftermath of wars, and that the present state of affairs had its origin during and following the late World War. Another school of thought lays the blame on the automobile, while another gives credit to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, which made liquor available in every town and hamlet in the United States.

There are those who say that parents of today are largely responsible for the trend toward immorality; that parents do not exercise close enough supervision over their children and are too prone to overlook the danger signals which are so evident. These critics, however, often lose sight of the fact that parents have an abiding faith in the decency of their offspring, athough this faith is too often tragically abused.

While "viewing with alarm," we might well reflect upon the attitude that prevails in other countries. In Germany promiscuity is openly encouraged, with the government assuming the responsibility for care of illegitimate children. The same is true of Russia, long noted for its indecencies. And, while deploring our own status, we might conceivably be proud that our misdeeds do not have governmental sanction.

———o———

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

—Herbert.

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF A STORM

(Orphans' Friend)

We of the Oxford Orphanage will not soon forget the snow storm and blizzard which struck our campus on that memorable January afternoon. The temperature had dropped until the ground was frozen, the skies became gray and presently scattered flakes of snow began to fall. By mid-afternoon the flurries of snow were coming faster and thicker and late in the afternoon the wind was blowing a gale and the air was filled with flying snow. We saw that we were in for a terrible night. We made a hurried inspection of heating plants and made inquiries as to whether each cottage had sufficient blankets. Supper time came and it was already dark. The many campus lights revealed a howling storm and blizzard of major proportions. Blinding snow and lashing winds made a quaint picture as our large family of more than 300 children worked their way to the dining room. But there was a warm room with bright lights, a cheerful atmosphere, clean surroundings, hot wholesome food and hot chocolate. While the wind and blizzard howled on the outside, a few words of caution were spoken to the children and when supper was over they worked their way back to their bright, warm and comfortable cottage homes.

On into the night the blizzard raged and, just before retiring, I made my rounds to see that everything was working properly. With the morning there came the light and more snow. The temperature was now very low, but many of the large boys and the colored help on the farm had been working since 5:00 o'clock and paths and trenches had been cut and all the children were at breakfast on time. It was a beautiful sight— the campus covered with snow, the children bright and happy, well clothed and a hot breakfast. The tasks of the day were commenced and everything moved as best it could under the conditions. Additional blankets were provided for the children and men and boys kept working cutting, not simply paths, but trenches for by noon the snow was 12 inches deep on the level and there were drifts possibly three or four feet deep.

No cars or traffic could move on the campus and scarcely none on the streets and highways. The milking went on as usual and the cans of milk were brought to the kitchen on sleds. The cattle were provided with more hay and good beds. The stock of fuel was checked in all the buildings and food supplies were checked; we found we had plenty for several days. The school opened on time and throughout the cold spell we have not lost a day. Day after day the cold continued, the wind howled and the thermometer dropped and dropped until it went below zero. Our stokers were all at work and the furnaces were in good shape. Here and there was a frozen pipe and one by one they were thawed out. One furnace gave some difficulty, but our engineer and his helpers soon had it going.

Although our Orphanage physician was sick in the County Hospital our Nurse and the staff at the Hospital took care of our little folks as they came for examination, and day by day

there was practically no sickness. There was more than a week that these conditions continued but we have not missed a meal, we have not missed a day at school and we have had practically no sickness among the children. Only a few workers have been sick with the flu. Additional fuel has been supplied, food stuffs were ordered and delivered and now all the snow has melted away. The campus has been cleaned up, every department is functioning normally and, as I write this article, everybody is in place and we have come through the worst blizzard and snow in many years.

The Oxford Orphanage was indeed "A Shelter in the Time of a Storm." Under the protecting care of the Masons and friends of childhood in North Carolina, these hundreds of children have been taken care of and, while the winds blew, the storms raged and the weather was cold there was comfort and happiness and cheer as we lived in our "Shelter in the Time of a Storm." Yes, you had a part in it, and may there come to you today a keener joy because you have made it possible for your life to have had a share in erecting and maintaining a "Shelter."

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DOCTORS ON POSTAGE STAMPS

A new series of postage stamps which will memorialize famous Americans has been announced by the United States Post Office Department. Among thirty who are to be so honored are two physicians, Major Walter Reed of the United States Army Corps and Dr. Crawford W. Long of Georgia.

No one can deny that these two men fully merit this tribute. Major Walter Reed with his associates Carroll, Lazear and Agramonte, in a series of experiments conducted in Cuba, discovered that yellow fever is transmitted by certain mosquitoes. The means of controlling a pestilence which had claimed thousands was thereby established and yellow fever disappeared from North America forever. It was never again to spread like a forest fire in a high wind anywhere in the Western Hemisphere.

Dr. Crawford W. Long, a general practitioner in a little Southern town, was the first to employ sulphuric ether as an anesthetic during a surgical operation. That this discovery was made quite independently by a group in Boston in no way detracts from the originality and humanity of Doctor Long.

The choice of two members to represent a profession which has rejoiced in so many men of genius and good will was not an easy task. Medical men can rejoice, therefore, that these two —the man who conquered a dread disease and the one who alleviated pain—typify the best in medicine in service to mankind.—The Sanatorium Sun.

DAUNTLESS DARING INTO THE HEIGHTS AND THE DEPTHS

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Eight million Methodists on the march in America, with a new spirit of adventurous faith stirring our united Methodism, is the joyful acclaim over all the land. In this mighty moral crusade and spiritual advance every local church should become a dynamic center. To this end every minister must aggressively lead his people and every Methodist layman must dedicate himself to a more Christ-like personal life for sacrificial Christian service in the daring advance of the coming months.

Last week we asserted on this page that our advance means advance of soul in the realm of the spiritual. Pastors, teachers and parents can therein make vivid and significant the Methodist witness—a witness to the power of God to save and transform all men. Pulpits that flame, teachers that know God as a living Presence, and parents that meet and talk with God, as did the saints of old, certainly give us assurance of victory. Adventurous faith, daring devotion and sacrificial living are the price of this Methodist Advance. Marital love and happy living do not thrive in and among those eager for comfortable living. To take things easy, to seek comfortable places, to shirk brave, honest, energetic efforts tend to make cads and miserable pretenses of men and women who should be brave, heroic and daring Methodists enlisted in a great cause.

Before we can reach the shining heights of glorious conquests our leaders must be pioneers in the spirit world with visions such as that on the Syrian road. They must come to know the glowing heart as He holds fellowship with them by the way, they must crave as their very own the lofty experiences possible on the high tableland of transfiguration glories, they must envision the world field which embraces all races, peoples and tongues. God in the soul of men who have eternity as the background of life makes leaders of dauntless daring. These have gone into the depths and they have attained the heights. Cads and bums and shirks certainly have no place in this conquest, neither do ease-loving, place-seekers wanting in the spirit of the Christ with the nail-prints.

WHERE IS REST?

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean after its life.
'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward! unswerving—and that is true rest.

THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH

(Exchange)

The United States is the leading practical exponent of Christianity. While its churches are not full and its citizens transgress freely; still the basic teachings of Christianity are in its blood stream. The American owes much to the church. He owes for the fight of the church through long dark centuries, and the leadership which the church provided during the founding and integration of this country. But it cannot be said that the church has made a very great contribution during the last hundred years. Christian leadership has passed from the hands of the church to the hands of the laity. Humanity must have faith in certain absolute spiritual values. The church is the teacher, the interpreter, and the guardian of those values. As laymen we do not feel that the faith is being guarded. As in the case of war of 1914 and the present war, ministers have championed the attitudes of the masses. Thus the flock is leading the shepherds. Here is an indictment of the modern Christian ministry which carries entirely too much truth for comfort. The church has lost much of the influence which it once held over the masses. Modern ministers have been too much concerned with material values instead of spiritual values. They have magnified the social aspects of the gospel to the neglect of spiritual truth until churches have degenerated into social organizations instead of spiritual organisms. They have abandoned discipline and lowered the standards for their members until the churches are filled with worldly unregenerate members. They have substituted the methods and organizations of the world for the scriptural plans and teachings. When will churches realize that their duty is not to conform to the world; but to transform it? When will they preach and practice the religion of "unspottedness?"

UNTO A HIGH HILL

Unto a high hill let us go,
And there, alone, our souls shall know
Complete at-one-ment—mystic birth
Of love unknown by us on earth.

Unto a high hill where the air
Is sweet, and all the world seems fair;
Where everything that bruised us so
Is touched by glory. Come, let's go!

Unto a high hill where God walks,
Unto a high hill where he talks,
Unto a high hill where the light
Of God's own love shall vanquish night.

YALE DEAN ADVISES TEACHING RELIGION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Selected)

Religion in its broader aspect should be an integral part of education in the Nation's public schools, according to Dean Luther A. Weigle of the Yale Divinity School. "To exclude religion from public schools," he said, "would be to surrender these schools to the sectarianism of a theism and irreligion."

Dr. Weigle told the eighteenth annual meeting of Religious Education that sectarianism must be kept out of public school curricula. "There is nothing in the principle of religious freedom," he declared "or the separation of church and state, to hinder the school's acknowledgment of the power and goodness of God."

The Yale Dean said the Nation has declared its faith in God in many ways— in the Constitutions of the States, in its legal oaths, and its legal holidays for religious events. "The common religious faith of the American people, as distinguished from the sectarian forms in which it is organized," said he, "may rightfully be assumed and find appropriate expression in the life and work of the public schools." The public schools, he added, "should include in their studies that basic elemental faith which is deeper and more fundamental than any of religion's institutional or sectarian forms— the faith that relates human life to God."

Dr. Arlo Ayres Brown, President of Drew University of Madison, N. J., said Christianity is engaged in a life-and-death battle with new theories of racial and national exclusiveness and totalitarian philosophies of government.

"Christianity must either win the world's allegiance or go down before the storm," he added. "The is a day in which superlatives do not exaggerate the peril to freedom for men and international good will as taught by Jesus."

POPE APPEALS TO EMPEROR FOR PEACE

Pope Pius XII recently appealed to Emperor Hirohito of Japan to "cease hostilities" in China.

In a telegram to the Emperor on the 2600th anniversary of the founding of the Japanese empire, the Pontiff said:

"We ask God that you may cease hostilities and that through divine aid may the Japanese people and their sovereigns attain greater glory and happy years.

"Participating in your joy on the 2600th anniversary of the foundation of your powerful empire, we extend to your majesty and the royal house felicitations and express thankfulness for your government's benightly feeling toward our Catholic sons."

TRAINING IN SAFETY

(Morganton News-Herald)

A continuous safety campaign might well be conducted to instruct children as to the safest manner of crossing a busy street.

A recent accident and many near-accidents are striking illustrations of the danger of running across a street, and there are few motorists who haven't been frightened within an inch of their life by some youngster darting out into the path of their car or almost running into the side of it. Such narrow escapes are seen almost everyday on the streets of Morganton.

True, policemen are stationed at the busiest streets during the periods when children are going to and from school, but they cannot be everywhere. The presence of such monitors serves as a precaution but does not strike at the chief need—that of teaching the children themselves the rule of safety.

The Parent-Teacher association, whose record of activity is filled with a large number of successful and extremely worth-while ventures; the teachers and officials of our schools, and the parents—all might well join hands in a campaign to drive home to young minds the fact that running across streets is far more dangerous than walking cautiously and slowly.

It is natural for them to run. They have been taught to be wary of cars in crossing the street, so, after a quick glance, they speed across before an auto can get there. The trouble is that they fail to see an oncoming vehicle and then cannot stop because of their running speed. True, the first law of nature moves them to run, but that the end of all mankind claims too many of them proves that the running method is contrary to safety. It is restraint on the boundless energy which makes running no effort at all—a restraint that will come only with the knowledge that there is danger in running, for we believe that many grownups would trot across some of our busier streets if they had the energy of these youngsters.

But before any such campaign can be effective the motorists themselves must recognize their share of the responsibility for creating this dangerous condition. Few children will ever be convinced that it is safest to walk in a way that to them appears a creeping pace when an oncoming car speeds headlong toward them and applies the brakes quickly to bring the auto to an abrupt stop in the face of a red traffic light. We've seen oldsters, thoroughly aware of all the approved safety methods, leap like a deer when they thought they were being run down by a car which sped up to the intersection and within an arm's reach of pedestrians before stopping.

The field, however, is fertile for the training of children about this important phase of traffic safety.

The fellow who cheats in a game will cheat in anything.

WHEN NATURE GOES TO SEA

By Maud MacDonald Hutcheson, in Nature Magazine

Fishes and aquatic mammals of the waters, birds of the air, and the stars in the heavens, all have their appointed place in the United States Navy's "christening code."

Although vessels of at least a dozen different types make up the complete clan, every individual member in the Navy's family is named according to an established set of rules. Under these the names of fishes are assigned to submarines, mine-sweepers are called after birds, and cargo boats go about their business under the authority of stars and constellations.

The Sculpin, which shared the headlines at the time of the Squalus tragedy, has a name unfamiliar to the average ear. It is a rough, shiny, big-headed sea fish. The Sea Raven, as the sistership to the Squalus has been named, is also named after a type of sculpin.

A list of new vessels made public by the Navy in July, 1939, provided for a number of submarines, bearing names of fishes or other denizens of the deep, some well-known, others obscure. Mackerel, of course, needs no explanation, but Grampus certainly may be looked up. This is a voracious toothed whale (this time a mammal), frequently styled "the killer" because of its ferocity in attack. It is a denizen to the northern oceans, preying on seals, porpoises and the smaller cetaceans.

Furnishing a happy contrast there is the Gudgeon, a little fish, rarely exceeding eight inches, who likes to play about in sandy shallows.

Another of the new under-sea craft will be launched as the Grayling, related to the salmon family, which has the deserved reputation of being a "handsome" fish! It is a favorite of the angler and popular as a dinner course. One species, the Michigan grayling, is now extinct. The Grayback, the Marlin, and the Gar, also figure in the new submarine quota.

The rule governing minesweepers is that they be given the names of birds. The Kingfisher, the Robin, the Pelican, the Raven and the Osprey, are found in this category.

Cargo boats— perhaps to compensate for their less venturesome way of living— take their names from the stars and the heavenly bodies. This class contains the Sirius, which we know as the Dog-Star; the Regulus, described as "a bright star in Leo," and the Capella, which astronomers define as a "bright star of first magnitude on the left shoulder of Auriga." Sailors must learn to know the stars.

A place in Greek and Roman mythology has been assigned to such commonplace craft as repair ships. One now under construction is being called the Vulcan, after the Roman God of Fire, and the Navy already has a Promtheus. He was the audacious Greek youth, we remember, who stole fire from the hearth of Zeus and brought it to earth. Another member of this family operates as Medusa— the lady who had serpents in her hair!

Thus Nature has a quota of her own among the lesser ships that go down to the sea.

When it comes to battleships, the highest-ranking members of the Navy's enormous family, they must

be named for States. The keel for the 35,000 ton South Dakota, for instance, was laid at Camden, New Jersey, on July 5 last.

Cities, large and small, receive their share of recognition from cruisers and gunboats, and personal tribute is paid by destroyers to men whose service to their country has been outstanding.

The Navy List issued in July provided for the building of the U. S. S. Swanson, in honor of the late Claude A. Swanson, Secretary of the Navy from 1933 to 1939. Another is being named the Edison, after the famous inventor, whose son, Charles Edison, is now Acting Secretary of the Navy.

Several members of a family may be honored in a destroyer's name, as in the case of the O'Brien. Captain Jeremiah O'Brien and four of his brothers showed conspicuous gallantry during the first naval engagement of the Revolution. The Porter is for Commodore David Porter, the father, and Admiral David Dixon Porter, his equally famous son.

These greyhounds of the sea are all memorials to men with a noble record of service in the Navy or some related sphere of public life. There have been destroyers named for enlisted men who have performed deeds of great valor, and Robert Fulton, father of the steamship, is among those on the Navy's honor list for his contribution to sea travel.

To aircraft carriers goes the task of handing on the tradition of famous battles, and the ships that fought them in days gone by. The Lexington, the Yorktown, and the Saratoga were christened for the engagements that changed the course of history. In the Ranger, John Paul Jones' clipper is immortalized, and the Enterprise another famous ship lives on.

Oil tankers are assigned the melodious Indian names of rivers in those sections of the country where oil is found. Fleet tugs take the names of Indian tribes and harbor tugs the names of Indian chiefs, Pyro and Nitro are the Navy's ammunition ships, named for these explosives.

Hospital ships carry on their good work under such synonyms for kindness and compassion as Mercy and Relief. There is a story (probably fictitious) of the wag who had been treated on both these ships, and declared there was "no relief on the Mercy, and no mercy on the Relief!"

In the Navy's ship-calling code the actual christening ceremony has a place of first importance. The champagne bottle must be broken against the new hull by a lady, and in the case of destroyers this brings in family tradition. These long gray monsters are christened by the nearest female descendant of the man in whose honor the vessel is named. The Navy has an expert genealogist in charge of this task— Mrs. Edna B. Casbarian— whose researches sometimes take her through the records of four or more generations before a chart is finished. They are works of art and accuracy, compiled from such sources as the voluminous personnel files of the Navy, the Naval Library, the Library of Congress and the extensive genealogical records of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Even then, the final choice may be someone with only a collateral claim to relationship, and in cases where no descendant can be traced the Secretary of the Navy has the right to name a sponsor.

THE TASK OF EDUATION

(Morganton News-Herald)

The inadequacy of public education in the past has been assailed many times, but Dr. Clyde A. Erwin, State superintendent of public instruction, brings a harsher indictment than to merely say that it has fallen short of its goal.

In an address before the Morganton Lions club, he declared that "public education sometimes contributes to frustration and crime." He said, in effect, that public education by its failure to measure up has not only been passively deficient but an active contributor to the things which it is supposed to prevent—unhappy, maladjusted people and criminality. Certainly it is a harsh charge, and no one knows it better than Dr. Erwin who is within the profession but who is not one who can't "see the forest for the trees." He tells of a boy, recently out of high school, who was unable to find work, could not adjust himself, ran afoul of the law and became, in brief, a misfit. Responsibility for this and many such cases might be placed at the door of public education.

Because two people will not respond alike to the same course of training and because their individuality accounts for widely divergent needs, the single-track curriculum is not enough, Dr. Erwin says.

What is the remedy? The State superintendent says that schools must broaden and enrich their curriculum, broadening the base of our educational system. He let it be known that he considers vocational training important, and the State has more than doubled its activity in the vocational line in the past five years. Such courses include manual arts, home economics, agriculture, and the like.

But the educator did not fail to mention the cultural phase of public schooling, referring to the increased attention to music and related courses to which the schools are more and more turning.

In brief, Dr. Erwin says of the task of education: "In future years we must not leave within our ranks a large number of misfits."

We must think in terms of the preservation of democracy, for an unhappy and dissatisfied people are the ones who listen to dictators. If we are to have a happy people, they must be a people fitted to do the jobs that democracy offers.

Dr. Erwin's views were heard here with interest, coming as an expression of the ideas which city and county school officials entertain, and have sought to embody in the broadening of courses.

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Don't part with your illusions. When they have gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.—Mark Twain.

HELP SAVE HUMAN LIFE!

(N. C. Highway Safety Division)

Violent deaths and serious injuries are always horrible to a certain degree, but they reach their peak in highway accidents, judging from records of the Highway Safety Division.

During 1939, for example, of the 8,133 persons killed and injured on the streets and highways of North Carolina, 685 suffered fractured skulls, 189 sustained fractured spines, 3,285 suffered severe general shock with contusions and lacerations, 301 had internal injuries, and 264 suffered from concussion of the brain. Those are violent deaths in the strictest sense of the word; those are injuries more painful in some instances than those of the medieval torture chambers.

Of course, lots of the North Carolinians involved in highway accidents last year suffered no pain at all, because they were killed instantly or died without regaining consciousness and never knew what had hit them. A majority of them, however, suffered untold agony and dire torture before their ultimate death or recovery. And some will be marked or maimed for life as a result of the accidents in which they were involved last year.

The automobile, in other words, is a deadly weapon, especially in the hands of an incompetent, reckless or drunken driver. It is, in fact, the deadliest weapon now in common use. Confirmation of this statement is to be found in the fact that motor vehicle deaths in North Carolina last year were 50 per cent above all the homicides and suicides combined.

For every person shot down by gun fire in the state last year, two or more pedestrians were mowed down by automobiles. Bullets are faster than automobiles, but they don't hit as many people. For every suicide in the state last year, there were three motor vehicle fatalities. Stepping on the gas is more deadly than inhaling it.

It should not be necessary, and yet it seems to be, to remind anyone who takes the wheel of an automobile that self-presveration is the first law of nature and neglect of the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill" is murder.

"The automobile," says Ronald Hocutt, Director of the Highway Safety Division "is a highly potential deadly weapon, and the sooner drivers recognize this fact and drive accordingly, the sooner will it be safe to ride and walk upon the streets and highways of North Carolina.

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No man works harder against his own interests than the man who works for them exclusively.—Selected.

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

(Rutherford News)

The Empire State Building in New York City has attracted over four million visitors to its glorious Tower since it opened its doors to the public in May of 1931. It is an experience no one should miss and which few, who have the opportunity to see them do miss: for the Empire State Building climaxes six thousand years of progress since the erection of the Egyptian Pyramids and is a supreme achievement in both beauty and utility. The elevators cost four million dollars.

It is on the west side of Fifth Avenue between 34th and 32nd Streets and spreads over 197.5 feet on Fifth Avenue and 424.95 feet on 33rd and 34th Streets. Area of the site is 83,860 square feet (about two acres). Height of building is 102 stories above the street and two stories below, being 1,250 feet to the tip of mooring mast. Observatory terraces are at the 86th and 102nd floors. Two thousand visitors can be accommoderated on the lower level and 100 atop the mooring mast. The building, the tallest structure of any kind in the world, houses 25,000 tenants.

More than 17,000,000 feet of telephone and telegraph wire are in the building. It has 6,500 windows 10,000,000 bricks were used, also 200,000 cubic feet of stone, 730 tons of exterior chrome-nickle steel and aluminum. It has 7 miles of elevator shafts and 67 passenger elevators Express cars reach the 80th floor in one minute. Elevators rise at the speed of 200 feet per ten seconds. It has enough floor space to shelter a city of 80,000. The cubic contents is 37,000,000 cubic feet.

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THE CHILD WHO LOOKS AT THE STARS

What are the advantages of the child in the country over the child in the city? There are many. Among these is the privilege of looking up at the stars. The electric lights of the city have put out the stars of heaven. It has been said with a good deal of gusto, "a cannon cannot shoot out the stars of the sky." Very true; but the lights of the city have blinded our eyes to "the heavens that declare the glory of God and the firmament that showeth his handiwork" and that is an unspeakable loss to sensitive, imaginative childhood. As the clear evenings of autumn approach when Venus and Mars and the Pleiades and Orion are set in splendor "among a wheeling multitude of stars" we are impressed afresh with the Psalmist's words, "night unto night showeth knowledge" and we can but pity the child into whose sensitive soul has never shined the stars of the sky. For the heavens have been drab and the life to that extent must be drab.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

HONOR TO HONORATO

By Faith Yingling Knoop

No, Jose," thundered the old man, speaking as always in his beloved Portuguese, "for the last time, my lake will not be drained. My pigpen will not be moved."

"But, Grandfather," began Jose desperately, "the mosquitoes— the dreadful malaria mosquitoes they are breeding! All stagnant water in the valley has been drained except on our own rossa. All over Central Brazil the mosquitoes are thus being fought."

"Bah, such nonsense that the Americanos teach you— that mosquitoes spread the malaria. It is the damp night air alone that brings malaria. Stay in the house after nightfall with doors and windows tightly closed as do I, Jose Honorato the first. Many times have I been bitten by the mosquito. But no malaria have I suffered."

Maria, Jose's sister who made the third person at the supper table now ventured her timid protest. "It is something that has been found out, Grandfather, since you were young, about mosquitoes and malaria. Look at the Americano mission school. While malaria has raged through our village of Ponte, not one has suffered in the school. And there they sleep with all windows open wide, but screened against the mosquito."

"Enough! It is not for you to teach your elders." For the first time in her life, grandfather spoke sharply to Maria. Then he rose from the table and stalked outside to feed his pigs, those fat pigs of which he was so proud, wallowing in their mosquito-breeding mud-hole close by. That pigpen formed the one eyesore on the Honorato rossa. The adobe house itself was neatly whitewashed, its roof was of tile laid evenly and tightly, unlike the thatched roofs of many of its neighbors. Within, the four rooms with hard packed dirt floors were clean and cool. Now as Jose and Maria busied themselves about their evening tasks, Maria's brown eyes were filled with tears, Jose's dusky face was puckered in thought.

"Grandfather is so kind," Maria was saying. "He has been mother and father to us since we can remember. He never turns away a beggar crouching on our doorstep, cloak thrown over head and hand held out for alms. He would not hurt anyone, yet our pigpen and our lake may be bringing suffering and death to many."

"Maria," Jose replied, "I cannot find words to tell grandfather. But today I heard something when I passed outside Dr. Irvin's office window. He was talking to Mayor Horacio. And they said that if we do not ourselves clean up our rossa, the Ponte Public Health Board will clean it up by force."

Maria looked at her brother wide-eyed. "Grandfather would be disgraced. It would be dishonor to the name of Honorato. It must not be."

When Jose Honorato the first returned to the house, the brother and sister were silent and miserable. "Come, come, my solemn ones," the old man greeted them. "In all Brazil there is not a finer boy or girl than my Jose and my Maria. Now let us shut doors and windows against the night air and its malaria. Then you shall study undisturbed by the fine

new oil lamp. And when the mission school holds its closing exercises, Jose and Maria shall win honors for the name of Honorato."

It was hard for Maria and Jose Honorato the third to put their minds on the lessons that night. Occasionally they slapped at buzzing mosquitoes which had somehow wandered into the house in spite of closed doors and windows. The oil lamp flickered and cast odd shadows over the bare board table on which it stood admist the school books. The table itself rocked and teetered in its saucers of water which prevented the white ants, plague of interior Brazil, from swarming up its legs.

Once Jose got up and went to the water pail from which he dipped water in a long-handled gourd and drank deeply. His bare feet padded over the bare earthen floor and then all was silent again until dozing Grandfather Honorato began to snore loudly.

Jose was figuring now, though his lessons were finished. He pushed the scrap of paper over to Maria. She studied it and nodded, then sighed. The clean-up of the rossa would cost so little and grandfather could afford it, they knew. This year's abundant rains had brought forth bountiful crops of sugar-cane, manioc, rice and vegetables. The Honorato rossa was prosperous. And the Honorato family was amongst the few fortunate households in the community not to have been stricken with malaria. For with the rain had also come the epidemic of malaria.

The next morning, Jose called to Maria anxiously, "Come quickly, Maria. Grandfather is sick. He has a chill."

Maria ran to her grandfather's room and looked at him in dismay. "It is the malaria," she said quietly.

When the old man could speak for his chattering teeth, he cried, "Nonsense. Go to school. I am all right."

Reluctantly the two left him. At noon they hurried home from school fearfully. Sure enough, their grandfather was still in bed, weak and hot with fever now. He no longer protested when Jose ran for Dr. Irvin, head of the mission.

It was malaria, as Maria had feared. Dr. Irvin shook his head gravely and prescribed quinine for the old man and also as a preventive for the young people. Maria must stay home from school for awhile to nurse her grandfather. Jose must stay home to farm the rossa. Cows, pigs, and chickens must be cared for, the vegetables cultivated. It was time to harvest the sugar cane. All thought of being honor students at the end of the school term must be forgotten in the greater need at home.

That night grandfather Honorato called weakly for Jose. "You are the man of the house now," he said. "I turn the rossa over to you until I am well. I have worked long to make it a good rossa, to have money in the bank. Do as you will, but do wisely."

Jose would never forget the days that followed. He worked from sun-up to sunset except for the noon siesta when none could be outdoors in the midday heat. He dug and sold great sweet potatoes, those South American sweet potatoes so large that one will serve a small family for several meals. He engaged help to harvest the sugar-cane and took it to the mission sugar mill. There the great wooden water wheel slowly turned and sugar-cane became brown and brick sugar. The Honorato rossa continued to prosper.

One evening, Jose picked a ripe

banana from the tree beside the house and sat on the doorstep, thoughtfully eating. A green humming bird with long, red bill hovered over a bright cactus flower near by. Tiny lizards scuttled up and down the outer house wall. Jose smoothed the paper on which he had been figuring, that last night before his grandfather's illness. "Maria," he called, "come here."

Maria, who had just finished washing the few supper dishes, came and sat beside her brother. A sudden shower pelted down and the two retreated into the front room, talking in low tones, not to disturb their grandfather, asleep in the room beyond. They did not notice when the shower was over and flying white ants rose in swarms from the ground, only to be caught in mid-air and gobbled up by the greedy chickens which darted about the yard. Soon night fell, bringing welcome coolness, and Jose's mind was made up.

In the morning, after the farm animals were fed, Jose went straight to the mission school and to Dr. Irvin's office. There he found Mayor Horacio deep in discussion with the doctor. But Jose did not retreat. "Dr. Irvin," he began, "and Mayor Horacio, I have something to say to you both. I am now head of the Honorato rossa. And I wish to make arrangements to clean and move our pigpen, and to drain the lake where the mosquitoes breed."

The tall, blond American doctor and the short, dark-skinned Brazilian mayor looked at each other in silence. Relief was in their eyes. Jose would never know that they had been making final plans to clean Honorato rossa forcibly, if need be, during old Jose's illness. And no one would know how they hated to plan anything which might rouse the old man's anger and which might make him the enemy both of the mission and of the townspeople. But the greater need must be served.

Dr. Irvin was the first to speak. "I am glad, Jose. We will all help you."

"And when my grandfather is well," Jose added proudly, "he will be glad, too, that others are not sick because of the mosquitoes from our rossa."

And now the days were busier than ever for Jose and Maria. Laborers from the town were aided after school hours by the older boys of the school. First a new pigpen was built away from the house, of newly-hewn lumber from the near-by forest. New feeding and watering troughs were constructed where the hogs should eat and drink in comparative cleanliness. When the hogs were moved to their new quarters, the old slough was drained. Some time it would be planted to manioc, that root crop from which tapioca and cassava bread are made.

The pigpen moved, the workers turned their attention to the cattle. A fence must be built to form a runaway for the cattle from pasture to river. And then a ditch was dug from the lake to the river. Slowly, slowly, the stagnant water drained from the pond. The mosquitoes no longer had a breeding place on the Honorato rossa.

If Grandfather Honorato, lying on his hard bed, was conscious of the unusual activity outside, he made no sign. But a few days after the work was completed, Jose came in from the fields to find his grandfather, completely dressed, sitting in the doorway and Maria hovering anx-

iously over him. Her eyes warned Jose that all was not well.

"Jose," began the old man quietly, "I made you head of the house. You did as you wished. You moved the pigpen, making it far, far, for these old legs to carry the feed and water."

"But I will do all that," interrupted Jose eagerly.

"Silence!" bellowed Jose the first, in all his old-time spirit. "You drained my pond which always held water for my cattle even when the river ran almost dry. It was done and cannot be undone. But now," the old man paused while Jose and Maria looked at each other fearfully. "Now I am well again and the heod of the house of Honorato. And you two will no longer go to the mission school which has taught you such nonsense."

Maria's eyes widened in dismay. "Oh, Grandfather," she gasped, gazing across the valley at the cluster of whitewashed mission school buildings. "Just one more year, please."

Jose at first said nothing. The present year's term was over this week. The goal he had worked for, to be head of his class, was already lost with the time lost from school. Maria, too, had forfeited her chance of winning final honors, in the weeks she had been nursing and keeping house. At last Jose spoke timidly, "But may we go to the closing exercises at the school tomorrow?"

"No," was the short reply and the old man turned away.

That afternoon Dr. Irvin stopped on his regular rounds to see his patient. Curtly old Jose Honorato would have dismissed him, offering to pay him what he owed. As curtly the doctor refused payment, but demanded that his patient see him, alone. When Dr. Irvin had gone, grandfather Honorato spoke grudgingly to his grandchildren. "You may go to the closing exercises tomorrow, but you may not attend the school another term."

When morning came, Jose and Maria dressed in their best white. They even put on the shoes which they wore only to church and for special holidays. At the mission school they took their places with their classes and marched into the auditorium. But their hearts were heavy. This was the last time that they would be with their fellow students. And there was so much that they might yet have learned from the good Americanos.

All the village was gathered in the auditorium and strangers, too, from many miles around were there to see their children graduate or receive honors and promotions. There were songs and there were speeches. Everything was wildly applauded by the enthusiastic, demonstrative Brazilians.

The promotion lists were read. Jose and Maria were surprised and gratified that their names, in spite of their long absence, were amongst the promoted. But what good was it, if they could no longer go to school?

And then the honor lists were read and Mayor Horacio stood to present the prizes— certificates, medals and books, for extraordinary achievements. At last, only two small packages remained to be given. Mayor Horacio paused and coughed a little. "I am deeply honored," he began, "to be the one to present these last two outstanding prizes to two people of whom not only the school but our whole village is proud. Maria Honorato," he went on, "we wish to give you this first-aid nursing kit in token of the position you have achieved as

the best nurse of the Ponte Mission classes in nursing."

He was interrupted by hand-clapping and cries of "Maria, Maria." Jose was clapping hardest of all.

Mayor Horacio raised his hand for silence as Maria shyly made her way to the platform. Then he orated, "And Jose Honorato, I wish to present you with this American watch for the most outstanding achievement of any student in the school during the past year. Alone you have run a rossa successfully as any man, and removed a menace to Ponte's health. What is more, you have followed the teaching of Ponte Mission School not only in farming and health but also in upright, Christian living."

Only one thing was lacking, Jose thought, as he tremblingly received his fine American watch— if only grandfather were here! And then he looked toward the open door. There in the entrance stood Jose Honorato the first, tears running down his brown, wrinkled face. He was clapping and smiling and weeping all at the same time.

At home that evening, Grandfather Honorato gathered his grandchildren to him, an arm around each. "Of course you will go to school next term," he said proudly. "And if you must have them, I will send by mule-back to Bahia or Sao Paulo or even Rio Janerio for screens to screen our house against the deadly mosquito. And some time our rossa will be a great fazenda and bring yet more honor to the name of Honorato."

———o———

LENTENTIDE

The weeks of Lententide seem but a loan—
As all of life is given to repay,
For good or ill, each transitory day—
A stewardship of days, one's very own,
A solemn trust of days that slowly drone
Their idle hours in selfishness away,
Or else are spent in some unselfish way,
In Christian service, public or unknown.
Now come to us again these forty days,
These forty chances to be rich or poor,
These forty battles to be lost or won,
These forty tests for censure or for praise,
These forty days that die, or will endure
In deeds of Christlike love, when life is done.

—John D. M. Brown

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. E. L. Greenlee, of Albemarle, spent several days at the School last week as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, our resident nurse.

Messrs. E. L. Hauser and J. Carlyle Williams, of Fayettiville, visited the School last Thursday afternoon. Mr. Hauser is superintendent of public welfare in Cumberland County. Both he and Mr. William visited a number of the departments here and seemed very favorably impressed by the various activities at the School.

Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Phillips, of Salisbury, called at The Uplift office last Friday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Phillips is pastor of Haven Lutheran Church in that city. We very pleasantly recall having heard him conduct two services at the School more than ten years ago, at which time he was pastor of a church in Mooresville. It was a pleasure to see him and his good wife again. While here they visited various departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building.

Mr. R. V. Caldwell, of Concord, better known as "Uncle Vic", and Mr. Frank Waldbiesser, of Jersey City, N. J., were visitors at the School one day last week. Uncle Vic, in spite of his eighty-four years, is still quite active. He seemed to take great delight in telling the boys of the printing department of his baseball playing days many years ago. He stated that he was the only surviving member of the first team to represent Concord on the diamond. Another period in his long life, of which he likes to tell the boys, was when he was a student at Davidson College and played on the same team with the late Woodrow Wilson, our World War President. The latter, known as "Tommy" in those days, was Davidson's regular third-baseman, while Uncle Vic attended to the catching duties.

Three of our old boys, Clyde and Raleigh Evans and Millard Leonard, called on friends at the School last Sunday morning. Clyde, age 26, and Raleigh, age 29, who have been away from the institution 10 and 12 years, respectively, are both married, the latter having three children. While at the School both were house boys in Cottage No. 5. Millard, who is 25 years old, was a member of the Cottage No. 8 group. He was allowed to leave us about 12 years ago. He is married and has three children.

All of these young men are employed by the same firm, the Caramount Mills, Rocky Mount, and seem to be doing well. They were neatly dressed, had nice manners, and had every appearance of having developed into really worthwhile citizens.

We recently received a letter from Gilmer Casstevens, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who was allowed to leave the School, May 5, 1931. He returned to his home in Yadkin county, where he helped his father on the farm. For several years reports coming from officials of the county welfare department stated that this lad was making a fine record. He became a valuable assistant to his father in carrying on the farm work;

he was a regular attendant at church and Sunday school; he had developed into a young man of pleasing personality; his conduct since leaving the School had been excellent.

For several years, Gilmer made frequent visits to the School and in talking to friends among the staff members, was always most enthusiastic in expressing his appreciation for what the training received here had meant to him.

In this letter, written to a former Training School employee, Gilmer stated that his father died a little more than a year ago. Shortly thereafter the estate was divided among several relatives. Feeling that it would not be very profitable to continue farm work on rented land, Gilmer decided to enter some other line of employment. After doing quite a bit of traveling around, he finally landed in Waterloo, Iowa, where for the past year he has been employed by the Roth Packing Company. He states that it is one of the largest packing plants of its kind in the world, shipping its products to all parts of the United States and to foreign countries. This firm employs more than 8,000 men and women. Gilmer stated in this letter that he is now making $30.00 per week, likes his work very well and is pleasantly situated.

He is still a great booster for the Training School and the work it is trying to accomplish, and sent best wishes to the members of the staff who knew him as a boy here.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. He was accompained by our old friend, Gene Davis and Mr. Paul Sheahen. Following the singing of the opening hymn, the program was turned over to Gene, who led the boys in singing several choruses he had taught them on previous visits. He also rendered a vocal solo, "Golden Bells", in his usual highly entertaining manner. Gene then presented Mr. Sheahen, manager of the Pan-American Bus Line's branch in Charlotte, a prominent church worker of that city.

The speaker selected as his text Matthew 13:44—"Again, the kingdom of heaven si like unto a treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." After expressing his pleasure in having the opportunity to visit the School and talk to the boys, he observed that in looking over the youthful faces before him, there was great potential power in the assemblage. He told the boys that it was Christ's wish that they do all in their power to make their lives beautiful.

Every real man desires to be happy and serviceable, said Mr. Sheahen, and it is only through Christ that he can develop these qualities. By closely following the teachings of the Master we can measure up to the full complement of making our lives beautiful.

The speaker then told his listeners that looking for treasure is very important, but we must consider where to look, how to look, and what to look for. The man referred to in the text was looking for a pearl of great price, and when he had found same, exerted himself to the utmost to obtain permanent possession of it. He even sold all he had in order to purchase it. In searching for trea-

sure, one must be able to recognize the real article when he sees it, then he must have power to attain it.

Mr. Sheahen then told the boys the story of a boy down in Alabama whose ambition as a mere lad was to some day become a United States Senator. After completing his studies he moved to Florida and began to practice law. A few years later the opportunity was given him to become a candidate for governor. He refused the offer because of his ambition to be a Senator some day. This man's name was Claude Pepper, and he lived to realize his boyish ambition—he was elected to represent the state of Florida in the United States Senate. This event was brought about solely by constant devotion to ideals established early in life.

In conclusion, Mr. Sheahen told the boys that the highest purpose in life was to ever strive to follow after the greatest leader of all time—Jesus Christ,—and that no outside interference, no matter how important it might seem at the time, should prevent closely following that path.

Mr. Sheahen's address was most inspiring and held the boy's attention throughout, and at the close of the service many of them approached him, indicating their desire to seek the pearl of greatest price, that of trying to make their lives more beautiful and serviceable.

———o———

THE PERFECT LIFE

Men are but mimics copying other men,
  Living as others live, a fruitless life;
  Plodding along in never-ending strife,
From shriveled hope to shriveled hope again.

What means it all? Ha! list the cheering voice:
  See in the present Sacred Hands at work,
  Purging you from the stains that in you lurk,
That you may in the perfect life rejoice.

The labor of the day is shaping you
  To fitness for the wonderful to be,
  And in the world about you, you may see
Angels of light, to guide you to the True.

Think not life common, but in all things find
  A will at work to raise you from the sod,
  To link you firmly to the Heart of God ,
And give the good destined for humankind .

—D. B. Mackie.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending February 25, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Clyde Gray 11
(2) James Hodges 10
(2) Leon Hollifield 12
(2) Edward Johnson 13
(2) Robert Maples 9
(2) Frank May 9
(2) Arna Wallace 9

COTTAGE No. 1

William G. Bryant 9
(2) Howard Cox 7
Carl Hooker
H. C. Pope 5
(2) Arlie Scism 8
(2) William Whittington 10
(2) William C. Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Bennie Austin 3
Charles Chapman 4
Jack Cline 7
(2) George Cooke 10
(2) Julian T. Hooks 6
Robert Keith 7
Donald McFee 10
(3) Nick Rochester 11
(2) Landros Sims 11

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Lewis Andrews 8
(2) John Bailey 2
(2) Clyde Barnwell 10
(2) Earl Barnes 9
Earl Bass 4
(2) James Boone 7
Grover Beaver 7
Kenneth Conklin 4
Jack Crotts 6
Max Evans 8
(2) Coolidge Green 11
Bruce Hawkins 4
Roscoe Honeycutt 3
Harley Matthews 4
William Matthewson 10
(2) Otis McCall 4
(2) John C. Robertson 9
(2) George Shaver 8
(2) William Sims 11
William T. Smith 5
Harrison Stilwell 6
John Tolley 4
Jerome Wiggins 6
(2) Louis Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 7
(3) Arthur Edmondson 8
Paul Godwin
(3) Hoyt Hollifield 3
(2) Hugh Kennedy 7
(9) Ivan Morrozoff 13
(9) Melvin Walters 13
(2) Richard Wiggins 3

COTTAGE No. 5

(6) Theodore Bowles 11
(3) Collett Cantor 11
A. C. Elmore 9
Monroe Flinchum 3
Ray Hamby 9
(2) William Kirksey 9
(6) Everett Lineberry 8
Paul Lewallen 8
Sam Montgomery 4
(2) J. C. Reinhardt 8
(2) Richard Starnes 9
Elmer Talbert 2
Hubert Walker 9
(2) Dewey Ware 9
Henry Ziegler 6

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Fletcher Castlebury 3
(5) Noah Ennis 10
James C. Wiggins 3

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) John H. Averitte 7
(3) Cleasper Beasley 6
Carl Breece 10
(2) William Beach 9
(14) Donald Earnhardt 14
Richard Halker 4
Hugh Johnson 10
(2) Lyman Johnson 8

J. C. Long 5
Robert Lawrence 7
Ernest Overcash 4
(5) Carl Ray 11
Edd Woody 8

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley 6
Jack Hamilton 7
(3) Joseph Linville 5
(6) Harvey Smith 6

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Clarence Baker 4
(4) Mack Bell 10
(7) J. T. Branch 11
(14) Roy Butner 14
(4) Wilbur Hardin 10
(2) John Hendrix 2
(2) Osper Howell 9
Mark Jones 10
(3) Harold O'Dear 12
(4) Lonnie Roberts 10
(3) James Ruff 10
Preston Wilbourne 11

COTTAGE No. 10

(4) Junius Brewer 11
John Crawford 6
(2) J. D. Hildreth 6
(6) Lee Jones 11
Vernon Lamb 10
(3) James Penland 5
Weaver Penland 2
(2) Oscar Smith 10
(4) George Worley 9

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Harold Bryson 11
John Benson 11
William Covington 11
Earl Hildreth 13
(2) Franklin Lyles 7
(4) Donald Newman 11
(5) Fred Owens 13
(4) Canipe Shoe 6
(6) Thomas Turner 11
(7) N. C. Webb 13

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Odell Almond 12
(2) Ernest Brewer 7
Jay Brannock 6
William Broadwell 3
William Deaton 10
(3) Howard Devlin 11
(4) Max Eaker 9
Woodrow Hager 6
Joseph Hall 7
(5) Hubert Holloway 10
(3) Richard Honeycutt 8
Frank Johnston 8
(5) Tillman Lyles 8
(4) Clarence Mayton 8
(5) James Mondie 9
James Puckett 7
(5) Howard Sanders 6
Ralph Sorrells 10
William Suites 2
George Tolson 7
Carl Tyndall 4

COTTAGE No. 13

Wilson Bailiff 2
(3) James Brewer 7
(3) Dillon Dean 5
(3) Merritt Gibson 10
William Goins 5
(3) William Griffin 8
(3) Vincent Hawes 13
(2) James Kissiah 7
(7) James Lane 9
Douglas Mabry 10
John Murdock 2
Walter Morton 6
Thomas R. Pitman 4
(14) Alexander Woody 14
Joseph Woody 2

COTTAGE No. 14

(7) Raymond Andrews 11
John Baker 7
John Ham 3
Marvin King 6
(14) Feldman Lane 14
(3) John Robbins 8
(5) Charles Steepleton 8
(3) Harold Thomas 11
J. C. Willis 6
(8) Jones Watson 11
(9) Wallace Woody, Jr. 13

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Raymond Anderson 13
(9) Fred McGlammery 12

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Raymond Brooks 8
(2) Philip Holmes 12
(2) Richard Lawry 2
(14) Warren G. Lawry 14
Harvey Ledford 3
(3) Earl Oxendine 10
(3) Thomas Oxendine 11
Curley Smith 8
(3) Thomas Wilson 10

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 9, 1940 NO. 10

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

I ask Thee for a sure and certain skill,
A patient and a consecrated will,
I ask Thee for a white and perfect dream,
A vision of the deep and wide unseen
Dear Lord, I need those things so much, so much,
A little child is plastic to my touch.

I ask Thee for a love that understands
When it should reach and when withdraw its hands:
A selflessness that flings the locked door wide
For youth to enter while I step aside.
Dear Lord, I need these things so much, so much,
A human soul lies plastic to my touch.

—Author Unknown.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE ROSE STILL GROWS BEYOND THE WALL

Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.
As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall,
Through which there shone a beam of light.
Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.
The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.
Shall claim of death cause us to grieve,
And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive;
The rose still grows beyond the wall.
Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore.
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will for evermore.

—*A. L. Frink.*

ADVICE TO "OLD HICKORY" BY HIS MOTHER

The advice of a good mother even when living conditions are bad takes lodgment, and in the due course of time good results are realized. Andrew Jackson as a youth found the way hard. His father, a Scotchman, emigrated to this country in 1765, and soon after died leaving to his widow a half cleared farm in a new settle-

ment. The ambition of Andrew's mother was that her boy prepare for the ministry. Fate decreed otherwise. The turbulent conditions of America at that period of history charted for Andrew Jackson a very different field of work. The camp life gave him a different slant upon life consequently he studied law.

But from a short sketch of "Old Hickory," in time of peace and war, he carried deep in his bosom the following words from his sainted mother. Most likely these words were spoken when her son, yet in his teens, gave of himself for the independence of his country:

Andrew, if I should not see you again, I wish you to remember and treasure up some things I have already said to you: In this world you will have to make your own way; to do that you must have friends. You can make friends by being honest, and you can keep them by being steadfast. You must keep in mind that friends worth having will in the long run expect as much from you as they give you. To forget an obligation or be ungrateful for a kindness is a base crime; not merely a fault or a sin, but an actual crime. Men guilty of it sooner or later must suffer the penalty.

In personal conduct be always polite, but never obsequious. None will respect you more than you respect your self. Avoid quarrels as long as you can without yielding to imposition, but sustain your manhood always. Never bring a suit in law for assault and battery or for defamation of character. The law affords no remedy for such outrages that can satisfy the feelings of a true man.

Never wound the feelings of others. Never brook wanton outrage upon your own feelings. If you ever have to vindicate your feelings or defend your honor do it calmly. If angry at first, wait until your wrath cools before you proceed.

* * * * * * * *

ST. PATRICK

Saint Patrick, the apostle and patron saint of Ireland, was taken a slave by pirates in Ireland when a small boy. But with the increasing love of God in his heart he escaped to France after six years of confinement. He studied in the Monastery of St. Martin in France and became the saviour of his people, preaching and teaching the Gospel.

The following selection tells in an interesting way something of Saint Patrick's life:

The seventeenth of March is kept as St. Patrick's Day, because the date of his birth is unknown, and so the date of his death is celebrated.

Of his early life little is known, but it is said that he was sold as a slave in Ireland and kept the flock of his master, and gave himself to meditation and prayer. As he says in his own life story: The love of God and his faith increased more and more, and my soul was stirred so much that in a single day I recited a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same number. Even before dawn I was awakened to prayer by the snow and ice and rain, and I felt no injury from it, nor was there any want of energy in me, because the spirit was fervent.

After six years he escaped and went to France and studied at the Monastery of St. Martin in Tours. Then he returned to Ireland and labored with patience and zeal to preach the Christian religion.

It was St. Patrick who is said to have made the shamrock the national flower of Ireland. In teaching about the mystery of the trinity, he took a shamrock and showed that three parts made one leaf, just as Father, Son and Holy Spirit make one God.

* * * * * * * *

THE NYA ADMINISTRATION

The National Youth Administration gives financial aid to young men and young women, enabling many to pursue their college courses. This type of service is wide spread in the nation, an unheard of thing to many worthy young people three or four decades ago. If such had been available thirty or forty years ago many a youth with a flare for the classics of a higher education would have jumped at the opportunity presented.

A writer in the Christian Science Monitor made the statement recently that one college student in every ten is receiving financial help this year from the NYA. In return for their monthly pay check such students perform a wide variety of work from building and repairing to stenographic, library and laboratory work. The largest number of NYA aided students this year are at the University of California which has a quota of 2,330.

REQUESTS FOR BACK NUMBERS

Quite frequently this office receives requests for back numbers of The Uplift, and if copies are available we are always more than glad to comply with these requests. It is pleasing to learn that some of our readers show sufficient interest in our little magazine to make these requests, and we are glad to be of service to them. Just last week we received the following letter:

Henderson, N. C.
February 26, 1940

Editors The Uplift,
Concord, N. C.
Gentlemen:

Recently in Chapel Hill I came across a bound volume of your Magazine for the year 1937, containing re-prints of two articles of mine, one of them on Cape Hatteras and the other on the Roanoke Island celebration of 1937. These articles appeared in the summer of 1937.

I would like very much to have copies of The Uplift containing these stories of mine if they are available. I would appreciate your letting me know.

Very truly yours,
G. E. Dean.

We very plesantly recall these splendid articles by Mr. Dean, and wish to take this opportunity to assure him that the copies asked for will be mailed to him at once.

* * * * * * * *

SALUTE TO WILLIAM

Who is William? The following clipped from a small pamphlet, the mouthpiece of the student body of a certain High School of Eastern Virigina, tells that William is the janitor and the students appreciate the splendid service of William. This brief salute shows a depth of feeling for the janitor, also the story reflects the true elements of young manhood and womanhood,—an appreciation of faithful service regardless of race:

"William, we just couldn't get along without you and your helpers. We're sure the old schoolhouse would fall to pieces.

Why, you tend the fires so carefully it's always warm when the doors are open. You never grumbled when we chase after you for the keys. The students are so thoughtless about paper and such,

but we do thank you for keeping things clean. Snow off the walks, our hedges trimmed, little jobs here and there; they take up a lot of time. When there is decorating for the gym, your helpers always do as we bid, helping us sweep, moving ladders, bringing ice and water for drinks. Whenever something is lost or to be done, they say, "Go see William." "Call William" Don't you see that your're perfectly indispensable?"

* * * * * * * *

I'M YOUR LITTLE BOY

A lady busy about public affairs met a little boy on the street. Something about the boy's appearance attracted her. "Little boy," she said, haven't you any home?"

"Oh, yes'm, I've got a home."

"And loving parents?"

"Yes'm."

"I'm afraid you do not know what loving affection really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?"

"Yes'm."

"Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?"

"Yes'm."

"Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on 'When does a mother's duty to her child begin?' The hour is 2 o'clock."

"The little boy looked up and said, "What is the matter with you, Ma? Don't you know me? I'm your little boy."

* * * * * * * *

Morbus sabbaticus, or Sunday sickness, is quite prevalent among church members of low vitality. The patient sleeps well Saturday nigth, eats a hearty breakfast Sunday morning, and suffers the attack before 11 o'clock. As a rule it does not last long. By noon the patient feels easier and usually is able to eat a hearty dinner. But the patient is never so ill that he can not read the Sunday paper.

A FUNDAMENTAL VIEW OF THE SOUTH TODAY

(Selected)

Do you remember that Moses ascended a mountain and looked out over the Promised Land? He was not permitted to enter, but at least he got a good view of the country he loved. Now, before we start our journey, let us mount some height and look at the land into which we're going, says The Christian Science Montitor.

There is no better place for that than Monticello, here beside Charlottesville. This does not mean that the "little mount" on which Jefferson's house stands is really high enough to tower over the whole South. But Jefferson himself is such a noble representative of the South, the architecture he introduced became so typical, his friendly simplicity was so widely adopted and his agrarian ideal is so warmly championed by Southern leaders, that we will do well to get the lay of the Southland from Jefferson's beautiful front porch.

And the first thing we learn is that the Southeastern part of the United States resembles, in its topography, the landscape of a southern capital or courthouse or university. Such institutions are usually built on an elevation and have grand flights of stairs leading up to them. The whole of the South slopes up like that. It makes you think of a lawn rising toward a terraced hill, crowned with series of marble steps. One slope sweeps westward from the Alantic, another, northward from the Gulf of Mexico. They meet and culminate in the mountains of western Virginia, Tennessee, and the Ozarks.

The whole of the South is rimmed by a very low, highly productive coastal plain, which leads to a rolling region of gentle, fertile hills, that blend into a rugged, picturesque high land, mounting to rocky, wooded mountain ridges, but by frequent gorges. Every seaboard State, except Florida, extends from the coast to the mountains, while on top of this broad verdant pyamid are Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas.

This first cursory glance reveals that there is no such thing as a solid, uniform South. The low, level State of Florida, whose higest elevation is little more than an imposing sand dune, differs in many respects from the others. Louisiana, also, has a great many special characteristics; North Carolina constantly reminds one of the Middle Western area, while part of Tennessee and Kentucky resemble the "Wild West." No more than five states exhibit all the characteristics considered Southern; they are South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

However, 11 States show so many common characteristics, in spite of diversities, that they may be considered the South or Southeast. They are Virginia, the Carolinas, Florida, Georgia, Alabama; Mississippi, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas.

Among the many things these States have in common is an extraordinarily favorable climate with a frost-free, growing season longer than in most other parts of America. They are also

favored with an abundance of rain, have a very large variety of soil, are unusually well adapted to the growing of all kinds of forests, contain ideal dairying regions, are especially suited to the production of fruits and vegetables and are very richly endowed with natural beauty—in the mountains, along the rivers, on the shore. The South abounds in places for pleasant homes. It is justly famous as a good place to live in. In addition, it is unusually well supplied with water power and contains large quantities of valuable minerals. One need be neither a poet nor a native to see that this part of America is a garden spot.

And it is as rich in human as in natural resources— even though one cannot easily understand this human aspect of the South. The people here are considered easy-going, even shiftless or lazy.. And there are signs of that. They let things "run down." But on the other hand, they have enormous energy and show an astounding vitality. At times they reveal a driving power that is amazing. The South has produced and produces personalities of extraordinary force. It has furnished more than its quota of heroic figures. Much of the South is more like a frontier than any other part of America. In Montana you may have to go to a rodeo to see a cowboy, but as you wander through the South you constantly see men of the frontier.

No part of America has such a large number of children. This is by far the youngest part of our country. There are more youngsters here and fewer oldsters than in any other area.

As might be expected, these youthful, frontier people are earnest. Vitality, youth, fanaticism are related. The South tends to be narrow, demagogic, romantic. It is both poor and lavish, tender-hearted and cruel.

It is more ardently, earnestly, fervently Protestant than any other large area in America— probably in the world. A very large proportion of the adults in nine Southern states are Baptists, and Methodists, with some Presbyterians. Warm religious emotion is highly cherished.

An outstanding fact about the South is the number of Negroes here. Practically one out of every third Southerner is a Negro. In one whole State, Mississippi, more than half of the inhabitants are Negroes. There is a long, wide, black belt, stretching from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, where Negroes predominate. There are as many Negroes in the South as all the inhabitants of Holland or Belgium. This is a colossal economic reality affecting every phase of the Southern life.

It is largely due to this fact that educational standards are lower than in other parts of America. Illiteracy is higher, the circulation of books and papers is more restricted, health and housing conditions are worse, fewer libraries exist, wages are lowest, the per capital income is lowest, per capita wealth is lowest, pay for teachers is smallest, the number of social agencies smallest, production an acre and man-hour in factories is lowest. It also accounts largely for the political demagogery that marks parts of the South.

This situation should not be a cause of reproach. The existence of 8,000,000 Negroes among 17,000,000 whites is simply a reality, just as a river, a mountain, a desert, or the heat of summer is a reality. It creates a problem, affecting all America.

The South realizes that and is making gigantic efforts to solve it. The

South is advancing faster along most lines than America as a whole. It has greatly improved its education, its roads, it housing. It provides the Negroes alone more schools than it did for the whole South four decades ago. It carries an enormously heavy tax burden. It is giving great attention to social planning. It is building up an industry, enlarging its urban population, maintaining many institutions for the preparation of leaders.

Probably there was never so much intercourse and inter-action between the North and the South as now: Its great potential wealth is the wealth of us all, its charm and beauty our gain. Its problems our problems. America is one and we must all advance together.

As we look out from Jefferson's little mount, over the South, we see wealth and waste, devotion and frustration, loving kindness and unassuaged want.

ECONOMY

Lincoln—"Teach economy. It begins with saving money."

Wilson—"Economy and everything that ministers to economy supplies the foundations of national life."

Franklin—"Save, young man, and become respectable and respected."

Hanna—"If you want to be anything in life or in your community save your money—and begin to do it right away."

Gladstone—"A boy who is taught to save money will rarely be a bad man or a failure."

Wanamaker—"No body ever became great as a man who did not in his youth learn to save money."

Washington—"Economy makes happy homes and sound nations. Instill it deep."

Roosevelt—"If you would be sure that you are beginning right, begin to save."

Garfield—"It is the men and women who pay attention to small things that become wealthy."

Hill—"The seed of success in not in you if you can't save money."

Theodore N. Vail—"A college education is not necessary to reach the highest rung in the ladder of success. Ordinary ability, properly developed is enough. It is the power of every man to prepare for success just as other successful men are prepared."

Thomas A. Edison—"I have been through five depressions during my business life. They all act alike. The men who, if business fell off 66 per cent, increased their selling effort 75 per cent. managed to pull through as if it were no depression, as the efforts of such men tend to shorten the periods of depression."—Selected.

THE COTTAGE PARENTS ON THE INSTITUTION STAFF

(Bulletin, St. Christopher's School)

The cottage parent is, without doubt, the most important single facor in institution administration. He is the most difficult person to select for his position, because so many different things are required of him. Upon him depends the child's development in his institution setting, for the child sees the institution and its personnel as it is interpreted by the cottage parent. In no other position is it so important that he have met his own problems well, for no other person has such close proximity to the problems which the children present, problems which often run counter to the adult's well grooved philosophies of life, problems which often challenge and threaten the adult at the threshold of his own difficulties. In no other position on the institution staff is social intercourse and the opportunity for refreshing breezes so limited. The cottage parent is the person who feels first hand, the wear and tear of personalities on one another in group unanimity, in repressed or open conflict. He is the buffer for the children; he is the person who is most critically observed by the administrative staff.

What are the things we require of this super-man, ideal person? He must love children wisely; he must be a good parent, in all that implies; he must be a thrifty manager; if this person chances to be a cottage mother—she must be a good cook; "handy" with a needle. These people must be objective about the problems of each child under their care; They must follow the leadership of the social worker; the psychiatrist; the teacher; and the superintendent when leadership is forth-coming from those sources, yet devise their own wise treatment when such leadership is lacking, as when John turns his plate upside down or twists Charlie's arm, when no social worker, psychiatrist, teacher or superintendent chance to be around to prescribe the method for dealing with the particular outburst. As for problems of their own, we of the administrative staff scarcely permit them to have any such, seemingly unmindful that most of them have had to struggle with the same obstacle to their growth as we, and have met these with similar varying degree of success.

From what soil do we recruit these all important staff members? For the most part, there is no training given for such workers, outside of that given on a particular job on which they may be engaged; so we select them from the welter of professions and business occupations in which most of them have spent their maturing years, hoping to choose from this motley group, men and women who are not qualified by training but by personality, for the job of living with and directing the destinies of a group of children. The method used in this selection process is the case work interview; obtaining as much information as possible regarding the past experiences of our "clients" and endeavoring to ascertain their basic attitudes toward people. If the cottage parent is conceived as a functional part of the treatment situation

this selection is both more important and more difficult than when the institution is not viewed as a case working resource. In such a situation the administrator, to whose lot falls this job of selectivity runs across a snag in that the people whom he or she may feel capable and with whom he or she could work effectively, are seen by different eyes and gauged by different temperaments when other members of the administrative staff bring their personalities and judgments to beat on the situation and find that, lo, the person whom the administrator felt to be adequate cannot meet the demands and fulfill the requirements of the second, third and fourth parties to treatment. And so the cottage parent is often felt to be lacking by other people with whom he must work, but not by the person by whom he was engaged! Does the cottage parent feel at times he must be all things to all men? It must be a very difficult thing for the cottage parent to adjust himself to the different personalities of the staff in addition to the differing personalities of the children. No wonder he seems at times distraught!

How can we help this key person to fulfill the function for whom we have engaged him? First, by paying to these workers a salary which is commensurate with the responsibility they carry, a salary equal to that which a good grade school teacher would receive in a small community. Then, let us see that adequate vacations provide a rested body and refreshed mind, a vacation of one month out of each calendar year, for, if administrative workers need this length of vacation to recoup their mental and physical energies, how much more do these friends who are the base of all our operations need time to relax and opportunity to stretch their minds! Then, too, there should be one day off duty of every seven; two daily week-day afternoon hours, and a day and a half a month completely off duty, with any other free time it is possible for the administration to provide. These standards should be our minimum in service to cottage parents.

Let us, further be single minded in the things we require of this worker, by ourselves being objective in judging his reaction to the problems the children present. Specifically, we require that he be as well adjusted a person as possible, that he have met his own problems with a little conflict and have resolved them with as much poise as possible. Otherwise, if he has not met his own problems in a fairly adequate manner, we cannot expect that he will be able to assist children in solving the baffling problems to which seperation, divorce, rejection, and parental infantalism have subjected them. We do not want cottage parents who are judgmental in their attitudes; we cannot have people who wish to hurt others dealing with children who, for the most part, have already been so cruely hurt. We need people who are resourceful in dealing with the problems of growth; people who conceive growth as a dynamic process and are able to guide the child's experiences so that they will become constructive and lead to the fulfillment of the individual's utmost potentialities, realizing that what is maximum growth for one child is the next child's minimum, but accepting the child both for what he is as well as what he may become. We need people who do not think in terms of punishment but in

terms of growth experiences; people who have no need to punish, but people who have, can, and do love, for in those in whom the spirit of love resides there is no need to be punitive or ugly. And when we have found these three qualities, comparative adjustmental resourcefulness, and a kindly attitude, let us as a staff, united, help these qualities to grow in our staff as we wish them to grow in the children whose care is enthrusted to us. We are prone to forget that cottage parents do not remain static in their disposition any more than do we or the children with whom we work—prone to forget that every individual possesses potentialities for change, and that it is our job to stimulate a desire for change and a desire fulfillment of their utmost capacities. We must prune these qualities in our cottage parents; we must give these co-workers interpretation, not only of the children's problems but of their own. Differential diagnoses is needed at this point, and we must determine which cottage parent requires of us that we be passive, listening and letting them use us as they will, and which can take more active role on our part. Assuming that there will be cottage parents who are unable to accept direct insight into their own problems which reach over and condition their handling of children, there are those to whom this direct method is much less of a threat than the unvoiced critisism and non-judgmental attitude which often proves effective in the usual worker-client relationship. Most people want to act wisely; they are looking for light on how to be better, finer, and more able functioning people, and will welcome constructive critisism when it is kindly and understandingly given. Do we social workers need to feel less fatalistic about the adult personality and its susceptibility to change?

Let us enter now upon the thrilling adventure of helping cottage parents to understand not only the children with whom they work, but themselves, as tools in social case work treatment. Let us not expect them to be all that we want them to be at the outset, but let it be a challenge to us to help them grow, so that their jobs will prove to be green pastures, where they may feed for the enrichment of themselves and the children with whom and for whom they work.

SMILES TRAVEL

There's something about a smile I know,
It never can stay in one place.
As sure as you smile, it's bound to go
And appear on another face.

—H. O. Spelman.

AT THE SIGN OF THE ANVIL

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

Grandfather sat on the bench facing west, his feet ankle deep in slush. His head drooped drowsily over his hickory walking stick. Ruth Anne, blowing a clear circle on the frosted pane, watched from the spare bedroom window.

"He will want to take that old bench with him to the city and we haven't an inch of garden space at the apartment house," thought Ruth Anne.

Ever since she was a baby in rompers she had been accustomed to seeing Grandfather Barron take his forty winks on the old oak bench in the lee of the blacksmith shop. Even though the smithy was closed and the forge no longer burned with fiery coals, the old blacksmith insisted on taking his afternoon snooze out-of-doors on the bench in preference to the high-backed rocker in the cozy sitting room.

The automobile, he declared, had put him out of business long before retiring age, but he had continued tinkering about the smithy, hammering out odds and ends on the anvil, playing the bellows and shoeing the occasional milk wagon or delivery truck horse which passed Wren's Corners. Now the death of his housekeeper and his increasing blindness made it imperative that he abandon the blacksmith shop and be cared for by responsible relatives.

Ruth Anne and her young husband, Peter Sedgewick, were taking grandfather home with them to Masstown.

Grandfather had accepted their invitation without making any fuss. There was really no other solution to the problem, as far as Ruth Anne could see.

"I'd go to seed if I had to live out here," groaned Ruth Anne, her gaze sweeping the pathetically meager square of country general store, post office and church. "And it wouldn't be easy for Peter commuting every day. Of course if we could make up our minds to live in Wren's Corners and take care of grandfather, it would make him a whole lot happier, but—" and the granddaughter left her sentence unfinished, shaking her head ominously at the dire thought.

Strangers were crossing the yard in front of grandfather and he had roused to answer their questions. Evidently they were interested in the old blacksmith shop. They were growing scarce. Grandfather was stumbling along with the strangers and opening the door of the grey-shingled shop. He might be growing blind but he knew every inch of the ancient building where for forty years he had worked daily beside the forge.

Suddenly Ruth Anne was seized with an impulse to look inside the blacksmith shop again. She had not been inside for years and she would never forget the fascination the flames of the forge and the ring of the anvil held for her in her childhood. Down the stairs she hurried, slipping her gay blanket cape and hood over her head and shoulders.

"Yes, I guess it is a sort of curio now, but it's home to me— once I kept count of the horses and oxen I'd shod, but after they got away up in the thousands I stopped," laughed grandfather. There's been more than one famous team o' horses shod in this old smithy. Time was when, if a member of the royal family or a

great statesman came to this neck of the woods, the horses chosen to drive them on parade were brought out to me to be shod. I ain't as partial to automobiles as I might be— they hurt my business—"

"I don't blame you," offered the woman visitor, a note of sympathy in her voice. "You can just feel things in this wonderful old smithy. Why, there's history wrapped up in those cobwebs and the smoke that has blackened those walls and beams."

"And I suppose somebody who's mercenary and without understanding will be foolish enough to tear down this grand old landmark," suggested the strange man.

Grandfather did not answer, but Ruth Anne saw the tears in his eyes. Funny that she had never thought of the blacksmith shop as a landmark and something historic. Peter and she had been hoping for a good market for the property, the sale of which would tide grandfather over until he had no further need of funds.

"I never thought of preserving the old blacksmith shop. Why, the old thing is an heirloom— it has been in the Barron family a hundred years anyway," spoke up Ruth Anne with enthusiasm.

The woman visitor turned to her, her own eyes alight with animation. Ruth caught the gleam of diamonds on the fingers of the hand from which the fur glove had been removed, but there was no mistaking the sincerity in the woman's voice.

"I envy you this heritage, my dear. It represents everything— history, pioneering, honest industry and romance. Surely you will not want it to go out of the family."

"But you can see it is useless now as a smithy and we cannot afford to pay taxes on an idle property," began Ruth Anne, then halted suddenly and stared curiously at the old forge with its gray ashes and the silent anvil.

The strangers were bending over the forge— for all the world like a quaint open fireplace— holding the center of the stage in the abandoned smithy. A sudden yearning possessed Ruth Anne to see a blaze kindled in the forge and to watch the flames roar fantastically, the sparks flying from the anvil like tiny meteors. A blazing forge and a ringing anvil would attract lots of people, especially in summer when a steady stream of tourists passed the smithy. The highway was active on winter days also, with young folks traveling up the hills to ski jump. Only yesterday Ruth Anne had chatted with a merry group motoring through Wren's Corners and hunting for a place for lunch.

"There isn't a place to eat within a radius of seven miles— a lunch room might pay in Wren's Corners," Ruth Anne had suggested to Peter.

Why should she think of a tea room in connection with the blackened, musty old smithy? It was one big ridiculous idea and Ruth Anne laughed at her own foolishness. Then her eyes swept the interior of the blacksmith shop and in a flash she grasped its spaciousness and its possibilities. She saw the walls calsomined white with smooches of black to represent smoke; little tables of rustic design grouped around the old forge blazing with coals and the anvil tinkling its welcome. She saw people attracted by the ring of the anvil and the flames in the forge doing justice to old- fashioned lunches and suppers— baked beans and bacon and eggs, doughnuts and pumpkin pie.

"Ruth Anne, I'm taking the strangers up in the loft to see my curios," grandfather called out, and the granddaughter remembered the regular museum of pioneer farming and household implements which had been hoarded in the rambling room above the smithy.

That museum of pioneer stuff would interest lots of people and it would give grandfather real joy to show them and tell their stories," thought Ruth Anne, making a minute inspection of the smithy.

"I'll have to have a heart to heart conference with Peter—it would mean commuting and I don't know how he would feel about that," sighed Ruth Anne as she walked up the queer crooked steps to the loft and its curious collection of pioneer relics.

Peter Sedgewick listened soberly to Ruth Anne's idea. He hadn't been married so very long to Ruth Anne, but he had discovered that for a girl she possessed remarkably sane and balanced judgment and that her heart was considerably enlarged with human kindness. Peter didn't give his ideas on the subject for twenty-four hours, then he spoke with deliberation.

"Kitten, if you think you can stand living the year around at Wren's Corners, I guess I can stand the commuting. But don't go too deep into a tea room venture and wreck your nerves," he cautioned.

"It will give me something interesting to do and will keep grandfather busy as well—he's going to be ever so much happier with the old smithy opening its doors than ever he would be in Masstown," retorted Ruth Anne.

Days elapsed before the doors of the smithy were opened to the public—days of sweeping and scrubbing, calsomining and painting and polishing. Grandfather chuckled as he watched the pails of sudsy water cross the threshold of the blacksmith shop.

"Your grandmother never would have dared to start housecleaning my smithy," he told Ruth Anne.

"Yes, but my grandmother would never have thought of eating supper in the smithy," she argued laughingly, then sobered, confronted with the problem of making the blacksmith shop clean enough to serve as a tea room and yet preserve all of its historic, rustic environment.

Ruth Anne's pulses tingled with excitement the morning the board with the big red letters, "AT THE SIGN OF THE ANVIL," was hoisted over the door of the smithy. The door was left ajar despite the crisp chill air. Grandfather played a merry tune on the anvil with fires burning in the old forge. A party of skiers were coming down the highway. Ruth Anne held her breath and stepped back through the door of the smity. Would they bite?

Then a storm of "Oh's!" and shrieks of delight told Ruth Anne that her first party of patrons had arrived at the "Sign of the Anvil." Her fingers trembled as she opened up the grey paper menu cards, intriguing with scarlet horseshoes and a flaming forge. Grandfather hummed happily as he showed the young fry around the renovated blacksmith shop and led the way up the crooked stairs to the loft of curios.

It was Peter's suggestion that grandfather charge a small fee to see his museum of pioneer days; and it was Peter who managed to get out to Wren's Corners at noon Saturday to go along with a party of skiers as guide. Ruth Anne was suddenly conscious of the boyish look in Peter's eyes. He was losing those tired lines

she had noticed in his face nights in the city when he had come home from the office. Peter belonged to the out-of-doors. He gloried in skiing and hiking and camping, but somehow he had drifted into an office job.

It was a blustery night and the party of skiers who had come from the city expecting to reach the summit had been forced back by the squall blowing up. They had finished an appetizing supper of sausages and buckwheat cakes and were grouped around the forge with its cheering blaze singing songs, one of the boys hitting a merry tune on the anvil.

The door blew open with a mighty gust and Peter stumbled in panting, stamping his feet vigorously. Ruth Anne sensed a chill that belonged to neihter the wind nor the snow. Peter's eyes were dark with shadows and she knew he brought bad news from the city. If only the skiers would go so she could have a confidential chat with Peter and let him unburden his heart. Then her woman's intuition told her that the thing which Peter sometimes feared had happened. He had lost his office job.

"Our little firm has been swallowed up by a big concern," he explained later to Ruth Anne. "Practically half of our employees have been let out—I didn't know I was bringing this on you, Kitten, when I asked you to marry me last summer. I'm not sure just how we'll manage, but—"

"Peter, my Peter, but it isn't so tragic," broke in Ruth Anne, the note of buoyancy in her voice startling in the face of the news Peter had broken. "Listen, there's a man-sized job rightj here at the 'Sign of the Anvil.' Tonight when this young party got stormstaid I had a sort of vision of what might be done if there was someone to help me with the planning, the responsibility and the work. I haven't a doubt but a half dozen heated cabins built close by the blacksmith shop would be well patronized by skiers glad to have an overnight stopping place on their way to the summit. And these cabins could be rented in summer to tourists—"

"Whoopee!" broke in Ptter excitedly. "Funny, how I was tellling a chap the other day that a fellow with time and a knowledge of the trails around Wren's Corners could work up a good little business as a guide, arranging skiing parties for the winter and hiking parties for the summer. Fancy being out of doors most of the time and earning wages at the same time—say, Ruth Anne, I'd like the fun of building a half dozen log cabins for stopovers. I'm going in town tomorrow and get prices on heating equipment. Old Squinty up on the other side of the summit has a regular forest of small logs he'll be glad to sell cheap to get them out of his way."

Ruth Anne rested her hand on Peter's sleeve, her eyes dancing with happiness. She was looking deep into the flames of the forge fire, casting weird shadows over the walls of the historic old blacksmith shop. She could hear grandfather up in the loft, rummaging over some of his precious pioneer curios. She knew that he was happier far than if he had gone to the city and it would have worried him if he had found Peter had lost his job and he was an added burden.

"Peter, it looks to me as if you had found a real job instead of losing one. The old smithy wasn't such a bad heirloom after all," whispered Ruth Anne.

"Mostly because Ruth Anne was clever enough to discover its possibilities," retorted Peter, grinning.

SAN FRANCISCO

(Imperial Magazine)

What San Francisco needed was bridges across the Bay and tunnels through the hills.

After decades of plotting and planning it now has two bridges, both completed within the last two years and both engineering achievements that are unique. They said it couldn't be done, butthey did it in San Francisco.

The Bay bridge and the new Golden Gate bridge are greater than the Fair, just as the city itself is more interesting and exciting than the Fair, or any Fair. Treasure Island, on which the Fair is built, is made-land, pumped out of the Bay. It will be an airport when the Fair is wrecked.

Seaports create unusual cities, and since San Francisco faces the Orient it is in a true sense one of the great world cities. Its life is international. Its natural setting guarantees its growth and prosperty. Back of the Bay are two enormous valleys, with deep rich soil capable of supporting millions of people. Along the Bay, now connected to San Francisco by the bridges, are cities where manufacturers are locating their plants. Like Manhattan Island, San Francisco cannot expand because it is a peninsula. But it is and will be the port, trading, and financial center for a huge wealthy area.

The fourteen hills on which the city is built are not long, but some of them are nearly vertical. Architects have had a task in fitting foundations to the slopes. Their ingenuity has created views around Telegraph Hill that are fantastic.

There's a saying in the city that if the traveler will ask for what he wants they have it for him. Somewhere there is food from every part of the world and a native chef who can prepare any dish. Sixty thousand Chinese have created a city within a city. It is not uncommon to hear three languages spoken in a hotel elevator.

Because cool salt air blows everlastingly from the sea, the people are comfortable the year round in hotels and apartments, of which they have more than twenty-five hundred. Apparently most of them eat out, because restaurants seem ten times as common as grocery stores, and well-cooked food is obtainable at modest prices in any of them. There seems to be enough bars and night clubs to serve ten times the population.

The thousand-acre Golden Gate park affords outdoor life to the compact city. The creation of this green spot was the work of a Scottish landscape gardner, now in his ninety-third year and still in active charge. Desolate sand dunes, irrigated nine months of the year, are now covered with trees, lawns, and flowers that bloom the year round.

San Francisco is taking full advantage of FHA help. Mass production of $4,500 houses is proceeding in several districts. Workingmen buy them for $35 a month, with the payoff occurring 25 years hence. We searched for slums but couldn't find a district that looked bad enough for that designation.

What they call their Civic Center is the site of the City Hall, the 12,000 seating-capacity auditorium, the

Opera House, and the Soilders' Memorial. These buildings are built on the grand scale, the equal of anything anywhere.

Some visitors don't like San Francisco because it is cool, but for those who have to work for a living the climate must be a blessing. Those who live the year' round in Pasadena have found there is such a thing as too much heat.

———o———

IF WE KNEW

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each others lives;
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better—
Purer than we judge we should;
We would love each other better—
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within;
Often we would love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity.
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cause and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointments,
Understood the loss and gain,
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil—
All the golden grains of good—
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

—Selected.

COMMUNION SERVICE HAS RARE HISTORY

By W. E. Hennessee in Charlotte Observer

The history of the communion service of St. Luke's Episcopal church in Salisbury is necessarily interwoven with the biography of a most interesting and worthy man. This was the Rev. John Thomas Wheat, D. D., in whose memory the service was presented to St. Luke's parish in Reconstruction days.

Dr. Wheat was born in Washington, D. C., the 15th day of November, 1801. He was the first white child born in the Nation's Capitol. His parents were natives of Maryland and there were six children in the family of whom Dr. Wheat was the oldest.

At the mature age of seven, young John Thomas "confessed his sins and professed religion" and was admitted to membership in the Methodist church, of which his parents were members. At 17 he was graduated at the University of Maryland in Baltimore, where he taught for the next few years.

In 1822, at the age of 21, he was confirmed in the Episcopal church and entered almost at once the Theological Seminary at Alexandria to study for the ministry. At that time he was teaching a large private school for boys in Alexandria.

He was ordained as deacon in March, 1825, and immediately afterward married Alma Pattern.

After serving the church at Endicott's Mill, Maryland, for two years, he entered into the missionary field of the church. During the next few years he served in Wheeling, W. Virginia; Marietta, Ohio, where he founded the first Episcoual church in the city; New Orleans, where he founded the second church in the parish, and Nashville, Tennessee. After leaving Nashville he founded a Theological Seminary in Columbia, Tennessee, but this was not successful.

From Columbia he went to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in 1850, where he was rector of the village church, chaplain for the University and held the chair of Logic and Rhetoric.

After a few years at Chapel Hill, he was called to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he founded the first Episcopal church in that city. Here he remained until 1863.

In July, 1863, while he was attending a church conference in Augusta, Georgia, General Grant finally conquered Vicksburg and thereby closed the Mississippi river to all Confederate sympathizers. This rendered Dr. Wheat's return to Little Rock impossible.

The year prior to this his two sons, both officers in the army of the Confederacy, were killed in action only a few weeks apart. On April 6th, 1862, Captain John Thomas Wheat, Junior, was killed at the Battle of Shiloh and on the 25th day of the following June, Major Roberdeau Wheat was killed at Gains Mill, near Richmond, Virginia.

When he found his return to Little Rock impossiple, Dr. Wheat entered the Confederate army as chaplain at the age of 62 and served in this capacity until the end of the war, although suffering from double cata-

racts of the eyes. In 1865 these cataracts were removed and Dr. Wheat moved to Memphis Tennessee, to enter again into missionary work. He remained there until 1873.

In1868, after his release from Fortress Monroe, Jefferson Davis moved to Memphis as president of an insurance company. Soon afterwards he and other Confederates, displeased that prayers were offered in Calvary Grace and St. Mary's churches "for the president of the United States (Andrew Johnson)" and because of the number of carpet-baggers and the ilk being admitted to those parishes, determined to organize another parish and ask Dr. Wheat to become its rector Bishop Quintard opposed the plan, but the petitioners brought the matter before the Diocesan convention and were granted their wishes.

When asked by the Bishop why it was proposed to name the new parish "Saint Lazarus", especially since Lazarus had never been canonized a saint or classed as such, Mr. Davis replied, "Because, Sir, we, like Lazarus, were licked by dogs!"

It was soon after the formation of the new parish that Dr. Wheat expressed to Mrs. Davis his regret that the parish had no communion vessels other than those of the simplest pewter.

Mrs. Davis was a resourceful woman, as all Southern women had become after years of privation and hardship. She realized that "hard" money was almost an unknown commodity in the South of the Reconstruction period, but she knew that some few jewels and pieces of precious plate had escaped the clutches of the invading army and later of the carpet-baggers and scallywags.

She accordingly called upon the women of the congregation to sacrifice whatever they had of jewelry or plate, gold or silver, for the purpose of obtaining proper communion vessels.

The following Sunday, as the alms basins were passed during the morning service, they were "heaping high with brooches, rings, bracelets, chains, and gifts from loved ones," as the minutes of the parish testify. Pieces of silver too large to be placed upon the basins were reverently laid upon the alter, as a sacrifice for their church and their parish.

In all, enough precious metal was offered to suply a magnificent communion service consisting of a paten, a flagon and a chalice.

The paten, which holds the consecrated bread, is about six inches in diameter; the flagon, or urn, is about 12 inches high, and the chalice, or cup, about 10 inches. The chalice is of especially fine workmanship, although all three pieces are of the same design. A part of the stem of the chalice is of delicate "open work" rarely seen or duplicated these days. The flagon is fashioned in the shape of a graceful Grecian vase.

Each is heavily engraved in delicate scroll-work and upon each is a cross-fleury, bearing in the center "I H S" symbol in Gothic Old English for the "In hoc Signo". All bear the following inscription:

"Memorial
Rev. J. T. Wheat
From His Old Parishioners
Of St. Lazarus, Memphis, Tenn

All three of the pieces are of pure gold-silver alloy heavily overlaid with pure gold.

The set bears no jeweler's mark or

name, but from the design and style of the work and taking into consideration the animosity which still prevailed at the time between the sections, it is to be presumed that the work of the goldsmith is French or Italian. The jewels which were donated were used to pay for the work.

When the service was finally used and exhibited it was considered the finest in the South and descriptions of its beauty and worth were written in many Southern newspapers.

Following Dr. Wheat's departure from St. Lazarus and partial retirement in 1873, many misfortunes overtook the congregation of St. Lazarus. President Davis lost his only son in one of the yellow fever epidemics which swept over Memphis every few years, until the city was almost deserted. Those of the parish surviving plague and flood were widely scattered and many never returned. The congregation of the church, as such, was never again brought together and the church was used for other purposes.

In 1888, at news of Dr. Wheat's death, the few remaining parishioners, including Mrs. Davis, decided to present the communion service to St. Luke's church in Salisbury (established 1753) as a memorial to their beloved ex-pastor. The service, when received in Salisbury, was accompanied by a list of the contributors inscribed upon parchment, the name of Varina Howell Davis heading the list. Also sent with the service was the following memorial inscriptions:

"The Parishioners of St. Lazarus Church of Memphis Tennessee, raised a subscription to purchase a Communion Service for their use.

"As it pleased Almighty God to permit the beloved Parish to be blotted out, these humble worshipers to be scattered and the Church to be used for other purposes, those who raised the funds desire to present to:

Saint Luke's. Salisbury, N. C.

This service in memorial to our tender, gentle, learned and eloquent Pastor, the Reverend Dr. John Thomas Wheat, so long connected with St. Lazarus Church and bound to those scattered flock who remain alive by the tender ties of sympathy, affection and profound respect.

(Signed VARINA HOWELL DAVIS."

This memorial is now framed and hung, together with a photograph of Dr. Wheat, in the vestibule of St. Luke's church. The beautiful service is still used at every communion in the church and is admired by all who see it.

From Memphis Dr. Wheat came to Salisbury to be with relatives. While there he assisted Dr. F. J. Murdoch at St. Luke's when needed.

In 1876, after celebrating his Golden Wedding the year before, he crossed the Continent and established the first Episcopal church, St. Marks, at Berkeley and the University of California. He returned to North Carolina in 1879 and founded All Saints, the first Episcopal church in Concord, where a memorial window erected to him may be seen.

Dr. Wheat died in February, 1888, and is buried in the Old English Cemetery in Salisbury, just across from his beloved St. Luke's. His grandson, the Reverend Francis E. Shober, assisted Dr. Murdoch at the funeral services.

It was immediately thereafter that the communion service was presented to St. Luke's in his memory.

ARE YOU WASTING TIME?

(The Ranken News)

It is generally assumed that a relationship exists between time and money. The fact that all of us are equally fortunate in having 24 hours a day, 365 days a year at our disposal, is too evident to dispute. Yet, like money, there is a vast difference in the way individuals use it. The slightest whim or desire of the possessor of money is satisfied without a great deal of delay. Some use it for needs and necessities; others waste it on extravagances, unnecessary pleasures, and downright foolishness. Time, like money, should be used for real needs, definite purposes, and investments for future dividends, with the aim in view that if we work hard now, we may be able to take it easier later in life.

Abe Lincoln, as he lay stretched before the open fire place in his log cabin with a piece of chalk, figuring and writing on the back of a shovel, said: "I'll study and get ready, then, maybe the chance will come." It came as it usually does to those who are willing and are prepared. He might have been loafing around the country store, sitting on the sugar barrel, smoking and whittling, playing checkers, or any of the other purposeless activity that a lazy person might indulge in— but had he wasted his time, he wouldn't have been ready when the chance came. Neither will you, if you so waste your time. An interesting quotation from Webster's International Dictionary states: "Many a beggar is as lazy as if he had ten thousand a year; and many a man of large fortune is busier than his errand-boy."

But, you say, " I haven't time — I work many hours at my job and then I'm tired; I want some fun." All right, have your fun now— even though you develop habits that later may cause failure. At the same time the fellow who digs in outside of working hours while he is young will have his fun later in life, while you must dig in toward the end. Half of this "no time" excuse is laziness, mental or physical or both. Nearly everyone can find 30 to 60 minutes a day extra to do anything he really wants to do.

Success is achieved only by conscientious and earnest study in addition to the useful application of any and all odd moments. The great numbers of people plodding along in their daily routine do so because they are ignorant of the inevitable achievements that can be accomplished by the intelligent use of spare time.

---o---

"Power can do by gentleness what violence fails to accomplish."—Claudian.

THE MAN WITH THE SHOVEL

By Henry H. Graham

In irrigated sections of western United States one is much more apt to see a man with a shovel than a man with a hoe. Edwin Markham's famous poem undoubtedly applies to non-irrigated sections, for the sight of men leaning on shovels or working with them in watering their crops is a common one in regions artifically watered. The men wear knee boots and wade around in the mud, directing tiny streams down the rows of growing crops.

Reclamation is a gigantic undertaking. Every year new acres, once arid, are made to blossom ae the rose through the magic of irrigation. Most soil is naturally fertile, needing only water to produce bumper yields. Irrigation has several advantages over rain. In the first place, irrigators can have water whenever they want it. Tracts of land with a good supply never knows the horrors of drought. In the second place, little water is lost through evaporation for it soaks straight down to the plant roots.

A hundred years or so ago little was known about irrigation. Districts now under cultivation were arid wastes covered with sage brush, mesquite and bunch grass. Then a lonely settler began experimenting. He dammed a small creek and dug ditches to lower ground. Through them he ran water to irrigate his acres. Bounteous crops were raised, the idea spread at an astonishing rate until today millions of acres are artificially watered.

Some of the world's most gigantic irrigation dams are on the Snake River of Idaho, holding back the green waters for the use of farmers during hot growing seasons. Lakes ten miles wide are the result of the dams. Canals radiate from the backwaters, carrying water to farming tracts. These canals always flow through relatively high ground, with a network of small ditches taking water to individual farms. When a farmer wishes to irrigate he merely notifies a ditch rider, who unlocks and opens a headgate, allowing the proper amount of water to flow into the private ditches. Later on, the gate is locked again until further notice.

Irrigating dams are in themselves marvels of the engineering world. Built at great cost the newer ones have every modern improvement. A series of gates open into the canals from the lakes. Any number of these may be opened, allowing just the desired amount of water through. During the crop-growing season the canals are taxed to capacity, running bank full, but in the fall only enough water is released to meet the demands of city filtration plants served by the canals.

If you want to stay just where you are in the procession or fall steadily behind, give obstacles a first place in your life.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our machine shop force has been busy for several days overhauling the power spray, which will soon be in operation in the orchards.

We noticed that quite a number of our matrons made trips to Charlotte this week, and presume they were attracted by the Dollar Day Sales, sponsored by the merchants of that city.

The boys on the barn force have been spending quite some time hauling manure, cleaning out barn buildings, repairing and oiling harness, and making other preparations for starting farm work as soon as weather conditions will permit.

In going about the campus the past few days, we noticed quite a number of boys playing marbles, a few others flying kites, and still another group engaged in tossing baseballs, all of which indicates that Spring is just around the corner. These are sure signs.

Judge K. W. Davis, of the juvenile court, Winston-Salem, and J. A. Woodward, principal of Skyland School, of that city, were visitors at the Training School last Monday afternoon. Mr. Woodward is interested in establishing a department of vocational training in his school, and he accompanied Judge Davis on this visit for the purpose of inspecting the various departments here.

Rev. Robert O. Crow and Rev. Bascom G. Rollins, of Goldsboro, were visitors at the School last Tuesday. Accompained by Superintendent Boger, they visited most of the departments in operation here. Both of these gentlemen are ministers of the Society of Friends, otherwise known as Quakers. While in the printing department they gave the boys some interesting information concerning the customs of these good people, especially the old-fashioned Quaker wedding ceremony and feast.

While strolling around the other day we visited the textile unit, where we found business going along at top speed. The boys operating looms and other machinery in this department have not had very much experience, but they seemed to be performing their respective tasks like veterans. The lessons learned in this branch of our vocational department will be a valuable aid to these youngsters when they return to their homes. Many of them come from textile towns, and naturally will follow that line of work. By reason of experience gained here, they will be able to start in at higher wages, rather than take jobs as sweepers or helpers.

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 12:16-20, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "How To Tell Right From Wrong."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Herbert spoke briefly of Christian and Hopeful, two of the characters in "Pilgrim's Progress", on their way to Celestial City. They were walking slowly along the road,

because they were very tired and their feet were sore. Seeing a nice green meadow, they decided that it would be less painful to their feet if they walked there rather than in the path they had been traveling. In going along this newly-chosen path they were not sure just where they would come out. They asked a man named Vain Confidence about it and he replied that the path they were traveling would lead them to Celestial City. Following this man's advice, they failed to reach their destination. He had not given them the right direction. While Christian and Hopeful did not want to take the wrong road, they did so because they listened to some one who gave them misleading information.

The speaker then pointed out five tests by which we can determine the right course to pursue, as follows: (1) Common Sense. The man in the parable just read, said to his soul, "Now, take it easy. You have enough to last you for many years", but God told him that he was a fool, for that night his soul would be required of him. Anyone who deliberately does wrong is a fool. When we are not sure about doing a certain thing we should ask ourselves this question, "Am I acting with common sense?" (2) Be a Good Sport. In a football game it is not fair to slug, and there are similar rules in other types of sport. We should be good sports, never doing a thing that the rules do not allow our opponents to do. So it is in life. Jesus Christ gave us the Golden Rule to follow, and it is not right that we ask for a privilege which others are not allowed to have. (3) Test of Your Best Self. Sometimes our worst self prompts us to do the wrong thing. We must fight against our careless self and our greedy self. Each one of us has a best self and when we are true to it we are doing the right thing. Shakespeare was right when he said, "To thine own self be true; and it follows as surely as night follows day, thou can'st not then be false to any man." (4) Publicity. If we think about doing that which we are not sure is right or wrong, we should stop and consider whether or not we would want those around us to know what we are doing. If we do not mind everyone knowing, the chances are that it will be all right, but if we have a desire to keep our actions a secret, it is most likely to be wrong. (5) Foresight. We should look ahead and try to see what is going to happen in the future, before deciding to do a certain thing. Some people go ahead without considering what the future may have in store for them. Life is very much like a game of checkers. The first moves just about decide the end of the game. Suppose a boy is careless about his health. If he fails to care for himself properly as a lad, in fifteen or twenty years he will be broken down physically. It is the same with his studies. If he takes advantage of his lessons early in life, later on he will be glad of it; if he neglects them, after a while he will have to get someone else to solve his problems for him.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Herbert told the boys they should always consider Jesus Christ, the best man that ever lived. He advised them if they wanted to be sure of doing the right thing, they should never do anything which they believe the Master would not do.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—FEBRUARY

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Dillon Dean
William Dixon
Aldine Duggins
Leo Hamilton
Robert Hampton
J. D. Hildreth
J. W. Jones
Alfred Lamb
J. P. Morgan
Elroy Pridgen
Howard Sanders
George Tolson
Torrence Ware
James C. Wiggins
Floyd Williams
J. C. Willis

—B—

Cecil Ashley
Roy Barnett
Charles Browning
Mack Bell
Leonard Dawn
Claude McConnell
Arnold McHone
James Mondie
John Reep
Charles Steepleton
James Tyndall

SECOND GRADE

—A—

John Baker
Charles Cole
Velda Denning
Audie Farthing
Monroe Flinchum
Charles Frye
Lacy Green
Roscoe Honeycutt
J. B. Howell
Milton Koontz
Hardy Lanier
William Matthewson
Henry McGraw
Harold O'Dear
Richard Parker
Eugene Puckett
Carl Ray
James Ruff
Hubert Smith
Oscar Smith
Loy Stines
Fred Tolbert
Carl Ward
Wallace Woody
Thomas Yates

—B—

J. C. Allen
John Bailey
Howard Cox
Paul Godwin
Earl Hildreth
Peter Jones
Tillman Lyles
Everett Lineberry
John Maples
McCree Mabe
Roy Mumford
Landros Sims
Calvin Tessneer
Jerome Wiggins

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Raymond Andrews
Holly Atwood
William Jerrell
Edd Woody

—B—

Robert Dellinger
Hugh Kennedy
Burman Keller
Carl Moose
William T. Smith
Joseph Woody

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Jay Brannock
Robert Bryson
Frank Glover

—B—

Samuel Kirksey
Olin Lunsford
Norvell Murphy
Joseph White

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Vincent Hawes
Marvin King
Jack Sutherland

Elmer Talbert
George Wilhite
William Wilson (Cot. No. 6)

—B—

Ray Bayne
Ray Hamby
Columbus Hamilton
Edward Johnson
Edward Murray
James C. Stone
John Tolbert
Jack West

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Jack Cline
William Furches
Porter Holder
Leon Hollifield
Thomas Sands
Brown Stanley

—B—

Lewis Andrews
Jewell Barker
Robert Maples
J. W. McRorrie
Ralph Sorrells
Charles Smith
O. D. Talbert
William T. Wood

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Albert Hayes
Vernon Lamb
William Nichols
Edward Young

—B—

John Benson
Julian T. Hooks
Hoyt Hollifield
Walter Morton
Donald McFee

A CLARION CALL!

There are some things that, as Americans we must labor to get back—the habits of thrift and self-denial, the courage to face new adventure, the serene faith that was ours in simpler creeds and in established traditions, the patriotism that put America first, the odd codes of business honor and private decency; the unshaken and unshakable belief that was ours in American institutions and American ideals must be renewed.

We've got to get away from filth and vulgarity and flippancy, the shallow pose of indifference to things of the spirit, the parrot-like readiness to mumble the preachments of insidious propaganda today.

We must return to Americanism again, to the old, sturdy, clean, upstanding Americanism of the founders, the Americanism that faced disaster unafraid, that went forward with faith and the flag, and that built about the American home and the American family, the faith of God, and in our institutions that have raised this glorious land of ours into a place of leadership among the nations of the world—the very Americanism that the subverters would try to make us believe is as antidated as the stagecoach.—National Republic Magazine.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending March 3, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Clyde Gray 12
(3) James Hodges 11
(3) Leon Hollifield 13
(3) Edward Johnson 14
(3) Frank May 10
(3) Arna Wallace 10
J. C. Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) William G. Bryant 10
Lacy Burleson
(3) Howard Cox 8
(2) Carl Hooker 2
Horace Jourigan 4
(2) H. C. Pope 6
(3) William Whittington 11
(3) William C. Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) George Cooke 11
(2) Donald McFee 11
(4) Nick Rochester 12
(3) Landros Sims 12

COTTAGE No. 3

(3) Lewis Andrews 9
Earl Barnes 10
(3) Richard Baumgarner 8
(3) John Bailey 3
(2) Jack Crotts 7
(2) Max Evans 9
(3) Coolidge Green 12
Douglas Matthews 7
(3) William Sims 12
(3) Louis Williams 8

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Wesley Beaver 8
Plummer Boyd 8
Paul Briggs 6
Quentin Crittenton 8
Lewis Donaldson 9
(4) Arthur Edmondson 9
(2) Paul Godwin 2
Gilbert Hogan 10
(4) Hoyt Hollifield 4
(10) Ivan Morrozoff 14
J. W. McRorrie 6
(10) Melvin Walters 14
(3) Richard Wiggins 4
Samuel Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 5

(7) Theodore Bowles 12
(2) Roy Hamby 10
(3) William Kirksey 10
(7) Everett Lineberry 9
Ivy Lunsford 4
(2) Paul Lewallen 9
(2) Sam Montgomery 5
(3) J. C. Reinhardt 9
(3) Richard Starnes 10
(3) Dewey Ware 10
Gilbert Williams
(2) Henry Ziegler 7

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Dunning 8
Melvin Stines 2
Joseph Tucker 6
Houston Turner
(2) James C. Wiggins 4
Woodrow Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) William Beach 10
(2) Carl Breece 11
(15) Donald Earnhardt 15
Lacy Green 10
George Green 9
William Herrin 3
Robert Hampton 6
Lyman Johnson 9
Hugh Johnson 11
Elmer Maples 11
Charles McGowan 2
Arnold McHone 11
Marshall Pace 6
(6) Carl Ray 12
Alex Weathers 9
Joseph Wheeler 12
(2) Edd Woody 9
Edward Young 5

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Cecil Ashley 7
Donald Britt
Martin Crump 7
Lonnie Holleman 2
(7) Harvey Smith 7

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Clarence Baker 5
(5) Mack Bell 11
(15) Roy Butner 15
James Connell
Frank Glover 14
(2) Mark Jones 11
McCree Mabe
(4) Harold O'Dear 13
(4) James Ruff 11
Thomas Sands 8

COTTAGE No. 10

(5) Junius Brewer 12
(2) Jack Crawford 7
James Eury 3
(3) J. D. Hildreth 7
(7) Lee Jones 12
Thomas King 8
(2) Vernon Lamb 11
(4) James Penland 6
(2) Weaver Penland 3
Oscar Queen 2
(3) Oscar Smith 11
Torrence Ware 3
(5) George Worley 10
Claude Weldy

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) John Benson 12
(3) Harold Bryson 12
(2) William Covington 12
William Furches
(2) Earl Hildreth 14
Julian Merritt
(5) Donald Newman 12
Theodore Rector 9
(5) Canipe Shoe 7
(7) Thomas Turner 12

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Ernest Brewer 8
(2) Jay Brannock 7
(4) Howard Devlin 12
(2) Woodrow Hager 7
(2) Joseph Hall 8
(2) Frank Johnston 9
(5) Clarence Mayton 9
(6) James Mondie 10
(2) Ralph Sorrells 11
(2) George Tolson 8

COTTAGE No. 13

(4) James Brewer 8
(4) Dillon Dean 11
(2) William Goins 6
(4) William Griffin 9
(4) Vincent Hawes 14
(8) James Lane 10
(2) Thomas R. Pitman 5
(15) Alexander Woody 15
(2) Joseph Woody 3

COTTAGE No. 14

(8) Raymond Andrews 12
John Church 8
Mack Coggins 6
Robert Deyton 8
Audie Farthing 13
Henry Glover 4
(2) John Ham 4
(2) Marvin King 7
Roy Mumford 3
Charles McCoyle 8
Henry McGraw 8
(4) John Robbins 9
(4) Harold Thomas 12
(2) J. C. Willis 7
(9) Jones Watson 12
(10) Wallace Woody, Jr. 14

COTTAGE No. 15

(10) Fred McGlammery 13
Eulice Rogers

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Philip Holmes 13
(15) Warren G. Lawry 15
(2) Harvey Ledford 4
(4) Thomas Oxendine 12

Merely having an open mind is nothing. The object of opening the mind, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid.—G. K. Chesterton.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 16, 1940 NO. 11

WHAT MAKES A NATION GREAT?

Not ranks of soldiers with flags unfurled,
Nor armored ships that gird the world,
Not hoarded wealth nor busy mills,
Not cattle on a thousand hills,
Not sages wise, nor schools, nor laws,
Not boasted deeds in freedom's cause—
All these may be, and yet the state
In the eye of God be far from great.

That land is great which knows the Lord,
Whose songs are guided by His Word;
Where justice rules 'tween man and man,
Where love controls in art and plan;
Where, breathing in his native air,
Each soul finds joy in praise and prayer—
Thus may our country, good and great,
Be God's delight—man's best estate!

—Alexander Blackburn.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

TESTING

When in the dim beginning of the years,
God mixed in man the raptures and the tears
And scattered through his brain the starry stuff,
He said, "Behold! Yet this is not enough,
For I must test his spirit to make sure
That he can dare the vision and endure.
"I will withdraw my face,
Veil me in shadow for a certain space,
And leave behind only a broken clue,
A crevice where the glory glimmers through.
Some whisper from the sky,
Some footprint in the road to track me by.
I will leave man to make the fateful guess,
Will leave him torn between the no and yes,
Leave him unresting till he rests in me,
Drawn upward by the choice that makes him free—
Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose,
With all in life to win or all to lose."

—Edwin Markam

CAUSES OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

The following editorial taken from the Charlotte Observer tells a true story, placing as the cause of so many delinquents "parental neglects." So many times when the Stonewall Jackson Training School was in the experimental stage, we heard the statement "there are no bad boys, but instead bad parents." The quotation is an echo from one who challenged the cause of the delinquent, long before the citizenry of the state realized that it was a

blessed privilege to look after underprivileged, and frequently the overprivileged children of North Carolina, our future citizens.

We reprint the following with satisfaction, becuse it brings to mind many statements made when heaven and earth were moved to establish the first institution in the state for delinquents—The Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord :

The "youngsters" have a champion in Judge Ernest L. Reeker of Madison, Nebraska, who points an accusing finger at the "oldsters" in fixing responsibility for juvenile delinquency and suggests that in a majority of cases a warrant should be issued for parents who would place unqualified blame on their children when they get into trouble.

Moreover, Judge Reeker, writing in the current Rotarian magazine, says he would like to issue a bench warrant for every citizen and sentence each to "leave nothing undone that a people might do to make certain that the children of today do not populate the prisons of tomorrow."

"When people ask me, 'Judge, what's wrong with the young people of today?' my answer is always the same: 'There's nothing wrong with the young folks—the trouble is with their elders," he asserts. For 15 years he has been a juvenile judge, he tells Rotarian readers, and has handled 1,560 cases. "In my treatment of juvenile delinquents, I have found that nine times out of ten a warrant should be issued for the parents of the child, charging them with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, instead of permitting them to throw all the blame on their offspring."

Parental neglect accounts for its share of youthful criminals, but "society itself has a pretty rotten record," Judge Reeker declares.

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EASTER SEALS

There are times when it seems that the appeals for help are too frequent and it is impossible to measure up to the demands. If with deliberation we enumerate the calls, it is clear that each cause is most worthy.

The next "go-round" for help is the sale of Easter Seals and Easter will soon be here. The sale of Easter Seals is sponsored by

the North Carolina League for crippled children. The money realized from the sale of seals is used to make crooked limbs straight and to aid in the education of the crippled children. This sale of Easter Seals is not only State wide, but nation wide. One can hardly afford to refuse to buy Easter Seals when realizing the money helps to work a miracle,—the transformation of a human life into a self sustaining citizen. There is not a greater appeal than that for a crippled boy or girl.

A contribution to this cause is a step toward returning to the cripple their birthright,—the joy of the play grounds. These privileges can only be made possible through the co-operation of an awakened public if the crippled boy or girl can play, dance and march to school with the glee of all normal children. To buy Easter Seals at Easter time is a privilege and an opportunity to help some crippled child who otherwise would never have the chance to move with the ease and grace of their little neighbors.

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MRS. ILLIG VISITS CITY

Mrs. Marjorie B. Illig of New York, national commander of the women's field army for the American Society for control of cancer, is making a tour of North Carolina in the interest of suffering humanity. The specific aim of the women's field army of the American Society Mrs. Illig represents, is to impress people that cancer, if diagnosed in its early stages, is frequently curable. Another objective of the women's field army is to work with the medical profession of state and nation, teaching the necessity of consulting a physician when there is the least apprehension of such a trouble.

Mrs. Illig spoke in Concord last Tuesday, telling the work of her organization to thirty or more most interested citizens with the hope that the dawn of a new day is breaking for the prevention of cancer. She referred to the time when the masses did not understand how to prevent or arrest the symptoms of tuberculosis, but preventive measures have been taught by education. And this national speaker thinks this insidious enemy to humanity—cancer can be controlled by teaching, preaching and broadcasting that

cancer-control is possible when taken in due time. Mrs. Illig is a smooth and convincing speaker and impressed her audience at to the value of her work in the interest of humanity. Cancer, she emphasized, is peculiarly a personal problem. It cannot be checked or controlled by scientists alone, but its conquest means that everyone has a place to fill and a duty to perform. Knowledge like a powerful sunlight, only can make a rift in the black cloud of fear and ignorance which has long prevented a frank discussion of the malady.

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THE MARTHA BERRY SCHOOL

Martha Berry is a most estimable woman, a fine executive, continuing in the human welfare work she started in a small way, in a rural Georgia community, 38 years ago. Many young women today feel that it is impossible to make a name for themselves without college training. To a certain extent that opinion holds good, because the ways of living have changed, therefore, it takes skilled or trained leadership to meet the demands of advanced science. Then, too, the young person with talent and initiative finally flops due to the fact a college experience was impossible. Right here is where vocational training in the public school under a skilled craftsman will give to many a youngster hope. The best publicity for "The Berry School" is the student body as they find their way into the world. Miss Berry began 38 years ago to teach children only Bible stories, and later opened four branch schools in nearby county districts, teaching along with the fundamentals, cleanliness, decency and kindness. Today she heads an institution with an enrollment of 1,200 that has 125 buildings for training in the vocations and less than eight percent pay anything for their training or keep.

The announcement was made this week that Miss Berry, for her "achievement for human welfare" has been chosen to receive the 1939 annual award of the Variety Clubs of America, a showman's organization, and the same will be presented in Dallas Texas, in Arpil. The award includes a silver plaque, valued at $1,000.

The Martha Berry School is recognized for efficiency, and or-

der, and the power that guides is the kindly influence of a woman, who in the words of Elizabeth Browning, the greatest female poet England ever produced, "it takes a soul to move a body, it takes a high-souled person to move the masses."

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BE ON TIME

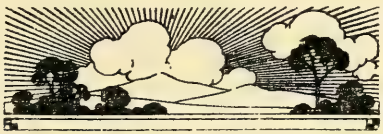
The man who is dependable is one who is on time for his job. The punctilio is the one who gets the reward. The following tells the results of the fellow who was orderly and "on time:"

A young man was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him: "Now, tomorrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He made his arrangements overnight, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early in the morning. About ten or eleven o'clock his employer came in, and, seeing him sitting in the counting room, said: "I thought you were requested to get out that cargo of cotton this morning?"

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

The youth never looked behind him from that moment. His character was fixed; confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do things with promptness. He soon came to be one who could not be spared. He was as necessary to the firm as any of the partners.



PLANNING TO DEDICATE BOONE MEMORIAL PARK IN MAY

By John W. Cannon, in Greensboro Daily News

If the ghost of Dan'l Boone, rugged individualist that he must have been, could come traipsing back eastward over any of the many trails marked for him, it would undoubtedly be shocked at the great trouble to which a social-minded-democracy is going to mark one of the stopping places of this intrepid pioneer, woodsman and Indian fighter.

Maybe this important American who never laid much store by the intricacies of government anyhow, always getting into trouble over the titles of his land might have wished that he had remained hidden in the cave on the banks of the Yadkin river where tradition says he secreted himself from Indian attack rather than to put the republic to which he rendered such significant service to so much bother.

Maybe not. But at any rate the local historians are having a grand time digging up Boone lore. Davidson county is getting a remarkably well equipped recreation park at the place where Dan'l once resided; the purposes of the national economy are being served in that unemployed youths are being given jobs where none existed before. And in this park will be barbecue pits without which, of course, no political regime could last long or new one be inducted.

It is a project of the Davidson county government which has appropriated a total of $1,500 and the national youth administration which, as the audits go, has put much more into the proposition than the county. Plans now are to have the memorial park dedicated some time in May with prospects that the barbecue pits may be used much earlier than that if the gubernatorial campaign in North Carolina warms up as much as people generally think it will.

A touching scene was re-enacted at the site of this memorial last week which carried with it much of the sentiment and dignity with which this project is being surrounded, and reminded one of that incident in the Bible of Moses being shown the promised land which he was never to enter.

But to understand that incident, you have to get some of the background of this memorial. For years and years the Daniel Boone Historical society through Ray McCrary, attorney, of Lexington, and others attempted to get the public interested in marking this location where Daniel Boone resided from about the age of 16 until he went west, carrying with him a wife, Rebecca Bryant, whom he had taken from nearby Hannah's Ford. For a while success seemed to crown their achievements. In 1910 a reproduction of the original Boone cabin to which Squire Boone brought his son, Daniel, and the rest of his family was built in 1750. Seven acres of land were donated by Phillip Sowers, who owned 1,000 acres in this vicinity. Also in 1910 a big celebration was held at the site of the cave and cabin on the south bank of the Yadkin to which 10,000 people came to hear Judge Pritchard make an

address. The Salisbury Daughters of the American Revolution erected a stone marker at the entrance to the park on which a tablet has been affixed that was fashioned out of metal from the Battleship Maine. Then interest lagged, the reproduced cabin was burned and except for a few faithful friends, nearly everybody forgot about Dan'l's connection with Davidson county which at the time he resided here was a part of Rowan.

But interest was not dead. W. H. Lomax, a merchant in this community, was elected to the board of county commissioners and in 1938 succeeded in getting the commissioners to appropriate $500 which it was understood was to be used in connection with a federal allowance for developing the memorial. Last year an additional $1,000 was added. Each day a bus from Thomasville and Lexington runs to the site on the park carrying about 15 or 20 youths eligible for NYA relief to work on the project. To date a new cabin has been built; steps built from the cabin down the winding hill to the cave on the Yadkin river; a monument erected on the site of the original Boone marker; a well dug; a recreation shed erected, and other improvements made. The all important barbecue pits will be dug soon.

Mr. Lomax, the county commissioner, who lives within a few miles of the cave and park, is taking a personal interest in the proceedings and is seeing that the work is pushed right along.

But back to Moses and the sight of his promised land. L. C. Sowers, who is now more than 80 years old, who has always been interested in this memorial, son of the Phillip Sowers who donated the original tract, is critically ill and is not expected to last until the park is dedicated. But the other day some of his friends took him in a car; carried him to a point where he could look over the project. He liked the new cabin, the monument, and even pointed to signs of the old basement. Most of all he liked the enlargement made in the door of the cave allowing people to walk upright into a rock cavern where once Dan'l had to crawl. He approved it all and went away satisfied.

Dan'l? Well, we can hardly fancy a man who made his own way like this Indian fighter did, who feared nothing in skin or hide, putting his stamp of approval on a memorial for him which is being made possible because this generation cannot make it on its own. Nevertheless there was little unemployment in Dan'l's day and he might not have handled it, if there had been such a thing, as well as he did the Redskins.

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

Stop, look and listen used to be
A railroad crossing sign;
But now at every corner we
Have need to heed that line.

—Selected.

LOOKING OUTWARD

By Louis Deschamps

Who has not experienced the helpful contemplation of an hour on the deck of a ship at sea which merges with the sky in an apparent infinity? With that perspective the pettiness of a self-centered viewpoint is realized and the soul breathes more freely. The dangers and stern realities of life at sea would be less endurable but for the mysterious spiritual strength that comes from long hours on the bridge in the presence of the great immensities of sky and sea. Looking outward relieves the strain of trying to solve a universal problem in the narrow confines of one's own self.

A suggestion of adventure and romance breaks the spell of the commonplace and gives a greater zest to life. In these trying times many of us feel "at sea." There are winds and tides, storms and calms in every life. There are days when nothing but the barren expanse of monotony meets the contemplative eye. The charts of those who have gone before are often doubted when some anticipated event of achievement fails to appear on the horizon of the lone voyager. Moments there are even in a crowded life when one is alone on the bridge with the stars and the sea. Shipwrecks, castaways and derelicts too often have a place in the affairs of life. But there is always the inspiring example of a seaman's courage and resourcefulness. If a storm of disappointment, disillusionment or adversity blows one off the course of a normal life, it is helpful to picture in the mind's eye an intrepid seaman loyal to the traditional bravery of the sea, rather than to turn upon one's self the deadening self-criticism of a cynical psychology.

A human life follows its daily course. A ship sails for a distant port. What if strong currents, storms and dangers beset it? The captain must see farther than his charts and the limited results of his own reckoning. Blown off his course, he does not sulk in his chart room and bemoan his fate. Out on the bridge he finds his position by the changeless precision of universal order. Adverse circumstances beyond his control do not mean failure to him. Standing his watch in the darkness, there comes to him from somewhere in some way a strength of soul, an inspiration, a mystic spiritual experience which makes the voyage as important as the arrival at port. Life is more than a single success. The courage and wisdom with which the hazards of the voyage are met are as important as success.

It is looking outward, not inward, that brings the proper perspective of life. Once a life is marked upon the chart of human experience and its course fixed by reference to the unchanging principles of God's manifestation to each soul, then no circumstance or condition can deprive one of the inspiration and adventure of that mystic communion with the Infinite on the long watches each must stand alone upon the bridge.

WEALTH FROM THE WOODS

By Wilfred Brown

The trees grew straight and tall in a plot of land outside the village of Newington, in the British colony of New Hampshire, more than two hundred years ago. Dark, needled evergreens were interspersed with broad-leafed trees that turned into a blaze of color in the autumn. Birds and small animals made their homes in the little forest and children played there in the summer time.

The woodland, a hundred and twelve acres, belonged to no one, because no one had thought it worth the work to claim it and clear away the trees for farm land.

But there were far-sighted men in New Hampshire, even in those early days. In the year 1710—sixty-six years before the Declaration of Independence—the woodland was set aside forever as the property of the Village of Newington.

In the years that followed the colony of New Hampshire became a state, and the United States spread westward to become one of the greatest nations of the world. Forests were cut down, in many sections with no thought of the future and with disastrous results.

But the woodland of the Village of Newington remained, as the oldest community forest in America, and a continued blessing to the people of the village.

From the little forest, during the years since it was set aside, the people of Newington cut timber that was sawed into lumber for the village church, the parsonage, the town hall, a schoolhouse and the public library. Each year about thirty cords of wood from the "ripe" trees is cut to keep the public buildings of the village warm during the cold months of the winter.

At one time the village sold enough timber from its forest to pay off a $2,400 town debt. Other forest products have been sold from time to time, but none that would deplete the woodland for future years. In the past fifty years the forest has brought the village more than six thousand dollars in income. As trees were cut, others were planted to take their place.

For many years it was the custom of the village to give a dinner each year for the man elected to represent Newington in the state legislature. In 1915 the new representative suggested that instead of him, the forest benefit. So he presented to the village ten thousand seedling pine trees. School children and townspeople joined in planting them, and now they are sturdy saplings that someday will furnish wood and lumber.

But that was only part of the benefit to Newington from its forest. The woodland provides a playground for the village children, close at home, and a beautiful natural park.

It is many years too late for most cities and villages of the United States to have a community forest, such as the one that Newington enjoys, but the government has taken steps to preserve the forests that are still one of America's greatest assets.

Millions of small trees are being planted each year on lands once cut

over, or lands unsuited to agriculture. The work started much too late in many parts of the nation, but foresters believe that by the time the great virgin forests are gone, new forests of even better trees will have grown up to take their place.

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SULFAPYRADINE

When a loved one was stricken with pneumonia a few years back, and you looked deep into your physician's eyes to ask: "Isn't there something you can do?" in most cases he was forced to shake his head in helplessness. In those days dreaded pneumococcus took 100,000 lives annually. But a new miracle worker—sulfapyridine—has now come into the medical picture, and will save the lives of approximately 50,000 pneumonia victims this year, according to Stephen J. McDonough, medical journalist, who writes a dramatic personal story in the current Rotarian magazine.

Shortly after he had released a sulfapyridine press dispatch —with skepticism and crossed fingers—McDonough found himself desperately ill with the most deadly type of pneumonia infection. But his physician wasn't helpless, because sulfapyridine was just emerging from its experimental stage, and a supply was rushed 500 miles to treat his case. Within a week after sulfapyridine treatments were begun he was out of the hospital. Miraculous? Yes, declares this Rotarian contributor, but that's the way this new chemical works.

An allied drug of sulfanilamide, which was originally "just a brick-red powder—one of the coal-tar dyes used to color cloth," sulfapyridine is unlike many other germicides, which annihilate germs, McDonough writes. "Sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine smother the disease-causing bacteria. Most disease germs can grow only when they have enough oxygen, only by first converting it into hydrogen peeroxide, the common gargling fluid. Sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine stop this oxygen conversion process and keep the germs from breathing until the white blood corpuscles consume them."

—Monroe Enquirer.

MORE THAN GOVERNOR

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The Honorable Cameron Morrison of Charlotte for years filled a large place in public life, becoming governor of North Carolina and senator at Washington. Since retiring to private life he is becoming noted as a farmer and stock raiser. Not a plain farmer and ordinary herdsman is this ex- governor, but a leader in his varied undertakings. May it not turn out that Governor Morrison in his present undertaking in making a contribution to a "balanced agriculture" will make a larger contribution to the state than he was able to make as chief executive of the common wealth?

Why should not men of prominence, with sufficient means, set the example and make a contribution to the industries so close to the life of a people? The papers are having much to say these days of the fine Jerseys that are going out to the people of the state and of the nation from the Morrison herds in Mecklenburg. Such a business of distributing blooded stock to the farmers and herdsmen of the state is a quiet and almost unperctived process, but it is none the less effective. Far more effective in transforming the life of a people is this than the noise of the hustings.

A new interest is being taken in the land and in all who till the soil. Surely men of sense and enterprise can do nothing better than point the way for those who cultivate the land and grow the livestock so essential to every people. Dr. Clarence Poe certainly could render no more valued service to his native state than in his present undertaking. Some are saying that this present time is the most useful period of ex-Governor Morrison's career. Be that as it may, North Carosina is in need of many such men who can render this much needed service in their day and generation. Many lines of public services go far beyond holding public office.

REFLECTION

When you've a grouch; when you're annoyed, or blue.
Reflect upon one thing you'll find most true:
It's not the sun casts shadows—It is you!
As you look on the dark side, or the bright,
Your face reflects the shadow, or the light.

—Alfred I. Tooke.

WINNING ESSAYS

Last month, a number of boys in our seventh grade entered a literary contest. The subject chosen was the "Life of George Washington," and many interesting papers were submitted. After considerable deliberation, the judges awarded first place honors to Donald McFee, of Cottage No. 2, and Robert Lawrence, of Cottage No. 7, was chosen in the runner-up position. Honorable mention was given Paul Lewallen and Henry Ziegler, both of Cottage No. 5. We are publishing the first and second place winning papers, as follows:

No. 1

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Donald McFee

George Washington was born at Bridges Creek plantation, (now Wakefield), Westmoreland County, Virginia, at ten o, clock on the morning of February 22, 1732.

His father, Captain Augustine Washington, was born on the same plantation, and his grandfather also.

His mother, second wife of Captain Washington, was Mary Ball, a desendant of Captain William Ball, of Lancaster County, who came to Virginia about 1650. From both parents he came of good ancestry, branches of both the Washington and Ball families being named in English records for centuries.

Washington was christened in April, 1732. With the solemn formality of the Episcopal baptismal service. It is said that the Rev. Lawrence de Butts was the one who baptized Washington.

When George Washington was three years old, his father moved to another plantation of his, called by the Indians "Epsewasson", in what was then Prince William County, which estate was later called Mount Vernon.

In 1739 Augustine Washington decided to move his family to a farm he had purchased the year before, on the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg. He then made a trip to England, bringing back a shipload of convicts. Among them was a William Grove, a man of education. To this man was entrusted the first schooling of George, and Rev. Jonathan Boucher, an English clergyman, once said: "George, like most people thereabouts at the time, had no other education than reading, writing and accounts, which he was taught by a convict servant whom his father bought, for a school master."

There are plenty of myths about Washington. The one about cutting down his father's cherry tree may be true, and about throwing a coin across the Rappahannock River. But despite all these myths about him he had a strong and vigorous body. When his father taught him to ride his pony to school, he developed a strong love of sport, and the desire to play every game to win.

When George was eleven years old, the first great tragedy came into his life,—his father died. Three years later he wanted to join the British Navy, but his mother persuaded him

to give up the idea. He then went to live with his half-brother, Augustine, at Bridges Creek because the best school available was located near the old home. Here he was good in school and a leader in all games and sports of that period, vaulting running, jumping, pitching quoits, throwing the bar; he also excelled in horsemanship and, living along the river, became an expert swimmer.

He then became interested in surveying, and at the age of 15, went to live with his half-brother, Lawrence, at Mount Vernon, who had inherited the estate from his father Here the ambition to learn surveying became his object, as surveyors in this country were few and their earnings were exceptionally good. It was at this time he made a month's surveying journey beyond the Alleghenies. Having met Lord Fairfax, who was much impressed with the good sense, courtly manners, fine horsemanship and the manly, fearless sportsmanship of this boy, he was engaged by him to aid in the surveys of the Fairfax holdings in the Shennandoah Valley, amounting to thousands of acres.

After his friendship with Lord Fairfax, he made the acquaintance of Robert Dinwiddie, the colonial Governor of Virginia, who started him on his military career, by sending him on a mission to the French on the Ohio River. On this and other expeditions he demonstrated his ability to make friends, as even the hostile Indians became his admirers. He was soon commissioned a colonel in the Colonial military forces.

His popularity increased, and a few years later he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. This was brought about largely by his friend, Lord Fairfax.

He then married Mrs. Martha Custis, a belle of Williamsburg society. He resigned his commission, and retired to his Mount Vernon estate, where he and his wife proved most hospitable, and rounds of gaiety were the custom there until the Revolution. He also took great interest in civic affairs and was re-elected several times to the House of Burgesses.

His popularity increased further, and in Philadelphia, June 15, 1775, he was elected General and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United Colonies.

During the Revolutionary War there sprang up a great friendship between Washington and Lafayette, the leader of the French troops, and in later years this famous Frenchman frequently enjoyed the well-known Mount Vernon hospitality.

After the close of the Revolutionary War General Washington retired to Mount Vernon. For five years he and his good wife sought the repose of a country planter's life, but they were too well known and loved to be privileged to retire to their plantation.

His ever-increasing popularity made him the unanimous choice as first President of the United States, and as he journeyed to New York for his first inauguration, each village and hamlet along the route seemed to vie with all others in paying social tribute to the illustrious first President of the young Republic.

Washington served two terms as President, four years for each term, but when asked to serve another, he said he had served his time, and that some one else should have a chance at being President.

He then returned to Mount Vernon,

where the days passed pleasantly for General and Mrs. Washington.

On December 12, 1799, Washington wrote in his diary. "Morning cloudy. Wind at No. Et., and Mer. 33. A large circle around the Moon last night. About 10 o'clock it began to snow, and soon after to hail, and then to a settled cold rain. Mer. 28 at night." These are the last words written by Washington.

On December 13, he became ill, and on the night of December 14, 1799, at 20 minutes past 10 o'clock he died.

He was laid to rest at his beloved Mount Vernon, on a hill facing the Potomac River.

No. 2

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Robert Lawrence

George Washington's great-grandfather, John Washington, came over from England in 1658, and established a tobacco plantation on Bridges Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia. The grandson of this immigrant, Augustine Washington, was twice married, Mary Ball his second wife being the mother of six children, of whom the eldest was the future president.

George Washington was born at Bridges Creek, the ancestral home on February 11, Old Style, or February 22, New Style, 1732, (see calendar). His father died when George was not quite eleven years old, and his half brother Lawrence, who was 14 years older, acted as guardian and loving counselor. As head of the family, Lawrence had been educated in England, and had inherited the lions share of the family property. This included Mount Vernon on the Potomac, which he christened after Admiral Vernon, under whom he served for a time in the British Navy. Here George spent some happy years of his youth, and a few years after Lawrence's death, in 1752, this rich estate, Mount Vernon passed into his possession by inheritance.

His education consisted chiefly of reading, writing, arithmetic, and ciphering in a school kept by the sexton of the parish church. But plantation affairs, hunting, fishing, horseback riding and a little reading chiefly filled his days. It was to his mother, that he owed his moral and religious training. Even when her son had risen to the height of human greatness, she would only say that "George had been a good boy, and she was sure he would do his duty."

When he was fourteen years old there was talk of sending him to sea on a tobacco ship, but the plan was abandoned; instead he received two additional years of schooling, chiefly of mathematics, and so prepared himself for the profession of surveyor.

Through his brother Lawrence he made the acquaintance and won the favor of Lord Thomas Fairfax, a gentleman, who held enormous grants of land in Virginia beyond the Blue Ridge. At sixteen George entered his employ as land surveyor. The traits of leadership and steadfastness of character which he had displayed in school and among his playmates now came out prominently. He excelled in running, wrestling, and horseback riding. And his school

work had been models of neatness and accuracy.

Now he had to live afoot and on horseback in the wilderness. He had helpers to direct, inferiors to govern; and he had to make out survey records so complete and accurate that they would be accepted by public officials upon which to base titles to lands.

He returned three years later from hardships and danger, and exacting work in mountain and forest. He was a handsome youth of nineteen. He was six feet two inches and had blue eyes, an abundance of brown hair, and a clear ruddy complexion.

At twenty-one, he was made major of the Virginia militia at the time when the colonies were preparing for war with France, and was entrusted by Governor Didwiddie with a message to a French post, 600 miles away. That journey, in the winter of 1753-1754, was a severe test of character and capacity. It took him and his frontiersman-companion, Lance, across unexplored mountains through trackless forests, infested with wild beasts and hostile savages. A treacherous Indian guide attempted to assassinate him. He escaped drowning when crossing a flooded river on a rude raft, but he accomplished his mission with success, and reported on it with brevity, and modesty, which ever characterized the man.

When war came, George was made and aide-de-camp to General Braddock. His advice as to methods used by the Indians in border warfare was ignored, and Braddock suffered defeat! Washington was the only officer in the engagement who was not killed. Two horses were shot from under him and he had four bullet holes in his coat, but he escaped unhurt. He wrote to his mother that he had been preserved by Providence for some great duty. The Indians believed he bore a charmed life.

Later Washington was commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. He marched in the smoking ruins of Fort Duquesne in 1758 and helped to rebuild it as Fort Pitt (Now Pittsburgh.)

He was a member of the House of Burgesses, they met twice a year in Williamsburg. It was in 1774 Washington was chosen a delegate to the first Continental Congress. Franklin, Jefferson, the Adamses and other great men were there. Patrick Henry said: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." He was appointed commander-in-chief of the Continental forces, and replied that he was deeply honored, but honestly felt that he was not good enough for it, and he refused pay for his services. Later on as president he wound't accept pay.

Washington arrived in Boston, July, 1775 after the battle of Bunker Hill. Beginning with an army of 14,000 untrained men and with few supplies.

In March, 1776, the British were driven out of Boston. The greatest battle of the Revolution—the Battle of Saratoga—Washington was not present. Nevertheless, Washington's retreat across New Jersey; the manner in which he turned and struck the pursuing enemy at Trenton and Princeton, then establishing his army on the heights of Morristown, overlooking New York. That record was crowned by the terrible winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge. In spite of the misery of his soldiers, the clamor of people tired of war, he held

his position and kept his starving army at its task.

The British captured Savannah and Charleston and entrenched at Yorktown in Virginia. Then feigning an attack on the weak garrison in New York, Washington made a forced march to the Potomac, the Fench fleet appeared in Chesapeake Bay. Three weeks later Cornwallis surrendered and the actual fighting of the Revolu- was over.

Like Cincinnatus, he retired to Mount Vernon in 1783, as he hoped, to private life, but it was not for him to do so. The colonies trusted him and believed in his honesty, and wisdom, so when the movement for "forming a more perfect Union" began, he couldn't stand idly by.

Owning to Washington's efforts a convention finally meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787 to revise the Articles of Confederation. On the first day he was called to the chair by unanimous votes. During the four months' session he guided the work of one of the most notable assemblies ever held.

After the convention, Washington worked for the ratification of the new Constitution by the states. He regarded it as the best which could be had at that time.

A leading historian said that "the president's office was cut to Washington's measure"; and it was he, Washington, the first president (1789-1797), that the people committed the task of putting into operation the new government.

The Constitution merely provided plans for the framework of the government, that framework was yet to be reared, and it depended upon the men in power whether it was to be a strong or weak structure. In the division of parties one was led by Alexander Hamilton, the other by Thomas Jefferson. Hamilton's party favored a strong national government, with weak state government. Jefferson's desired a weak central government and strong state organizations. Washington included both in his cabinet. As secretary of treasury, Hamilton worked out a financial system designed to put the affairs of the new nation on a firm footing.

Washington would not accept a third term as president and retired to Mount Vernon, as a planter, where he found pleasure to enjoy the society of his family, and the simple pleasures of plantation life that had so long been denied him.

Men from far and wide came to consult him on questions of public interest, while no foreigner counted his trip to America complete without a visit to Mount Vernon.

But the time came, when in less than three years, his well earned enjoyment was to come to a end on this earth, let us hope he resumes it in peace and in Heaven.

Washington contracted acute laryngitis as the result of a long horseback ride in a snow storm. He died two days later. His wishes were that he be buried in the little family vault on the hillside at Mount Vernon. The people in Europe felt the same as in the United States, that he was the greatest statesman in the history of this nation.

John Marshall, later Chief Justice, quoted words which truly sums up Washington's position in American History. "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

John Richard Green, characterized Washington as "The noblest figure that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life."

The young man Washington, the master of Mount Vernon, to which he succeed upon his father's death, the Soldier Washington, the Statesman Washington, the President Washington, were but the boy Washington developed. In all these stations he applied the same intelligence, the same spirit—the spirit of justice, gentleness, chivalry, truth and piety.

BEST TEACHERS

I'd rather see a lesson
  Than hear one any day.
I'd rather you would walk with me
  Than merely show the way.

The eye's a better teacher
  And more willing than the ear.
And counsel is confusing;
  But example's always clear.

The best of all the teachers
  Are those who live their creeds,
For to see good put in action
  Is what everybody needs.

I can soon learn to do it
  If you let me see it done.
I can watch your hands in action,
  But your tongue too fast may run.

And the counsel you are giving
  May be very fine and true,
But I'd rather get my lesson
  By observing what you do.

—Author Unknown.

THE ROMAN

By Ruth Arnold Nichols

One dark night, fifteen hundred years ago, torches blazed and cries resounded through the crisp air of the Roman settlement in Britain. In the country villa, outside the town, the family and slaves of Calpurnius, a member of the town senate, huddled together behind barred doors. But the roving bands of Irish raiders, who had come to carry away prisoners, broke into the house. That night hundreds of captives were carried away into slavery. Among them was Patricius, the sixteen-year-old son of Calpurnius.

Patrick, as his friends called him, was a bright and well-trained youth. The Roman colonies in Britain had schools equal to those in Rome. On holidays the boy had roamed through the wild country. He was athletic and venturesome, and loved to play, hunt and fish. Britain was a very different country from the civilized England of today. There were no large cities. The Roman colonies had towns, but life in them was patterned after life in Rome. Calpurnius, the father, bore a Roman toga, and the boy often went with his father to the Roman baths. The ruins of some of these towns. and parts of the roads and walls which the Roman colonists built, may be seen in England today.

The raiders separated Patrick from his family, and held him a slave in the wilderness in Ireland. It was a cold country, and every morning before daybreak Patrick was sent out to herd his master's flocks. For six years he was made to endure hardships, but during his lonely hours he thought of the things he had learned at school in his home country. On the green hillsides, as he watched over the flocks, he repeated the prayers his mother had taught him. They had meant but little to him as a child, but now they revealed themselves in all their power.

One night, after a severe day Patrick almost despaired. "I have been taken away from all that I loved; I have been carried away from my father," he moaned. "I pray my heavenly Father—" Heavenly Father! It suddenly dawned on him that there was something the raiders could not take from him—his divine inclination, his thoughts, his conscience! The thought gave him comfort and courage. He decided to use this independent action and escape from his slavery. The opportunity came quickly. In the dead of night he made his way out of the camp of his captors and across the miles of hills and woods to the seacoast. There a ship lay at anchor, and a kindly captain took Patrick aboard.

After a long and adventurous journey, Patrick was landed in a small town on the coast of France, and by rare good fortune he found residing in that town some of his mother's kin. Patrick had been given up for lost, and his return was the occasion of great joy.

But Patrick's vision on the green hills of Ireland inspired in him a discontent with the ease of home life. He shunned the prospects of political prestige to which he was heir because of his father's position in the Roman Empire. He felt the need of working in a greater cause. He enlisted

in a school on the island of Lerins, in the Mediterranean Sea, and studied human and spiritual needs. One day a party of priests and teachers was sent to Ireland. Patrick felt a bitter disappointment not to be one of them, but he resolved that some day he would return to the charmed land as a teacher—a free man—where he had been a slave. It was years later, but one day a ship drew near to the land of the green hills, and Patrick once more gazed upon a scene that inspired him. Here was to be his labor of love.

And so, Patrick became the patron saint of Ireland. He founded many churches, and established an undying devotion among the simple peasants. The kind and helpful things he did were told and retold from generation to generation. Some of the stories became legends, and some became fairy tales.

The people of Ireland had many religious customs in their worship of nature. One of these was the lighting of fires on the hilltops to celebrate the coming of Spring. Saint Patrick chose the top of an adjoining hill for the celebration of Easter, and his followers risked the anger of the Druid priests as they joined in hymns and prayers.

The story that Saint Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland is a myth. It is the belief that the story found origin in the symbol of the snake as evil, and the Saint sought unceasingly to drive this "snake" out of Ireland.

The symbols of the harp and the shamrock are tributes to the country's charms. The grace and sweetness of the harp signifies the sentiments of a favored people. The legend of the shamrock is said to be a true one. One day Saint Patrick was asked to define what he meant by the Holy Trinity. The people could not understand how three persons could be one God. The Saint took a shamrock—a three-leafed clover—and held it up to the people. "Each one of these clovers,"he said, "is made up of three leaves, but together they form one plant." The Irish people could not forget this simile, and to this day they look upon the shamrock as a national plant.

---o---

Each morning, if you'd rightly live
On this terrestrial ball,
Name o'er your foes, and then forgive,
Else don't get up at all.

—Exchange.

THE OLD VILLAGE GREEN LIVES AGAIN

By Joseph Lawren

Our early American villages centered about the "green." The "green" stemmed from the earlier stockade built by the first settlers to protect the community from the hostile Indians and wild animals. As the danger from marauding invaders decreased, the stockade disappeared, and in its place appeared the village green. Free from worrying fear, this center of the old American village gathered to its kindly shade the principal buildings of the community.

The church, to minister to the spiritual needs of the village folk, was followed by the town hall, erected to house the political activities of the neighborhood. Then rose the school to bring knowledge to the progeny of a literate people; the courthouse, to bring justice and order, soon reared its simple but substantial facade. The general store, to care for the material needs of the inhabitants and to be the general meeting place for sociabiltiy and "store" talk, took its place on the boundary of the village green. And finally there was built the inn to offer hospitality to the stranger passing through the village and to serve as the resting place or change of horses for the stagecoach carrying travelers and the mail.

And thus, in general, the old village greens of our country, still retain this pattern. The onrush of new means of transportation—the railroad, the automobile and the flying machine — has greatly changed the village green of old. To retain the atmosphere and likeness of the fast disappearing village green, Henry Ford has erected a counterpart to the center of our old village life.

In Greenfield Village at Dearborn, Michigan, he has laid out a typical old village green and erected around its well-kept lawns the buildings typical of our village life. With such a meticulous care for its architectural and historical accuracy has this been done and with so loving a care have the buildings been furnished, that the old village green lives again. And it lives again not only because the buildings and furnishings so carefully follow their prototypes, but because within their walls the old activities are duplicated to bring to life the folkways of our ancestors.

The buildings of Greenfield Village stand in relative positions about the "green" as did those of our early American communities. Here one may see and particpate in the life of the church or chapel, the school, the courthouse, the town hall, the general store, and the inn.

The chapel stands, as befitting the traditions of our early American village, at the head of the green. It is called The Chapel of Martha-Mary, after the names of the mothers of Mrs. and Mr. Henry Ford. The bricks and the doors in the chapel were removed from the girlhood home of Mrs. Ford, and incorporated into this replica of an early American place of worship. In its beautiful slender tower there hangs a sweet-toned bell

cast by that self-same Paul Revere, Jr., whose "ride" was immortalized by the poet Longfellow. This bell announces on every schoolday the morning services of the school children of Greenfield Village. But unlike the services of old, these are broadcast on every Thursday morning over a national network. Every Sunday, non-sectarian services are held in the chapel for all those who desire to enter its hospitable doors.

The school, which stands close by the chapel, was transplanted from its orginal location in the Old Scotch Settlement near Dearborn. It was in this selfsame school that the young Henry Ford received his elementary education. Here in its new location on the Greenfield Village Green it stands exactly as it stood eighty years ago, for it is furnished in its orginal manner. It still has the old iron stove, and the orginal kerosene lamps give in their fitful and uncertain flame a light to the youthful seekers after knowledge. There are within its small schoolroom all the orginal fixtures of our early American schools—the wooden blackboards, the children's school desks, some with carved initials of forgotten scholars; and the old hand-bell stands on the teacher's desk. The march of time is seen only in the modern electric lighting, heating and ventilation. Thus the scholar of today is confronted by the easier way of knowledge that is his, as compared to the hardships of his grandparents.

The courthouse stands near the school. It is known as the Logan County Courthouse, for it was brought intact from Logan County, Illinois, where it was erected one hundred years ago. It is a typical village courthouse. Within its historic walls, the young Abraham Lincoln practiced law for eight years. On the lower floor is the courtroom with the judge's bench at one end and a fireplace, with a perpetual fire cheerily sputtering, at the other. In the courtroom there stands the orginal cupboard fashioned by young Abe and his father. It also houses the Great Emancipator's wardrobe, together with other furniture associated with Lincoln's early life. In one corner is the chair in which he sat on the night of his assassination.

By the side of the courthouse are two small brick huts used orginally as slave quarters on the Hermitage Plantation, near Savannah, Georgia.

Across the green, opposite the courthouse, is the general store. This is a white wood structure and was chosen from the many examined, as the typical village store. It stood orginally in Waterford, Michigan. Dismantled and brought to Greenfield Village, it was re-erected and refurnished with its orginal equipment. Then it was stocked with goods typical of an American village store of eighty years ago. Thus one can see, if one cannot purchase, the things which gave pleasure to the childhood of our grandfathers and grandmothers. Here are the orginal counters and shelves containing the orginal spice and coffee grinders, cracker barrels and other service helps of those days. And the goods which they hold—hoopskirts, fancy jewelry, slates and comic valentines of a bygone, but not forgotten, time—bring nostalgic pleasure to the older visitors today.

At the foot and a little off the side

of the Village Green is the Town Hall School. This is a practical school. It is not the replica of any well-known school, but was designed after the typical village public halls of half a century ago. Close by the green, but not an essential part of its buildings, is the William Holmes McGuffy School. This primary school, named in honor of the author of the McGuffy's Readers, is made of logs, brought from the Pennsylvania farm where McGuffy was born. His log cabin birthplace, transported from Pennsylvania, stands adjacent to the school and contains the original McGuffy furniture and furnishings.

Although the McGuffy School is log built, it has all the modern conveniences of lighting and heating. Indirect lighting and air conditioning do not detract from its old-time atmosphere. Although the teacher's desk was one used by McGuffy, the individual pupils' desks are those of the latest design. The combination deskchair is patterned after the usual cafeteria chair. The flat arm-rest tops a book compartment, and underneath each chair seat there is a concealed sliding drawer containing pencils, pens, erasers and paper.

In this McGuffy log school enter the youngest pupils of Greenfield Village. Here life for the Greenfield villagers "begins at the commencement of school, rather than at the school commencement." On reaching the third grade, the pupil leaves the McGuffy School and is enrolled in either the Scotch Settlement School or the Town Hall School. And here they remain until they are ready for high school. The students in these schools are served a hot lunch each noon in the dining room of Clinton Inn, while those in the McGuffy School are supplied with warm fresh milk.

The village provides vocational training, healthful exercise and recreation to the fortunate school pupils of Greenfield Village. Shower baths for the boys are found in the Swiss Watchmakers Chalet; outdoor swimming in the "Suwannee River," a lagoon adjoining the Stephen Foster Cottage. Bridlepaths provide exercise and pleasure for the horseback riding classes. Girls study sewing in the Edison Homestead, and housekeeping in the Secretary House, while the boys are given manual training work and other handicrafts in the various shops in the village proper.

The homes of the Greenfield Village are the originals or replicas of our early American village homes. To trace the development of the American home there was brought from the Cotswold region in England a cottage group of native sandstone and limestone. Here it stands to illustrate the influence upon and as the counterpart of some of the early colonial homes. This group is furnished with original furniture brought from England. The other village houses are outstanding examples of our early American homes, beautiful in their sturdy simplicity.

Thus for those fortunate enough to visit Dearborn, Michigan, the Old Village Green and the village thereof live again.

THE SAP OF THE SUGAR MAPLE

By Charles Doubleyou

The chocolates with the maple filling are apt to be the first picked from the candy box by those who are able to read the hieroglyphs skillfully made by the dipper. Maple flavor in ice cream is a prime favorite. And, for many of us, pancakes are simply not pancakes without a generous sopping of maple syrup.

Now somewhat in the nature of a luxury, once maple sugar was far cheaper than cane sugar. The pioneers learned the art of making maple sugar from the Indians, whose product, however, was crude and not entirely pure. The high cost of cane sugar made maple sugar an important home industry of the pioneers; and wherever the sugar maple was available, many farmers provided their own sugar, just as they did their own vegetables, milk and hogs. Even as recently as 1875, the cost of cane sugar, particolarly in the rural districts, was higher than that of maple sugar.

But despite the fact that maple sugar is now somewhat in the luxury class, and there is a large and fairly static demand for it, maple-sugaring is not a particularly profitable business, commensurate with the amount of work involved. The redeeming factor to the farmer in its production is that it is harvested in an otherwise dull season of the year.

This is the spring, when days are warm and nights are cold; it is then that the sap commences to run. It is collected by drilling one or more small holes to a depth of 1½ inches into the base of the trunk. A trough is then driven into each hole, for conducting the sap into a bucket. This sap is collected each day. It is naturally free from impurities, and its sugar content averages about 3½ per cent. The juice, consisting of 83 per cent carbohydrates, 16 per cent water, and 1 per cent ash, is then boiled down to a heavy syrup over an open fire, when produced for home consumption or for smallscale marketing, or in a modern evaporator of the commercial maple-sugar producers. If a sugar is desired, the juice is heated until the liquid becomes solid on cooling. The average yield per tree is from two to three pounds.

If maple sugar were refined, it would be exactly the same as the product of cane or beet sugar, and of no greater commercial value.

Maple sugar is made in North America wherever the sugar maple tree is found. Canada produces about three-sevenths of the world supply. The State of Vermont leads in maple-sugar production, with New York and the Province of Quebec generally tied for second place. Ontario, Ohio and Pennsylvania are others of the most important centers for the production of the sugar and syrup with the popular characteristic flavor.

When you are looking for a helping hand just glance at the end of your arm.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The following excerpt from a letter received March 12th, coming from Mr. Glenn M. Householder, Brattleboro, Vermont, director of extension service for the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, states:

"I have thought innumerable times about your splendid institution and the wonderful work you are doing with delinquent boys. To assure you that I have a genuine interest in work of this nature, I am attaching a copy of the last report which I am submitting to the Wisconsin Board of Control. I have never visited an institution for boys where all interests seemed to be combined so perfectly in working for the welfare of these lads."

We very pleasantly recall the time when Mr. Householder, together with several national and state officials visited the School, and are proud of his estimate of the work being carried on here.

As we dropped into the office the other day, we found Superintendent Boger looking over several certificates and letters of record concerning the Training School dairy. One certificate, coming from the North Carolina Department of Agriculture, certified that our 109 grade Holstein cows were free from Bang's Disease. Another from the same source showed that the School's herd of 67 cows had a yearly production average of 9,299 pounds of milk and 333 pounds of butter fat for the year ending June 30, 1939. This is an honor roll certificate, issued to all herds in the association whose average production measures up to the required standards.

Caleb Hill, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the School in June, 1939, and is now stationed in CCC camp No. 487, Yosemite National Park, Wawona, Calif., recently wrote Superintendent Boger. This young man seems to be getting along well and states that he likes his present location very much. While he has been in the California camp but six months, Caleb writes that he had received a promotion, that of an assistant leader's position, placing responsibility in his hands not often attained by the average boy. While at the School he made an excellent record and everyone predicted that he would make good when located elsewhere, and from the nature of this report, it appears that he is doing just what was expected of him.

Albert Crepps, a former member of the Cottage No. 3 group, who left the School, November 2, 1933, was a recent visitor here. For two years after returning to his home near Mt. Gilead, Albert worked on a farm, but for the past several years he has been employed in a hosiery mill at Mt. Gilead, where he reports that he is getting along nicely. He is now twenty-three years old; is nice-looking; and, judging from appearances, we would say that he is doing very well. While here on this brief visit he spent most of the time with Mr. Poole, one of our teachers, who is a native of Mt. Gilead.

This rainy weather is certainly very disconcerting to all farmers who are anxious to start the spring work. Here at the School the usual early spring operations are getting off to a poor start. Everyone knows the proper procedure to follow in regard to caring for orchards is to spray the trees before the buds open. Continued wet weather makes it impossible for our sprayers to attend to their work before the buds start bursting open, as we cannot get the necessary machinery on the ground and will probably not be able to do so for some time. It is also time to plant Irish potatoes and English peas, but for the same reasons, this will be considerably delayed.

In the absence of Rev. I. Harding Hughes, who was scheduled to conduct the service at the School last Sunday afternoon, Superintendent Boger took charge of the service.

After the boys had sung a number of their favorite hymns, Mr. Boger read the 15th Psalm, and then had them recite it. Taking one section at a time, he commented briefly on the various passages, pointing out to the lads how the lessons contained therein should be applied to our daily lives.

He first called attention to what this Psalm has to say about the man who "walketh uprightly." A person has to lean over to do wrong, but if he keeps himself upright, he will not be found among those who follow the wrong road. Every boy, said he, was made to do right, and if he keeps himself in an upright position—mentally, morally and physically—he will never be found walking in the wrong direction.

Mr. Boger then stressed the importance of working righteousness and speaking the truth in our hearts, advising the boys to speak the truth at all times. When asked a question, answer it truthfully, regardless of the cost.

In commenting on the section, "He that backbiteth not with his tongue," Mr. Boger urged the boys to remember that when they had anything to say to folks, say it to their face, rather than make their remarks when they were not around to hear them. If the thing's we have to say about a man are good, then it would be most pleasing to his ears to hear them. If they are of an evil nature, he should be present when such statements are made, in order to defend himself if they are not true.

The question, "who is a vile person?" was then asked, and the speaker explained that it was any one who commits evil deeds and says vile things. It is only by what a person says and does that people determine just what kind of fellow he is, and if we want to keep our reputation good we must always be very careful concerning what we say and do. The man who truly fears the Lord will not do these things.

Mr. Boger's next comment was about "he that sweareth to his own hurt," in which he stated that many people, when accused of doing something wrong, deny having anything to do with it, rather than admit their guilt. To do something evil is bad enough, but to add lying to our misdeeds make matters far worse. If we are guilty, the best thing to do is to admit it, and then see what we can do about making good.

The speaker next pointed out the evils of taking unfair advantage of

those who trust us in business matters, as referred to by the Pslmist in the fifth verse. When our friends show their faith in us, we should do all in our power to protect their interests.

In conclusion, Mr. Boger stated that in the first verse the question was asked, "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" The answer is given in the following verses, as David relates the qualifications one must have the order to be a citizen of Zion. Then comes the clinching statement, "He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

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FASHIONS OUT OF TEST TUBES

Since the day of Eve and the fig leaf women have been credited with greater interest in clothes and, in later years, in fashion as such, than men. Men profess distinterest in fashion shows. They scoff at the new fangled hats that women affect, and they show their scorn for the whole business in every conceivable way.

But there was a fashion show held in Ney York City not so many weeks ago that made Americans of all kinds and of both sexes sit up an take notice. It was called "Fashions Out of Test Tubes," and it was devoted to showing products developed by industrial research during the past five years.

These products showed great possibilities for America's future. In the making of them, in finding new and wider uses for them, lay the promise of more jobs and new payrolls for Americans everywhere.

The audience at this fashion show saw bathing suits, evening dresses, hats, shoes, and other apparel made from glass, coal tar, salt, oil, camphor, soy beans, milk, and many other substances. In the development of uses for these new products they saw how industry is working constantly to find new uses for the farmer's surplus products.

No man interested in the welfare of America, interested in seeing it maintain its past progress, could fail to be inspired by this particular fashion show. With industry co-operating with the farmer, with the production of new products for the great body of Americans, it spoke glowingly of the future that lies in wait for this country if industrial research is given encouragement and a free hand.—Morganton News-Herald.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending March 10, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Clyde Gray 13
(4) James Hodges 12
(4) Leon Hollifield 14
(4) Edward Johnson 15
(4) Frank May 11
(4) Arna Wallace 11
(4) J. C. Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Bennie Austin 4
James Blocker 5
Julian T. Hooks 7
Forrest McEntire 6
(3) Donald McFee 12
(5) Nick Rochester 13
Oscar Roland 5
(4) Landros Sims 13

COTTAGE No. 3

(4) Lewis Andrews 10
(4) John Bailey 4
Clyde Barnwell 11
(2) Earl Barnes 11
(4) Richard Baumgarner 9
James Boone 8
Grover Beaver 8
(3) Jack Crotts 8
(3) Max Evans 10
(4) Coolidge Green 13
Bruce Hawkins 5
Roscoe Honeycutt 4
Harley Matthews 5
William Matthewson 11
John C. Robertson 10
(4) William Sims 13
William T. Smith 6
Harrison Stilwell 7
John Tolley 5
Jerome Wiggins 7
(4) Louis Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Plummer Boyd 9
(2) Paul Briggs 7
(5) Arthur Edmondson 10
John Jackson 9
William C. Jordan 2
Hugh Kennedy 8
(11) Ivan Morrozoff 15
(2) J. W. McRorrie 7
George Newman 4
Robert Simpson 6
George Speer
(11) Melvin Walters 15
(2) Sam Williams 11
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE No. 5

(8) Theodore Bowles 13
Collett Cantor 12
(3) Ray Hamby 11
(4) William Kirksey 11
(8) Everett Lineberry 10
(3) Paul Lewallen 10
(3) Sam Montgomery 6
(4) J. C. Reinhardt 10
(4) Richard Starnes 11
(3) Henry Ziegler 8

COTTAGE No. 6

Edward Batten 8
Robert Bryson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

(4) William Beach 11
(3) Carl Breece 12
(16) Donald Earnhardt 16
(2) George Green 10
(2) William Herrin 4
(2) Robert Hampton 7
(2) Hugh Johnson 12
Robert Lawrence 8
(2) Charles McGowan 3
(2) Arnold McHone 12
(2) Alex Weathers 10
(2) Edward Young 6

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Cecil Ashley 8
Jack Hamilton 8
Junius Holleman 2
(2) Lonnie Holleman 3

Joseph Linville 6
Walker Warr 4

COTTAGE No. 9

Holly Atwood 8
J. T. Branch 12
(16) Roy Butner 16
(2) Frank Glover 15
(3) Mark Jones 12
Daniel Kilpatrick 7
Lloyd Mullis 4
(5) Harold O'Dear 14
Lonnie Roberts 11
(5) James Ruff 12
Richard Singletary 9
Preston Wilbourne 12

COTTAGE No. 10

(6) Junius Brewer 13
Aldine Brown 4
(3) John Crawford 8
(4) J. D. Hildreth 8
(8) Lee Jones 13
(5) James Penland 7
(2) Oscar Queen 3
(4) Oscar Smith 12
(2) Torrence Ware 4
(2) Claude Weldy 2
(6) George Worley 11

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) John Benson 13
(3) Earl Hildreth 15
Fred Owens 14
N. C. Webb 14

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond 13
(4) Ernest Brewer 9
(3) Jay Brannock 8
William Broadwell 4
William C. Davis 6
William Deaton 11
(5) Howard Devlin 13
(3) Woodrow Hager 8
(3) Joseph Hall 9
Hubert Holloway 11
(6) Clarence Mayton 10
(7) James Mondie 11
James Puckett 8
Howard Sanders 7
Robah Sink
Carl Tyndall 5
J. R. Whitman 6

COTTAGE No. 13

Wilson Bailiff 3
(5) James Brewer 9
(5) Dillon Dean 12
(5) William Griffin 10
(5) Vincent Hawes 15
(9) James Lane 11
John Murdock 3
Claude McConnell 2
(3) Thomas R. Pitman 6
(16) Alexander Woody 16
(3) Joseph Woody 4

COTTAGE No. 14

John Baker 8
(2) Robert Deyton 9
(2) Audie Farthing 14
(3) John Ham 5
Feldman Lane 15
(2) Charles McCoyle 9
(2) Henry McGraw 9
(5) John Robbins 10
Charles Steepleton 9
(5) Harold Thomas 13
(10) Jones Watson 13
(11) Wallace Woody 15

COTTAGE No. 15

Jennings Britt 5
(11) Fred McGlammery 14
J. P. Morgan 5
(2) Eulice Rogers 2
J. P. Sutton 10
Calvin Tessneer 5
William Wood 11

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Duncan 10
(16) Warren G. Lawry 16
(3) Harvey Ledford 5
Earl Oxendine 11
(5) Thomas Oxendine 13
Thomas Wilson 11

Forgiveness is the fragrance of a violet lingering on the heel that crushed it.—Selected.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE LIFT

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VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 23, 1940 NO. 12

EASTER CAROL

O Earth! throughout thy borders
  Re-don thy fairest dress;
And everywhere, O Nature!
  Throb with new happiness;
Once more to new creation
  Awake, and death gainsay,
For death is swallowed up of life,
  And Christ is risen today!

Let peals of jubilation
  Ring out in all the lands;
With hearts of deep elation
  Let sea with sea clasp hands;
Let one supreme Te Deum
  Roll round the world's highway,
For death is swallowed up of life,
  And Christ is risen today!

—George Newell Lovejoy.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE EASTER STORY

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there ye shall see him: lo, I have told you. And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me. —Matthew 28: 1-10

AN EASTER THOUGHT

For the Christian world Easter celebrates the Ressurrection of Christ. The Easter story, with the living Christ the theme, makes the empty grave a fact, inspiring hope, power and courage. Although nineteen centuries have passed and tyranny, hatred and greed have continually conspired to eliminate His memory, His place is more exalted, and more emphasized with love for our fellowman and faith in the power of the living Saviour than ever before.

Love is the motivating force of our lives, and faith in the mercy and power of the ever present Saviour dispels all fear, all doubt when disaster threatens. Yes, despair brings us to Him unconsciously in an attitude of prayer and in this way we experience that ressurrection of hope and power which comes from a contact with the living Christ. The Ressurrection, the empty grave, is a symbol of joy—eternal life.

Even Spring brings her perennial symbol of the eternal life. The long winter season is over, the sun has taken up his triumphal march toward summer, and all nature is throbbing with the renewal of life. Therefore, this coming Easter Sunday hundreds and hundreds of believers will meet to testify anew that their faith is a living faith, and that it continues to rule the hearts of men. Easter tells us that Christ is present in the world, and invites us to seek and keep His presence in our hearts. "Seek, and you shall find."

May I not stand ashamed before my King,
Nor in my heart e'er feel the bitter sting
Of His rebuke. Aye, rather let me feel
His benediction o'er me softly steal.
May everything I do reflect that face
That shines with love divine and matchless grace.
In every way more loving would I be
Because He died for all—on Calvary.

—Selected.

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LITTLE FINLAND

For three and one-half months the courageous Finns waged a relentless war against the forces of mighty Russia. The Finns

knew unless the unbelievable happened, they must eventually expect the worst. They were courageously strong, but numerically too weak to ever overcome the mighty army of the aggressors. The very thought upon the part of the Finns to concede a point to the enemy was a bitter dose, because their fight was for their homeland, their independence, and this thought steeled them to continue the fight till they saw the impossible.

If the measure of sympathy expressed for Finland could have been converted into material aid the Russians would have seen "red" in short order, and Finland would have come out victorious. But the promised aid to Finland never materialized, it was alway just around the corner. So the Finns, a God-fearing people, thrifty, and frugal, realized from a humanitarian viewpoint that the best thing to do was to enter into a peace agreement and save their homeland in part. The Finns, like the heroes of the Southern Confederacy, were never whipped, they were simply overpowered.

Between the two there is also a striking similarity of endurance and courage.

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A NOBLE WOMAN PASSES

Another link which connected Concord with the past was broken last Friday evening in the death of Mrs. Annie Swink Herring, the wife of the late Dr. H. C. Herring, one of the best in his profession of dentistry, whose memory is still green for his bright intellect, combined with the spirit of good fellowship. Mrs. Herring had been ill for a period of time, she accepted her affliction with an understanding heart, and when death called her she passed from life to realms above as quietly as she walked when in the vigor of womanhood.

She spent her entire life in Concord in the midst of a people, friends and relatives who knew and esteemed her highly, and like the other members of her distinguished family, she was prominently identified with all phases of life in the community, including church and civic interests.

This noble woman was most charitable towards the unfortunate, loyal to her friends, a splendid neighbor, a devoted mother, humble in spirit, kindly disposed, but had at all times the courage of her

convictions, standing for truth and honor. Like the passing of all mortals, her life will soon be a memory, but she has left her imprint on the present generation as the drip of water leaves its imperishable marks on stone. We wish for her sweet sleep.

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THE SAFETY DRIVING SCHOOL

To keep up with the activities that are going on in our midst one has to be alert, or something will be missed that proves of interest. For instance "The Safety Driving School," sponsored by the State Highway Safety Division, is something new and one is led to believe it is a worthy project. The class for this school is first arranged by the local adult teachers of the WPA Education Division of the North Carolina Department of Public Instruction. Through the efforts of the WPA local adult teachers, 89 enrolled and 52 completed the three weeks' course in Cabarrus County under the supervision of Lieutenant Early, a safety expert.

The text books for instruction used are "Man and Motor Car" and "The Motor And Vehicle Laws of North Carolina." It requires three weeks to complete the course given in the text books along with practical instruction in driving a motor car.

The cars for practical demonstration in driving were loaned by the Reid and Concord Motor Companies, and the gas was generously furnished by the Gulf Refining Company. Again we boast that North Carolina was the first state to sponsor these schools for safe driving, and as a consequence over five thousand students have finished the course throughout the state and received certificates to that effect.

There are many who feel that unless there is in evidence some results, buildings, bridges or something, such projects are all fol-de-rol. Relative to the safety driving schools we feel the training makes the motor car driver conscious of his responsibility,—to safeguard not alone himself, but others who travel the highways.

This means a step toward building the finest citizenship. The best of all dividends for any kind of work is a better citizenship. The most common of all accident causes must be curbed if our streets and highways ever become safe.

THE LIBRARY AN INSTITUTION

A public library is an institution and whether we realize it or not it contributes to the better morale of the people. Few, if any homes, have an adequate library of fiction, poetry, history and reference books to supply the demands of the student body or the masses of any community, so that is sufficent reason that every community have a public library. All who think, know that a public library is a great educational impetus. This from the New York Times gives an appraisal of the value of a library:

"Increasingly is the librarian becoming an adviser to adults who wish to continue their education. The whole adult education movement is demanding teachers for life, and the librarians with the books of their knowing are to be the chief teachers in that lengthening of education. Books themselves do not alone make a library for the great public. The librarian and the book together are the library. There are still nearly 5,000,000 illiterates in the United States. But the greater task is to make all adults not only literate but librarious."

THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS

God spoke! and from the arid scene
  Sprang rich and verdant bowers,
Till all the earth was soft with green—
  He smiled, and there were flowers.

—Selected.

PETER'S TRAGIC TALE

By George Henry Young

"Those pitying eyes broke my wilful heart. How can I tell you of that dreadful hour?"

Thus spoke Simon Peter, the impulsive disciple of the Christ, to a group of early Christians, A. D. 79, in Antioch, where the followers of the Galilean were first called Christians in a wild and weak derision.

Peter was impelled to personal testimony by the group. Even the new apostle, Paul, was eager to hear his tragic story, for he himself had often wished he had known Jesus in the flesh; but Peter was hesitant to start the vivid tale of deep disgrace and glorious restoration.

"John and I were there," he said quietly. "We were silent at His trial when He needed witnesses most. The cruel cynicism and ribald laughter of the rabble paralyzed my will."

Almost unconsciously, he linked John's name with his own base falsity.

"You know," he proceeded, "I was a prosperous fisherman on our famous Palestinian sea before I met Jesus. Andrew, my older brother, brought me to Him, and he said he had found the Messiah of our race, long previsioned and expected. And when the Master met me, with strange prophetic eyes He looked into my soul and changed my name to Peter. There was a note of sadness in the sweet modulation of His voice even as He named me Rock."

Peter's lips hung lingeringly upon the name because it had been given to him by Jesus, even though it contained the story of both his fell disaster and triumphant transformation.

"At once I loved Him," he continued, "more than tongue can tell, and though I failed Him in the hour of His distress never was I hypocritical. He forgave. My God! He forgave me wondrously.

"We were going to Jerusalem, the city of our fathers that He loved, when I made my great confession. He had asked us what men thought of Him, and I replied, "Some say you are Elijah, the translated prophet of our race; others say Jeremiah, the seer who suffered greatly for our nation, or John the Baptist come back again, whom Herod slew for a sinful woman's disporting dance."

"But whom say ye that I am?" He asked. And I affirmed, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." But though I never doubted that confession, at the Master's trial I could not withstand the apparent solidarity of evil, for all the world seemed panting with vicious hatred for His pure, godly life, and when their cruel rage against Him reached a climax, I ignominiously fell."

He slumped into a seat, overcome by the dreadful memory of that night of tragedy, dazed by the vivid recollection of that world-drowning flood of sin's dissolution; but John, always the comforting, the one whom Jesus loved, relieved the strain with strong invective language.

"Each evil," said the seer of the Apocalypse, "seemed to re-enforce the others. The devils were one in wickedness against Him. Their hideous mien showed clearly in the faces of His accusers. As I gazed upon it I remembered that from Christ's great heart of magnanimity there had issued

a fearful warning of coming retribution that was like the yearning of a mother's love over her wayward sons and daughters.

"He had foretold that they would bring upon themselves the destruction of their city, the desolation of their temple, the defiling of their womanhood, and the massacre of their babes. Their evil days would parallel their impious imprecations in reciprocal accumulating judgment.

"And did not the Roman soldiers under Titus, nine years ago in utter cruelty lay waste our glorious city, make desolate our temple, where no man goes to pray? His retributive judgments are divinely merciful but most terrible."

Peter rose again and continued speech. "I meant to be true to Him, but alas! that fearful hour of testing. I shall never fail again. That fateful night! The wind was chilly, blowing with a weird cutting blast, but the chill of sin cut deeper in my soul.

"A serving maid moving wantonly among the crowd in the courtyard where the fire was burning, accused me of being a Galilean follower of His. And then I heard a cock crow thrice, announcing not merely the coming of the dawn,, but the bitter consciousness of my own condemnation for my blasphemous denial of Him I had so vehemently confessed.

"Jesus looked at me with those searching, pitying eyes, and that look broke my already troubled heart.

"I was a perjurer, a cringing coward, and went staggering out into the dense darkness of the night just before the morning dawn, remorse upon my conscience and a strain of black betrayal on my soul. My mind was filled with anguish and my heart with conscious hell. Till I saw Him in the garden, life seemed to me an eternal prolongation of blackness. I wept! Thank God, I wept, for my very weeping brought me hope."

Poor Peter, though hesitating, did not stop to answer John Mark's blunt question, "What happened then?" but continued pensively in a preachment.

" 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful: but his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. the ungodly are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

"That psalm was taught me by my mother at her knee. It reveals our great King David's sad experience. It is mine too now. I walked with the ungodly; stood with the sinner and sat with them in the scorner's seat. Oh, brothers, nothing is ever worth the sinning for.

"But on the third day after my denial there came a wonderful piece of news to me. Mary Magdalene came rushing and found me out. She said, 'Oh Peter, I have a message from the Lord. He is alive, raised from Joseph's tomb, and wants to see you again.

"He said, 'Go tell my disciples and Peter that I am risen from the grave.

" 'What was that?' startled I ask-

ed. 'Repeat it again. Did he say "Peter"?'

" 'Yes,' she said, 'and Peter.'

"Together John and I rushed to the grave. It was empty. But a shining angel sitting at the feet told us He was risen, and He would meet us in our haunts in Galilee.

"That day He came to me in the garden, just where He had prayed. He breathed on me the Holy Spirit. 'Peter,' He said, and the strength and beauty of His voice lifted me from the sullen depths of dread despair to a fresh new glorious life of usefulness in God.

" 'Peter,' He said, and I knew I was forgiven. Then in my soul the full spiritual tides of life flowed strongly."

Peter's face flashed forth the fires of his victorious new strength as he stood in triumphant six-foot poise. The invisible fingers of the Eternal Christ were playing upon the keyboard of his soul, evoking the divinest music of his manhood. There was now an accumulating spiritual glory radiant in his personality and the vision of his eye eclipsed the eagle's.

Not satisfied with the story of his confession and forgiveness, the new Peter, though still impulsive, said, "My last interview with Him was wonderful. He taught me to be humbel and to serve. John has written it down in his Gospel of our Lord."

"Yes," said John, "I have it here." He arose and pulled a parchment from his girdle and read, while Peter listened intently with the rest to John's race narrative. (John 21: 15-22.)

"Then after breakfast Jesus said to Simon Peter, 'Simon, son of Jonah, do you, love me more than these?' 'Why, Lord,' he answered, 'you know I love you.' 'Then teach my little children,' said the Christ.

"Again He asked him, 'Simon, son of Jonah, do you love me?' 'Why, Lord,' he replied, 'you know that I love you.' Then said Jesus, 'Take care of my weak, bedraggled followers.'

"For the third time Jesus asked him, 'Simon, son of Jonah, do you love me?' Now Peter was troubled. So he said, 'Lord, you know everything. You can see I love you.' Jesus said, 'Then take care to feed my sheep. And Peter then saw visions of a sacrificial service for his Master and the crown of life beyond."

RESURRECTION

In this brown seed, so dry and hard,
I see a flower in my door yard.
You, chrysalis in winding sheet,
Are butterfly all dainty sweet.
All life is warmed by spring's sweet breath,
And Christ our Lord has conquered death.

—Agnes W. Storer.

IN BACK WINDOWS

By Mabel McKee

The six Easter lilies were Priscilla Aiten's first waking thought. This morning a cold April wind, blowing through the opened window of her room, struck her face and caused her to sit bolt upright in her bed. The quality of the wind caused her to shiver. Seizing her robe, she donned it while she moved to close the window and hurry into the kitchen where the Easter lilies stood in a row upon the special window shelf that Jeffrey had built for them.

This morning they were as intact and waxy as they had been the night before. The kitchen itself was comfortably warm. The only draft in it was the one from Priscilla's room, which played weakly around her shoulders and head.

It happened that this morning Jeffrey, Priscilla's tall, earnest-eyed brother, who was music director at the city's largest high school, looked at the lilies with critical eyes. They were at breakfast in the pretty cream-colored kitchen. There were touches of red in curtains and furnishings. He squinted his eyes, stared at the shelf, and drawled, "I may be wrong of course, not being an authority on flowers. But, Pris, the stalks of your lilies look much shorter than did those in the florist's shop last night."

Priscilla laughed. She poured him another cup of coffe and then, with the red and white percolator in her hands, moved across to the shelf. "I rather think you're wrong," she returned. "I think you're using the measuring stick you keep for high and low notes on my flowers and it doesn't fit."

Jeffrey laughed. He turned his head so he could better see his slim young sister with her brown hair drawn back into a loose knot at the back of her head. He thought it accentuated her even, perfect features and oval-shaped brown eyes.

"Sometimes, sis, when you give me a breakfast like this, I feel you're responsible for all success I have," he praised. "Occasionally when I'm sitting in the superintendent's office and he mentions how much better I look, I just tell him it's because I have a home again instead of eating in restaurants and hotels."

Priscilla bowed low. Always when Jeff was at home she was very gay. That was the best way for her to hide from her widower brother her almost overpowering nostalgia for her own little home town and the crowd she had loved.

The six Easter lilies had driven away some of that homesickness; or rather, the dreams, which had begun to live with her the day Jeff brought the bulbs home. He had said, "Now you can have flowers like you did at home. I bought these at Greendon florist shop. They came from the most expensive bulb box there."

She had told Jeff the lilies she would grow from them would be her masterpieces. "You can't expect five and ten cent store bulbs like I planted at home to grow perfect lilies any more than you can expect all the boys and girls at Winton high to be great musicians." She added, "There have to be some poor ones in every orchestra and every chorus."

This morning, when Jeffrey had

gone to school, Priscilla fluttered about the lilies more than ever before. With slim, well-kept fingers she smoothed imaginary wrinkles from the dark green crepe paper around their pots. When she found a leaf touched with brown, with a sharp knife she trimmed that leaf away from the stalk.

When the grocery boy carried lamb chops, head lettuce and other wares into the room, she told him to take a last long look at the lilies, for this morning Miss Rose Williams was coming to carry them to the great church on the avenue where all day on Easter Sunday they would blossom on its chancel.

The gawky, freckled-faced lad turned his squinty eyes toward the shelf on which the pots had sat ever since he had studied the first green shoots coming from their soil. He murmured something about this day being only Thursday, "a long time before Easter to be sending them to church."

"I was hoping mother's cold would be so much better she could get out to ride on my truck to see them here," he added. "Since I've been talking so much about them she sort of feels friends with them herself."

Priscilla's lips opened and then closed. Her quick inspiration to ask the boy to bring his mother to the avenue church to see them Easter Sunday died as quickly as it had sprung into birth. If she, whose brother directed the music at that church, found it a lonely place, the boy who was so sensitive to coldness would not like it at all.

A little later the slim young man, who wore a threadbare overcoat and collected each month for magazines for which Priscilla had contracted, also took a long, last look at the lilies. Given to more picturesque language than the grocer boy, he told Priscilla they were like poems.

Priscilla in turn asked him about the new baby and the young wife to whom she had sent a Martha Washington geranium the day she left the hospital. His eyes grew radiant over mention of the two persons for love of whom he had taken all his savings so they could have a room of their own at the hospital instead of a bed in a ward.

There were other visitors who came through the back door of the Aiten apartment that morning to talk about the Easter lilies—the colored girl whose mother did the heavy laundry for Priscilla; Jeff, the ash man; and still others.

Just before noon the front doorbell, silent until this moment, gave a peremptory peal. Instantly Priscilla was sure Miss Rose Williams, president of the young women's Sunday school class, of which she was a member, had arrived. With happy, eager hands she brushed some imaginary wrinkles from her red and white print dress and smoothed still sleeker her dark hair.

Her eyes shone. So far no day had brought her the happiness of this one, though she had been happy the day she spoke up in class to offer her lilies for the chancel on Easter Sunday. "At home I always grew lilies for Easter decorations for the church," she added. "It's wonderful our class has been selected to decorate the church that day. My lilies fit right in with the scheme."

Old Dr. Herrin, teacher of the class, took off his glasses to beam on Priscilla. "I am sure your lilies will be as beautiful as the thought back of them," he said.

Of course Priscilla had been a little hurt a week back to discover she had to remind Miss Williams of the lilies she was growing for the chancel. Jeff in turn had comforted her by saying that efficient young ad copy writers, like Miss Williams, often forgot many things when away from their work.

When she opened the apartment door for Miss Rose Williams, Priscilla's face held a radiant welcome. Just ten minutes later as she closed the door after her abrupt visitor, Priscilla's eyes tried to cover hurt and a bit of anger. Hardly had that door snapped shut before Priscilla was running through the living room to the haven of her own bedroom. There with her head buried in a pillow she sobbed.

For almost an hour she cried. Sometimes she punctuated her sobs with hurt, broken words, akin to the cries of a whipped puppy. "She needn't have measured them as she does ads. She might have mentioned the beauty of the buds and blossoms. It was cruel just to say the stalks were too short for them to be set on the chancel."

Rose Williams had really said other things but Priscilla had been too heart-broken to know. Especially fitting was her explanation that lilies like people needed much sunshine to grow and that these which had caught only the sunshine from the back windows of the apartment had been dwarfed in stature like children often were.

She had said, "Wouldn't you like to send your lilies to the Ladies Aid to give to the sick? Or to the West Side Mission, where people aren't so particular about decorations as are some of the girls in our class?"

Alone in the little room, which she had made into a bower of rose and orchid, Priscilla snapped out an answer to Rose's questions. "I'll send them to the mission. Perhaps there they will find people who are dwarfed in stature instead of hearts."

She suddenly spang from her bed to run to her closet. From it she pulled out her trunk. Opening drawers, she began to pack it for a trip back to Grandmother Aiten's home and the little town where people liked everything she did.

She'd tell Jeff when he came in at noon that she was going home. She'd even admit that the too short stalks of the lilies were the "last straw." Surely her brother, who himself had known loneliness, would want her to go back where she was wanted, where people liked her for what she was and the things she did.

"Here nobody has been really friendly to me except the people who come past my own back windows to the door," she finished, stopping her packing to powder her tear swollen face and bathe her eyes to hide signs of weeping.

She had to hurry to cook Jeff's chops and make a vegetable salad for his lunch. If he asked about her flushed face, she would rush right into the real reason for it.

But Jeff didn't notice her flushed cheeks or red eyes. He had some troubles of his own and as usual he wanted to talk them out to his sister. And as usual she listened and tried to give advice.

When he was gone Priscilla went back to the rose and orchid bedroom and pushed the trunk back into her closet. There was no reason for letting Jeff know about her plans until the city's musical festival was over. She'd have to stay until she knew

whether or not he needed comfort for it. His fear that his chours and orchestra would lose the honors they had won last year under the old director might prove groundless. Anyway while he worried she couldn't add to his burden.

As for the lilies, without mentioning the matter to Jeffrey, she'd take them to the mission herself this very afternoon. When he came home this evening they wouldn't be on the kitchen window shelf and naturally he'd think Miss Williams had taken them for the chancel at his church.

But when she had donned her coat and hat and carried the well-wrapped pots of lilies out to the fliver Jeff always left in the garage for her to use while he was at school, she decided not to take them to the mission at all.

"I'll take them to needy homes I've heard about myself," she declared. "One to the sick mother of the grocer boy; one to the wife of the magazine collector; one to the sister of my colored washwoman; and one to the hospital, for the room where Jeffrey's wife was that last week."

When she came back from her trip, which took lots more time than she had thought it would, Priscilla found her brother pacing up and down the living room. The chorus was to sing at the avenue church that evening. The principal of the school, not knowing of all the difficulties Jeffrey had been having with it recently, had that morning offered it to the church because a special out-of-town visitor was to preach there.

"All through rehearsal they made sour notes," Jeffrey mourned. "Mickey Patrick could have saved the day, for his voice is the most beautiful of them all; but Mickey resents such occasions. He said he didn't want to 'sing for the swells' and added he wouldn't even show up at the church if he were not afraid the principal would go see his mother. 'And she's too sick to be worried with the likes of such things as that,' he had ended."

Patrick!

Priscilla started at Jeffrey's words. Hadn't she seen that name on a mail box that afternoon? Could it be that the sick woman Rose had told her about on the other side of the railroad tracks was Mickey's mother?

She opened her lips to ask her brother a question about Mickey and where he lived; and then closed them again. After all this was no time for telling what she had done this afternoon. Instead, her duty was to keep up the morale of Jeffrey as his young wife had done, so he himself wouldn't let down on the songs that night and lose some of the standing he had won.

So quite gaily she talked about the nights back home when she and Jeffrey had sung with the chorus there. They even hummed together some of those old airs. Soon Jeffrey was so blithe and gay he wasn't uneasy about his chorus, but poked fun at his own funny nerves.

"Men who have lost wives and tiny babies the same night deserve the right to have nerves," Priscilla thought stroking Jeffrey's head.

She studied that same head as he stood up that evening to direct his chorus in the Easter songs. At the same time she breathed a prayer for greater courage and a real understanding of this Easter for him.

She raised her head to the strains of a boy singing in high, clear, perfect notes—telling in song the glorious story of the first Easter. In-

voluntarily she knew that it was Mickey Patrick who was singing.

"He asked me to let him sing this number," Jeffrey whispered when, the songs over, he came back to sit with Priscilla while the visiting bishop preached a sermon on the last seven words of the Christ. "He said his mother wanted him to sing it for you who brought her an Easter lily this afternoon. He said she was happy and much better than she'd been for a long, long time."

When the sermon was finished and the regular minister of the church had taken Jeffrey away to meet the famous visiting clergyman, Priscilla wandered to the back of the church alone. She'd wait in the vestibule for Jeffrey, she thought.

She was alone when she felt a hand slip through her arm and turning faced Rose Williams. A Rose Williams, who at that minute wasn't an efficient business girl but a very human one like Priscilla herself.

She whispered, "I want to thank you for the Easter lily you carried to my sister. Her husband, who collects for your magazines, had been telling her all about your flowers. I didn't dream you were the friend who sent her the Martha Washington geranium. Tonight when I went past to take her some substantial gifts she was singing over the lily you had sent."

An hour later while Priscilla listened to all the praise everyone had given Jeffrey for the work of his chorus, the telephone bell rang. Jeffrey sprang to answer it; then, holding the receiver out toward his sister, whispered teasingly, "A man, my dear, and you never told me you knew one with a pleasant voice like this."

Priscilla was quite sure the odor of either came over the telephone with the young doctor's words. At least she found surcease from all the ache and homesickness her heart had ever known as he talked.

"He said I had saved the life of his patient who through a Caesarian just gave birth to a tiny girl," she confided to Jerry. "You see I carried a lily to her room at the hospital this afternoon. Our grocer boy's mother told me about her. She had the two little boys of the woman at her own home. The nurse didn't want me to go into the room, but the young doctor who just telephoned, told me to put the lily close to her bed and whisper something nice to her.

"She didn't seem to notice what I said, Jeffrey," she went on. "But after her baby was born she smiled at the doctor and asked for her lily. Then she asked him to color some Easter eggs for her little boys. He asked if he could bring the dye he had bought up here tonight. I told him he could. It's all right with you, Jeffrey—isn't it?"

While Jeffrey smilingly moved around rearranging chairs and pillows for company, Priscilla slipped into her own little room. She took time to open the big trunk and lift some of the clothes she had placed in its trays. She carried them back and rearranged them in the dressing table drawers.

"Why the people need me here to grow lilies and other flowers for them," she whispered as if talking to the big trunk itself. "Just as badly as Jeffrey does. Easter comes to everybody and every place—even on back streets and to slums. All it needs is help to make people see how beautiful and holy a day it is."

THE MASTER'S LITTLE LAD

(The Young Churchman.)

Prone on the grass in the Garden of Gethsemane a little lad was weeping. Great sobs shook his slender frame as he gave way in utter abandonment to his bitter grief. For hours he had been there under the shade of the cedars, hidden from the chance passerby, though none would be apt to look for him now that the One Who had befriended him was gone. He had always been lonely until the day when he joined the crowd upon the hillside near his native village.

The neighbors were kind to the orphan boy and were always ready to give him a night's shelter, or a meal from their own scanty store; but for the most part he cared for himself by means of the simple tasks that a child might do. But that day had changed everything. He had joined the crowd about the great Teacher and had listened spellbound to His words. Even the smallest child could understand Him. He did not teach like the rabbis, with their hard words and dark sayings, who cared not at all whether the children understood.

The boy had crept closer till he could almost touch the Master, and at the end of the day the wonder had happened. He found himself looking up into eyes blue and serene as the Syrian skies above them as the Master called him. He had found himself drawn close in loving arms, while the voice he learned to love best of all blessed him. Several of the disciples had looked impatient and were willing to drive him away, but they had not dared to attempt it while that arm was about him. From that moment he followed from afar, too shy to make friends with the twelve, but watching his opportunity to steal close to the Master and kiss His robe with all the intense love of his childish heart, whenever he could do so unobserved, happy and content whenever the Master turned to smile at him.

One day the twelve were wrangling as he stood near by, wrangling somewhat heatedly as to who should be the greatest in the Master's Kingdom. And the Master had heard them with such sorrow in His face that the child had drawn instinctively closer to Him. How could they hurt Him so, he wondered. To be near Him was better than any kingdom. He nestled against against Him lovingly as they turned with the direct question: "Which shall be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

A stern look had come into the Master's sad face. He stooped and lifted the boy in His arms and set him in the midst of them and, as the child clung to Him, He spoke.

"Except ye become as this little child, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Why, it was love He wanted, the boy thought as he nestled against His heart. From that time his relationship to the twelve had changed. Judas had disliked him, he knew it by the somber look in his eyes. John, the Master's young disciple, had often noticed him and he knew that in him he had a friend. The others, too, were kindly and called him by a name which filled his heart with joy, "the Master's little lad."

He followed wherever his strength

would permit, joining this last week with the joyous children of Jerusalem in hailing the Master when He came in triumph to the city, strewing the palm branches before Him, and rejoicing with all his heart that at last the Lord was coming to His kingdom. That night he had fallen ill with fever and had lain weak and ill through all the days that followed, unable to go to the city, longing unutterably for the touch of the Master's healing hand. It was on the eve of the Passover that the tidings came which had made him forget everything, and had brought him in his weakness to Jerusalem on tired feet, with paling cheeks and heart beating fast with fear.

The news was true. The awestruck people told the tale. He had scarcely needed to ask a question. Judas had betrayed the Master. He had been arrested by the High Priest. The governor, Pontius Pilate, had scourged and condemned Him. Simon Peter had denied. There had been strange wonders, a darkness over the city as the Master hung dying on His cross; and when He died an earthpuake had rent the rocks and the graves of the dead, and had torn the sacred veil of the Holy of Holies in twain. The people were frightened. Even the heathen Romans were awed. The boy listened, dazed with sorrow. What mattered the signs and wonders? For him the world was empty; the Master was dead.

He stole away to the garden the Master had loved, and there where he had seen Him so often the child flung himself down and wept through the long night, sleeping at last from sheer exhaustion, waking to weep again till the Sabbath was far spent and the night once more at hand. He lay quiet now, drawing deep, sobbing breaths.

"What art thou doing here? Why, it is the Master's little lad!"

The voice was the gentle one of John the Beloved, and the child looked up into a face, white, grief-stricken as his own. He tried to rise to his feet, but fell back wearily, and the disciple raised him in his arms. Clinging closely to him the boy whispered his tale.

The disciple's eyes were full of tenderness. "Fear not," he said, gently, as the child sobbed again. "I will care for thee. Come home with me."

They came at last to the humble dwelling place among the poor of the city. The disciple lifted the latch and entered. The boy saw they were not alone and shrank back in shyness. A woman was beside the window, resting as if in great exhaustion. Her face was pale, silver gleamed amid the gold of her hair, dark shadows under her eyes told their tale of sleepless nights and utter weariness. But the eyes were blue as the Master's own, though they held a sorrow such as the world might never know. John the Beloved knelt beside her.

"I have brought one who mourns with us," he said. "I have brought the Master's little lad to thee."

She turned in welcome, and the boy came close to her and looked up into her face. He knew her now, the mother of the Lord, and gazing into her eyes he felt his own grief stilled in the presense of this sorrow beyond all understanding. She put her arm about him and he knelt beside her, hiding his face in her blue robe.

The night came on. Others came and went, some weeping, some talking in low tones. Simon Peter came and stayed, haggard, worn, broken-hearted

with remorse and pain. The child slept at last, nestling against the blue robe, holding fast to the gentle hand that comforted him. He woke with a little cry just as the dawn was breaking, a cry that was stilled as the mother's face bent over him. She pointed to the rosy glow on the distant hills.

"The Night of sorrow is ended," said the mother . "The day breaks and the shadows flee away."

There was a strange expectancy on her face which awed the little lad into peace. Outside came the sound of running feet. The door was burst open. Some women entered.

"They have taken away the Lord and and we know not where they have laid Him."

The cry brought the two apostles out from the inner room and the women told their tale. They had gone to anoint the Master's body with sweet spices, and yet, guarded as it was by the sealed stone and the Roman watch, they had wondered how they were to accomplish their purpose. When they reached the garden of the sepulchre it was very still; the watch had gone, the great stone was rolled away with the seal unbroken. The tomb was empty, and two men in white apparel had bidden them not to seek for the living among the dead. The apostles waited for no more. They started forth running swiftly, the younger man outrunning the elder. The women followed. The boy rose, too, but the look on the face of the Lord's mother restrained him. She was smiling, and the look of expectancy had deepened into adoring love. He sat beside her, eyes shining with hope, waiting eagerly for further tidings. The apostles were soon back, Simon Peter sorely preplexed, John the Beloved quiet and unafraid.

"The sepulchre was empty," he said. "I got there first, but I waited and we went in together. The linen clothes were there folded, the napkin which was about the Master's head lying in a place by itself."

There was silence in the little room. John the Beloved looked as though he was still torn between faith and doubt. but on the face of the Lord's mother was a mighty peace.

"I have seen the Lord!"

Mary Magdalene entered impetuously, her face alight with joy as she told her tale.

"I was weeping beside the tomb, and two men in white apparel spoke to me and asked me why I wept. 'They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him,' I answered. Then another voice spoke behind me and said, 'Women why weepest thou?' I turned, for I thought it was the gardener. 'Oh, sir, tell me where thou hast laid Him and I will take Him away!' I cried. And then He said, 'Mary,' and I knew it was the Lord. I would have stayed to worship, but He bade me touch Him not. 'Go, tell My disciples and Peter, that I am risen from the dead,' He said."

"He sent the word to me," Simon Peter sobbed.

With a cry half of joy and half of sorrow the apostle left them and they saw him go swiftly in the direction of the garden.

"It is the third day; He hath arisen! Oh, slow that I was to believe!" said John the Beloved.

It was very still in the little cottage. The sun was setting fast. The mother of the Lord and the little lad were quite alone, for the apostles had gone to meet the others at the evening meal. The two were quite content to sit mus-

ing over the events of the day. The other women, too, had seen the Lord and had come with the tidings that He was going to Galilee. Late in the afternoon Simon Peter had come back, and one look at his peaceful face had told the story of his meeting with his Master, even before he told the tale himself. Now, bathed in the glory of the sunset, the mother of the Lord sat pondering, while the child nestled close to her, his eyes upon her face. When would he see the Master, he wondered? Yes, he felt sure he would see Him soon, for the Master he had learned to love on the hillside would not torget His little lad. And so he was content to rest there in the sunset beside the mother of the Lord, waiting for the Master's will. Suddenly he saw her start, though no sound of opening door heralded the Presence which surrounded them both. It was the glory in her eyes that told the boy his longing was answered, even before he turned in rapture to face his Risen Lord.

RABBONI

We hail Thee, Master, bringing lilies white
To deck love's altar knowing that Thy light
Of truth has banished from each grave the night:
All live in Thee!

Reveal Thyself to us, for we believe,
We who have seen Thee not; we would receive
The light that will our minds of doubt relieve—
We look to Thee.

Be Thou to us our risen Christ indeed.
We know that from death's fetters we were freed
When from the tomb Thou cam'st mankind to lead
To life through Thee.

"Come follow Me," we hear Thee pleading still;
"Your fears I will destroy, your hopes fulfill."
We seek Thy grace, to know Thy holy will—
We trust in Thee.

So, whether to the mount of high emprise
Or through dark valleys life's rough pathway lies—
And even to the last lone bridge of sighs—
We follow Thee!

—Selected

APPRECIATION OF LIFE

(Selected)

An editor of a small town weekly paper in Illinois, Williston Fish, died last December. Lacking, as most editors do, material things to bequeath to posterity, he still felt that there were plenty of joys of life that he could pass on to others. He did, as follows:

"I wish to distribute my interest in the world to the succeeding men. That sort of my interest which is known as law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my last will. My right to live but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, al else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all else in the world I now proceed to couragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"Item: I leave to children exclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the field and the blossoms of the weeds, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the nights and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights herein after given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant water where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the daventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any encumbrance of care.

"Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to further the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men jointly. I bequeath and devise all boisterous, inspiring sports and rivalry and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns,, I bequeath the happiness of old age the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

LIFE

Life is too brief
Between the budding and the falling leaf,
Between the seed and the golden sheaf,
For hate and spite.
We have no time for malice and for greed;
Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed;
Fast speeds the night.

Life is too swift
Between the blossom and the white snow drift,
Between the silence and the lark's uplift,
For bitter words.
In kindness and in gentleness our speech
Must carry messages of hope, and reach
The sweetest chords.

Life is too great
Between the infant's and the man's estate,
Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate,
For petty things.
Lo! we shall yet who creep with cumbered feet
Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,
Or soar on wings!

—W. M. Vories.

COLOR CAN MAKE OR RUIN

From a booklet issued by Howard Ketcham Incorporated, Color and and Design Engineering, Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.

Color is a physical fact. But color is also a state of mind.

You can prove it to yourself in a simple test. Picture in your mind a meal of steak, potatoes, bread, coffee and ice cream. Keeping this image in mind, of green potatoes, bright yellow steak, blue bread, purple ice cream and grey coffee. Could you eat it?

People not only see color—they react to color. The reactions are known from careful study.

Authoritative tests prove that certain colors possess strong memory values. Researches establish the fact that advertisements in color used merely to draw attention will increase the attention value 24 per cent over the same advertisement in black and white whereas if the color presents the product more attractively the response and memory value increase to 75 per cent.

A large electrical appliance company recently lost a $250,000 South American order for flatirons because an uninformed executive thought black handles would do. A competitor—knowing that the South American market had to have red handles, and a *particular* red—got the order.

Just to be different, a large oil company with filling stations in China painted them yellow. But in China, yellow is the color of mourning. The experiment was an expensive one.

Color engineering has disclosed the profitable fact that changing the color of an article or its surroundings may induce a person to buy it more readily.

The sale of mirrors increased when they were offered in various shades of green, blue and amber instead of the customary silver color.

By the relatively inexpensive expedient of displaying salads on green plates instead of on white, cafeteria more than double its sales of salads.

The right colors in the right places are not merely esthetically appealing but are practicably profitable.

A successful company with national distribution of its products sought to improve sales of its open bed springs. It substituted the clean, silvery glint of aluminum paint for the black paint which had been used previously. Sale spurted upward 25 per cent to prove the wisdom of the change.

Through error a store became overstocked with yellow-handled toothbrushes. Displaying quatities of these failed to move them quickly. Then just a few were placed in a display in which reds, greens and blues predominated. The yellows caught immediate attention and seeming to be a scarcer more desirable color moved with surprising rapidity.

Psychologists have many theories about why people react in such positive fashions to colors in products. The essential fact is that they do react.

On this fact is based the science of color engineering.

It is a science that can tell you definite things about color. . .

It has ascertained that a certain

red pulls more than half the total sales in the 10-cent toothbrush market. On a 25-cent toothbrush this red has practically no appeal. Amber handles, however, will sell the 25-cent toothbrush. . .

It has proved that white eggs will sell most successfully in blue-lined containers which give the white shell greater eyeappeal. Brown eggs, on the other hand, appear most attractive in white-tined cartons.

The colors of our surroundings exercise on us a profound thought at times subconscious influence. For example: The city of London recently succeeded in reducing by more than one-third the number of suicides from Blackfriar's Bridge by painting the gloomy old structure a gay, bright green.

Studies have shown that when we exercise our inalienable right to use the colors we want to live with, we generally indulge in considerable mass selection.

White is used as the principal exterior color on more than 50 per cent of American homes. Less than one per cent are red and blue. Yet paint manufacturers clutter up their color cards with color swatches accounting for less than 1 per cent of sales.

A leading New York store, in search of a fast-selling shade of brown for fall piece goods and accessories, sponsored the creation of 100 attractive looking browns and submitted them to homes in the income groups represented by its clientele. Store executives were amazed when 84 per cent of those interviewed selected the identical brown. The store buyers were even more nonplussed, because it was a color none had considered suitable for fall merchandise.

At the 39th Automobile Show, 67.7 per cent of all who voted their preferences selected the cars of one manufacturer as the best looking cars on display. It was no accident, for this manufacturer had been conducting exhaustive tests of public preferences in color and design for six years.

Some research agencies seem to feel they have done their job when they determine for a client that people with incomes of $2,500 a year or less prefer "blue" on a household utility costing $10.

But—what kind of "blue?" There are many different variations of this hue . . . greenish blues, pure blues and purplish blues. And each distinct hue has several values . . . high, middle and low . . . as well as weak, moderate and strong purity or color strength variations.

He died!
And with him perished all that men hold dear;
Hope laid beside him in the sepulchre,
Love grew cold, and all things beautiful beside,
Died when he died

ST. THOMAS CHURCH OLDEST RELIGIOUS EDIFICE IN STATE

By Mrs. A. C. D. Noe

St. Thomas Church in Bath, built in 1734, of English brick, with Flemish-Bond workmanship, is the oldest religious edifice in the State. It has many valuable relics, among which are: The Queen Anne bell cast in London in 1732, making it eighteen years older than the Liberty Bell and doubtless the oldest in the United States; a Bible in a glass case, printed in England in 1703, was used in the service here before the church was built, and was long preserved by the Ashe family whose ancestors lived in Bath in the early 1700's; lovely three-branched candlesticks of Sheffield silver, presented to the church by King George II, of England; a large hand-wrought silver chalice from the Bishop of London to the Rev. John Garzia, first rector of the church; a book from the first public library in the province, it being bound in leather and stamped in gold letters, "Belonging to Ye Library of St. Thomas Parish, Pamticough." So far as is known it is the only remaining book from the collection of over a thousand volumes printed in England and sent to the parish in 1699 by the Rev. Thomas Bray.

The church was built by our worthy ancestors, of whom we are justly proud, who in spite of hardships and privations dedicated a temple to the Lord. Their descendants are members of all churches. For more than two centuries this little temple on the Pamlico has been a religious shrine and regardless of denominational affiliation thousands have come here for worship and for a revival of their faith, on the sacred spot where their fathers put "first things first."

St. Thomas is now being restored to its former state, to be preserved for the present and future generations. It is fitting that the work be done by North Carolinians as a memorial to the faith and courage of those brave pioneers who laid firm foundations for us. It is not a work for one person, or a small group, but for every man, woman and child now living in the state, and all with a North Carolina background residing without our borders.

The operating committee at Bath has worked out a plan whereby every person may have a part in the program—"The Penny Parade," details of which are as follows: Each person, in the State can send to their schools or civic organizations the amount they wish to give, and it will be forward to the "St. Thomas Restoration Fund" at Bath, North Carolina. The organizations in each place are asked to appoint one chairman for the community to receive and transmit funds. Beaufort, Pitt, and New Hanover counties have been organized and funds are already coming in. They will conduct a triangular contest and report results at intervals through the press, for the information of others. This method of campaign is being used in order to save the expense of going from county to county organizing units, and to

make a concerted and speedy campaign possible. Every individual giving a dollar will be listed as giving 100 pennies; $10, a thousand pennies and $100, ten thousand pennies.

Monday morning a Pyramid of Pennies was started on the church lawn, and the big 1800 penny found while excavating at the church, was used as a foundation.

Mrs. T. A. Brooks, president of the Bath Garden Club and Mrs. C. W. Marsh, president of the Colonial Book Club, representatives of their organizations, and of local churches, were among the first contributors to the pile, the Rev. E. N. Harrison, pastor of the Bath Methodist Church, casting the first penny. Within an hour 2,000 pennies had joined the parade. Reports Monday night registered 5,000 from Washington and 3,000 from Bath, and 5,000 from Wilmington.

Tuesday, local school children began a pilgrimage to the pyramid to cast their offering.

The immediate restoration program will include the church, the Williams house as a rectory, a ballast-rock wall around the property and a colonial garden. Much of this work has been done. Some property has been acquired, about a thousand tons of ballast-rock fished from the creek and placed on the grounds and work on the church has been in progress since September, accomplishments so far include: pulling a six-inch bulge out of the side walls, concrete foundation under the church a reinforced concrete boom around the upper interior wall of the church, removing plastering, ceiling, floor, etc., in preparation for the work of architects and archeologists, and placed beams for slave gallery.

Bath, the state's oldest town, was incorporated in 1705, and a number of the early governors and prominent statesmen, planters and business men lived here. John Lawson, the first historian; Christopher Gale, the first chief justice; Lionel Redding, the Moore, Ashe, Porter, Swann, Daw, Alderson, Moseley, Rowan, Maule and Martin families. It had the first public library, the first free school (for Indians and negroes) was one of the first ports of Entry, and was the home of the notorious pirate, Blackbeard.

Bath was formerly the Indian village of Pamticough, and was settled by French Hugenots from the James river section of Virginia in 1690. The English residents from the Albemarle, New England and Virginia began to come in about 1690. Attracted by the good port facilities and fertility of the soil. When John Lawson came in 1700 he spoke of the English plantations here. Bath soon became a religious, social and political center of a wealthy plantation country, with a radius of about thirty miles. In this area which includes Washington, Belhaven, Pantego, Aurora, Chocowinity and Yeatesville. Many of the old homes are still standing, and foundations and historic sites attest the prominence of the former residents.

The law of improvement—your best today will not be good enough tomorrow.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A Zoalite lamp, an otoscope and physicians' scales have been added to our infirmary equipment during the past week.

Mr. Scarboro and his group of young plumbers are making preparations for installing new pipes in the basement at Cottage No. 2.

We were recently reminded that the good old summer time is not so far away when we saw a group of carpenter shop boys repairing window screens and making new screen doors.

James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday, for examination. The doctors reported that he was doing nicely and that in a short time they hoped to be able to remove the cast from his leg.

It is not hard to realize that Spring is really here. Many large flocks of robins have been seen on the campus recently. We noticed quite a number of boys tossing baseballs and otherwise limbering up for the coming season. Still another group was seen playing marbles and flying kites. These are always sure signs that Spring has definitely arrived.

While strolling about the farm the other day we noticed considerable activity in one of our large pastures. Approaching the group we recognized Messrs. R. D. Goodman, county agent; W. H. Williams, assistant county agent; J. Lee White, the School's farm manager; Sam Carpenter, a member of the farm force; and a number of boys. They were busily engaged in laying out several small plots, which readily aroused our curiosity.

Upon inquiry, Mr. Goodman informed us that preparations were being made for a pasture demonstration, and explained as follows: Eight plots were laid off in sections 10 ft. 5 in. square, each one representing one-four-hundredth of an acre. These plots were being treated with various fertilizer mixtures. At intervals during the summer, grass will be cut from each section, weighed, and the yield computed on an acre basis. Comparison will also be made as to the relative value of the different methods of fertilization. The information thus gained will be of great value to Mr. White and his assistants, who are constantly on the look-out for methods that will tend to bring the School's agricultural accomplishments up to the highest possible standards of efficiency.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Edwin Walker, of Old Concord, Washington County, Pennsylvania, were visitors at the School last Monday afternoon. Mr. Walker is superintendent of the School of Practical Arts, at that place. It is a privately maintained institution for underprivileged boys, its present capacity being less than one hundred. Our visitors were en route to St. Petersburg, Florida, for a two weeks' vacation in the land of sunshine.

Having heard many favorable reports concerning the work of our

School, they selected the route through this section for the purpose of securing further information as to the manner in which we are dealing with the lads entrusted to our care. While here they visited practically all the departments and were highly enthusiastic in expressing their appreciation of the effort being made in North Carolina in behalf of wayward boys.

It was a pleasure to accompany this most delightful couple on their tour of inspection, our only regret being that their sojourn in our midst was so very brief.

The regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, as found in John 12: 12-16.

The story of Christ's experience on Palm Sunday, said the speaker, is one that brings joy to the heart of every Christian in the world. From the Bible we get the picture of great happiness among the people as they sang "Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." On this occasion the Master was hailed as the King of Kings.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then asked, "Do we have kings today?" and the answer he gave was in the affirmative, but they in no way measure up to the qualities of he who rode into Jerusalem on a donkey on that first Palm Sunday. In Italy today there is King Victor Emanuel, but we do not hear much about him. He occupies the throne, yet he is not of much importance, for Mussolini is the great power in that country at present. So it is in England. King George is called the ruler of Great Britain, but his position is also relatively unimportant. The prime minister and cabinet members are the ones who control the government.

Suppose we ask ourselves who is our king, continued the speaker, and our answer would be that Jesus is our King. On our coins are found the words, "In God We Trust." We are a Christian nation, and that is the reason we are the greatest nation in the world today. In other lands are untold suffering and hardships, but we are a happy people—at peace with the world.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then told the boys that while people on the day of Christ's triumph, shouted for joy, their enthusiasm did not last very long. On the following Thursday night, at the first Lord's Supper, he told his disciples that one of them would soon betray him. He was later arrested and taken before the Jewish Council, but the members of that body could not pass judgment, as the Romans were in power there. They next took Jesus to the governor, the representative of the Roman Emperor, but he could not pass judgment upon this innocent man. Finally he turned him over to the people, who hung him upon the cross.

In the angry throng which cried out to Pilate, "Crucify him!" were some of the same people who, just a few days before, strewed their garments and palm branches before him and shouted, "Hosanna!" This just shows the fickleness of men. On Palm Sunday they welcomed Jesus joyously and on Good Friday they cried for his destruction. The same thing is in evidence in the world today. One moment we sing praises to God, and shortly thereafter we show hatred

toward our fellow men, speak evil of those around us or commit various evil deeds. In foreign lands today, where once the gospel of Jesus Christ was taught, thereby raising mankind to a higher plane, we find men heedlessly following leaders crazed by the desire for great power. These leaders have denounced Christianity; their people have listened to them; and once again civilization is threatened. Such conditions will continue to exist until those people return to God and His teachings. All over the world today people are following where banners are held highest. In lands where now is much suffering, the natives from youth up, have been taught to salute the banners of those in power, and when those banners fall, the enthusiasm of the people must fall with them.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer stated that if the banner of Jesus Christ be constantly held aloft and we keep our eyes upon it, we need have no fear concerning the continued progress of this great land of ours. The glorious banner of the Master will guide us safely through this life and lead to eternal happiness.

———o———

HERITAGE OF GREATNESS

Since I am great and heir to all true greatness,
  I seek to know the grandeur of the soul,
The infinite compassion and the splendor,
  The life of God that blends me with the whole.

Since you are great, joint heir with me to greatness,
  I would behold you Christed, pure, divine;
I would discover that which makes you splendid,
  The thing that glorifies your life and mine.

Since every man is great—God gave him greatness—
  I seek to know the secret of his worth:
I use the simple faith and dauntless courage,
  The love that brings together heaven and earth.

Since we are great, we thank God for that greatness,
  Bestowed through His eternal Fatherhood.
His spoken word brought forth in us His likeness,
  Which He beheld and said was "very good!"

—Bertha M. Russell.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending March 17, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(5) James Hodges 13
(5) Leon Hollifield 15
(5) Edward Johnson 16
Robert Maples 10
(5) Frank May 12
(5) Arna Wallace 12
(5) J. C. Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 1

William G. Bryant 11
Edward Warnock 9
William C. Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Bennie Austin 5
George Cooke 12
(2) Julian T. Hooks 8
(4) Donald McFee 13
(6) Nick Rochester 14

COTTAGE No. 3

(5) Richard Baumgarner 10
(4) Max Evans 11
(5) Coolidge Green 14
Otis McCall 5
George Shaver 9
(5) William Sims 14
(2) Harrison Stilwell 8
(2) Jerome Wiggins 8
(5) Louis Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Plummer Boyd 10
(3) Paul Briggs 8
Quentin Crittenton 9
Lewis Donaldson 10
(6) Arthur Edmondson 11
Arlow Goins 3
(5) Clyde Gray 14
Gilbert Hogan 11
(12) Ivan Morrozoff 16
(3) J. W. McRorrie 8
(2) George Newman 5
(12) Melvin Walters 16
Richard Wiggins 5
(3) Sam Williams 12

COTTAGE No. 5

(9) Theodore Bowles 14
(2) Collett Cantor 13
Robert Dellinger 4
Harold Donaldson 2
(5) William Kirksey 12
(4) Sam Montgomery 7
(5) J. C. Reinhardt 11
Currie Singletary 3
(5) Richard Starnes 12
Elmer Talbert 3
Hubert Walker 10
Dewey Ware 11
(4) Henry Ziegler 9

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Edward Batten 9
Fletcher Castlebury 4
Robert Dunning 9
Noah Ennis 11
Columbus Hamilton 9
Leo Hamilton 6
Leonard Jacobs 7

COTTAGE No. 7

(5) William Beach 12
(4) Carl Breece 13
Paul Dockery 10
Raymond Hughes 5
(3) Robert Hampton 8
(3) Hugh Johnson 13
Lyman Johnson 10
(2) Robert Lawrence 9
Elmer Maples 12
(3) Arnold McHone 13
Marshall Pace 7
(3) Alex Weathers 11
Edd Woody 10
(3) Edward Young 7

COTTAGE No. 8

(4) Cecil Ashley 9
(2) Jack Hamilton 9
Grover Revels

COTTAGE No. 9

Clarence Baker 6
Mack Bell 12

Percy Capps 2
(2) J. T. Branch 13
Craig Chappell 2
Robert Gaines 7
(3) Frank Glover 16
Wilbur Hardin 11
John Hendrix 3
Osper Howell 10
(4) Mark Jones 13
(2) Daniel Kilpatrick 8
(6) Harold O'Dear 15
(2) Lonnie Roberts 12
Thomas Sands 9
L. B. Sawyer 4
(2) Richard Singletary 10
(2) Preston Wilbourne 13

COTTAGE No. 10

(7) Junius Brewer 14
(5) J. D. Hildreth 9
(9) Lee Jones 14
(5) Oscar Smith 13

COTTAGE No. 11

(4) John Benson 14
Harold Bryson 14
William Covington 13
(4) Earl Hildreth 16
Jullian Merritt 2
Donald Newman 13
(2) Fred Owens 15
Theodore Rector 10
Canipe Shoe 8
(2) N. C. Webb 15

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Odell Almond 14
Jack Batson 3
(5) Ernest Brewer 10
(4) Jay Brannock 9
(2) William C. Davis 7
(6) Howard Devlin 14
(4) Woodrow Hager 9
(4) Joseph Hall 10
Richard Honeycutt 9
Frank Johnston 10
(7) Clarence Mayton 11
(8) James Mondie 12
(2) Howard Sanders 8
(2) Robah Sink 2
George Tolson 9
Eugene Watts 2

COTTAGE No. 13

(6) James Brewer 10
Frank Cotter 3
(6) Dillon Dearn 13
(6) William Griffin 11
(6) Vincent Hawes 16
James Kissiah 8
(10) James Lane 12
Walter Morton 7
(2) John Murdock 4
(2) Charles McConnell 3
J. C. McEntire 3
(17) Alexander Woody 17
(4) Joseph Woody 5

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews 13
(2) John Baker 9
(3) Audie Farthing 15
Henry Glover 5
(2) Feldman Lane 16
Norvell Murphy 11
(6) John Robbins 11
John Reep 7
(6) Harold Thomas 14
J. C. Willis 8
(12) Wallace Woody 16

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) George Duncan 11
(17) Warren G. Lawry 17
(6) Thomas Oxendine 14
(2) Thomas Wilson 12

---o---

He arose!
And with him hope arose, and life and light.
Men said, "Not Christ but Death died yesternight."
And joy and truth and all things virtuous
Rose when he rose

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Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

APR 1 1940

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 30, [illegible] NO. 13

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EDUCATION

We need not more education but better education—education that will produce fruits in the soundness of men—soundness of mind, soundness of body, and soundness of character. With this changed emphasis in education we may expect to breed a reasonable percentage of scholars and thinkers who will have some of the power to originate creative ideas for the coming generation and who can speak their message concerning these and other great matters, with some of the authority that has belonged to these authentic spiritual and intellectual founders of every great age in the past. We need such minds everywhere today, men with the vision and the courage to become explorers of the political, economic, and moral frontiers of the world.—Dr. W. P. Few.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

GET UP WHEN YOU FALL DOWN

I saw an expert skater once performing on the ice
And wondered how he learned to glide so gracefully and nice.
I asked how he acquired his skill, he first began to frown,
Then smiled and said, "Why, I got up whenever I fell down."

I knew a noted financier, whose riches were untold,
And I marveled at his mighty nerve in taking chances bold.
Once when we were alone I asked this rich man of the town
The secret and his answer was, "Get up when you fall down."

I heard a famous orator, whose ringing voice brought cheers,
Then he in soft and touching tones evoked a flood of tears.
I asked this great man privately how I might win renown,
And like the rest he told me to get up when I fall down.

"He is a genius," is a phrase you often read and hear.
It means a man who plugs along with nerve to persevere.
You may be awkward at the stunt and act just like a clown,
But, if you want to win life's race, get up when you fall down.

—Selected.

———o———

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

This story, telling of the origin of April's Fools Day is taken from the Sunshine Magazine. April Fool's Day is the date for the exchange of jokes in the spirit of fun. The joker who pulls the best joke is the one who gets the biggest laugh. Read:

When you play some prank on April Fool's Day you will be following a custom that goes back over 375 years; so far, in fact that its true origin is uncertain. In 1564, the tenants of France celebrated

a gala day on April 1, playing tricks and doing foolish things. They were happy because they had won an important court decision over the land owners of the country. This was the start of April Fool's Day. There have been many April Fool pranks, but probably none which lasted longer than one which is still an annual event in a small town in Maine. In this town is a hotel patronized by traveling salesmen and business men. During the winter, a large storm vestibule is placed on the front veranda, protecting the main entrance to the hotel.

Early in the morning of April 1, this storm porch is moved to one side, so that it leads to a blank wall. On the wall is hung a sign reading, "April Fool." People hurry up the walk, open the door of the storm porch and find themselves in a blind alley, face to face with the sign "April Fool." Their bewilderment is complete, because the main entrance cannot be seen from the walk, and has apparently vanished.

This trick was played forty years ago by the owner of the hotel, and is still played every year, and creates good cheer.

* * * * * * * *

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

"Keep young in mind and spirit" should be the watchword of every one. Eternal winter may be upon the head, but with good old summer time in the heart the marks of the many years passed are not emphasized. The following is an excellent piece of advice for those nearing the allotted span of life: These words were expressed by a pastor of St. Petersburg, Florida.

"It is said facetiously that St. Petersburg is the city of old people. That, of course, refers to people who are getting on in years, those who are reaching the sunset of life. But what is it that makes people old? Certainly not their age in terms of years! Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Silver hair, wrinkles, sagging skin, and stooped backs are no proof that people are old. Old age is a state of mind, just as youth is a state of mind.

"Youth is not a matter of ripe cheeks, bulging muscles, and supple knees. Youth is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a spirit of enthusiasm, a vigor of visionary ideals. It is a

freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. Those virtues are often in a man of 50—more than in a boy of 20. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said, 'To be 70 years young is far more hopeful than to be 40 years old.'

"People get old when they become sour on life and God. People get old when they get selfish. People get old when they worry needlessly. People get old when their faith in men and God burns low and goes out. They get old when they no longer flourish in God's Garden of Beauty, and when they stop growing in righteousness, hope, and all the Christian graces. Such a state of mind can exist in anyone, regardless of age.

"You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt. You are as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, you are as young as your hope, as old as your despair."

* * * * * * * *

"TAN"—THE MONGREL DOG

"Old Tan," the mongrel female dog of uncertain ancestry, that gave the fire alarm and saved three people from death in a flaming inferno, was pictured, as a heroine, on first page of News-Herald, Morganton N. C. "Tan" deserved this recognition and praise even if unconscious of all she did for those she loved.

Three were sleeping in the home, mother and two children, and the mother by the whining and scratching of the dog on the outside screen door, was awakened in due time to escape with her children. This dog was doubtless a pet of the children and loved them with unfailing devotion. She kept watch at night over those she loved, and with the intelligence almost of a human gave the signal of danger.

We are familiar with the "Eulogy Of The Dog", by George Graham Vest, so to emphasize the faithfulness of Tan will give a few excerpts of the speech of this gifted writer and speaker. "Gentlemen of the jury: Vest said, "A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and good name may become traitors to their faith. But,

the one unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never decieves him, the one that never proves ungrateful and treacherous, is his dog." We will agree that "Tan" measured up to all said in Vest's eulogy to the dog. Yes, "Tan" is just a mongrel dog, but a watchful friend.

* * * * * * * *

THE GARDEN PILGRIMAGE

The third Annual Garden Pilgrimage, sponsored by the Garden Clubs of North Carolina, was scheduled to start on twenty-seventh of March and continue through to twenty-fifth of April. The last sudden cold wave with ice and an unexpected four-inch snow will doubtless throw the opening of the gardens to visitors a little later than the schedule time. The sponsors of this pilgrimage perhaps feel that, "Man proposes, but God disposes," but the cold weather will not dampen the interest of women, for they will energize all the more for beautiful gardens. The finest asset of any state is orderly homes made beautiful and complete with a profusion of colorful flowers. This pilgrimage includes gardens in twenty-six communities that will be open to visitors.

Statistics of the last year's pilgrimage show that 3,000 visitors from twenty-five different states made a tour of the North Carolina gardens. The Garden Clubs of the State are putting over a splendid piece of publicity for the Old North State. The mystery story of the soil holds the interest of people. There is life in the seed, life in the soil, and the warmth of the sun, combine to push up the little shoot, yet, the mystery continues. It is faith that inspires planting in the face of handicaps, and nothing more.

* * * * * * * *

WHITE EASTER—MARCH 24, 1940

The Saturday prior to Easter Sunday was a little cool, but there was a warmth in the air that made every one feel that Spring would soon give out its warmth of balmy weather and a wealth of beautiful flowers. But nature reversed conditions for on Easter morning the clouds hung heavy, the atmosphere was chilly and before mid-day the snow begun to fall, and soon thereafter the

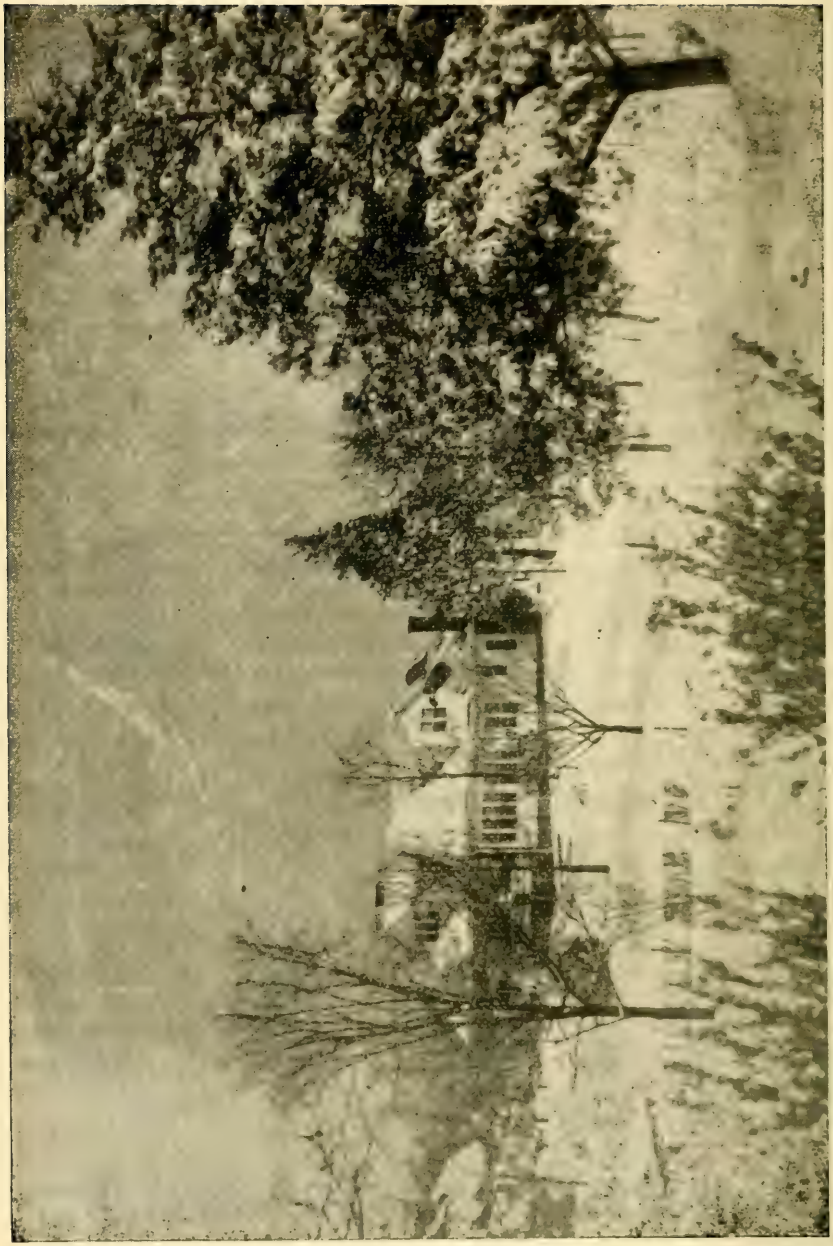
ground was covered with a white blanket, making a picture that could be easily termed a "White Easter."

The chilly weather did not dampen the interest and enthusiasm of people from every walk of life who desired to celebrate the Resurrection of Christ, proclaim His victory over death and testify anew their faith in the living Christ. The chancels of the many holy places were adorned with the choicest blooms of stately lilies, and these filled the edifice with a fragrance of sweetness. With this beautiful setting the choirs in every instance burst forth joyously in song, Christ is Risen Allelulia, emphasizing the story told. This Easter, 1940, for its depth of meaning and impressiveness will long linger in the minds of those who accepted it as a day of praise and not a day of parade. A "White Christmas" is anticipated, but a "White Easter" is unusual.

* * * * * * * *

APRIL—CANCER CONTROL MONTH

Not yet is it generally known that the death rate from cancer ranks next to that from heart disease. And when people begin to take note of the fact that cancer can be prevented if taken in time, the mortality rate from this horrible disease will be reduced. The North Carolina Division of the Women's Field Army, a unit of the American Society for Control of Cancer, is working with the hope to open up frank discussions of cancer under the supervision of the North Carolina Medical Society. The object of the organization is to educate people as to the symptoms and in the end show the necessity of consulting a physician at once. Finally clinics will be made possible and those with the symptoms will go without the least hesitancy for the final diagnosis. This procedure will also safeguard ignorance from the quack. It will mean much to humanity if fear, timidity and superstition, long associated with cancer, can be brought under control by educating the public along the right lines of treatment.



Showing the residence of Superintendent Charles E. Boger, after a four-inch snowfall on Easter Day.

SOME GHOST SHIPS OF THE CAROLINA COAST

By G. E. Dean

Many weird tales are still told at Hatteras and Ocracoke Island of phantom ships that have sailed the deep off treacherous Diamond Shoals manned by ghostly crews. Vessels have been known to vanish into thin air off Ocracoke's stormy coast while off wind and wave-swept Cape Hatteras a deserted schooner wandered aimlessly at sea for weeks with no human hand to guide her course.

Many residents on Hatteras Island remember a comparatively recent "mystery ship," the "Maurice K. Thurlow" which went aground on Diamond Shoals during a heavy blow in October, 1927. Nobody believed she would ever be floated again. In fact the entire crew abandoned the apparently doomed vessel and left her to be beaten to bits by the heavy blows of the sea.

By some strange twist of wind and tide the shifting ocean bottom freed the "Murice K. Thurlow" one night and she floated out to sea with her valuable cargo of lumber undamaged but with not a single soul on board. For weeks the stray vessel was listed as "A. W. O. L." while searching vessels played a futile game of hide-and-seek in the Atlantic in efforts to find her. She was sighted several times many miles at sea and masters of several coast-wise steamers reported her drifting some 40 miles off Cape Hatteras.

Every time Coast Guard patrol boats were sent out after the runaway vessel she was never in the position in which she was last reported seen. Soon complaints began to come in that the elusive "Murice K. Thurlow" was a menace to shipping. At one time a U. S. destroyer chased the elusive "ghost ship" in half dozen different locations without even catching a glimpse of her gleaming white sails. After a while the "Murice K. Thurlow" dropped completely from sight and has never been seen or heard of since, although there are some who think she still sails the sea off Cape Hatteras much like the "Flying Dutchman" of old, unmanned by human hands.

Perhaps you remember the strange case of the American naval collier "Cyclops," which so mysteriously disappeared at sea back in 1918. Since that blustery March day the "Cyclops" steamed out of the harbor at Barbados, in the British West Indies, bound for the port of New York with 308 officers and enlisted men aboard, nothing whatsoever has been heard of her. The fate of the "Cyclops" is still another unsolved mystery of the sea.

There are some who think the "Cyclops" was torpedoed at sea without warning by a German submarine and sent to the bottom with all hands on board somewhere off the North Carolina coast. It was but a few months later that the British oil tanker "Mirlo" was torpedoed by an enemy submarine off Chicamacomico Island, and more than 40 of her officers and men were rescued by the Coast Guard from a sea of blazing oil.

Still perlexing is the fate of the

beautiful daughter of Aaron Burr, third vice-president of the United States. Thedosia Burr sailed to her death in the schooner "Patriot" in the winter of 1812. The tiny vessel, bound from Georgetown, S. C. to New York, drifted ashore near Kitty Hawk. The only clew to its former occupants was a handsome oil painting of a lovely young lady which hung on the cabin wall. Fifty-odd years later a country physician, on an errand of mercy, found it hanging on the wall of a fisherman's rude cabin back in the sand hills that fringe North Carolina's coast at Kitty Hawk. He identified it as the long-lost society beauty and today it hangs in a New York art gallery.

Then there is the amazing story of the "Carroll A. Deering," famed as the original "Ghost Ship, of Diamond Shoals" because she sailed in mysteriously at Hatteras, in September, 1920, with all sails set but with no living soul on board. Only the plaintive, "meow" of a half-starved gray kitten in the ship's galley greeted Coast Guard crews who boarded the strange vessel, expecting to rescue the crew.

The mystery of the "Carroll A. Deering" remains unsolved to this day although crack agents of the U. S. Department of Justice worked for months to solve it.

So tremedous was the loss of human life at sea off North Carolina's 305-mile long coast in the days before the radio compass and the Coast Guard, that a wealth of strange legends of "ghost ships" and heroic rescues have been recorded all the way from Kitty Hawk to Ocracoke Inlet.

One hundred and forty sea-faring souls went down to "Davy Jones Locker" when the Savannah to Boston steamer "Pulaski" blew up off the coast in June, 1838.

A mid-March storm of hurricane proportions off Hatteras' treacherous shoals sent 25 to watery graves when the Ward liner "Santiago" struck Diamond Shoals in 1924 .

More than 50 Dutch sailors lost their lives in April, 1915, when the "Prinz Maurtiz," storm-tossed and at the mercy of mountainous waves, was finally lost off Hatteras' stormy cape.

The barnacled hulls of the steamer "Kensington" and the bark "Templar" still lie on the hard sands of the ocean's floor on Diamond Shoals, where they collided in January, 1871, with a loss of 150 lives.

INTERVAL

I had a heartache which I wrapped
In fragrant, fragile lace;
Put it away quite tenderly,
And then forgot the place.

The other day, 'twas just a chance,
I came upon the thing;
I looked and looked, but strange to say,
I could not find the sting.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Heaven as the home of the soul and mother as the heart of the home have made these three words the most cherished of the language. In recent deades in the songs and in the sermons of the American church, this trio of words seem to have faded away. Do these familiar terms no longer make appeal to the average man?

With the mother, life, love, faith, hope are fundamental. Since "love will dream and faith will trust," a mother's entire being is shot through with life lived under the dominance of sacrificial love. Such women never count the cost. The mother-soul holds: "That life is ever Lord of Death and Love can never lose its own." Tennyson's finest tribute to motherlove is in his Rizpah where he tells of the old mother whose wild boy had been hanged for robbing the mail. This old woman who had been with God in the dark, could hear the voice of her Willie in the wailing of the wind over land and sea, calling "Mother, O mother, come out to me." Such is a mother's love. This warmest love that can never grow cold cherishes the secret hope that outlives all else.

Home, the resort of love, of joy, of peace, of family fellowship, is the place about which gather the pathos and tenderest longings of life. How dear to the American heart have been the cabin in the woods and tht lowly huts by the wayside, so much akin to the simple cottages and the stately homes of old England. Though ever so humble, there have remained home, sweet home. The charm of the good old Saxon word home has come down from those who have known and loved the firesides about which mothers gathered their children. Even though the light burned low on the hearthstone, the altar of loving hearts continued to glow. Brighter than electric lights in crowded apartments or on the boulevards of the rich were these in which the sacrifices of mother-love were known.

We would that lyric poets, prophets in the sanctuary, and the song writers of this day might exalt anew the good old word so cherished by generations gone who held that mother makes home. And they also insisted that home was the sweetest thought of heaven, as they sang, "My heavenly home is bright and fair."

The longing for the far away home of the soul has seemingly dropped out of the desires of this generation. The comforts of a complacent people leave few longings for that land that is fairer than day—for "a land of pure delight where saints immortal reign." True, ear hath not heard the song, eye hath not seen the glories, and no mortal man hath dreamed the joys that lie beyond life's toils and cares, still in our better hours we hope that somehow, somewhere we shall meet again.

An effective Advance of this day would be to exalt the essentials, such as mother and home and heaven. So much has "gone with the wind" that the dearest and best and sweetest are fading away.

MOTHER! HOME! HEAVEN!

ST. AUGUSTINE, THE OLDEST CITY

By D. W. Tarbell

When you're seeing the oldest city in the United States for the first time, it really is something to get excited about. If you're lucky enough to be visiting a friend who lives there, that makes it all the better. Phil turned out to be one grand guide.

It was too late to do any sightseeing the day we got there, but the next, we went off on bikes and saw just about everything there was to be seen.

St. Augustine, Florida, isn't a very big place, but it's plenty old. It seems that in the fifteen hundreds the French had got themselves a fort or two in Florida, and the Spanish didn't like it much. So they said to one Menendez, that he was to go to Florida, chase out the French, and see to it that the natives understood that from then on the Spaniards were boss. So Menendez landed in Florida in 1565 and built a fort and a little settlement called St. Augustine. The nearest French fort was Fort Caroline, north of St. Augustine, on the St. Johns River. Of course the French weren't pleased to hear about the Spaniards, so they sent some ships around to St. Augustine to let Menendez know. However, the French ships were lost in a storm in Matanzas inlet, and the survivors were massacred by the Spanish. Then the Spanish marched overland and finished off the French who had been left at the Fort Caroline. In 1567 the French had revenge by massacreing the Spaniards who had been left at Fort Caroline, but they weren't strong enough to attact St. Augustine, and left again. That was the end of the French in Florida.

Phil thought the place to start our sightseeing was the old city gate, so we rode along St. George Street, which is only seventeen feet wide, to the old gate. St. Augustine is on a peninsula between the Matanzas and San Sebastin Rivers, and a wall and moat ran across the peninsula to protect the city at the north. The old gate was in this wall.

Next we looked at the old houses. The one, thought by many people to be the oldest suriving house in the United States, is now used by the St. Augustine Historical Society. It was probably built about 1571, and is supposed to have been used as a chapel and hermitage by the monks who came over with Menendez. Another old house, now used as the post office, used to be the home of the Spanish governor. The third old house is the old treasury building. All have the lower story built of coquina, a formation of sand and shells cemented together by the sea, and the upper story of wood, with a balcony overlooking the garden or patio, as the case may be.

The day we went to the old fort was the best. There were two wooden forts before the present fort was built, but they were not strong enough. The present fort was begun in 1638 and finished in 1776. It was called Fort San Marco by the Spanish. It is built of coquina which wass quarried on a near-by island and ferried over in crude native boats by the Indian slaves who worked on the fort. The walls are twelve feet thick, and were impregnable to any shot of

early days. Over the entrance is the coat of arms of Spain.

A bridge, which used to be a drawbridge, crosses the moat from the barbican, or outer fortification to the entrance. Inside this door are the guard rooms on one side, and on the other the quarters of the commanding officer. Then you go into the open court around which the fort is built. Onto this court open windows and doors of rooms used for barracks, messrooms, storerooms and so on. It's all pretty gloomy, but I guess it was a good place to be inside if the Indians or some other enemy were whooping it up outside. A good place not to be was the dungeon. You go through a little room or two and a hole in the wall, and there you are in the dungeon. It is about twenty feet long, and about thirteen feet wide, with an arched roof, and not a sign of a window. The Spaniards certanly did things thoroughly.

An incline, made into a stairway in later days, extended from the court up to the *terre plein,* which is really just the flat roof of the fort. The *terre plein* is protected by walls with openings through which the cannon could be fired after they had been dragged up the incline.

Over the old fort have flown four different flags. First the Spanish; then the English, when Florida was ceded to England in exchange for Cuba in 1763. In 1783 Florida came under the Spanish flag, but in 1819 it was bought by the United States. Then the Stars and Stripes flew over the fort and the name was changed from Fort San Marco to Fort Marion. The fourth flag to fly over the fort was the flag of the Confederacy. In 1861 when Florida seceded from the Union, the fort was seized, but was recaptured by the Federal forces in 1862.

The day before we left, Phil and I went to see the Fountain of Youth. It seems that Ponce de Leon had come to America with Columbus on his second voyage, and was given the job of conquering the island of Puerto Rico. He did it successfully and became very wealthy, but he kept getting older all the time, and it bothered him. Well, everybody knows how he set out to find a fountain of youth and accidentally discovered Florida. There we were at the very same fountain. They say drinking the water didn't do poor Ponce de Leon any good, but I didn't take any chanches. I didn't touch a drop, because right now I'm aiming to get on the high school foot ball team in a couple of years, and getting younger wouldn't be such a good idea.

When we drove out of St. Augustine under the old gateway, I was sorry Phil and I weren't starting our sightseeing trips all over again. It's a great old place —especially that fort.

One of the easiest ways to become popular is to remember the nice things folks say about a person, and repeat them to him.
—Bert Barnes.

HERE'S WHERE YOUR CHEWING GUM COMES FROM

By Ernie Pyle

Today you find out where your chewing gum comes from, in case you care. You'd be surprised.

The jungle end of the business is divided into three parts:

1. The two companies which buy and export the chewing-gum base known as chicle. They are the Wrigley Export Corp. and the Chicle Development Co.

2. The contractors, or middle-men, who outfit the chicle gatherers with mules and grub.

3. The chicleros themselves—the natives who go into the jungle and collect the sap from the sapota tree. From top to bottom, they are all local; nobody from the States.

Some of the chicleros camp here in the bush the year round. Others live in the town of Flores during the three or four months of the off-season.

They start coming into Carmelita in April and May, bringing their whole families on foot. It takes days to walk from Flores, 30 miles away.

At Carmelita they cut down a few saplings and make a hut or two. Then they get fixed up with one of the three contractors for pack mules and a stake of grub.

They don't start "cutting" until July, but you know how it is—the days pass quickly and it takes two or three months to arrange for a few mules and get everything straightened out.

When they're all set, the chicleros leave Carmelita and go deep into the jungle, two or three days' walk from here. Then half a dozen or so of them crony together, cut some bush, put up some shelters, and form a sort of community. They throw their supplies into a common pool. One woman does the cooking, or they take turn about.

Now for seven months they work, and they work hard. A sapota tree runs sap only in the rainy season, so the chicleros are constantly wet. The rains comes in torrents. And that dark mat of jungle gets wetter and wetter and never pretends to dry out. It is cold at night too. The greatest cause of death among chicleros is pneumonia.

The chiclero leaves camp at dawn. Probably a couple of his kids go along, carrying small leather sacks. He stops at the first sapota tree that looks big enough. He whips out his machete and whacks a gash into the tree, slanting it upward, and ringing it around and around the trunk, as high as he can reach.

Then he makes a circle of his rope, with both himself and the tree into the circle. He adjusts it so that his waist is about two feet from the tree trunk. Then, with his telephone lineman's spurs, he starts climbing.

Every couple of feet he stops, leans back on his rope, and with first his right and then his left hand he whacks at the tree with his machete, and the chips come flying. He works as fast as anybody you ever saw in the States.

When the chiclero has finished a tree he has two grooves that start at the bottom and go clear to the top, each circling the trunk a dozen times

or more on its way up. The tree looks like a barber's pole, with two sets of stripes, crossing each other.

These two sets of grooves are so interlaced that a drop of sap, starting at the top, oozes windingly all the way down that tree, around and around, until it finally comes out the final grooves at the bottom. And here the chiclero hangs one of his leather sacks.

The sap from the sapota tree is white. When you slash a tree it immediately starts coming out like perspiration in little drops that resemble the milk from a milkweed.

The chiclero is done with that tree, and goes on to the next. All day long he is shinnying up trees and swinging his machete. A good man can cut 40 trees a day. A terribly good man, lucky at finding the best trees, has been known to do 150 in a long day.

Now, an odd thing about sapota trees is that sap runs only in the daytime. Why that is I don't know. A sapota tree's sap drains completely out in 24 hours. If it is cut, say, at 3 p. m., it drains till dark, starts again at dawn, and is dry by 3 the next afternoon.

The ringing of the tree seldom kills it, but it cannot be "cut" again for about eight years. The chiclero has to keep finding new trees all the time. But so dense and so far-flung is the jungle that by no means all the sapota trees have been cut.

Five days a week the chiclero "cuts." On Saturday he collects. He takes a mule, with a ten-gallon leather bag hanging on each side. He goes from tree to tree, pouring each small bag of "latex" into the big bags. And on Sunday he boils.

The latex is poured into big iron kettles and boiled five hours over an open wood fire, just as our mothers used to make soap in the country. Then as it cools and hardens, they cut it into rectangular blocks about the size of an auto battery. Each block weighs about 22 pounds.

Before it is hard, the chiclero stamps it. He does this with a wooden stamp about the size of a postcard, which he has whittled out himself. It has his initials, and identifies the block as his. Some of the chicleros are artistic, and whittle out flamboyant initials.

Then on Monday certain chicleros are designated to freight the whole camp's chicle blocks into Carmelita. They usually go with a train of ten mules—200 blocks to a mule. It takes two days to get here. They unload the blocks in the warehouse, and start back to the jungle camp.

IDLENESS

Trifles make perfection,
While reverence is growth,
But joyous are the busy,
Where idleness is loth.

—Katherine N. Love.

KNIGHTED FOR TRAMPING AND DIGGING

By Annie Rachel Hunter

The tramping began when Flinders Petrie was about four years old and went walking one day with a seventy-two-year-old aunt and they walked five miles. His interest in digging up coins, houses, and cities and other things began before he was eight years old, when he heard of a Roman villa on Isle of Wight being unearthed. The child was shocked to hear of the rough shoveling out of the contents and believed there was a better way to do it. He lived to show people a better way. In 1923, King George V of England knighted William Matthew Flinders Petrie for his achievements in the field of archaeology. In recent years, he signs himself as "Flinders Petrie." He is now called the "Grand Patriarch of Archaeologists."

At eight years old the boy began to study French, Latin, and Greek, in addition to English grammar. But he became ill and the doctor said, "No more study," meaning no more of the stuffing his mind with what was too hard for him. He broused among books freely, reading widely in literature and history. He studied mathematics himself and it did not hurt him. Although he had asthma much of the time in his childhood, and grew up with little formal schooling, he won degrees from several colleges and served as professor in one of them.

Mrs. Petrie, the boy's mother, had a collection of coins and minerals, which early interested her son. There were some Roman coins found in draining the fens of England. One day the boy saw a tray of coins in a shop window, and went in to look at them. The shopkeeper took a fancy to the boy and poured the coins into a bag, which he told William he could take home to examine, and keep what he wanted. For many years the merchant was a helpful friend to the promising lad, who met many people of prominence in Mr. Riley's shop, and became acquainted with some whose tastes and talents were like his own.

At twenty-two, young Petrie set out on a tramping tour through southern England, with the object of surveying earth-works and stone circles, after studying county histories and maps. He spent about a month on this tour. Twenty miles a day was the distance he usually hiked, and he took much of his food with him, but when possible, spent the night at a cottage. This experience helped to prepare him for desert life.

Five years later, he went to Egypt, to do archaeological work. In a letter to a friend, he told why he did that work. It was not for money or fame, but "because I can do what I am doing better than I can do anything else. . . . I enjoy it because I know that my time produces more result in this way than in any other."

Tramping and digging were included in the day's work of an archaeologist. Once he overdid the tramping and was ill for a week. He had to hire helpers to do digging, and had to teach them how to do it.

"An Arab's manner of digging," he wrote, "is to sink a circular pit and lay about him with his pick. . . . I have some trouble to make them run straight narrow trenches."

Winter is brief in Egypt and heat sets in the latter part of March. In the warmer months, the daily digging began at 5.30 a. m. and Petrie was on the job superintending the workers. Breakfast, between 8 and 9. Rest time, 11.30 to 2.30, necessary on account of hot sun. Then work again till 6.30 p. m. In the evenings, there was record-keeping, diary and letter writing, marking and sorting of specimens, and at 10 or 11 the archaeologist went to bed.

Cooking, eating, and sleeping, as well as writing and studying, were all done in a tiny tent. Said Petrie, "I sit upon boxes, I stand upon boxes, I slept upon boxes until I took to the sand, I eat upon boxes, my plate is a biscuit-tin lid." There was a lot of malaria about, and quinine at times had to be taken as regularly as food. One important item of food was chocolate. Sometimes it was necessary to eat the native bread, when the regular supply had failed. The problem of drinking water was perpetual. It had to be boiled. When working in southern Palestine, the water had a bad color and taste, even after boiling, and it was like combining the "soup, fish and greens courses of a dinner."

Among the archaeological achievements of Sir Flinders Petrie have been the discovery of the long lost Greek city of Naucratis in the Egyptian Delta, the towns of Am and Daphnae, many early tombs and temples, and all sorts of relics, such as coins, vases, pictures, jewelry, etc. Before the front door of the house of one of the Pharaohs, there was found a brickwork platform, which was mentioned by Jeremiah who was a contemporary of this Pharaoh. Thus did Jeremiah write:

"The brick-kiln, which is at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes. —Jeremiah 43:9.

And in the ancient city of Thebes was uncovered an inscription that told about the Israelite war.

The latest archaeological work of Petrie was done in southern Palestine. They uncovered the city of old Gaza, deserted about 2000 B. C. For many years Sir Petrie has been known as an authority on Mt. Sinai.

Deserved honors have been given Sir William Matthew Flinders Petrie. For over forty years he filled the Professorship of Egyptology in University College, London. Although he never had a course in college, he received the D.C.L. from Oxford in 1892, followed in the course of years by the degrees of LLD., Ph.D., and Litt.D. by several colleges.

His first book was "Inductive Metrology", in 1877, and it was about coins. In the course of sixty years, no less than a hundred books and pamphlets have issued from his pen. Although he was born in 1853, he is still writing and studying. A recent visitor found him working on "Extracts from the Diary of Cleopatra."

A tourist in Jerusalem attended St. George's Cathedral there, and told of seeing Sir Flinders Petrie at the service. He thus described his impressions of the "Grand Patriarch of Archaeologists":

> "Kneeling down at his seat, and bowing his snow-white head before God, who only knoweth all things, was this great scholar

with the whole history of the ancient world systematically and vividly arranged in his mind . . . Sir Flinders need not bow before any man, when learning is considered, but he and all true scholars instinctively bow before God, for 'with Him is strength and wisdom' ."

———o———

THE LAWS OF FRIENDSHIP

In every community and in nearly every school, church, club or social organization there are people who stand on the edge of things, outside both the work and the fun. Sometimes they are merely lonesome and wistful, but more often they are critical and bitter, blaming other people, blaming circumstances, blaming everything and everyone except themselves. They have worked hard and not been appreciated; people are unfair to them; they never have a chance; this one is wholly selfish, that one a "climber" and a snob, yet see how they get into everything!

There is often truth in their complaints; selfish people and climbers and snobs do "get in" and people of more sterling character are sometimes pushed aside. Yet in spite of the apparent unfairness there are laws in friendship as in everything else, and in the end those arrive who observe the laws, and those fail who disobey or disregard them.

What are the laws? The wisest of old books puts them in a nutshell: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." In other words, people who wish to have friends must do their share in the transaction. They must go half way, at least. They must not stand around waiting for people to speak to them, or hurry away without giving anyone a chance to speak.

They must find pleasant things to say and kind things to do. They must make a business of friendship—that is, study its laws, watch for opportunities, invest, dare, and expect that success will take time, as it does in any other business.

—Fraternal Index.

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT

(Charity and Children)

We are hearing a lot about flaming youth on the move. There are a hundred youth organizations and every one of them is moving. We wish to register our unqualified approval of the movements of youth. We would not if we were able and no one has ever been able to keep youth from moving.

We glory in the movements of youth. We are thrilled with the roving movement of baby's eyes before it is able to focus them. We watch with joy the moving of baby's hands before it is able to determine distances. We cheer lustily when baby is able to put its toe into its mouth. That is a youth movement that is impossible to the mature, especially after stoutness sets in. We watch almost with envy the movement of the lad as he gracefully drops to one knee and shoots with unerring aim his marble. Yes, we are all for youth movement. We are for the movement of the boy with his kite, with the team on the athletic field and with the grand movement of youth toward the schoolroom where facts may be accumulated and used in later life as an aid to form right judgments.

We cannot say that we get any real pleasure in seeing youth moving in the realm of the mature. The The Orphanage case workers return from their trips of investigation with heart-rending stories of youth being weighted down with the responsibilities of age. They tell of the eight-year-old girl who is the only dependence as cook for younger children. They tell of mere boys who have had to assume the responsibility of head of the house. They tell of children who are forced by an unhappy circumstance to think and to plan where they should only have to study and to play.

It means tragedy when youth is forced to assume the burdens of the mature. This is true in case of a single home or a civilization. We look with deep concern on these present day youth movements which are calling for youth to do the thinking for the old and to solve problems that they should not be forced to think about at all. It is not a question of whether they can or cannot solve the problems, it is that they should not be compelled to do so Frankly we do not think them competent. That of course is nothing against them. Their time is not yet. When we read of a great youth meeting called to solve some national or international question we think of that little eight-year-old girl preparing a meal for the family.

There is not room on the platform for all. If youth is forced to occupy it the mature people are pushed off. That is what is happening now. Jesus was thirty years old before he began to express his opinions. Today we have child-preachers. There is nothing more discouraging than to hear of a child preaching when he should be playing marbles.

We do not blame youth for becoming impatient with age seeing what a mess things are in, but we do not believe that youth will in youth be able to help matters by assuming responsibilities that call for mature judgment. Therefore brethren if there

is a conflict this spring between a high school debate and a baseball game we may be found at the baseball game where there will be a youth movement to our liking.

THE UNSEEN GOD

I can see Him in the dew-drop,
  I can see Him in the rain,
I can see Him in the daffodil
  And in the waving grain;
I can see Him in the mountains
  That pierce the very sky,
I can see Him in the valleys,
  As the shadows flit and fly.
I can see Him in the sunrise
  That ushers in the day,
I can see Him in the dark of night
  That drives our cares away;
I can see Him in the glacier—
  The melting of the snow—
That swells the mighty rivers
  That to the oceans flow.
I can see Him in the chirping birds
  That flutter in the trees,
I can see Him in both leaf and fruit
  Swaying in the breeze;
I can see Him in the violet
  That hides its modest head,
I can see Him in the mighty oak
  With giant limbs outspread.
I can see Him in all living things
  Outstretched before my eyes—
In every living thing that moves,
  And everything that dies;
I can see Him as I look around—
  Yes, see Him everywhere,
There's not a thing in all the world
  His glory does not share.

—William James Heaps.

INSECT MUSICIANS

(Religious Herald)

Many boys and girls who love music find it very hard to practice as patiently as is necessary to become a good performer on a musical instrument. If they would listen to a young bird taking music lessons, quiveringly repeating a phrase over and over, making plenty of mistakes, but never discouraged, and finally conquering the song instead of giving it up in despair, they would be ashamed to be outdone by so tiny a creature. Did any one ever hear of a bird who could not or wouldn't learn his natural song?

Of course, there are birds that do not sing, and equally, of course, many a human being has no musical gift whatever. In that case, it is time wasted for him to study music. There is something else that he may excel in, and to which he ought to devote his energies. But now we are speaking exclusivly to our music-loving young people. Some of them are—shall we say it?—merely too lazy to practice as they should. They might be willing to learn to sing, they think, but no animal other than a tired little boy or girl has to scrape away for hours on a violin.

What! you have heard the crickets, the grasshoppers, the locusts, and you have never known that they are the busiest fiddlers alive? If they could be made to understand your ignorance, they would take it as a lesson in humility, or, if they happen to be conceited, they might think you stupidly unobservant.

Some locusts have a row of minute spines on the inner surface of the hind leg. They rub that surface against the outer surface of the fore wings, so that the fore wing serves as a fiddler and the hind leg as a bow. Other locusts rub together the upper surface of the fore wings. Only the males are the musicians in the insect families. Professor John Henry Comstock in his delightful book upon "Insect Life", tells us that all "the different kinds of true grasshoppers, including the katydids, are provided with an elaborate musical apparatus by means of which they call their mates. This consists of a peculiar arrangement of the veins and cells of a portion of each fore wing near its base. This arrangement differs in the different species, but in each it is such that by rubbing the fore wings together they are made to vibrate, and thus produce the sound."

After you clearly understand how they do it, let the little musicians go free. They have given you a lesson that you will not soon forget; for if you have any music in your soul, you will try to be as patient a worker as a cricket, and to draw from the instrument upon which you perform far sweeter melody than your little fellow-musician can hope to make with the small means in his power. He has taught you the lesson of patient toiling in a common art; that is all.—

Failure is the only thing you can accomplish without effort.

THE INHERITORS

By Frances Kirkland

"Where did you get it?"

Larry Ingram put the question, and Jean Kenyon's answer came with a dash of petulance. "I wish I might say I went to a shop and bought it," Jean said, giving her lacy scarf a toss that showed all its rainbow beauty. "One of those exquisite shops that make me feel as if I were walking right into a kaleidoscope. I might have bought it from a delightfully eccentric art collector—if I hadn't been a purseless person—but it's really only a hand-me-down you're admiring. It came from a friend of mother's!"

"And I don't admire it one bit less on that account," laughed Larry. "I'm sorry I asked a thoughtless question; but the scarf is really very rare. You're lucky to have it, wherever it came from."

"'Lucky'!" Jean pouted. "That's an odd word to use about me. If you weren't so new to Shelton, Mr. Ingram, you wouldn't call me lucky."

Larry Ingram bit his lip. Twice he had spoken carelessly, and twice he regretted it keenly. If only Jean Kenyon would not take chance remarks so seriously, their friendship, he felt, might have grown much more rapidly. Amid a haze of new impressions that meant Shelton in Larry's mind, he pieced together the bits that meant Jean—an orphan, early adopted by the superintendent of the town schools—an eager exotic among a family of athletic boys, quicksilver in a group where actions came slowly.

As one of the new masters in the Shelton High School, Larry had studied his chief, Mr. Kenyon, quietly. He had studied Jean Kenyon not so quietly, and more closely. Larry had labeled Jean's foster father a good sort. Jean he had not labeled at all. What was Jean? The only answer that had come thus far to Larry had been: "Jean is different from anyone I ever knew."

There was a bright intensity about Jean that reminded Larry of a shining silver coil. Was it as hard, as selfish as that? Larry had no way of telling, for Jean flashed with humor one day and frowned the next for no apparent reason. She was full of odd opinions, especially the opinion that nothing was worth while unless one got it brand new all for one's self.

"I like modern literature!" Jean announced in Larry's English class. "I want my books from writers who are alive, not from old, dry-as-dust hand-me-downs!"

Larry had smiled, and refused to argue; but there was Jean's aversion again—hand-me-downs.

"As if everything in the world that's worth having were not a hand-me-down in some sense or other!" Larry thought. But how was Jean to undestand that fact—Jean, who was new herself and wanted everything new?

It was not until mid-year examinations were in full swing that Larry realized that Jean's opinions were beginning to influence her classmates. Up to this time Jean had been popular; now she was powerful. Her radical views had never focused on a school issue until now. With a sudden sense of danger, Larry realized

that Jean's policy of "Off with the old, on with the new!" had a special meaning in regard to silver-haired Professor Sanderson, the head of the department of modern languages.

"But Jean wouldn't do that!" Larry defended her in his mind. "Surely, Jean would realize that background and experience and training and culture stand for something, even in modern life. Even if Jean should decide that Professor Sanderson ought not to be appointed for the coming year, could her influence count against the respected old teacher? Suddenly Larry realized that it might. Jean was known to have influence with her father, as well as with the pupils. Sudden anger made Larry resolve to speak to Jean.

"It's a shame!" he decided. "Just one headstrong girl against and educated, hard-working man, and that man my friend. Jean is no person to be trusted with power, and she has it!"

Larry's flash of temper had subsided when a chance came for a tete-a-tete. He put his friend's case simply, kindly. "You wouldn't do this if you understood!" he finished.

"But I do understand!" flashed Jean. "I understand that Professor Sanderson is old!"

"Now, don't go on to tell me he's a hand-me-down," Larry begged, trying to hold down his temper.

"That's just what he is!" Jean insisted. "He's been handed down from class after class until he's a has-been."

"Not so fast," Larry cautioned. "It's hard to get your point of view, Jean. Professor Sanderson knows more about modern languages than anyone the board would be likely to get. Shelton isn't a big town, you know, and Saunderson is a university man. He's well known in the state. He only happens to be in Shelton because his relatives and his home are here. He knows more than all the rest of us teachers put together."

"He doesn't know much about young people," Jean urged. "He's a back number when it comes to a question of modern America."

"Jean"—Larry abandoned argument, and tried appeal—"if I told you that I thought you were doing Sanderson a wrong, would you stop? It isn't that he couldn't get another position, a better one, no doubt; it's the hurt in feeling he wasn't wanted here that would sap his best energies."

Suddenly aggressive Jean turned gentle. "If you put it that way—because you want me to—of course, I'll reconsider and stop," she said quietly.

"But I don't want you to do it because I say so, but because you think yourself that you've made a mistake and done an innocent person injustice. I want you to stop because you think it's right to stop, not before."

"Oh!" Jean said softly. "I don't believe I understand that part; but I'd do anything you wanted me to." Jean's head dropped. "I didn't know you were Professor Sanderson's friend."

"That isn't the point;" Larry said firmly; but he was beginning to see that impulsive Jean, powerful as she was in the school, was really in his power when he expressed a wish. He understood what Jean herself had not realized. Suddenly he understood what his interest in Jean had meant to himself—to her. The subject of Professor Sanderson was swept away in a subject that he thought he had laid aside forever.

"Jean," he said quickly, "Jean, you

mustn't do things because you think I'd approve of them. You must try to do them because they are right!"

"But why?" Jean questioned innocently. "I think you are right. You're young and modern. You're new. You—"

"Jean, if you thought I weren't new, if you knew I'd had heaps of experiences, enough to make me old, would you still think—I was right?"

"Yes!" Jean faltered.

"Well, I'm only a has-been in emotional experiences," Larry went on slowly. "If I were anything else—I'd say more to you now, something that might mean happiness for us both; but I might as well tell you Jean. I came to Shelton—to forget a girl who rejected me and married another man! Now, do you think I'm right? Could you ever marry a hand-me-down?"

For a moment there was no answer. Larry waited. He saw Jean tremble. He wondered what she was thinking. The silence grew heavy.

"I think that girl was a goose!" Jean flashed at him; then her face clouded.

"I wonder if I am a goose," Larry heard Jean's words in wonder. "I suppose I haven't forgotten all you've said in class about the best in art, in science, being handed down—about our being inheritors. I thought it was just the way all teachers talk. Is it true?"

"It's true about everything but me!"

Jean laughed out. "I suppose I'm horribly new," she said; "so new that I never thought I was wrong until now. I was wrong about everything!"

Larry smiled. "Not everything, Jean," he said. "Don't go to the other extreme. Youth has just as much use as age. There has to be a precious present before there can be a precious past."

"But we're all inheritors, the way you said," Jean persisted. "I'm going to inherit my happiness; but you, Larry, you're getting yours brand new!"

Under Larry's worry and puzzlement he felt a new joy rise. "I came out here to plead for my friend, Jean, I came to ask you to understand age. I told you my trouble so that you might see more clearly. You mustn't act rashly. There are plenty of men in the world you might have brand new!"

"But at last I've learned to appreciate hand-me-downs," Jean answered. "I've learned to know that it's often better to be an inheritor than a pioneer."

TRUTH

Truth is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

—Ben Jonson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our Easter menu was varied by the appearance at the nooday meal of hundreds of beautifully dyed eggs, excellent fresh fish and some very fine buns. It goes without saying that our large family of boys thoroughly enjoyed the meal.

During the past few weeks we have seen quite a lot of grading being done in several sections of the School grounds. The most important improvements were the grading in the vicinity of the dairy barn and the road in front of the infirmary.

It would seem that we might enjoy several of those famous Southern fried chicken feasts a few months hence. Mr. W. M. White, our poultryman, reports that he an his boys are now caring for 1,000 baby chicks, and that 1,500 eggs are still in the incubators.

Local camera enthusiasts were on the job early on Easter Monday morning, taking "shots" of views made possible by the four-inch snowfall of the previous day. The snow clung to trees and shrubbery, presenting a most beautiful sight, and many good pictures should be forthcoming.

Miss Maggie Barnhardt, of Concord, recently brought to the School, ninety copies of the National Geographic Magazine, together with a number of other first-class periodicals. Miss Barnhardt and a group of ladies of the First Presbyterian Church donated this supply of fine reading material for the use of our boys. We wish to take this opportunity to thank these good ladies for the kindly interest they have shown in the lads here, not only on this occasion, but for many similar previous gifts.

Mrs. George H. Richmond, of Concord, called at The Uplift office last Thursday afternoon for the purpose of securing some back numbers of our little publication, containing an article concerning the activities of the Cabarrus Black Boys in early colonial times. At the same time our visitor informed us that she had left a number of magazines for the use of the boys, something she has been doing regularly for a number of years. We can assure Mrs. Richmond that the boys are always grateful for such good reading material.

A mastitis and breeding clinic was held at the School's dairy barn last Thursday. It was conducted by Dr. William Moore, of the North Carolina Department of Agriculture, Raleigh, assisted by Dr. W. A. Hornaday and Dr. M. M. Leonard, of Greensboro and Asheville, respectively. Many prominent veterinarians and other interested persons were present at this clinic at some time during the day, among whom were: Dr. O. C. Lynch, Statesville; Drs. G. L. Ray, R. H. Parker, L. R. Kendrick and I. T. Lewis, of Charlotte; Dr. D. C. Beard, of Concord; Dr. R. B. Staton, Monroe; Dr. C. C. Stirrett, Salisbury; Dr. William Howard, Albemarle; H. M. Atherton, Washington D. C.; D. C. Barber, Richmond, Va.; B. E. Jennings, Raleigh.

A complete report as to the results

of this clinic will be published in a later issue of The Uplift.

For many years an old oak tree stood on the School campus, near the Cannon Memorial Building. This gnarled veteran of the forest, which had weathered wind and rain storms for considerably more than a hundred years, had become as much a part of the institution as any of its various buildings and departments. It marked the meeting place, twice daily, of the cottage lines as they assembled to receive orders for the day's activities, and provided shelter from the burning rays of the sun for both boys an officials on the other occasions. The traditional expressions, "Meet me at the tree" or "I'll see you at the tree", were familiar to boys and workers at the School from its very beginning.

During a severe wind storm several years ago, this old oak was damaged beyond all hope of repair, and its removal was necessary. At intervals during the following years, three or four large oaks were transplanted, but were short-lived. It seemed impossible to overcome adverse weather conditions and get a tree to thrive where the original old oak stood.

Another attempt has been made to make the old familiar expressions concerning meeting at the tree mean as much as in days of yore. Just a few days ago, a beautiful specimen was selected and transplanted in the same spot. From its appearance and the care with which this work was done, we feel that in the years to come, another fine tree will mark this popular meeting place at the School.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, had charge of the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Gene Davis, also of Charlotte, Rev. Thomas Moody, of Rochester, N. Y., a missionary to Belgian Congo, Africa, and Mis Elizabeth Couser, of Charlotte, who acted as piano accompanist during the service.

Following the singing of the opening hymn, and Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, Gene led the boys in singing a number of choruses he had taught them on previous visits to the School. He also rendered a vocal number, "Christ Arose", in his usual fine manner.

Gene then presented Rev. Mr. Moody, who told the boys of some of his experiences during his many years of service as a missionary to Africa. In spite of his advancing years, seventy-seven in number, he is still very active, mentally and physically, and a most entertaining speaker.

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Moody stated that he was a native of Rochester, N. Y. He was born in London, England, in 1862, and came to America with his parents at the age of eight years; he was converted in the First Baptist Church, Rochester, at the age of twenty-one, and still holds his membership in that congregation; he was ordained a minister of the Gospel in the same church in 1890; and at the age of twenty-eight he went to Africa as a missionary, where he and his wife labored for forty-two years in the service of the Master.

The speaker told the boys not to think of Africa simply as just another country, but a vast continent with an area of 11,500,000 square

miles, a population of 150,000,000 people, who speak more than 800 different languages.

In telling of the opening of equatorial Africa to the Gospel of Christ, the speaker cited a few instances in the life of David Livingstone, pioneer missionary to that land. Livingstone was born in Scotland. He went to Africa as a very young man. Seeing the slave trade being carried on and noting the barbaric customs among the natives, he immediately set out to improve conditions. He traveled inland and discovered Victoria Falls. He returned to his native land twice, and then made his third trip to Africa. In an attempt to futher explore this strange territory, Livingstone became lost in the heart of the jungle. Failing to hear from him, a London newspaper and the New York Herald commisioned Henry M. Stanley, a celebrated war correspondent, to lead the search for Livingstone. Stanley and his party penetrated the jungle five hundred miles inland, where they found him, very ill. After a few months' contact with this great man, Stanley was converted and entered into the task of carrying the Christian message to the people of Africa.

Some time thereafter, two servants entered Livingstone's tent one morning and found him on his knees—dead. The natives, who had learned to love him, buried his heart in Africa, but carried his body five hundred miles to the coast, from whence it was shipped to England and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The same newspapers then sent Stanley to complete Livingstone's work, and with a newly-organized party, he assumed the responsibilities of this great task. A tribal king and many natives were converted, and soon Stanley sent a call to the New York newspaper for men of God to volunteer to teach these natives Christianity.

Later Stanley and a few assistants were left alone in the heart of Africa. Traveling more than 1,000 miles, from the east to west coasts, following the Congo River, they came out at the mouth of that stream, after a most hazardous journey.

Missionaries then went to Africa and planted missions as far as 1,000 miles inland. From that early day until the present time, men and women have sacrificed their lives for the great cause for which Livingstone and Stanley fought. The blood of missionary martyrs has made possible the spreading of the light of Christianity on the "Dark Continent." In 1919, natives built a huge cathedral with a seating capicity of nearly 5,000 people. As a result of the work of the early missionaries the gospel of Christ has been carried to thirty million people, scattered over a territory of ten thousand square miles.

We are deeply indebted to Rev. Mr. Moody for his most interesting and inspiring message on this occasion, and trust he may have an opportunity to visit us when making future trips through this section of the country.

It would not be fitting to close this account of last Sunday's service without calling attention to Mr. Sheldon's loyalty to the School. For more than twenty years he has had charge of making arrangements for services held here on the fourth Sunday of each month, and in performance of this duty he has ever been faithful. Last Sunday, as the snow had been falling steadily for several hours, we really did not expect him to attempt

to drive from Charlotte through such a storm. In fact, word was sent out from the office not to ring the assembly bell at three o'clock unless he and his party made their appearance. However, with the punctuality for which he has long been noted, Mr. Sheldon's automobile was seen parked in its usual place near the auditorium, just a few minutes before scheduled time for the service. Such faithfulness to a task, especially on an occasion like this, when the comfort of his own fire-side must have been most appealing, is truly worthy of commendation, and we tender herewith our deepest appreciation for this and many other fine services this man has rendered the boys of Jackson Training School.

ALL THINGS WORK OUT

Because it rains when we wish it wouldn't,
Because men do what they often shouldn't,
Because crops fail, and plans go wrong—
Some of us grumble the whole day long,
But, somehow, in spite of the care and doubt,
It seems at last that things work out.

Because we lose where we hoped to gain,
Because we suffer a little pain,
Because we must work when we'd like to play
Some of us whimper along life's way.
But, somehow, as day will follow the night,
Most of our troubles work out all right.

Because we cannot forever smile,
Because we must trudge in the dust awhile.
Because we think the way is long—
Some complain that life's all wrong.
But somehow we live and our sky is bright,
Everthing seems to work out all right.

So bend to your trouble and meet your care,
For clouds must break, and the sky grow fair.
Let the rain come down as it must and will,
But keep on working and hoping still,
For in spite of the grumblers who stand about,
Somehow, it seems all things work out.

—Tidings.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending March 24, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Junior Bordeaux
(6) James Hodges 14
(6) James Hodges 14
(6) Leon Hollifield 16
(6) Edward Johnson 17
(6) Frank May 13
(6) Arna Wallace 13
(6) J. C. Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 1

Ralph Harris
Porter Holder 8
Carl Hooker 3
Joseph Howard
Clay Mize 5
(2) Edward Warnock 10
Lee Watkins 8
Everett Watts 7
William Whittington 12
(2) William C. Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) Bennie Austin 6
(5) Donald McFee 14
William Padrick 6
Richard Parker 8
Landros Sims 14
Raymond Sprinkle 5

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 11
Lewis H. Baker 3
John Bailey 5
Clyde Barnwell 12
Earl Barnes 12
Jewell Barker 6
(6) Richard Baumgarner 11
James Boone 9
Jack Crotts 9
(5) Max Evans 12
(6) Coolidge Green 15
Bruce Hawkins 6
Roscoe Honeycutt 5
Douglas Matthews 8
Harley Matthews 6
William Matthewson 12
(2) Otis McCall 6
John C. Robertson 11
(2) George Shaver 10
(6) William Sims 15
William T. Smith 7
(3) Harrison Stilwell 9
John Tolley 6
(3) Jerome Wiggins 9
(6) Louis Williams 11

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Quentin Crittenton 10
(2) Lewis Donaldson 11
(7) Arthur Edmondson 12
(2) Arlow Goins 4
(6) Clyde Gray 15
(2) Gilbert Hogan 12
Hoyt Hollifield 5
John Jackson 10
(13) Ivan Morrozoff 17
(4) J. W. McRorrie 9
J. C. Nance 8
(3) George Newman 6
Henry Raby 11
(13) Melvin Walters 17
(2) Richard Wiggins 6
(4) Sam Williams 13

COTTAGE No. 5

(10) Theodore Bowles 15
(3) Collett Cantor 14
A. C. Elmore 10
Ray Hamby 12
Everett Lineberry 11
James Massey 6
(2) Elmer Talbert 4
Gilbert Williams 2
(5) Henry Ziegler 10

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 7
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 5
(2) Robert Dunning 10
Ronald Washam 3
James C. Wiggins 5
Woodrow Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte 8

(6) William Beach 13
(5) Carl Breece 14
(2) Paul Dockery 11
Donald Earnhardt 17
George Green 11
(4) Hugh Johnson 14
(2) Lyman Johnson 11
J. C. Long 6
(3) Robert Lawrence 10
(4) Arnold McHone 14
Ernest Overchash 5
Carl Ray 13
(4) Alex Weathers 12
(4) Edward Young 8

COTTAGE No. 8

(5) Cecil Ashley 10
(3) Jack Hamilton 10
Junius Holleman 3
Lonnie Holleman 4
John Tolbert 3
Walker Warr 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Mack Bell 13
Roy Butner 17
(2) Percy Capps 3
James Connell 2
(4) Frank Glover 17
(2) John Hendrix 14
(5) Mark Jones 14
(3) Daniel Kilpatrick 9
Lloyd Mullis 5
(7) Harold O'Dear 16
James Ruff 13
(2) L. B. Sawyer 5
(3) Preston Wilbourne 14
Horace Williams 11

COTTAGE No. 10

(8) Junius Brewer 15
Aldine Brown 5
John Crawford 9
James Eury 4
James M. Hare 4
(6) J. D. Hildreth 10
(10) Lee Jones 15
Thomas King 9
Vernon Lamb 12
James Penland 8
Oscar Queen 4
Carl Speer 3
(6) Oscar Smith 14
O. D. Talbert 6
George Worley 12
Claude Weldy 3

COTTAGE No. 11

(5) John Benson 15
(2) Harold Bryson 15
Velda Denning 2
William Dixon
William Fruches 2
William Harris 3
Andrew Lambeth 2
(2) Julian Merritt 3
Edward Murray 11
(3) Fred Owens 16
(2) Theodore Rector 11
James Tyndall

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Odell Almond 15
(2) Jack Batson 4
(6) Ernest Brewer 11
(5) Jay Brannock 10
William Broadwell 5
(3) William C. Davis 8
William Deaton 12
(7) Howard Devlin 15
Max Eaker 10
(5) Woodrow Hager 10
(5) Joseph Hall 11
Hubert Holloway 12
(2) Richard Honeycutt 10
(2) Frank Johnston 11
(8) Clarence Mayton 12
(9) James Mondie 13
James Puckett 9
(3) Howard Saunders 9
(3) Robah Sink 3
Ralph Sorrells 12
(2) George Tolson 10
Carl Tyndall 6
(2) Eugene Watts 3
J. R. Whitman 7

COTTAGE No. 13

(7) James Brewer 11
William Goins 7
(7) William Griffin 12
(3) John Murdock 5
Jordan McIver 8
Thomas R. Pitman 7
(18) Alexander Woody 18
(5) Joseph Woody 6

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Raymond Andrews 14
(3) John Baker 10
Rober Deyton 10
Henry Ennis 8
(4) Audie Farthing 16
(3) Feldman Lane 17
(2) Norvell Murphy 12
Charles McCoyle 10
Henry McGraw 10

(2) John Reep 8
(7) Harold Thomas 15
J. D. Webster 3
Jones Watson 14
(13) Wallace Woody 17

COTTAGE No. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE
(3) George Duncan 12
(18) Warren G. Lawry 18
Harvey Ledford 6
Earl Oxendine 12
(7) Thomas Oxendine 15

FRIENDSHIP

Until I think of other things
Of greater worth to me,
I must content myself and say
That things just have to be.

I've set myself to helping those
Who seem to be in need ,
I've governed all my selfishness;
That seems the only creed.

To lend a hand, and help a man
Who needs you at the time,
Has often been the ways and means
Of making one feel fine.

Spirits rise when help is near
And courage sees no end,
For after all a man should be
Another man's best friend.

—Fred Goode.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 6, 1940 NO. 14

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SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED

"Give me the love of friends and I
Shall not complain of cloudy sky,
Or little dreams that fade and die.
Give me the clasp of one firm hand,
The lips that say, 'I understand,'
And I shall walk on holy land.
For fame and fortune burdens bring,
And winter takes the rose of spring.
But Friendship is a Godlike thing."

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

FAITH IN "FORGOTTEN MAN"

In conclusion it only remains for me to reiterate that faith in North Carolina which I expressed as president of the State Literary and Historical Association in 1914 when I said:

"I believe in North Carolina, in her limitless potentialities, in the glory of her destiny; I believe that whatever of good or beauty or nobleness men in any other land or era have wrought, we men and women of North Carolina may here and now achieve."

But for the realization of such a high destiny I would proclaim now, as I proclaimed then, that the supreme need is that we reach down and lift up the man at the bottom of our economic life. "The Forgotten Man" for whom Walter Page pleaded with such burning eloquence. The struggling small farmer, the renter, the share-cropper, the man in the factory village—each of whom much as he needs more money, perhaps needs even more that we shall have faith in him; that we shall awaken and nurture his sense of dignity and worth both as a human being and as a factor in North Carolina's rebuilding. Not otherwise can we have, under a just and Almighty God, that enrichment and flowering of a great North Carolina civilization for which we yearn. As I said in 1914, I would repeat in 1940:

"We must inspire even the humblest worker with a faith in the future of his state; the humblest boy in patched trousers, the humblest girl in her gingham dress, must be caught up in the sweep of our master-purpose and made to feel that he or she has a part in its realization."—Dr. Clarence Poe, Editor, The Progressive Farmer.

———o———

TEACHING RESPECT FOR LAW

While the American Automobile Association is making great strides in teaching school children respect for traffic laws, there are still no courses in most public schools dealing with local ordinances that affect boys and girls in their daily work and play.

Many a boy or girl is turned loose on the streets with a bicycle, a pair of skates, a sled or an air rifle without any preliminary in-

struction on ordinances governing their use, and the importance of observing these ordinances. As a result, many first offenders in juvenile courts are picked up by police on charges growing out of a stolen ride behind a truck or a shot with an air rifle at the neighbor's cat.

It is a well-known fact that once a boy is brought into court, regardless of how minor the charge may be, his chances of being brought back a second time, and generally for a more serious offense are increased. Even if this never happens, the mere fact he has a court record can prove embarrassing in later life, particularly if he wishes to enter government service.

In most cases these school children are not trying to get away with anything. They are ignorant in many cases of both the law and the reasoning behind the law. Parents neglect this obvious educational duty, and schools have no course of instruction designed to meet the situation.

If members of boards of education would consult with local juvenile court officials, a comprehensive program could be worked out to give proper instruction to school children on local ordinances as well as other laws. Surely modern educators would be able to fit such a course into the educational program without being forced to drop any important part of the curricula. The suggestion has been made that such instruction could be made interesting to the pupils and inserted as part of a reading course.

The importance of teaching respect for law and order to boys and girls at this impressionable period cannot be over-emphasized. The increased understanding of the importance of law and law enforcement would more than compensate for the cost of instruction.

—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

THE HAND A SYMBOL

It is wonderful what you can read in the hand. For not only is the hand symbolic of man's worth to himself and to his neighbors, but it is the symbol of the noblest and the best in life. "The hand," Cicero says, "is the witness of our faith." It is the seal of many a bargain. We swear with the uplifted hand. The hand is the pledge of friendship. Once the hand grasped the weapon in

warfare and savage conflict. Now the empty right hand reaching out to grasp the empty right hand of another has become a symbol of comradeship. Hands are channels through which love and trust run. I remember once hearing Bishop McCabe sing "My Mother's Beautiful Hands." You will never forget it if you have heard it.

"I almost weep when looking back
To childhood's distant day
I think how those hands rested not
When mine were at their play.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me."

We truly agree with the above selection that the hand "is a symbol of the best and noblest in life." The article touches a most responsive chord in the life of the writer. While in a reminiscent mood we dwell upon the activities of departed ones. These two sisters in mind could easily be called by the Bibical name, "Dorcas." Never for a moment idle, when not doing the duties of an orderly home their fingers were fashioning some piece of handiwork. In this particular work is pictured most beautiful motifs in which is worked the ideals of a useful and beautiful life of constant service. Yes, the hand reveals the character of an individual the same as a face.

* * * * * * * *

OTHER COLORS FOR MOURNING

The sombreness of black is not universally recognized throughout the world as a symbol of mourning. In many lands other colors serve for this purpose. In Europe, from whom Americans, as their descendants, women adopted black as the proper apparel for mourning. Prior to 1498 the widows of England, France and Spain wore white at such times. But upon the death of Charles VIII, of France, his widow, Anne, established a precedent in opposition to the prevailing color and dressed in black. But not many years later, Mary Queen of Scotts, was to receive the name of White Queen because, on the death of her husband, Lord Darnley, she dressed in white to symbolize her grief.

White is emblematic of hope and is still used in many parts of the world today. The ladies of Rome and Sparta adopted white, and today it is the mourning color of Japan. The South Sea Islanders

combine the two extremes—black for sorrow and white for hope.

The Egyptians wear yellow; the Ethiopians wear a grayish yellow for mourning, typifying the color of the earth, to which the dead return. In Persia a pale brown is accepted as suitable mourning, and in Armenia and Syria, blue, the color of the sky is chosen, symbolic of the heaven to which the grieving relatives hope the departed ones have gone.

* * * * * * * *

"TALKING BOOKS" FOR THE BLIND

A progressive step in educating the blind has been announced by Robert B. Irwin, executive director of the American Foundation for the Blind, Inc. To supplement their Braille studies, blind youngsters will be taught through the medium of "audible picture books."

The idea is to paint for the sightless child a word picture so vivid that an exact image of a scene or a situation will form in his mind. The talking books are supplemented with tests, to be administered by teachers. On the basis of such tests, the powers of "observation" and retentive ability of the blind can be compared on a "fair basis" with those of normal children.

A great deal has been done in recent years to make life more pleasant for the blind. This latest step, aimed as it is at sightless youngsters, will help to establish their lives on a basis more nearly equal to that of their more fortunate playmates and will speed up the educational processes.—Concord Daily Tribune.

* * * * * * * *

PLAYING IN STREETS DANGEROUS

The State Highway Safety Director warns of the danger of children playing in the streets. On account of the congested conditions of cities, more homes with smaller yards, and apartments, there is no place other than the streets for a child to give out his pent up desires for some kind of sport. Recreation is a child's birth right, and necessary for physical developments, and mental contentment, therefore, to meet the emergency playgrounds are imperative. It is a duty that rests upon the citizens of every community.

The State Safety Director Holcutt emphasizes safety instruction in the public schools with the hope that all people of the State will become "safety-conscious." Director Holcutt states the percentage of school children killed in streets and highway accidents for the five year period ending 1939 shows a decrease. While playing in the streets last year fifty-five children were killed, and the State Highway Safety Director thinks it high time the people of North Carolina resolve to eliminate this blotch so that the life of the children be safeguarded. There are two ways to eliminate these casulties. First, provide playground facilities for children, and teach all people to be safety-conscious.

* * * * * * * *

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

North Carolina apparently is making little or no progress in the matter of educating school-age children to walk, play, skate, and ride, bicycles safely, judging from a survey just completed by the Highway Safety Division.

A study of pedestrian fatalities in the State from 1935 through 1939 shows that the percentage of school-age children killed on the streets and highways showed no decline during the five-year period.

The total number of pedestrains killed from 1935 through 1939 was 1,780, of which 481, or 27 per cent, were under 15 years of age. Of the 331 pedestrian fatalities in North Carolina last year, 93, or 28 per cent, were under 15 years of age.

"This clearly points to the need for the teaching of safety in the schools," say Ronald Hocutt, Director of the Highway Safety Division. "The schools play a very large part in the forming of children's habits, and the schools are the proper places to teach safe habits of walking and playing. And this—the teaching of safety in schools—ultimately will be the most effective means of reducing accidents, injuries, and fatalities on our streets and highways. A few schools in the State are teaching safety, but what is needed is the inclusion of safety education in the curriculum of all State-supported schools."

THE STORY OF CATTLE

By Cora P. Emerson

In prehistoric times the word "cattle" was used in speaking of any beast that had been domesticated or trained to help mankind. The English word "chattel" and our word "capital" were both derived from the word "cattle" which means wealth or possessions. In olden times a man's riches were measured by the number of cattle that he owned. You will remember that it says in the Bible, "Abraham was rich in cattle."

We find cattle mentioned in the history of all races. To mistreat cattle was considered one of the lowest crimes by the Greeks, Egyptians, Hebrews, and Hindus. These animals were so valuable to the welfare of the ancient tribes that they were looked upon as sacred by many. Chief among these were the Egyptians and Hindus. The bull was the symbol of strength among the Egyptians.

Rudely carved pictures of cattle were found on the old monuments of Egypt. The picture of an ox or bison has been preserved in the cave of Altomira, Spain. This picture is said to be at least twenty thousand years old.

It would be interesting if we could find out what cattle were first domesticated by man. Some say the ox and they tell you about the wild ox or auroch that lived in the Black Forest of Germany many centuries ago when Caesar ruled over that country.

Other writers are equally sure that it was the dog. It seems possible that it might have been the patient little donkey. Of all the animals tamed the wild ass or donkey has changed the least.

Of all cattle the ox is the most widely distributed. Some kind of an ox is found on every continent. Those of Asia and Africa have large humps on their withers. Those around the Mediterranean Sea in Europe have wide spreading horns but no humps. These cattle were used by early tribes as a leading medium of exchange. Some of the first coins made by the Greeks were stamped with the picture of an ox.

It was oxen that dragged the heavy blocks of stone used in the temples of ancient Greece and Rome. They helped Alexander the Great in many of his conquests. The Romans had oxen with them when they invaded England. The Boers used oxen in settling South Africa.

The story of oxen in our own country begins with the coming of the Europeans. On his second voyage to the West Indies, Columbus brought a few cattle. Early pioneers used these gentle creatures in clearing and plowing their farms. Later they drew many of the prairie schooners westward.

In Tibet, between the Himalaya and Altai mountains, lived a strange looking ox. He is not tall but is long and heavily built. A thick fringe of black or deep brown hair hangs down his flanks, nearly to the ground. The yak is one of the very few animals that can live and work at such a high altitude. In India, they have domesticated another species of ox known as the zebu. On the Philippine Island lives yet another kind of ox. This one has short hair and is so fond of the water that he is often spoken

of as a water buffalo instead of a carabao.

Camels belonged to that early family of "cattle." They are often mentioned in the Bible. In one place it tells us that Job had more than six thousand of these beasts. They were also part of the gift that Pharaoh made to Abraham.

For centuries the Andean Indians of South America have made use of a small humpless camel known as the llama. Although a small animal the llama can carry a hundred pounds of baggage and travel as fast as a man can walk. When the Spanish explorers arrived in Peru (sixteenth century) they found the Indians with herds of llamas.

The Arabs were camel riders until the third century, then they tamed some wild horses. Today the most famous horses in the world come from Arabia. From the taming of the first horses to the present day, the history of the horse has been one of progress. The horse is said to have been the first animal domesticated in Japan. Great herds of these beautiful wild horses still roam the plains of Asia.

At one time North America had wild horses. But these prehistoric beasts, that lived around the Bad Lands of South Dakota, were pygmies. They were not more than twelve inches tall. Each tiny foot had four toes instead of a hoof. The first real horses were brought to this part of the world by Cortes.

The wild ass or donkey was once a familiar sight in Arabia and neighboring countries. This was before events were recorded. At the time Ethelred was King of England these hardy little beasts were scarce. These little animals are sure of foot and fast. The swiftest Arabian horse cannot outrun a donkey. It is a mistake to think that the donkey is stupid, for it is truly one of the most clever of our domesticated animals. Of this group of animals the zebra is the most striking .

We are inclined to think of the reindeer as a mythical creature from the land of Santa Claus; a creature that does not exist except at Christmas time, but this is wrong. To the Lapps, the Nomads of the North, the reindeer means the larger part of their living. It draws their sleds, carries their burdens, gives them milk, supplies meat for food, and skins for clothing.

Of all the animals that man has trained to help him the elephant is the largest. It is also the easiest to tame and train. In all work, where great strength combined with intelligence is needed, the elephant is supreme. Other animals are better for pulling and hauling, but this massive brute easily learns the proper mode of arrangement and can lift and pile great teakwood logs better than human beings can pile them. He is always guided by a mahout who sits astride his neck to direct his movements.

The elephant's sense of smell is keen, his hearing is acute, but his eyesight is very poor. He can do as much work as six yokes of oxen, but his appetite is colossal. His menu for one day reads something like this: Six hundred pounds of grass or other green fodder, with twenty pounds of grain for dessert.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY

By Clara Louise Dentler

The town of Oxford, England, is very old indeed, dating from the time of Alfred the Great, or even earlier. It was famous in that day, being mentioned in connection with London as an important center. However, the University of Oxford does not date from Alfred's time, as some over-enthusiastic historians would like to claim.

By no stretch of the imagination can it be known as an intellectual mecca until after the Conquest. Its beginning, like that of the other great European institutions of learning, lies buried in the haze of the centuries. This much is known: it was organized before the death of Henry II, which occurred in 1189, and by the beginning of the reign of his grandson, Henry III, in 1216 it was a fully established school.

It began like its sister schools on the continent, simply as a guild or "universitas." It is probable that a group of teachers and students came here from Paris, being for some reason dissatisfied with conditions there. The fact that universities in that day were not encumbered with buildings made it very easy to move from place to place when circumstances demanded.

The King and the Pope rather vied with each other in conferring privileges on Oxford from the very beginning of its existence. Many of the privileges accorded it by royalty were at the expense of the privileges of the town, and may have been the commencement of that keen rivalry between town and gown that has always characterized the place. Its growth was rapid, so that by the fourteenth century it numbered about 14,000 students.

The town of Oxford had always been prominent in political matters, and the university fell right in line, making itself a strong political as well as intellectual center. Even in its infancy it dared to assert its opinions, taking sides vehemently as occasion required. When King Henry III came to a clash with his barons, notwithstanding the fact that the king had given so much to the school, Oxford University came out wholeheartedly on the side of the barons. His cordial displeasure was manifested in his proclamation that any Oxford students caught by his forces would be hanged summarily; and in those matters kings always kept their word.

Oxford did not confine its course to any one branch of study, as did Salerno and Bologna; it included four faculties of law, architecture, medicine, and theology. The university lost many promising pupils who were weaned away by the monastic orders. This loss of students reached such a peak that Walter de Merton, bishop and chancellor, founded a college whose constitution stated specifically that no member should take religious vows as members of an order, because the Friars were robbing the church and state of so many good men. This is the first instance that is known of one man deliberately founding a college. Merton, who gave his name to the college, still one of the most eminent of the Oxford group, died in 1277. He lived to see the completion of the hall chapel, chambers, and li-

brary. These today remain in their ancient form, making it possible for us actually to see a real medieval university. No other buildings of any school remain so perfectly preserved and unchanged.

He provided that any student desiring to study theology must do so only after completing his liberal arts course; this was the first time that theology was made a post-graduate subject by law. Merton's rank as a divinity school may be judged by the fact that in its first two centuries it gave to the church twenty-eight bishops and archbishops.

After the founding of this college others sprang up in the town in rapid succession, with the result that what we know today as the university is really a federation of colleges. The relationship is somewhat hard to understand if one has not actually experienced it in operation. Each college regulates its own studies, has its own buildings and campus, and its own head. Its only restriction is that its students must be able to pass the examinations set by the university, which confers the degrees. One feels the atmosphere of the university, but cannot see it, as it has no campus and no center; simply an examination hall and the famous library.

Oxford colleges have taken a leading part in all the great movements of the country. When the growing corruption in the church and the increasing wealth of the higher clergy led John Wycliffe to initiate his reforms. he found strong champions in college men. He had been trained at Merton; that school, along with Balliol and Oriel, took the foremost part in the Wycliffe movement. Oxford sent out the "poor priests" who, coarsely clad and barefoot, went all over England preaching regeneration in the church.

Not all students and professors, nevertheless, were enthusiastic in the reforming crusade. Sufficient numbers disagreed for two new colleges to be formed and they upheld the church that was being attacked, these were Lincoln and New Colleges. The latter is one of the most magnificent of the group of schools. Its founder, William of Wykeham, had very definite ideas of what was proper for students. He would tolerate none of the wild life so characteristic of the medieval student.

In his statutes he laid down rules to guide every act of the college members. They were forbidden "to shoot with arrows, or to play any games of ball or chess." Their recreation must be confined to festival days. Then they might indulge in the gay pastime of gathering round the fire in the great hall and "sing or read the chronicles of the realm and wonders of the world."

The fifteenth century saw the development of universities having definite buildings in which to work. The Divinity School, dating from 1486, is still one of the most striking buildings in the entire Oxford group. During the period of the struggle between Cromwell and Charles I, when Oxford became the Royalist Capital from 1642 to 1646, Parliament met in Divinity Hall.

In the Age of the Renaissance, that transitional period in the intellectual world, Oxford took part in the revival of classical learning. Magdalene College was founded to carry on the new studies.

In the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI, when there was such dis-

play of vandalism in destroying everything savoring of Catholicism or "superstition," Oxford came in for its full share. Queen Elizabeth restored as far as possible the destructive work of her father and brother. No great new buildings were erected —only Jesus College—as no more were needed. What was sorely needed was the bringing back of the students to fill those already in existence. She favored and honored Oxford by placing its graduates in eminent positions in her service.

In the struggle for liberty in the seventeenth century, Oxford was not on the popular side. The colleges as a group were strong for King Charles, yet nearly all the leaders of the opposition were Oxford men; to recall but a few: Pum, Hampdon, Sir John Eliot and Prynne. Oliver Cromwell had been trained at Cambridge University.

The next significant Oxford movement was that in which England was revolutionized by the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitfield. The nineteenth century witnessed another revival in the increased study of natural science, and the influence of the university over the country at large. This period saw a broadened scope. The non-conformist churches became affiliated with it by building two theological schools there: Mansfield College for Trinitarians, and Manchester for Unitarians.

There must forever be a very warm feeling in the hearts of all true Americans for Oxford University, as many of the founders of our original thirteen colonies were nurtured within its halls. The first man to dream of the colonization of the New World was Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Sir Walter Raleigh, the colonizer of Virginia, was a student at Oriel. Calvert, founder of Maryland, was from Trinity College. Locke, who drew up the regulations for the state of Carolina, was a product of Christ Church College, as was William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. General Oglethrope of Georgia was from Corpus Christi.

GUIDE

A flash of light far out at sea
  To guide the lost ship home
Into its peaceful harbor
  Through the ocean's angry foam.

A flash of light when clouds are black
  And life seems drear indeed;
God is a lighthouse in each heart,
  He knows our deepest need.

His Light will ever guide us
  If we keep the channel clear;
On our path across Life's stormy sea
  His Light shines—He is near!

—Doris R. Beck.

ALWAYS CARES

(Selected)

Can this be said of parents? In general, yes. There are exceptions, to be sure, for not any person, honored by being a parent, supports that honor by caring for children as parenthood requires. However, take it the world over, parents may be called forth to illustrate what is meant by caring for those to whom such obligation is due.

In our mature years we learn to appreciate more and more the care parents gave us as we were growing up. We can make long lists of their sacrifices, willingly made for us. We speak feelingly of their sympathy and ambition and labor for us. To them we owe much we can never repay, and surely never forget. Memory of the home of childhood has many delightful pictures on its walls, and in our quiet hours we enjoy an imaginary journey through the past to gaze again on those pictures. And many a time praise and thanks for the unstinted we are impelled to break forth into love shown us by our parents when we were little.

But that parental care did not stop when we grew out of childhood. It continued as vigorous as ever, as long as these parents of ours lived. They never ceased to care for what happened to us and to care for us so as to spare us from dangers or mistakes or laxness in our moral and religious life. Many of us have been recalled to a saner way of life by the kindly admonition of parents, long after we had left the old home and set ourselves up in a home of our own. There may have been moments of annoyance for us as we were "bothered" by their "meddling" in our affairs, we may have been sure that we were able to get along without their advice, but we have never been so self-sufficient as to treat them harshly for their well-meant interference.

At least this is true of most of us, for the older we grow, and the deeper our experience becomes, the more we understand their sincere concern for us and the better fitted we are to understand their motive. We learn to respect their interest in us, even if we are sure that they are not well-advised as to what we most need.

Observation today makes us certain that parents do care for their children, but this does not amaze us, for nothing less than parental care is expected from all parents. Birds and animals do this. Can less be expected of humans? We may not approve the way this care is exercised in every case. We may wish that some parents knew more of the right way to bring up their children. We may become much interested in providing the means of parent-training for the sake of the right care of their children. But back of all this must be recognized the dominant desire of parents to care for their children.

The parents of today face today's condition of living. They need to be aware of this as they think of the care of their children. This is a new age, far different from pre-war times. The social and financial trends are taking on new directions and are determined. Parents cannot be indifferent to these, for their children are already caught in the stream of these trends. However the basic things re-

main. Love for children cannot be altered by circumstances or environment, and the urge for proper care of children must not be supplanted by any of these. There is an impelling need to meet these trends in terms of life as it is now lived. What the schools and social enviroment are doing to direct the lives of children must be taken into account. These do not always square with the parents' notion of what is best for their children. Nevertheless they cannot withdraw their children from their environment. What remains for them to do is to direct and care for their children, bringing them up according to their best ideals, in, or in spite of, their environment. They may have some struggle to adjust themselves to the modern ways, but this adjustment can and must be made for the sake of the children's future.

Parental care may entail different things that our parents never even heard of, but there are helpful facilities today of which they could not have dreamed. The opportunity now for parental care is consequently larger. It is more urgent, too, especially for Christain parents.

LOGS

I like to look on life as a mill,
Where wheels are turning and nothing's still.
Young boys for the logs, all floatin' around.
Some in the water and some on the ground.

In each of these logs there's lumber that's good;
When run through the mill, makes the best of wood.
Never a knot nor even a flaw,
That's the part that respects every law.

And then in each log there's lumber that's bad;
Cracks and knots and mistakes of the lad.
It's put to the side and dumped on the fire,
Cause that's the part that no one will hire.

So, if just a log can give of it's best,
To handle the job in the east or the west;
By waiting it's turn to go through the mill,
Then so can a boy and most of them will.

—The Outlook.

THE PORT OF SHIP MODELS

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Makers of ship models would find cause for keen delight in a visit to Newport News, Virginia. At the Mariners' Museum there they could inspect a variety of interesting ship models, besides a collection of small boats and canoes, and other relics of the sea.

The Mariners' Museum covers about one thousand acres in all. It includes Lake Maury, formed by damming an estuary of the James River. The park and lake are stocked and are a game sanctuary.

Those in charge of the museum decided that the best way to acquire a collection of accurate scale models of different vessels was to make them. Accordingly a model-making shop, complete with modern tools and equipment, was installed on the grounds.

The output of this shop now on display at the Museum includes a variety of vessels, several of which are of historic significance in the life of our country.

One of these is Robert Fulton's Clermont—"Fulton's Folly" the onlookers called it, that August day when the original steamed its noisy passage up the Hudson River on the way to Albany.

Models are also present of the U.S. ironclad Monitor and the U.S. frigate Merrimac. Ranged near by is a replica of the Confederate States' Ironclad Virginia.

Other models include the river steamer Jamestown, the yacht Viking and the Morgan liner El Sud. Also represented are the Dollar liner President Coolidge and the freighter Agwidale.

How many stories, how many thrilling pages of history are wrapped up in some of these model ships!

Not far from these ship models is an interesting collection of small boats and canoes of different types. Here is a sampan from the Orient, a sharpie from New Haven and a sponge fishing boat from Florida.

Here also is a Tahitian pirogue, a small Dutch sailing yacht and fishing boats from Spain and Portugal. There is a typical Yankee whaleboat from New Bedford—port of countless whaling memories from the middle decades of the nineteenth century.

Alongside is a Chesapeake Bay log canoe and an Indian war canoe from Vancouver. The collection is completed with a variety of wood canoes, kayaks and dugouts from the West Indies, Canada, Florida and other widely separated localities.

The Mariners' Museum also features a remarkable collection of the different types of instruments used in ship navigation. These include quadrants, sextants, compasses, barometers, hourglasses, chronometers and all other instruments used by ships at sea.

Still another exhibit of the Museum illustrates the influence of the sea upon different arts and crafts. This display includes ship-decorated china, postage stamps, medals, coins and paper money.

This particular section of the Mariners' Museum would be a source of much pleasure to the coin and stamp collector. The latter especially knows how many postage stamps there are

relating to the seven seas and the men who go down to the sea in ships!

Postage stamps depicting a hundred and one ships of most of the seafaring nations form an interesting study, too. They run the entire gamut from Eskimo kayak and South Sea outriggers to modern Alantic liners like the palatial Normandie.

Pictured on the stamps of the United States are many of the historic ships that figured so largely in the discovery and colonization of the New World. Here are the high-pooped caravels of Columbus—the Nina, Pinta and Sante Maria—together with the Mayflower and a veritable fleet of similar craft.

But all that is quite another story! Just one of the stories called to mind by a casual visit to Virginia's interesting Mariners' Museum.

LIFE'S GREATEST JOY

Have you ever helped another?
  Ever earned a grateful smile?
Ever asked a weary brother
  In to ride with you a mile?
Have you ever given freely
  Of your riches and your worth?
If you haven't, then you've really
  Missed the greatest joy on earth.

Has a thrill of pride possessed you?
  Have you felt your pulses run?
As a weaker brother blest you
  For some good that you have done?
Have you seen eyes start to glisten
  That were sad before you came?
If you haven't, stop and listen—
  You have missed life's finest game.

—North American Union News.

AIRMAIL SHUTTLE

By Charles Doubleyou

To save a matter of twenty minutes in delivery of airmail from the Camden, N. J., airport to the Philadelphia Post Office, a unique service has been started. An autogiro will make five trips daily from the airport at Camden, landing five minutes later on the roof of the Post Office in Philadelphia. While the distance heretofore covered by truck from the Camden airport to the Philadelphia Post Office is only six miles, it is nevertheless through a district of heavy traffic, crossing bridges over both the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, and requiring about twenty-five minutes.

None other than an autogiro is suitable for this service, for no other plane could land atop of a building. The flat roof of the post office at Philadelphia, unencumbered with any obstructions, was planned with this feature in view when the building was erected in 1931.

Six of these five-minute autogiro shuttle trips are planned daily, flown at a height of about 1,000 feet. The service will not operate when the ceiling is lower than 300 feet, since there would then be too much danger because of the tall buildings in the area covered.

The Philadelphia-Camden service is in the nature of an experiment. If successful, it is planned to adopt it in New York, Chicago, and other of our large cities where the saving in time, over truck delivery, between the main post office and the airport serving it will be as much as an hour per trip.

I BELIEVE IN AMERICA

I believe in America!

America where a humble immigrant boy from Scotland could become the Steel Master;

America where the plain mechanic could become an Industrial Giant;

America where a telegraph operator could become the genius who Lighted the World;

America where a lanky, homely lad, born in a log cabin, could become the Leader of a Free People;

America where man can stretch himself and grow;

America where life is an adventure and the sky is the limit;

America where the sun of inspiration and encouragement shines on men;

America where the individual counts most and human personality is supreme.

—Wilfred Peterson

YEARS AHEAD

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

His team approached a high pole, set at the side of the road, that had and arm nailed to it vertically. From the arm swung a large leather pouch with the brand Z painted on it, but there was no home visible. The Double Bar Z ranch was around the head of Bald Mountain where it occupied almost an entire valley. There was always plenty of mail to be left in this pouch.

As the young carrier hung the bag back on its hook he noticed a horseman coming through the sage from the east. It was Selby from the Double Bar Z, so the boy waited.

"Howdy," the horseman drew rein and and a twinkle lighted his shrewd gray eyes. "Reckoned I'd ketch you here. Purty regular I notice."

"Have to be," Cyrus Tolman answered.

"Huh." For a minute the man said nothing more. His eyes appraised the light wagon, the sturdy team and finally the boy himself. What he saw pleased him.

"I'll make you a good proposition, Cy; but I am needing a foreman right away. With my backing you could go a long way."

The driver caught his breath. This wasn't the first time Dave Selby had offered him work but never before had there been so much promise in it. To be foreman of the Double Bar Z! Mr. Selby was not given to idle words. Once a man went to work for him he stayed. One was foolish to turn down such an offer. Still, men were saying this mail service was going to spread over all the valleys of the west. That was something to which to look forward.

"I am not underestimating your offer, but as I told you before I am tied up with Martin Bridges for the next two years."

"Obligated to him, are you?"

"No," the youth answered slowly, "but I promised to stay with him while his contract lasts."

"And after that?"

"After that—" Cy's eyes brightened suddenly with a vision of hope. "After that I hope to get a mail contract in my own name. There is talk that the territory will be divided."

"But you can't bid in competition with Martin Bridges," the man reminded him. "He owns his horses and produces all his feed. He can afford to take the mail for next to nothing because he makes his money on freight. You couldn't do that."

"But I would do the driving myself. Bridges hires his done. And there are other ways I could cut costs."

"It costs him plenty when he pays it." Sarcasm crept into the rancher's voice. "You still can't buck him. He has backing and will fight to hold his contract."

The boy's hopes slumped. That was all true. His pay for the last quarter was six weeks overdue and he hadn't had all of that due him for the quarter before. He was out of money and out of feed for his horses. Beyond an unimproved homestead he owned nothing. Martin Bridges was a big freighter. He could post his own bond. On the other hand, work with Selby meant steady income, advance-

ment and means to improve his own place.

"Let me think about it a day or two longer."

"I need someone right now." The rancher hesitated, then added, "All right. I'll do that. But let me know next trip." He whirled his horse and went galloping away through the brush. As he started his team Cyrus felt an overwhelming desire to postpone the decision. He wondered how Selby knew Bridges was poor pay.

It was the year 1900 and Cyrus Tolman had the new and fascinating job of delivering mail to the ranchers and homesteaders of Squaw Flat, Indian Creek valley and the valley of the Upper Portneuf. However, he was not working directly for the government but for the contractor, Martin Bridges. The government paid Bridges and Bridges paid him—When he got around to it. Out here distances were immense and at first it had seemed the logical thing to have the mail hauled by freighting outfits. They owned horses and equipment and could outbid any single individual. Lately, discontent had sprung up. Word had come through that in some places the federal authorities were breaking the territories into smaller units and giving the contracts to individuals. Bridges held the contract for all this part of the state and as far east as Rock Springs, Wyoming. It was this rumored word that kept Cyrus hoping, that made him hesitate about accepting Mr. Selby's offer. Of course he would not consider anything until his time with Bridges was over. A fellow had to keep his word.

It was a mile to the next mailbox and more than that to the next. At the third there was a five-gallon coal-oil can nailed to a post that served as a mailbox. When he felt within Cyrus drew forth a brown paper parcel. Written on the paper was a note in a feminine hand.

"Dear Cy:

"Please exchange this butter for sugar. Thanks.

Em."

Three pounds of butter. Through the paper Cy could feel a damp cloth. That was to keep the butter cool and firm. Butter, that she made herself, was all Em had to buy with. She had filed on her homestead the same time he had. She was doing well but homesteading was hard sledding for a lone girl. He had hoped—Oh, well, day after tomorrow he would bring her sugar and maybe get time to stop a minute.

It was two miles to the next stop. There was an order for groceries in that box, too, but there was money to pay for them. As his team jogged along the boy let his gaze wander over the landscape. It was early fall and already the earth had prepared herself for winter's approach. The hills and valleys were sere and brown with a dash of yellow and red. In June this particular flat had been gay with flowers and the hills had been green as emerald. Now even the weeds had fulfilled their destiny. They stood stark and brittle beside the road. Only along the river bed could any green be seen and it would soon be gone.

Cyrus clucked impatiently at his horses. He supposed he'd have to accept Selby's offer. It was the only sensible thing to do. He knew others in the valley who would jump at the chance. But he didn't want sense. He wanted to carry mail. There was

something about this valley, and the people on the route were like "own folks." He was their contact with the outside world. He was the one sure, unvarying point in their day's labor. He liked to dream of the years ahead with Uncle Sam as a paymaster and his homestead grown into a paying farm. But there were the months ahead. Winter was dogging his heels and he still hadn't bought hay and grain for his own horses. It must be done before the storms set in but he couldn't buy until Bridges paid him. He could get hay from Selby if he went to work for him. He would need to decide before day after tomorrow.

The mailcarrier entered the little town of Center and tied his team to a hitching post before the town's largest building. From here another carrier took the mail out to the railroad. Inside the store Cyrus handed the butter and two slips to a clerk. In his right hand he held the sack containing the mail he had gathered on the route.

"Sugar for the butter," he said, "and fill these orders so I can take them out with me next trip."

In the far corner of the store was a box-like room with one door and a small window with a shelf beneath it. Into it Cyrus followed the storekeeper who was also postmaster. Cyrus emptied his mail upon a table. No sooner had he done so than the door was flung open and Anson Peterson, who delivered over the north loop, blustered in.

"We're ruined," he cried throwing his sack of mail on the table. We're sold out. Bridges has skipped the country and taken our back pay. Great bunch of suckers we have been."

"What do you mean?" Cyrus had difficulty forming the words. The postmaster, Mr. Cross, looked over his glasses in mild surprise.

"Just what I said. Bridges has skipped—vamoosed."

"Do you know what you are saying?"

But Peterson was pacing excitedly back and forth. "Dirty skunk," he muttered. "Serves us right for trusting him. I met Sheriff Holmes back a mile or two. He had come out from Brancroft to attach his freighting outfit. Says his ranch is mortaged to the hilt, too."

Postmaster Cross cleared his throat. "Can't say I am greatly surprised. Can't any good come of a man traveling way beyond his means."

"All I can say is hope you are mistaken."

Anson Peterson lost some of his belligerency. "Too bad, Cy," he said kindly. "You'd better come with me. I'm striking out for Black Canyon tomorrow. The railroad is paying good money for ties. I like timber work. To think I'd be such a—

"You mean you are going to quit the mail?" Cy demanded.

"That's just what I do mean. I have a family to keep and they can't live on promises."

"But what will happen to the mail? Now of all times we should stand by. Bridges hired us because he could depend on our word."

"He skipped his bond. We can't be held to our word."

"It is your privilege to leave if you want. I'm sticking."

"Now, Cy," Peterson began, "take a sensible view of this. It may be months before they get this untangled. When they do get a new man he may hire us and he may not. It is a cinch

he will not pay us our back wages. That oldest boy of mine is making six to ten dollars a day cutting ties. I am turning Bridges' outfit back to his ranch tonight and leaving in the morning."

"But the mail?"

"The mail won't feed you or your horses. If you go on working now you will be working without a paymaster."

That was right. The thought of facing winter without hay and grain was not a pleasing prospect. The situation would undoubtedly stretch itself into weeks and maybe months. He could go to work for Selby tomorrow. That would be a solution to all his problems, but there was the mail. Argue as he might with himself he could not get away from that fact. The responsibility for the mail was his. In the end he went to Mr. Selby.

"You see, don't you, Mr. Selby, that I can't give up now?"

There was a twinkle in the gray eyes. "You are owing me a good sum, Cy. And you will be needing a whole lot more feed. My offer is still open. Better consider ahead."

"That is just what I am doing," he answered quietly. "I couldn't face the years ahead if I were to lie down on the job now. The mail is my responsibility so I must go on." His eyes rested on the far-flung fields of the Double Bar Z and on its numerous haystacks. He thought Mr. Selby seemed a little pleased with his decision but that couldn't be.

"All right then, kid, and more power to you. Come to me for all the hay and grain you need and if you want extra horses—."

So Cyrus turned in Bridges' horses and wagon that night and the next morning drove off in his own. Every night he spent hours, when he should have been resting, hauling hay and grain to strategic points along the route. When winter came horses would need to be changed every few miles. His debt to Mr. Selby rose in leaps and bounds. He wrote to the postmaster general, explaining the situation.

Winter, cruel and relentless, was not long in sweeping over Squaw Valley and the Upper Portneuf. It was an unusually severe season. Cyrus was soon too busy to think of what the future might bring or of his back pay. Weeks lengthened into months. Every day found him on the road breaking trail, shoveling snow, changing horses every few miles. During the worst of the weather it took twelve horses to keep the mail moving. Three days a week in one direction. Three days a week in the other section. And every time it was necessary to make a new road for the wind had obliterated the old with drifting snow.

Mr. Cross had made himself responsible for getting the mail to and from the railroad, as that driver, too, had quit. The ranchers to the north were not so fortunate. They went weeks at a time without their mail. When one of them came to town he carried back letters and papers for everyone along the road. That was as it had been before rural delivery. Cyrus became so exhausted he could sleep standing up. Every day his debt to Mr. Selby increased.

Then bare spots began to appear on the hills and in the fields. Still there had been no word from Washington. Mr. Selby looked grave. Cyrus thought of all the hours he might be putting in on his homestead

but he went doggedly on.

Almost at once spring returned to a waiting world. One morning in April Cyrus stopped before the post office and found himself facing a stranger who stood by the doorway. He knew him for a stranger to the country by the way he stood, by the color of his skin and by his clothes. He nodded and the man answered, "Good morning."

When Cy had secured his mail and was untying his team the stranger stepped up to him.

"Mind if I ride with you?"

"Glad to have you. Pile in."

The man piled into the "whitetop" wagon. Cyrus was driving but one team again. The boy swung up beside him.

"Going far?" he asked when town had been left behind.

For a moment the man hesitated. Then, "I should like to make the trip with you."

The driver became suddenly conscious that they were driving out into a clear new morning. The air was sharply fresh and laden with the perfune of awakening life. Over the flats a green sheen was forming. This stranger was out undoubtedly to check up on the road. At last this unsettled condition was to be cleared. But where would that leave him? He could still get work at the Double Bar Z but only as a common buckaroo. On a cowman's wages he would be a long time getting square with the world; and unless he wanted to lose his homestead he would have to put twenty acres, at least, under cultivation this summer. There might be a chance with this fellow.

About noon they ran into a soft spot and the outfit got stuck in the mud. Cyrus spent an hour cutting sagebrush and filling in the spot to give the wheels traction. When they were once more on their way the stranger asked:

"Do you often have such trouble?"

"Always in the spring. When the snow goes the mud follows. After that it is heat and dust." The man's interest gave him courage to say what he had had on his mind all morning. "I suppose you will be hiring drivers?"

"Eh? What did you say?"

"I mean if you are bidding on this territory you will be hiring drivers, won't you? I know this country and would like to stay on. I could furnish references." He did not add that if he stayed with the mail it might make it easier for him to bid when he had this load of debt off his shoulders.

"Yes, yes, I have no doubt you could," the man answered, but he said nothing more.

The boy's temper flared. All right! He was not coaxing anyone to hire him. He didn't need to. The life of a buckaroo was not bad at all.

The next day the stranger made the trip over the second section of the road, but beyond asking Cyrus a great many questions about the work and the climate, he said nothing.

Days went by. Cyrus again lost hope. Perhaps he had sacrificed the years to come for the present.

One evening when he reached Center the postmaster handed him a long legal envelope. "It came from Brancroft today," he explained.

Cyrus looked at the letter in his hand. It was from the post office department. He slit it slowly. Now that the waiting was over he was

reluctant to know the ultimatum. He wished Mr. Cross would quit grinning.

"Why, why I don't understand," he cried in bewilderment when he had glanced over the letter. He thrust it at Mr. Cross.

"I know what it says. He told me when he was here."

"When he was here? When who was here?"

"United States Postal Inspector. The one that rode the route with you. He has been investigating for some time. Ask Dave Selby. Then he came to confirm what he found out."

"But this—?"

"That," the older man lifted a filled-in form, "is your contract for Center Star Route. It needs only your signature. The government is giving it to you. The inspector explained the whole thing to me. It seems that Bridges was not the only freighter that made a mess of his job. The Post Office Department is putting a stop to it by breaking up the mileage. Smaller scale, better work. And you may haul groceries and such for the people and charge for it."

"Then they don't require bids any more?"

"You bet your tootin' they require bids. They reckon you already earned your contract."

Cyrus could not answer. His route. The one he wanted. He glanced at the form again. That was more than he had hoped to earn for years.

"But my bond?" he cried suddenly. "What shall I do for a bond?"

"Now, don't get too inquisitive." The postmaster became suddenly very busy. "You'd better go tell Em the good news; and let Selby know you're going to get him paid at last."

THE MARCH WIND

Blow, Winds of March, blow loud, blow strong
  Your shrillest bugle blast;
Through field and meadow haste along—
  Ho! herald, haste thee fast!

The robin in the dooryard sings,
  His earliest notes sound clear:
And, hark! the red bird's whistle rings—
  Spring's harbingers are hear.

Blow, Winds of March, awake the flowers,
  For spring is at the dawn,
And April skies, and April showers—
  Ho! herald, haste thee on.

—Margaret Dooris.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. D. S. Garmon, of Concord, a member of the force of census enumerators working in Cabarrus County, has been "counting noses" at the School this week.

James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Wednesday, for further treatment. We hope James' condition will improve rapidly and that he will soon be able to return to the School.

The attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last weed consisted of a Columbia feature entitled "Blondie," and a short comedy called "Gym Jams." The boys thoroughly enjoyed the program.

William Goins, of Cottage No. 13, had the misfortune to fracture his ankle while playing last Wednesday. He was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, where the injured member was placed in a cast. He returned to the School the same day.

Miss Mary Gassman, of Murphy, a case worker for the Cherokee County Department of Charity and Public Welfare, called at The Uplift office last Monday, after which she visited the various departments in operation here. Miss Gassman was on her way back to Murphy after having spent a vacation of about ten days in the piedmont section of North Carolina.

We wish to take this opportunity to express the appreciation of both the boys and officials of the School to Mr. M. S. Lyles, of Concord, local distributor for the Gulf Oil Corporation, for donating the Gulf comic sheets for the use of our boys. As each issue comes off the press, a large bundle of these sheets are brought out to th School, and the lads certainly enjoy reading them.

The coming of fine spring weather has enabled our farm forces to really get busy. At present our farm and gardens are places of great activity. One of the most important of the tasks now at hand, which kept a large force of boys busy for several days past, was that of bedding sweet potatoes, all of which were treated with a formaldehyde preparation to insure healthier slips for transplanting.

Several years ago, Mr. R. E. Ridenhour, of Concord, planted a quantity of green walnuts, and by this spring they had developed into healthy young trees. Recently he very generously donated the entire lot of trees to the School, and they were delivered last week. The young trees have been set out on our property, with the hope that in the future many bushels of fine walnuts may gathered therefrom. We are deeply indebted to Mr. Ridenhour for this fine donation.

The road in front of the infirmary is being greatly improved. By using a powerful tractor and grading machine, owned by Cabarrus County. the road has been lowered about eighteen inches, and the soil thus scraped off used for grading the grounds

around the recently constructed infirmary. This work makes a decided improvement in the appearance of the School grounds as one drives along the road from the Swink-Benson Trades Building to the lower group of cottages.

Rev. C. E. Rozzelle, pastor of Main Street M. E. Church, Gastonia, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn, and the Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, Superintendent Boger introduced Rev. Mr. Rozzelle to the boys. He stated that he was happy to do so because of the fact that the man who was to address them on this occasion was a pupil of his when he taught in the Gaston County Schools, many years ago. In his brief introductory remarks, Mr. Boger said that it had not been his privilege to hear this speaker since he had entered the ministry, but assured the lads that he remembered him as a very good boy and had every reason to believe that they would find that he was a good preacher.

For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Rozzelle read the story of Joseph and his dreams, as recorded in the 37th chapter of Genesis. He then announced the subject about which he wanted to speak as "Looking Ahead and Seeing Things," which the old folks in the Bible interpreted as "Faith."

Many of our troubles, said the speaker, are caused by the fact that we don't look ahead, or if we do, we don't seem to see much. The men who do look ahead and see things are the heroes and giants of all time. Most of our trouble is that many of us are not able to see much further than the length of our noses.

Rev. Mr. Rozzelle further stated that if we considered our work as being drudgery, something we have to do, we will always be slaves. But if we are able to look ahead and see what to us may seem a hard task, will mean in the future, we are bound to accomplish something worth while, for it is by faith that we do things.

The speaker then called attention to the familiar incident in the life of Benjamin Franklin, when the simple thing like the flying of a kite really made history. Young Franklin, by a key attached to the kite string, found out something about electricity. He looked ahead, he had faith. As the result of his efforts the mighty power of electricity now lights great cities, runs trains across the continent, drives the motors in our huge industrial plants, and is put to thousands of other uses. Franklin took time to think. He looked ahead, many years into the future.

Rev. Mr. Rozzelle then cited briefly other instances in which men saw opportunities and did things. Among them were: Robert Fulton, who in the face of sneers and taunts, kept plugging away at his idea that boats could be successfully moved by steam. While doubters scoffed, he sailed off up the Hudson River to the city of Albany.

Joseph, by dreams, lifted Egypt out of its poverty when it seemed that it would be destroyed. He saved his brothers and the rest of the family who mocked him because he was a dreamer.

Christopher Columbus, in his day, was the only person in the world who really looked ahead and saw things

concerning the earth's surface. He, alone, thought the world was round. When he started out with his three small ships, the people scorned his theory. They told him that when he sailed out as far as he could see, he and his ships would simply drop out of existence. Columbus looked ahead and what he saw led to the discovery of America.

In the building of the Panama Canal, many men started, but came back, saying that it could not be done. General George W. Goethals, an American army officer, went down there and successfully completed the canal, because he saw things and did things. Jesus Christ, said ages ago, that faith, even though it be no larger than a grain of mustard seed, would remove mountains. Gen. Goethals had that faith which enabled him to direct his men in removing all obstacles that caused early builders to give up the idea of cutting the Panama Canal.

Rev. Mr. Rozzelle then told the boys that God gives this invisible power to every boy born in the world. All that is necessary is for them to have faith in God and in their own ability to do things.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys that there were three things which he wanted them to do every day of their lives: (1) Look at something beautiful every day; (2) Read something beautiful every day; (3) Do something beautiful every day. He said that if each boy within the sound of his voice would follow these three rules closely and make up his mind to look ahead and see things, success in life would surely be his.

We were delighted to have Rev. Mr. Rozzelle with us on this occasion. His message to the boys was both inspirational and helpful. We know that Superintendent Boger was proud of his former pupil, and from the attitude of the boys throughout his address, one could readily see that his message was really "going over." Our sincere thanks is tendered herewith in behalf of both the boys and officials of the School, together with the assurance that Rev. Mr. Rozzelle will be accorded a most cordial welcome should he find it convenient to visit us at some future time.

---o---

WHERE TO BE GOOD

There is one place where it is very hard for every one to be good. Where is it? At school? It is hard to be good at school, but that is not the hardest. At church? Dear me, who would be bad there, with the dear, kind pastor looking right down into your eyes and talking of Jesus? When visiting? Why, every one is on his best behavior then, for we all like to have strangers and our neighbors think that we are very good indeed. The hardest place to be good is in your home. One. who is good there can be trusted anywhere.—Olive Plants.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—MARCH

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Wesley Beaver
Dillon Dean
William Dixon
Leo Hamilton
Alfred Lamb
J. P. Morgan
Elroy Pridgen
Howard Sanders
Edward Thomasson
George Tolson
James C. Wiggins

—B—

Cecil Ashley
Mack Bell
Leonard Dawn
Carl Hooker
Arnold McHone
James Mondie

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Charles Cole
John Crawford
Paul Dockery
Earl Hildreth
Hardy Lanier
William Matthewson
Oscar Smith

—B—

J. C. Allen
Howard Cox
John Ham
Peter Jones
Roy Mumford
Calvin Tessneer
Clarence Wright
Gilbert Williams

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Raymond Anderson
Cleasper Beasley
Arlie Scism
William T. Smith
Melvin Stines
Joseph Woody

—B—

Clyde Barnwell
Hugh Kennedy
Charles McCoyle
Carl Moose
Edd Woody

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Bryson
J. T. Branch
William Deaton
Woodrow Hager
Samuel Kirksey
Warren G. Lawry

—B—

Jay Brannock
Osper Howell
Norvell Murphy

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Vincent Hawes
William Padrick
Elmer Talbert
John Tolbert
Hubert Walker
Jack West
William Wilson

—B—

Ray Hamby
Edward Johnson
James C. Stone
George Wilhite

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Jewell Barker
Robert Maples
Douglas Matthews
Thomas Sands
Charles Smith
Ralph Sorrells
O. D. Talbert
Lee Watkins

—B—

Henry Glover
Porter Holder
Frank Johnston

James Lane
J. W. McRorrie
Brown Stanley
Alexander Woody

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

John Benson
John Kirkman
Paul Lewallen

—B—

Frank Cotter
William C. Davis
Wilbur Hardin
Vernon Lamb
Floyd Lane
Lonnie Roberts

———o———

QUIET PLACES

I have need in me for quiet places,
  For sandy headlands and the tranquil sea;
The far dim arc where the horizon traces
  The blend of finite with infinity.

I have a need in me for inland rivers
  And high, green pastures spread along the hills;
The mountain wind and the clear sun that quivers
  Like a golden rain across the little rills.

I have a need in me for grazing cattle,
  One skimming bird, one church spire in the trees,
One peaceful farm, the shrill, sweet rippling prattle.
  Of children, and the murmuring of the bees.

I have a need in me for all things holy,
  The stir of God in ocean and in wood,
Where evil slips away, and surely, slowly,
  The closed heart opens to the homing good.

—Eleanor Baldwin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he nas been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending March 31, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Junior Bordeaux 2
(7) James Hodges 15
(7) Leon Hollifield 17
(7) Edward Johnson 18
(7) Frank May 14
Wayne Shuler
(7) Arna Wallace 14
(7) J. C. Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Browning 3
William G. Bryant 12
(2) Ralph Harris 2
(2) Porter Holder 9
(2) Carl Hooker 4
(2) Joseph Howard 2
(2) Clay Mize 6
(3) Edward Warnock 11
(2) William Whittington 13
(3) William C. Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 2

(4) Bennie Austin 7
Floyd Lane 4
(6) Donald McFee 15
Charles Tate 4
Newman Tate 3

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Earl Barnes 13
(7) Richard Baumgarner 12
(2) Lewis H. Baker 4
(2) Jewell Barker 7
(2) Clyde Barnwell 13
(7) Coolidge Green 16
(3) Otis McCall 7

COTTAGE No. 4

Paul Briggs 9
(3) Lewis Donaldson 12
(8) Arthur Edmondson 13
(7) Clyde Gray 16
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 6
(14) Ivan Morrozoff 18
(5) J. W. McRorrie 10
(2) J. C. Nance 9
(14) Melvin Walters 18

COTTAGE No. 5

(11) Theodore Bowles 16
(4) Collett Cantor 15
Sam Montgomery 8
J. C. Reinhardt 12
Currie Singletary 4
(3) Elmer Talbert 5
Fred Tolbert 2
Hubert Walker 11
Dewey Ware 12
(2) Gilbert Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 8

COTTAGE No. 7

(7) William Beach 14
(6) Carl Breece 15
(3) Paul Dockery 12
(2) George Green 12
Lacy Green 11
William Herrin 5
Richard Halker 5
Robert Hampton 9
(5) Hugh Johnson 15
(4) Robert Lawrence 11
Elmer Maples 13
(5) Arnold McHone 15
Marshall Pace 8
(5) Alex Weathers 13
Joseph Wheeler 13
(5) Edward Young 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(6) Cecil Ashley 11
(2) John Tolbert 4

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Roy Butner 18

(3) Percy Capps 4
James Davis 3
(5) Frank Glover 18
Wilbur Hardin 12
(3) John Hendrix 5
Osper Howell 11
(6) Mark Jones 15
(4) Daniel Kilpatrick 10
(2) Lloyd Mullis 6
(8) Harold O'Dear 17
Thomas Sands 10
(3) L. B. Sawyer 6
Richard Singletary 11
(4) Preston Wilbourne 15

COTTAGE No. 10

(9) Junius Brewer 16
(11) Lee Jones 16
(2) Vernon Lamb 13
(2) James Penland 9
(7) Oscar Smith 15

COTTAGE No. 11

(6) John Benson 16
(2) William Furches 3
Earl Hildreth 17
Peter Jones
(2) Andrew Lambeth 3
Franklin Lyles 8
(3) Julian Merritt 4
(2) Edward Murray 12
Donald Newman 14
(4) Fred Owens 17
(3) Theodore Rector 12
Canipe Shoe 9
N. C. Webb 16

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Odell Almond 16
(7) Ernest Brewer 12
(6) Jay Brannock 11
(2) William Broadwell 6
(2) William Deaton 13
(8) Howard Devlin 16
(2) Max Eaker 11
(6) Woodrow Hager 11
(6) Joseph Hall 12
(2) Hubert Holloway 13
(3) Richard Honeycutt 11
(3) Frank Johnston 12
Tillman Lyles 9
(9) Clarence Mayton 13
(10) James Mondie 14
(2) James Puckett 10
(4) Robah Sink 4
(3) Eugene Watts 4
(2) J. R. Whitman 8

COTTAGE No. 13

(8) James Brewer 12
(2) William Goins 8
(8) William Griffin 13
James Lane 13
(4) John Murdock 6
(2) Jordan McIver 9
(2) Thomas R. Pitman 8
(19) Alexander Woody 19
(6) Joseph Woody 7

COTTAGE No. 14

(4) John Baker 11
John Church 9
(5) Audie Farthing 17
John Ham 6
Marvin King 8
(4) Feldman Lane 18
Roy Mumford 4
(3) Norvell Murphy 13
(2) Henry McGraw 11
John Robbins 12
(3) John Reep 9
Charles Steepleton 10
(8) Harold Thomas 16
(2) Jones Watson 15
(14) Wallace Woody 18

COTTAGE No. 15

Raymond Anderson 14
Ray Bayne
Howard Bobbitt 7
Jennings Britt 6
William Cantor 5
Robert Chamberlain
Wade Cline 2
Sidney Delbridge 2
Aldine Duggins
Elroy Gaskins 3
Beamon Heath
Jack Hodge 3
Albert Hayes 8
Oakley Lunsford 4
Hardy Lanier
Fred McGlammery 15
J. P. Morgan 6
Claude Moose 2
Eulice Rogers 3
Brown Stanley
J. P. Sutton 11
Calvin Tessneer 6
David Williams
William Wood 12

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 9
Philip Holmes 14
(19) Warren G. Lawry 19
(2) Earl Oxendine 13
(8) Thomas Oxendine 16

———o———

SUNSHINE AND RAIN

If you should see a fellow-man
  With trouble's flag unfurled,
An' lookin' like he didn't have
  A friend in all the world,
Go up an' slap him on the back,
  An' holler, "How d' do?"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know
  He has a friend in you.
Then ask him what's a-hurtin' him,
  And laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night
  Is just before the day.

This world at best is but a hash
  Of pleasure an' of pain.
Some days are bright and sunny,
  An' some all sloshed with rain.
An' that's just how it ought to be
  For when the clouds roll by
We'll know just how to 'preciate
  The bright an' smilin' sky.
But always keep rememberin',
  When cares your path enshroud,
That there is lots of sunshine
  Hidin' just behind the cloud.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

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THE UPLIFT

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TINY MOMENTS

Time is so precious that it is dealt out to us only in the smallest possible fractions—a tiny moment at a time. We cannot live again a moment that has just passed, nor can we live in the moment that is to come. Just while the pendulum is swinging through the present instant—this is the only time of which we are sure, the only time to do our thinking, our working. Why should we not make this a perfect moment?

—Irish Proverb.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

OUR DAYS

What are we here for you and I?
As the long and wonderful days go by?
Each one stretching to us a hand
Filled with privilege high and grand:
Born of a meaning our lives must be,
God has His purpose in you and me.
We are here to sing of hope and cheer.
When the skies are dark and the way seems drear;
We are here to be faithful and strong and true
To the work that lies to our hands to do,
To make for all that is noble and good,
And be true to the bonds of our brotherhood,
This are we here for, you and I,
As the long and wonderful days go by;
Welcome them gladly, for each one brings
The duty and beauty of common things;
And, as they unfold, shall unfolded be
God's own purpose in you and me.

—Selected

———o———

PATRIOT'S DAY

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;
On the 18th of April in '75,
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that day and year.

On the nineteenth of April, 1775, there occurred an event that has written a glorious chapter in the history of America; for on that day the "embattled farmers" from the surrounding towns met

the armed might of the British Empire, upon the green at Lexington and at Concord Bridge. We of Massachusetts are rightly proud of that stand because on that occasion was "fired the shot heard round the world."

On that immortal battlefield, after receiving the news from the brave messengers, Dawes and Revere, who had been sent by the Colonist leaders at Boston, that the enemy was advancing, the rugged Colonial villagers mustered their forces and prepared to face the scarlet-clad soldiers of the mightiest power on earth.

In answer to the arrogant demand of the British leader, "Disperse, ye rebels," came an answer in musket volleys from these brave Continentals who had ranged themselves behind the stone walls of their homesteads. The flower of the British army fell in droves, their vermillion colored uniforms making a startling picture as they dotted the field of green. Back they fell as the persistent fire of the farmers guns cut through their ranks, until in terror, they fled in disorder, leaving the field in the hands of the brave men who had that day forcibly questioned the right of Great Britain to make laws which deprived the colonists of their constitutional rights.

The news of the defeat of the British force by a handful of untrained ploughmongers amazed the Government in London and heartened as never before the oppressed in all lands of the earth. It was an epoch-making event. It served notice on the powers of the world that never would America bend the knee to the tyrannical dictate of any enemy or surrender its right to Liberty.

The men who made that stand richly deserve commendation and commemoration,—a commemoration that the Commonwealth plans on the 165th anniversary of that eventful episode which occurs this month. We who live in the shadows of the famous Bunker Hill humbly join the celebration, ever cognizant and appreciative of the undaunted courage that made those "embattled farmers" stand "where the rude bridge that arched the flood."—The Mentor.

* * * * * * * *

THE WORK OF THE PATRIOTS

Not until after the Battle of Bunker Hill and the appointment of Washington as commander-in-chief of all the Colonial forces, was

separation of the colonies from Great Britain generally and seriously considered, though North Carolina, in May 1775, had at the famous Mecklenburg convention cut itself off from all allegiance to the mother country. George Washington, May 1776, wrote from the head of the army then in New York: "A reconciliation with Great Britain is impossible. When I took command of the army I abhored the idea of independence, but now, am fully satisfied that nothing else will save us." Before this Massachusetts, South Carolina, Georgia and North Carolina had instructed their delegates in the Continental Congress to vote for independence. Soon thereafter Virginia, New Hampshire, Maryland, and New Jersey sent similar instructions to their delegates.

On June 7, Richard Henry Lee, the Virginia delegate, moved a resolution in Congress that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states, and a document with this intent to be prepared and dispatched to the respective colonies for consideration and approbation. On June 11, the resolution was adopted. Two committees were appointed, one to write the Declaration of Independence, and the other to write articles of union and confederation.

The committee for the imortal document, the Declaration of Independence, consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston. The member of this committe who drew up the immortal document was Thomas Jefferson, born April 13, 1763 at Shadwell Virginia. It was passed July 4, 1776 by all colonies, each colony having one vote. The Declaration of Independence was signed in the old Pennsylvania state house, known afterwards as "Independence Hall," in Philadelphia. Here still hangs the cracked and broken "Liberty Bell," which after the first reading of the Declaration, was rung for over two hours, with the firing of cannon and beating of drums. This "Liberty Bell" proclaimed liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.

* * * * * * * *

CLEAN-UP IS THE SLOGAN

This is the season of the year when every nook and corner of all property should be inspected and all undesirable rubbish be

removed. Along with this program lime and other necessary disinfectants should be thrown about so that a complete program of sanitation may be perfected. This phase of work should not end with and official proclamation, but, there should be an official follow-up interest to see that the work is effective. The health of a community can be sorely disturbed by unkept yards and back lots in the business area of any city. Besides, one of the best pieces of publicity for any community is well kept yards, also well kept premises have a tendency to lift the morale of any community. Moreover, to clean-up and keep clean is a practical demonstration of civic interest. All sermons are not written, but the most effective lessons are the ones practiced daily. When order and sanitation are emphaized in an around any place it is an index to the character of people. Spring in all of its freshness, purity and glory makes a colorful setting, therefore, home makers are inspired to touch up the old home with a little paint, plant shrubs, and clean-up so that the picture complete will harmonize with the beauties of nature. The lessons of order, beautifucation and sanitation are taught daily and are learned by observation. The most impressive lessons are those learned through the vision.

* * * * * * * *

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE ARE DEPLORABLE—

The North Carolina Christian Advocate declares conditions in Europe to be deplorable, and the people at large are of the same opinion. This splendid paper briefly summarizes conditions in Europe, stating causes, and declares there is nothing one can do about it. All of which is quite true:

On account of national jealousies, racial antipathies, and traditional animosities on the part of European peoples, not to mention the influence of two thousand years of almost continuous warfare much of it embellished in song and story, the situation in Europe appears to be almost if not altogether hopeless. As soon as one war is ended the parties concerned at once begin to prepare for another. This was what happened after the close of the World War, and it is a safe assumption that when the present war ends recent history will repeat itself.

What can we do about it? Little or nothing. They are willing

to take our money, but not our advice. Woodrow Wilson broke his heart and shortened his days in an unselfish attempt to better conditions on the continent of Europe, but it was all in vain. The American people marshalled 4,000,000 soldiers and sent 2,000,000 across the seas and spent billions and billions of American dollars in a vain hope to end wars in Europe. But it was all in vain.

If history teaches us anything at all it is that the American nation is on a fool's errand in any attempt to better affairs on the continent of Europe. And what we fear is that they will refuse to learn wisdom till it is too late.

* * * * * * * *

HALF WORLD'S POPULATION AT WAR

According to statistics more than half of the population of the world—or to be more exact, fifty-five per cent of the world's population live in countries that are now engaged in war. And the danger of the whole situation seems that other countries will soon be drawn into this horrid maelstrom. The best minds of the world are baffled to know when all of this conflagration will end. The warring nations will be vitally affected—humanity, gold lost—and all of this spells suffering for the present and future generations for many, many years. Not yet has man dared to visualize when this horrible "Second World War" will end.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(Selected)

When Sir Christopher Wren built St Paul's Cathedral inLondon he wished no other memorial than to be known as its architect, and on its walls he inscribed in Latin.

(Si Monumentum Requiris Circumspice) which means. If you seek his monument look around.

In like manner was Thomas Jefferson satisfied to be remembered as the author of the Declaration of Independence. Nor could he need greater praise than to have written a document that would be the model for all the future peoples seeking the right of self government.

Thomas Jefferson was born April 2, 1743, at Shadwell, Albemarle Co, Virginia, at the age of five he was sent to an English school and from that time till his graduation from William and Mary College at the early age of 19 he enjoyed the best educational advantages and made good use of them being versed in Latin, Greek, French, higher mathematics and science.

Soon after leaving college he entered the law office of Mr. George Wythe, an eminent scholar, and after five years of diligent study he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law. At this time he was 6 ft. 2 in. in height, a fine rider and an excellent violinist.

He inherited an estate of about 2,000 acres and he added 3,000 more. His marriage to Martha Skelton, a rich young widow of 23 and also musical and accomplished, added to his wealth so that his home became the center of a large circle of friends and the new home which he built and called Monticello was for more than fifty years the most prominent home in America for private hospitality. Into his home came five daughters and one son and in later years grandchildren kept youth's joys in the mansion.

It is said that there were 20 extra stalls in the stables on the estate for the horses of visitors.

When the colonies decided upon separation from the mother country there was no one else so well fitted to set fourth the cause which led to this separation. Jefferson was no orator like Patrick Henry but he was gifted with his pen and when we read the introduction and final appeal of this great state paper we do not wonder that it is so highly regarded in other lands as well as our own.

While he had many slaves on his plantation theirs was a service without bondage, on his return home after a long absence the servants unhitched the horses from his carriage and drew it themselves. Such a triumphal home coming could only come to a kind ruler of his estate.

The University of Virginia was one of his dearest ambitions and when he could not be present at it's erection he would watch through a telescope, now one of the University's cherished treasures.

When Benjamin Franklin desired to retire as ambassador at the French court Jefferson was appointed to take his place and he said in presenting his official papers that he was to succeed Franklin, for no man could replace him. But Jefferson was popular in France and came as near as any one could be expected to fill the place

of one who gained for us the aid of France and our final victories of the Revolution.

The great event of Jefferson's eight years as president was the purchase of Louisiana from France. This gave us the city of New Orleans as the gateway of the south and the vast territory west of the Mississippi drained by it's branches.

At the close of his second term as president he retired to his estate of Monticello but was for many years the adviser of statesmen and presidents.

He died July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the eithy-third year of his age.

———o———

A BOY'S ALARM CLOCK

It's something that isn't wound up with a key,
  As many alarm clocks are;
It's not to be seen on a table or shelf,
  And its ring is not sounded afar .
And only one hears it, and that is the boy
  Who owns this alarm clock true;
It cannot be bought, and it cannot be sold,
  And cannot be given to you.

It's a delicate piece of machinery, too,
  Which never should suffer abuse;
If it should (in time, it wouldn't take long),
  'Twould gradually get out of use.
And what's the alarm clock of which I now tell,
  That isn't wound up with a key?
It's that which says, "Don't!" when one starts to do wrong—
  Why, it's a boy's conscience, you see.

—Boy's Companion.

A HOUSE OF ODDITIES

By George Harvey Petty

On Little Mountain, one of the peaks in a range called the Monticello Mountains, in Virginia, stands Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. It is about four hours by motor from Washington, D. C. Monticello required thirty years in the building, and stands now not only as a monument to the man who framed the Declaration of Independence and who was an important member of the group that founded our government, but as a reminder of the variety of talents of a remarkable president.

Monticello is held second to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, as a point of interest. Mount Vernon is full of the traditions and stories of the home life of Washington, but Monticello has a particular appeal because of the many odd things there.

The house itself is two-faced. That is, as far as appearance goes, there is no front or back. The side opposite the road has the same type of portico, pillars, and steps as the front. Both have the same high porch with tall white columns so common in Southern homes.

In appearance the house is one-storied, but it is really three. Jefferson himself was the architect of Monticello, and he was particularly pleased with its design. By masking two stories with long windows and creating a model for the set-back idea in modern office buildings by similarly concealing the top floor with the odd dome, Jefferson achieved the appearance of a one-storied house.

As you enter the front door you see further signs of the inventive genius of the builder. Immediately overhead is a double-faced clock, observable from the outside as well as the inside. It is so constructed that the winding weights show the days of the week.

To reach the face of the clock Jefferson built an interesting ladder. It is the so-called "Fox-and-geese" ladder, a hinged affair that folds up into what seemes to be a long and narrow piece of mahogany. You would never guess its use until it was unfolded.

In the hallway is a queer lighting fixture, built in such a way that it may be raised and lowered to permit replenishing of candles.

As you go through the house you will see more oddities to excite your interest. For instance, there are no bedrooms. Jefferson slept and died on a cot of his own building that was located in an opening between his study and a room that should have been his bedroom. The cot was arranged in such a way that it could be raised to the ceiling in the daytime, thus leaving passage between the two rooms. It was a peculiar arrangement, but if suited the owner.

There are many popular stories to the effect that Jefferson had secret fear for his life and chose this means to insure safety. These stories are further substantiated by the fact that directly above the cot is a room with narrow openings in the floor, formerly covered with pictures. Through these, supposed bodyguards could spy on intruders.

A forerunner of a device which you see on trolley cars is utilized at Mon-

ticello. It is a concealed apparatus that opens double doors simultaneously to an inclosed side porch. It is similar to the one used for dining-room doors in homes of a past generation, and the government some time ago refused a patent on a like device because of its similarity to Jefferson's idea.

The architect-president must have been averse to bad weather. There are many evidences of that. For instance, he rigged up on the ceiling of the front portico a weather vane that could be seen from a front window, so the it was not necessary to go outside to observe the wind.

In the dining room is an early version of a dumbwaiter. An elevator in the wooden mantel lifts and lowers articles from the cellar.

When you see the stairways you wonder again at the eccentricity of the builder. Why Jefferson installed such narrow ones is a mystery. Only one person can use them at a time, and a large person would have trouble in negotiating some of the turns.

An armchair which Jefferson designed is the grandfather of the present office swivel chair, and a desk which folds into a box is said to be the one on which Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence.

There is a curious table so made that it can be revolved to bring any object on it within reach of the hand. Some say that it is the one which gave the idea for like tables used in almost every modern printing house bindery room. Another table has rods hidden in the legs so the height can be easily changed.

A number of other tables were constructed by Jefferson in such a manner that they could be placed over his cot, and he could either write or read while reclining.

Jefferson's love of oddities is further evidenced in a speedometer attached to his carriage. And the existence of so many duplicate letters with his signature is readily understood when you see the polygraph which he used to produce several identical pages of writing at the same time. This idea did not belong to him. He imported it from Italy, but he so improved upon it that he could write four pages instead of the two that had been successful before that time.

In the rear of the main building of Monticello you see a little brick house. This building has a touch of romance about it. In 1770 Shadwell, a few miles away and the birthplace of Jefferson, burned. Jefferson, then twenty-seven years old, acquired his new estate and built on it this little building. Here he kept bachelor quarters until 1772, when he married Martha Wayles Skelten. The two began their honeymoon in this house. It is now called "Honeymoon Cottage". Directly opposite is a similar building, which the statesman used for his law office.

Those two buildings, together with the slave quarters and other outbuildings, are all connected with each other and with the mansion by underground passages, another indication of the master's aversion to bad weather.

Midway between the front gates of the estate and the mansion is Jefferson's tomb. This noted statesman died on July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the day he made famous. His tomb is surrounded by an ornate fence, and the inscription, written by Jefferson himself, refers to the three achievements he thought outstanding in his career: the drafting of the

Declaration of Independence, the founding of the University of Virginia and the drawing up of the Virginia Statute for religious liberty.

The estate of Monticello is a thing of immensity. Great broad fields, gardens buried under a covering of shrubbery, the many trees—you almost envy the man who once lived there. But history tells us that it was all built at a cost of only about five thousand dollars. The lumber and brick, even the nails, that went into the building, were prepared there on the spot. Slaves did the work. It was later purchased as a national memorial for more than one hundred times its cost.

When one has visited Monticello, the home of Jefferson, he goes away with a new interest in its builder; a man never really known before.

———o———

"RELIJUS"

Perhaps I ain't relijus,
  But when I say a prayer,
I sort er feel inside er me
  That God is always there.

Perhaps I don't exactly
  Know fancy words to say,
But I'm real sure God understands
  When I jest try to pray.

I guess God always listens,
  'Cause His own child, you see,
Was Jesus, who was once a boy—
  A little kid like me.

So maybe words don't matter
  If God gets in my heart;
I'm pretty sure He likes to hear,
  An' take a feller's part

—By John Martin.

DATES ON NORTH CAROLINA FLAG

(N. C. Public School Bulletin)

On the North Carolina flag there are two dates. Each signifies an important event in the history of the State. These two dates are May 20, 1775, and April 12, 1776. The first date was placed on the flag to mark the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

Regarding the first date there has arisen considerable controversy as to its authenticity. In telling the story of the spirit of independence, this difference of opinion does not affect the story. Suffice it to say that the date May 20, 1775, appears on the flag and that it is recognized that during May 1775 a delegation assembled in Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, presented there certain Resolves, or a Declaration, which were submitted to the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia.

The story that during May 1775 a number of men met in Charlotte to hold a county convention is familiar. Tension was in the air over the treatment of the colonies by Great Britain. One day, while the convention was in session, there came a rider from Massachusetts bringing news of Battle of Lexington. The story added fuel to the flame. A committee was appointed by the convention to draw up resolutions expressing the stand of the group. This declaration was unanimously adopted. After its approval in Mecklenburg County, it was sent by special messenger, Captain James Jack, to the Continental Congress. The story of his ride has been told in a poem by Mary Groome McNinch entitled "The Ride of Captain Jack 1775."

"Come hear the ride of Captain Jack; To Philadelphia and back.
John Gilpin never rode as he; Not Paul Revere as you shall see,
Nor Tam O'Shanter's maddest mile Your ear shall from my tale beguile.
'Twas in the year of seventy-five When liberty began to thrive;
The 'Hornets' Nest' was not yet named, Nor 'Esse quam videri' framed.
The fashion was a coat of red, 'God save the King!' forever said;
And be he wrong, or be he right, 'God save the King!' from morn till night.
But men in Mecklenburg there were Who dared King George's wrongs aver;
Here in a house of logs, they broke Their sceptered King's unlawful yoke.
Brave pioneers, with conscious power! They fashioned in that golden hour,
A Nation's cradle of repose.
Outside an eager crowd drew near To give the patriots praise and cheer.

"Then Captain Jack agreed to be The messenger to Congress. See!
His hat they bring, his spurs, his Sword, He mounts his horse, a farewell word,
The message safe in hands at last, The street now Tryon called is past,
The stream that skirts the hill is crossed, They see him gain the wood! He's lost
To view, and then they cheer again An echo calls a faint refrain.
What ear could follow fast enough That beat on beat of thudding hoof?

What eye could mark them flashing by The woods, the streams, the changing sky
All day, all day, all day once more Nor half that daring ride is o'er.
No courier of prose nor song E'er yet did ride so fast and long.
Five hundred weary miles he went, And half a score of horses spent
Before the Quaker town he spied, Or rested from his fearsome ride.

"At once our delegates he sought And showed the document he brought,
The President of Congress deemed The act too premature. It seemed
That Jefferson, with wiser eyes, Knew how to use the 'spurious' prize;
And in the mortal page he wrote, Its substance, he, me thinks, did quote;
And thus, though lost to history, The tidings served their end, you see,
Whatever fate the paper met, Its bearer we cannot forget.
James Jack is dead long, long ago, His fame, indeed, shall ne'er be so;
For we will ever tell how he Rode far and well for Liberty."

While the story is familiar, the language of the declaration is not as well known as it should be. It is strangely similar to the language of the more familiar national Declaration of Independence. These are the words of the first three resolutions:

1. "Resolved, That whoever directly or indirectly abbetted, or in any way, form, or manner, countenanced the uncharted and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country —to America—and to the inherent and inalienable rights of man.

2. "Resolved, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and abjure all political connection, contract, or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties—and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of American patriots at Lexington.

3. "Resolved, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general government of the congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutal co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.

"A number of by-laws were also added, merely to protect the association from confusion, and to regulate their general conduct as citizens."

The two dates on the North Carolina Flag are May 20, 1775, and April 12, 1776. The story of the first date appeared in the March issue of this publication. The second date marks the day on which the Halifax Convention empowered the North Carolina members of the Continental Congress to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence.

A little more than a year after the Mecklenburg Declaration was prepared, an equally significant document was drawn up, approved, and dispatched to the Continental Congress from the North Carolina Provincial Congress then in session at Halifax. Between the times of the Mecklenburg Declaration and the Mecklen-

burg Resolves in 1775 and the Halifax Convention in April 1776, many things had occurred in the colonies that roused the sentiment of the people against the tyranny of Great Britain. The spirit of rebellion was fast becoming one of revolution leading to independence. The Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge perhaps crystalized the sentiment in this colony to such extent that at the meeting of the Provincial Convention in Halifax on April 4, 1776, the feeling for independence ran high. Samuel Johnston, President of the Halifax Convention, expressed the general feeling when he said, "All our people here are for independence." This was indeed a brave declaration when it was known that British troops were even then being brought to the Cape Fear. A committee of seven men, Cornelius Harnett, Abner Nash, Thomas Burke, John Kinchen, Allen Jones, Thomas Jones, and Thomas Person, were appointed to report on England's conduct toward the colonies. On the 12th day of April 1776, the committe was ready to report. This report which was "the first authoritative, explicit declaration, by more than a month, by any colony in favor of full, final separation from Britain," was unanimously adopted. The report of the committee, read by Cornelius Harnett, said, "It appears to your committee that pursuant to the plan concerted by the British ministry for subjugating America, the king and Parliament of Great Britian have usurped a power over the persons and properties of the people unlimited and uncontrolled; and disregarding their humble petitions for peace, liberty, and safety, have made divers legislative acts, denouncing war, famine and every species of calamity against the continent in general: the British fleets and armies have been and still are daily employed in destroying the people and committing the most horrid devastations on the country: that governors in different colonies have declared protection to slaves who should imbrue their hands in the blood of their masters: that the ships belonging to America are declared prizes of war, and many of them have been violently seized and confiscated. In consequence of all which, multitudes of the people have been destroyed, and from easy circumstances reduced to the most lamentable distress.

"And whereas the moderation hitherto manifested by the united colonies and their sincere desire to be reconciled to the mother country on constitutional principles, have procured no mitigation of the aforesaid wrongs . . . and no hopes remain of obtaining redress by those means alone which have been hitherto tired, your committee are of the opinion that the house should enter into the following resolve, to wit:

"Resolved, That the delegates of this colony in the continental congress be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independency, and forming foreign alliances, reserving to this colony the sole and inclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for this colony, and of appointing delegates from time to time (under the direction of a general representation thereof), to meet the delegates of the other colonies for such purposes as shall be hereafter pointed out."

Not long after the Halifax Convention, the delegates from the colonies to the Continental Congress vot-

ed on July 4, 1776, to adopt the Declaration of Independence, of which Thomas Jefferson was the author. Jonathan Mitchell Sewell has written a poem, "On Independence," to commemorate this independence. It is so applicable to the North Carolina situation that it is quoted here.

"Come all you brave soldiers, both valiant and free,
It's for Independence we all now agree;
Let us gird on our swords and prepare to defend
Our liberty, property, ourselves and our friends.
In a cause that's so righteous, come let us agree,
And from hostile invaders set America free,
The cause is so glorious, we need not to fear
But from merciless tyrants we'll set ourselves clear.

"Heaven's blessing attending us, no tyrant shall say
That Americans e'er to such monsters gave way,
But fighting we'll die in America's cause
Before we'll submit to tyrannical laws.
George the Third, of Great Britain, no more shall he reign,
With unlimited sway o'er these free states again;
Lord North, nor old Bute, nor none of their clan,
Shall ever be honor'd by an American.

"May Heaven's blessing descend on our United States,
And grant that the union may never abate;
May love, peace, and harmony ever be found,
For to go hand in hand America round.
Upon our grand Congress may Heaven bestow
Both wisdom and skill our good to pursue;
On Heaven alone dependent we'll be,
But from all earthly tyrants we mean to be free."

———o———

THE MIND

The mind which never held a seed
Will only grow a useless weed.
Who cultivates a fertile mind
Will have a crop of wealth to find;
And every seed grown tall and trim
Is but to view the soul of him.
I knew a man whose mind was keen.
He planted it, but in between
The furrows, where he had allowed,
He never hoed—he never plowed;
And weeds grew up, and so assailed
The good of him until he failed.
A mind is nothing but a field
Which, if it ever is to yield,
Needs cultivation—careful, sure—
If seeds, and not the weeds, endure.

—Christine Grant Curless.

ASK AGENCIES TO LEND HELP

(Concord Daily Tribune)

The Dodson Ramseur Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Concord, is trying to enlist public support to the point where we can obtain federal, state and local help in establishing a Confederate Memorial Park and Bird Sanctuary, just above the McDonald property on the Concord-Kannapolis road.

This includes the George Misenheimer mill-pond site and about one hundred and fifty acres of hills and valleys between the Misenheimer mill-pond site and the Phifer property now being developed by William Propst, Jr. It was here, after the evacuation of Richmond that Jefferson Davis, only president of the former Confederate States of America (1861-1865), with his personal staff and cabinet camped while retreating southward in the spring of 1865. The old Winecoff muster ground was also on this site.

We hoped to enlist federal aid in its establishment as a State Park to honor the 125,000 men of North Carolina, including the 1500 Cabarrus county soldiers, who gave service during the War Between the States (1860-1865).

The old Miller-Winecoff schoolhouse stood on this site. The base of the chimney and the spring with its rock wall at the foot of the sloping hill can be seen.

The old log-house and smoke-house, built by John Michael Winecoff, progenitor of the Winecoff family in Cabarrus, are also in the original tract, and they, with the old Winecoff spring, should be restored for future generations.

We have been given land where the old school-house stood and where the old spring is, and are trying now to develop this as a nucleus or starting point for the memorial park.

The project was started at a meeting of the Dodson-Ramseur chapter October 14, 1938, at the home of Mrs. W. W. Flowe on Grove street.

On June 21, 1939 Louis Peck, Division Engineer of the State Highway and Public Works Commission and George Rike, District Engineer had moved for us one of the boulders from the Jackson Training School, the gift of Charles E. Boger, superintendent, and placed it on the spot where Jeff Davis hitched his horse to a pine tree. On this native boulder it is planned to mount the bronze table delivered to us January 5th. It bears the following inscription:

"Marked by the Dodson Ramseur Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy 1939.

On This Site
After the Evacuation of Richmond
Jefferson Davis
President of the Confederate States
Of America
With His Personal Staff and
Cabinet
Camped April 18, 1865
Dismounting He Hitched His
Horse
To A Tree Which Stood on This
Spot."

We asked Dr. C. C. Crittenden, chairman of the Executive Committee on Historical Markers in North

Carolina for a highway marker, calling attention to historic spots in Cabarrus county. This immediate locality was the muster-ground and drilling sites of regiments of the Union soldiers during much of the period of the War Between the States.

A mirror pool designed in the form of a Celtic Cross, at the old spring, of original stones from the spring, the old Miller school and from other sources; the musical stream winding its way down the rocky slope where the faint perfume of wild flowers of many varieties and colors spill their charm, and lacy trees traced against the sky would express life, color and spiritual beauty. Stone panels above the pool with sculptured figures of Confederate heroes, flanked on either side with groups of ancient boxwood, would contribute interest and distinction. Other reliefs similar in character inserted in a nearby stonewall —one section reserved for heroes, past and present—would require a Gutzon Borglum or a Valentine to express the psychology of these men. Names of the men who went out from Cabarrus (1860-1865), names of her adopted Confederates to be inscribed in the wall, also memorials to the Signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and to Stephen Cabarrus, for whom the county was named, after it was formed from part of Mecklenburg in 1792.

A natural outdoor theatre planned for the west rim of the natural earth bowl, would offer protection during Easter sunrise services, summer concerts, plays, etc.

There is in the adjoining area two hundred acres of woodland and water ways, definitely of part standards still in its natural state which we hope to obtain for a State Park, and set out native trees, shrubs and flowers. An equestrian statue of Lee and Jackson, and a singing tower honoring the memory of the World War heroes of North Carolina—descendants of the followers of Lee and Jackson—would be most fitting.

We have located on authority which we deem to be absolutely reliable and trustworthy the spot where President Davis and his party camped. On the evening of April 18, 1865 they were brought from the camp into the town of Concord where they dined and spent the night at the home of Major and Mrs. Victor Barringer, now the Dr. Cyrus W. Houston residence. This house is already designated by a highway marker. The old Miller-Winecoff spring whose waters quenched the thirst of many a weary traveler, the old muster ground, and the Federal camp have also been authenticated.

—Janie A. Patterson Wagoner,
Chairman Confederate Memorial
Park and Bird Sanctuary.

Those who seek find, not because the truth is far off, but because the discipline of the quest makes them ready for the truth and worthy to receive it.—Joseph Fort Newton.

THE SIXTEENTH DECENNIAL CENSUS

(Selected)

In April, 1940, the greatest fact-finding undertaking in the history of our nation will be inaugurated. This is the Sixteenth Decennial Census of Population of the United States, to be conducted by the Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce. When completed, the census of population, together with the business census begun the first of the year, will provide the most exhaustive assortment of facts ever compiled on the population, resources, business and occupational activities of the United States.

In sharp contrast is this year's version of the census to the initial counting in 1790, when the enumeration showed the nation's population to be somewhat under four million. In 1940 a national inventory will be made of an estimated 132,000,000 population. This vast statistical record will bring up to date information of vital concern to the American peoule.

Aside from obtaining actual population figures, the Census Bureau is interested in learning how the American people live, work and die. Their records are valuable not only to reveal the present status of national life but also to portend future trends of great significance.

The most vital indicator of the future of America is the birth and death record of the Census Bureau. By means of these records we can predict profound effects on business, homes, schools and almost every aspect of life.

Here are some of the facts:

The nation's birth rate, which in 1915 exceeded 25 babies per 1,000 population, has dropped to 17. Despite a great increase in total population, during that time the actual baby crop dropped from over 2,621,000 in 1921 to 2,203,000 in 1937. In 1880 children under five years of age constituted 13.8 per cent of our population. Fifty years later—1930—they were only 9.3 per cent.

Coincident with the sweeping decline of youth ratio, there has been taking place a reduction of the death rate. In 1900, 17.6 persons out of each 1,000 population died annually. In 1937, this death hate was down to 11.2. It had gone as low as 10.7 in 1933

The combination of the decreased ratio youth and the prolongation of life is resulting in a constant increase in the average age of people. From a population formerly preponderantly youthful we are emerging into a population of older people. An indication: In 1880, people aged 65 and over constituted 3.4 per cent of our population and in 1930 these ages constituted 5.5 per cent.

Census records contain convincing evidence of the prolongation of human life. According to the census statistics covering 1929 to 1931, a white male baby born today has a life expectancy of 59.06 years. According to the figures of 1900 to 1902 such a baby had a life expectancy of 48.23 years. Female white babies born now have a life expectancy of 62.65 years as compared with 51.08 in 1900.

A study of past records show that the advance of medical science in the conservation of life has been tremendous. The great human enemies, such as tuberculosis, typhoid, smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, diptheria,

influenza and pneumonia, erysipelas, malaria, bronchitis, diarrhea and enteritis, cirrphosis of the liver, maternity deaths, diseases of infancy and nephritis, are gradually being conquered. Tuberculosis which used to take 200 lives each year out of 100,000 population, now takes less than 50; typhoid is down from 36 to two, and influenza and pneumonia combined are down from 200 to 110. Diphtheria is almost whipped—down from 40 to two. In a little more than 35 years the deaths per 100,000 from these killers show a total net reduction of 542 per 100,000 population, which would mean a saving of 704,600 lives this year that would have been claimed under the 1900 death rates.

But eight other common killers—cancer, cerebral hemorrhage, diseases of the heart, diabetes mellitus, appendicitis, suicide, homicide, automobile accidents—have been increasing their deadliness. Increased fatalities resulting from these eight amount to 195 per 100,000, which would mean an increased mortality of 253,500 this year from these causes. So, between the two groups of killers, there is a net saving of lives this year amounting to 451,100.

In 1940 the Census Bureau will bring their statistical records up to date by the Census of Population, the Census of Housing, the Census of Agriculture, the Census of Business, the Census of Manufacturers, and the Census of Mines and Quarries. This will be the nation's first Census of Housing. Questions on the type of structure, equipment, and ownership will be asked to obtain a comprehensive picture of housing in the United States.

Besides the questions on the general population schedule, there will be for one person in every twenty sixteen additional questions. This supplement has been arranged to give valuable information on a simple basis. Advance notices from census authorities explain that the schedule of questions necessarily covers a broad field in order to provide illuminating date on pressing problems of the day.

It is estimated that the average person will spend about fifteen minutes answering questions of the population enumerator. With the promise that all answers on the individual's questionnaire will be treated as confidential, census authorities appeal to the people of America to cooperate to the fullest extent in this important undertaking.

Don't be misled into believing that somehow the world owes you a living. The boy who believes that his parents, or the government, or any one else owes him his livelihood and that he can collect it without labor will wake up one day and find himself working for another boy who did not have that belief and, therefore, earned the right to have others work for him.

—Sarnoff.

"IT MEANT SOMETHING"

By Walter McCleary

Roger patted the pack sack. Everything was in. Tomorrow and the hike! Saturday was a great day.

Back in the hills someone said there were caves. Tom had made the decision that they explore.

Well, everybody was ready. "Be prepared," that's what the Boy Scouts were always saying. Flashlight in—it would be dark down in those caves. One could never know what might be inside the earth.

The sandwiches had to be cut in the morning and mother had promised to be up early. Then off he would go. He hoped the sun would shine. He even had a map. Of course it was only a pencil sort of thing, but it was good enough drawing to guide them. There was no use starting on a journey without preparing for some of the hardships.

Be prepared! The Bible has a phrase for it. The dictionary didn't forget the Bible idiom, which made history in many cases.

You will find the phrase in the twelfth chapter of Luke. Jesus used it in sending out the disciples. We may not have the excess clothing they wore in those days, but the phrase means something. It is worth knowing when you get its meaning.

The famous poet, Browning, used it on more than one occasion in his poems. He associated it in one memorable phrase with a light which was not burning when it ought to have been.

Go to it—find it out!

MAY GRACE BE YOURS

If you'd only drop the troubles of mankind,
If you'd only stop and clear your precious mind.
    How attractive you would be,
    How dear you'd be to me,
But you have to rail at all the sin you find.

Affairs run on in spite of what you say,
It's only fate that seems to turn them from their way;
    Much is wrong in this poor world,
    But invectives you have hurled
Haven't sweetentd aught, or changed the bitter day.

Meanwhile rancor enters your dear heart,
And the canker of rebellion tears apart
    The sweeter roots of life,
    Brews the bitterness of strife—
God give you grace to learn a kinder art!

—Barton Rees Pogue

ULTRA VIOLET BEEF

By Bert Sackett

Ultra violet rays make canned milk better for babies, give us sun tans under lamps in our homes, purify the water in our swimming pools, and now they give us better and cheaper steaks and chops.

Butchers know that "hanging" meat for long periods in refrigerators will make it more tender. Unfortunately meat that is hung a long time also gets a "high" flavor, which most people don't like. The new ultra violet process makes it possible to "tenderize" even the toughest cuts in a few days with no danger of affecting the taste of the meat.

Chemical substances called enzymes are the active agents in making "hung" meat tender. Enzymes develop slowly and break down the tough connective tissues of the meat, making it tastier and easier to chew. The tenderizing process of natural "hanging" is much like the ripening that goes on in fruit, only that slow "ripening" of the meat does develop odors which are most unpleasant.

Meats to be "tenderized" by the new process are hung in rooms where the temperature and moisture content of the air is high. Ordinarily meat exposed to such conditions would quickly spoil, as moisture and warmth are ideal conditions for the development of decay bacteria. The heart of the new system is the special electric lamps, which flood the meat with ultra violet rays.

Bacteria cannot grow in the presence of ultra violet light, so the development of the meat enzyme goes on under the heat and moisture, without decay resulting.

The advantages of "ultra violet tenderizing" are that cheap, tough cuts of meat can be quickly and cheaply be made tender and tasty. There is no drying nor discoloration of the meat while it is "hanging," no necessity of cutting off and discarding the dried portions.

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"A new order of man will arise in the history of our world one day and he shall be a mighty soldier and he shall fight not for greed, nor ambition, nor for power, nor yet for silver nor gold, but he shall win and the world shall be saved by his fighting."—Aristotle.

"CALLING ON GOD"

(Selected)

Central Park was indeed desolate and cheerless under the ominous, angry clouds, while the naked trees, with their barren branches, swept by the fury of the wind, carried with them a weird and mournful cry, adding a depression and loneliness to the atmosphere of the scene. The sky was gray and lowering, accompanied by flurries of snow and a raw wind, foretelling another storm was on its way. Mother Earth had been sleeping quite placidly for some time under a mantle of soft, downy white. The lofty trees, so gorgeous in their fresh green leaves of summer, appeared tall and gaunt without their beauteous leaves swaying to and fro with every truant breeze that blew throughout the bright, golden days of sunshine. The large, spacious park was always crowded with merrymakers, who enjoyed the cool, refreshing shade, but the clear pond, upon whose smooth surface the white swans gracefully glided in unmolested freedom but a few short months before, now was almost completely deserted.

In a secluded corner, on one of the iron benches, sat a lone man, Rodney Bradley by name, a veteran of the World War. His face reflected suffering, want and woe. He was not old, despite the heavy lines about the gentle mouth, the hollow cheeks and the sunken, feverish eyes. His clothes were of the cheapest kind and much the worse for wear. They were old and shabby. Far too thin for comfort—for the man was blue with cold. As he sat there homeless and hungry, numb with discouragement and despair, many bitter and rebellious thoughts troubled him. His future most of all! And under the present hopeless condition he felt that he had not the courage even to make another effort to better himself. He sighed heavily after several moments of deep reflection—having made up his mind to end it all! and was about to rise, when a little child, coming apparently from nowhere, ran straight into his arms, shouting playfully: "Hide me mister! Hide me quick!" He laughed happily as he snuggled close against the stranger, totally unafraid. The man laughed in unison, for the experience was such a delightful one that for the moment he forgot his wretched plight and misery by simply gazing into the child's beautiful, animated faced.

"Hide from whom, little one?" the man inquired, smiling down at the tiny figure with its sturdy legs. The child was expensively clothed, and his round face glowed with perfect health and carefree happiness. "From nurse," he replied promptly, laughing once as though enjoying his mischievous prank. "You see," he began confidently, "nurse takes me out in the park every day for a walk—rain or shine. Well, just now she went in a store and bought me some chocolate cakes what she knows I like—see, here they are in this paper sack." He held up the sack for the man's inspection. "Then, after we started out again, we passed a candy store. You see, Nora knows I like gum drops—and I just love Nora! She's the best nurse I ever had, mother says. So, when Nora went inside the store, I just ran on ahead to

hide—just for fun! She'll be coming along pretty soon, after she's had a good scare looking for me," he concluded in a matter-of-fact tone. With those few words he scrambled upon the bench unaided, and sat trustfully by the side of the stranger.

"Are you sure that Nora will find you?" inquired the other, somewhat alarmed.

"Oh, yes, some time," he returned untroubled. "Nora knows I like to come here and play hide-and-seek. It's lots of fun. Didn't you ever play that when you were a little boy?" he questioned, looking up into the face of his new-found friend with his large, wondrous eyes gleaming with a light of mischief.

The man gave a start as he gazed in the large, full, brown eyes. There was a something in their frank, honest expression strangely familiar, he thought. This peculiar, unexpected meeting was most fortunate. It had changed the man's bitter, despairing despondency to joy! Why? He could not have told. And he smiled indulgently as he patted the small shoulder.

"I suppose I did, sonny," he said kindly. "As I look back to the years of my childhood, I realize I enjoyed the same games and pranks that every normal child does, I imagine."

"Have a cake, Mister?" the child asked abruptly. Taking off his fur-lined gloves he stuffed them in one of his overcoat pockets. Then, digging down into the paper sack, he took out one of his favorite cakes and handed it to his strange companion.

"Thank you, little one. You eat," the man returned politely. How well he knew the pangs of hunger! Still, he was far too courageous to take advantage of the child's generosity.

"I couldn't eat any, Mister, if you didn't," the child declared firmly. "Besides, mother wouldn't like it if I was selfish." His reply was embellished with a manliness which was most beautiful to behold. And the man was deeply moved as he accepted with tear-wet eyes the proffered dainty.

A telltale bit of chocolate clung stubbornly to the small chubby fingers, much to the amusement of the stranger, who laughed softly to himself.

"Well, sonny, if you feel that way about it, I'll eat your delicious cake," he said, keeping his eyes fixed on the child. "You must have a wonderful mother, teaching you so early in life these qualities of character which alone are great assets—generosity and love." He observed the child with growing interest as he slowly and delicately bit off small mouthfuls of cake, taking out a fine handkerchief now and again to brush off the crumbs that perchance fell on his coat.

"Oh, yes, Mister, mother is beautiful!" the child spoke up after a few moments' pause. "And she is so good and sweet. Everyone says that!" He gave out the information with flashing eyes.

"How about daddy?" The man smiled pleasantly as he asked the question. Then he wondered to himself why he had.

The boy was silent for some little time, his unfinished cake clutched tightly in his hand.

"I—I—haven't any daddy," he replied gravely.

The man bit his lips, deeply regretting his thoughtless question.

"Pardon me, little one. That was rude of me. I'm—I'm—sorry. I never dreamed—" he stammered apologetically.

"I never—I never saw my daddy,"

the child went on sadly. "He went to war to—to—fight." "He went to war to fight," repeated the man after him, turning instantly pale and alert.

"Yes, sir. Even before I was born. You see, he—daddy—never came back," the small chin quivered.

"He never came back," echoed the man, gazing into space. "Like many others," he murmured to himself bitterly. "Poor little child. Poor little heart-broken mother," he added with a sad shake of his head.

"Oh, but we pray for him every night, mother and me," the child cut in with a beautiful smile, suggesting so much of hope. "Mother says she knows daddy'll come back to us some time—cause no one ever called on God in vain! So, we just keep calling on God." Mother says, "He takes His own time doing things, cause He has a reason! And all we have to do is to stand still—believing!" The glorious beautiful smile sank deeply into the man's heart, filling it with something new and strangely sweet. He was thinking what reply to make, when the child turned to him and said: "Did you ever call on God, Mister?"

"Why—why—" The question coming so unexpectedly startled the man quite a little. "I—I—used to, sonny. But I'll admit I haven't for some time now." He hung his head in confusion and shame. The child's simple faith had humbled him.

"Why, what made you quit?" asked the child with wide-open eyes.

The man grinned in spite of himself.

"That's just the trouble, kiddie. I was a quitter, I guess. Well," he began in an explanatory tone, "I—I—went through so much sorrow, grief and—and—despair. I lost all hope in God and man! In fact, in everything! I did call on God, oh, how I did pray! But it seemed to me I called to ears that were deaf. God didn't hear!" He turned his head aside to blink away the coming tears. He felt a small, firm hand pulling upon his arm.

"Oh, yes, God hears, Mister," he urged patiently.

"You precious child!" cried the man, tearfully. His voice was shaking with gratitude, grateful that his eyes were opened, and opened through a little child's faith and trust! "You little know what you have done for me. You are too small to understand. But you have given me comfort, hope and confidence in God and myself! And faith once more in Him! I just felt, when you ran up to me awhile ago, that I was forsaken by God and the whole world."

"Haven't you any little boy? Or anyone to love?" the child inquired, giving him a glance of pity, intuitively sensing the man's loneliness.

"No, dear. Once I had every hope of having a darling little boy just like you. That—that—was before I went away to war. I married such a sweet, loving girl, and we were so happy, because—because the angels whispered to us one day that in our little garden of love a beautiful flower was going to bloom. Then my country called, and I left my whole world behind and crossed the seas—" he stopped suddenly. In a flash he saw before him the terrible conflict. The battlefields, the awful booming of cannon! The din. The dreadful, deafening noises—the shrieks and the groaning of the wounded and dying—then oblivion! The long, weary months passing by on a cot of pain. The frightful suspense of agony. The torture of mind and body. He shuddered at the recollecting. Facing the

small bit of humanity, he continued slowly in a low, trembling voice: "When I returned, the house was all dark and closed up. And—and—she was gone! No one knew where." Covering his face with his hands, he wept bitterly.

"Well, didn't you call on God then, Mister?" came the quick retort.

The man looked up with the tears still hanging heavily on his lashes, and replied sadly: "Yes, boy, I called. Oh, how I called. But of no avail," he deplored dejectedly.

"Yes, I know, Mister. But you quit—you said so," came the mild rebuke.

"I guess you are right about that," the man agreed thoughtfully. Leaning forward, he crossed his hands before him.

"Mother never quits. She says my daddy will come back. She knows he will in God's own time," he affirmed with that marvelous faith which removes mountains of sorrow and fear.

Once more the man gave a start. Fixing his steady gaze upon the child's exquisite features, he studied them closely.

"We had lots to call on God for, mother says," the child confessed in a lower tone. "You see, we were awfully poor for ever so long," he whispered quite confidentially in the stranger's ears. "We were hungry lots of times."

The man groaned and muttered to himself, "Hungry Hungry. Oh, how how well I know what that means!

Yes, yes, boy go on," he commanded unconsciously harsh.

"Well, after awhile mother found out, through some paper, money or some estates or something like that belonged to us. And all at once we got dreadfully rich! You see how God answered that call?"

The man had a strong desire to laugh. But the child's innocence was a holy armor and a mild rebuke. He felt abashed, and remained silent before this monument of marvelous faith!

"Tell me your name, dear," entreated the man. "Perhaps I can find your address in the telephone directory, and take you home," he offered, taking hold of the child's warm hand, warm with the pure blood that comes with a healthy, normal mind and body.

"My name? It's the same as my soldier daddy's."

The man was leaning toward him eagerly, while his heart was beating like trip-hammers. He felt as though he was suffocating.

"Yes, yes," he returned almost fiercely. He was breathing heavily, and a something like a ray of hope pierced his very soul.

"Rodney Bradley," came the piping voice.

Through tht simple faith of a little child and a grief-stricken mother as they "Called On God," a family was happily re-united, after years of hardship and sorrow.

———o———

If there is any person toward whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

—Richard Cecil.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We are happy to report that there are but two boys in the infirmary at present. They are not ill, but are being treated for slight leg injuries.

Due to the balmy, spring-like weather, we noticed an unusual number of visitors present last Wednesday, the regular day on which our boys are permitted to have visitors.

Mr. Walker and his force of young gardeners have been making flower beds and transplanting plants in various sections of campus. The greater part of this work consisted of preparing beds along the walk leading to the infirmary.

Candidates for our baseball team are working out daily. The School team has entered the Cabarrus County League and games will be played each Saturday. It is expected that our lads will give a good account of themselves on the diamond this year.

Our farm manager reports that the small grain on the School farm is looking fine at present. In spite of real cold weather, these crops have taken on new life during the past few days and are now very attractive in growth and beauty.

Most of the time at last Sunday morning's session of our Sunday school was given over to the re-assignment of classes. The system in vogue here for many years has been to have the boys classified according to their grades in the academic department. As they are promoted there, similar changes are made in Sunday school. New quarterlies were issued to the boys at the same time.

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are making much-needed repairs at Cottage No. 2. Repairing the kitchen constitutes the greater part of this task, where a new floor was laid and some plastering done. Minor repairs are being made in other parts of the house, and some painting will be done. It having been necessary to vacate this building while the work is going on, the boys were given temporary quarters in other cottages.

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending March 31, 1940, as follows: First Grade—Alfred Lamb, most improvement; Second Grade—Everett Lineberry and Harold O'Dear, best in writing; Third Grade—J. T. Branch and Woodrow Hager, highest average; Fifth Grade—Lee Jones, greatest improvement in reading; Sixth Grade—O. D. Talbert and Ralph Sorrells, highest average; Seventh Grade—Jordan McIver and Oscar Roland, best spellers.

Caleb Hill, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who was permitted to leave the School last year and has been an enrollee in a C C C camp in the Yosemite Valley, California, for several months, recently wrote that he is getting along very nicely out there. Included in his letter were several very interesting snapshots made in and near the camp. Our old friend, "Fat", as he was known here, is still

quite interested in the School and its work, for he enclosed one dollar, requesting that The Uplift be mailed him for six months.

The lowering of the road made it necessary to do considerable grading around the infirmary. Tile drains have been placed to care for the water coming from the roof, while sufficient grading has been done to drain the surface water toward the road. This filling extends beyond the infirmary, almost reaching the Swink-Benson Trades building. This was no small task, for in one afternoon sixty-six loads of dirt were used, and the hauling required three days. Now that the ground has been properly graded, we hope to see a nice lawn between the infirmary and the trades building.

We are introducing a new article of food at the School, known as turnip kraut. It is canned, cooked and served in the same way as the well-known cabbage kraut. This is not our own idea, for turnip kraut is something new in this section of the country, so far as we have been able to learn. We are indebted to Mrs. Hazel M. Smith, financial secretary at the West Virginia Industrial School for Boys, Grafton, W. Va., for two sample gallon cans of this product. She writes that this kraut should be prepared for serving in the same manner used in preparing cabbage kraut, adding "with a piece of fat meat to make it good and greasy—just how greasy depending upon your taste. It is really good eating with a piece of corn bread." Those who have sampled this new kraut are highly delighted with its taste. We feel that we have gone far enough in testing this delicacy to tender Mrs. Smith a hearty vote of thanks for sending us this sample.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Jesus' entry into Jerusalem. As the text for his most helpful and interesting talk to the boys, he selected the verse, "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it."

Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that the reasons for Jesus' weeping was not that the people who had just cried "Hosanna" would soon cry "Crucify him;" it was not that he was soon to find his temple desecrated by money-changers and sellers; not that he was soon to suffer a most horrible death. The reason for his sorrow and weeping was the fact that he saw in the crowd many souls he had not touched during his ministry. The realization that so many were lost to salvation brought tears to the Master's eyes.

The speaker concluded his address with the plea that each of us study ourselves that we do or say nothing that migth cause Jesus to weep because of us.

"Easy Street" is smooth to walk on, but it is always a blind alley.—Sunshine Magazine.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending April 7, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Junior Bordeaux 3
(8) James Hodges 16
(8) Edward Johnson 19
(8) Frank May 15
(8) Arna Wallace 15
(8) J. C. Wilson 12
(2) Wayne Shuler 2

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Charles Browning 4
(3) Porter Holder 10
(3) Clay Mize 7
(2) William G. Bryant 13
(3) Carl Hooker 5
(4) Edward Warnock 12
Lee Watkins 9
Everett Watts 8
(3) William Whittington 14
(4) William C. Wilson 12

COTTAGE No. 2

(5) Bennie Austin 8
James Blocker 6
Jack Cline 8
George Cooke 13
John D. Davis 7
Robert Keith 8
(2) Floyd Lane 5
(7) Donald McFee 16
William Padrick 7
Richard Parker 9
Nick Rochester 15
William Shaw
Landroes Sims 15
Charles Smith 5

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 12
John Bailey 6
Lewis H. Baker 5
Earl Barnes 14
Clyde Barnwell 14
(8) Richard Baumgarner 13
Grover Beaver 9
James Boone 10
Kenneth Conklin 5
Jack Crotts 10
Mack Evans 13
(8) Coolidge Green 17
Bruce Hawkins 7
Roscoe Honeycutt 6
William Matthewson 13
Douglas Matthews 9
Harley Mathis 7
(4) Otis McCall 8
J. C. Robertson 12
George Shaver 11
William Sims 16
William T. Smith 8
Harrison Stilwell 10
John Tolley 7
Jerome Wiggins 10
Lewis Williams 12

COTTAGE No. 4

Quentin Crittenton 11
(4) Lewis Donaldson 13
(9) Arthur Edmondson 14
(8) Clyde Gray 17
Gilbert Hogan 13
(3) Hoyt Hollifield 7
Hugh Kennedy 9
(15) Ivan Morrozoff 19
(3) J. C. Nance 10
Henry Raby 12
(15) Melvin Walters 19
John Whitaker
Richard Wiggins 7
Sam Williams 14
Thomas Yates 2

COTTAGE No. 5

(12) Theodore Bowles 17
(5) Collett Cantor 16
Harold Donaldson 3
Monroe Flinchum 4
Everett Lineberry 12
(2) J. C. Reinhardt 13
Richard Starnes 13
(2) Fred Tolbert 3

COTTAGE No. 6

Eugene Ballew 2
(3) Robert Bryson 9
Fletcher Castlebury 6
Robert Dunning 11

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(7) Cecil Ashley 12
Edward Hammond 3
Joseph Linville 7
Harvey Smith 8
Walker Warr 6

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 9
Clarence Baker 7
Mack Bell 14
J. T. Branch 14
(3) Roy Butner 19
Robert Gaines 8
(6) Frank Glover 19
(4) John Hendrix 6
(2) Osper Howell 12
(7) Mark Jones 16
(5) Daniel Kilpatrick 10
(9) Harold O'Dear 18
(2) Richard Singletary 12
(5) Preston Wilbourne 16

COTTAGE No. 10

(10) Junius Brewer 17
Aldine Brown 6
John Crawford 10
James Eury 5
John Fausnett 2
J. D. Hildreth 11
(3) Vernon Lamb 14
(3) James Penland 10
Oscar Queen 5
Carl Speer 4
O. D. Talbert 7

COTTAGE No. 11

Harold Bryson 16
(7) John Benson 17
William Covington 14
William Dixon 2
(3) William Furches 4
(2) Earl Hildreth 18
(2) Peter Jones 2
(3) Andrew Lambeth 4
(4) Julian Merritt 5
(3) Edward Murray 13
(5) Fred Owens 18
(4) Theodore Rector 13
(2) Canipe Shoe 10
(2) N. C. Webb 17

COTTAGE No. 12

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 13

(9) James Brewer 13
Dillon Dean 9
(9) William Griffin 14
Vincent Hawes 17
(5) John Murdock 7
(20) Alexander Woody 20

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews 15
(5) John Baker 12
Mack Coggins 7
Robert Deyton 11
Henry Ennis 9
(6) Audie Farthing 18
Troy Gilland
John Kirkman 11
(5) Feldman Lane 19
(4) Norvell Murphy 14
(3) Henry McGraw 12
(2) John Robbins 13
(4) John Reep 10
(2) Charles Steepleton 11
(3) Jones Watson 16
Jack West 3

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Raymond Anderson 15
(2) Howard Bobbitt 8
(2) Ray Bayne 2
(2) Jennings Britt 7
(2) William Cantor 6
(2) Wade Cline 3
(2) Elroy Gaskins 4
(2) Albert Hayes 9
John Howard
(2) Beamon Heath 2
(2) Hardy Lanier 2
(2) Oakley Lunsford 5
(2) Fred McGlammery 16
(2) Claude Moose 3
(2) J. P. Morgan 7
(2) Brown Stanley 2
(2) J. P. Sutton 12
(2) William Wood 13
George Warren

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 10
(20) Warren G. Lawry 20
Harvey Ledford 7
(3) Earl Oxendine 14
(9) Thomas Oxendine 17
William Williams 4

AS GO THE SCHOOLS

As the schools go the nation will go, declares the National Education Association, with firm conviction and with the weight of past experience to balance its claim. Only the penurious, or the person who would save the pocketbook at the expense of the preparation of the present generation of children for its place in the world, denies that it is true that the schools of today determine the character of the nation of tomorrow. It is not to be assumed that the schools are faultless and flawless. It would be too much to claim that no mistakes are chargeable to the schools; even the schools acknowledge this, and seek to improve with the oncoming years. But take them by and large the schools of a country contribute more to making a nation all it should be than any other agency outside the Christian home.

Our personal debt to the schools we attend is more than we can calculate, or ever hope to pay. Picture self as uneducated, unschooled, in this day, and enlarge that picture to include everybody, and it would be the gloomiest picture imaginable. Schools need our support through whatever co-operation we can give them. They should have the undivided encouragement and fostering of the government of nation, state and community. Where the best schools are, and where the schools are most faithfully used, conditions ought to be found better than elsewhere. It does not seem to be going too far to declare that this is the actual condition.

That the schools have something to contribute to Christian preparation for life is unquestionable. They do not, because they dare not, include everything that is essential to a Christian land, but it is out of the schools that come the persons who recieve the complementary education and privileges which the Church provides. So the Church is not outside its legitimate sphere when it works hand in hand with the schools of the nation, for the Church cannot help believing that as the schools of a nation go so will go the nation.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 20, 1940 NO. 16

LITTLE BY LITTLE

Little by little, and straight and high.
  A bush to a tall tree grows,
Little by little the days go by,
  And a bud becomes a rose.
Little by little the children grow.
  Taller and taller, and then,
Little by little they change, and lo!
  They turn to women and men!

—Irish Proverb.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

TRUE HEROISM

Let others write of battles fought,
  Of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
  And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
  And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
  Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave
  Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
  His passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might,
  Undaunted, undismayed,
The bravest man who ere drew sword
  In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
  Or muscle, to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
  With banner, plume, and drum;
A foe forever lurking nigh,
  With silent, stealthy tread;
Forever near your board by day,
  At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart!
  Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part,
  Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
  Or fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among
  The bravest of the brave.

—Anonymous.

DO WOMEN CARE?

From a periodical that carries the purest and idealistic thoughts an articles captioned as the above is given. The question really puts one to thinking. And most naturally the life works of many women, and the absolute indifference of others surge up in our minds, and we conclude the masses are apparently indifferent. At least the worthwhile things come last.

But the periodical referred to gives a concrete example of the interest of a woman who was obsessed with the desire to do something for the uplift of humanity. This interested young woman was none other than Sophia Smith, the founder of Smith College, Northampton, Mass. She visited her pastor one day and asked what she should do with her money. The story continues that the preacher first thought of his alma mater, Amherst. Instead of advising the young woman he called in a friend who once lived in the house where Mary Lyon was a guest. Mary Lyon at that time had tramped from door to door to raise money for an institution for young girls that would be comparable to institutions for boys. The result of Mary Lyon's campaign was that she visited ninety-two towns, 1,800 people contributed $27,000 in money and gifts ranging from $2,000 to six cents.

It was in 1870 that Sophia Smith died and she left nearly half a million dollars to found a college for women. So it may be the preacher, or Mary Lyon that started something. Smith College was established soon after the bequest of Sophia Smith was available. This institution stands in the first rank among colleges for women, and provides the facilities and courses of study which are in the best colleges for men.

It does appear that especially at that time Sophia Smith's disposal of her money was contrary to the course pursued by women. The mold of the minds of women then was to contribute to the higher education of young men. Why? The answer seems easy. The responsibility of all business, the upkeep and maintenance of the homes was carried by the men. The place for women was within the four walls of her castle—the home, the rearing of the family and other duties that contributed to building christian citizenship. To fit them for this superb position they were educated thoroughly in the essentials along with the finer arts, music and painting.

These contributed to the ideals of a perfect home.

Yes, women do care, the masses of them, but few of them have the wherewithal to do as Sophia Smith. But they have answered the call and are meeting every emergency the equal of their brothers. The four walls of the home are not sufficient for them and they demand the higher educational opportunities and use their accomplishments to advantage.

* * * * * * * *

ENJOY YOUR WORK

While written primarily for farm boys, the following advice is worth the attentiion of boys in town and city also—not to mention the girls. We quote from the current issue of The Progressive Farmer:

"The first thing is to respect your job on the farm. It may be just a little farm and at times it may get pretty monotonous. But it's important that you do the job well. Little jobs, done well, open up into bigger opportunities surprisingly often. Jesus once told a parable about it. The fellow who had done a little job well heard somebody say: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' That wasn't just a parable, either. Everybody who holds a big job had a little one first, and learned to do it well.

"Hold your shoulders up, and keep your chin up, too. Personal appearance is not just a matter of having shoes that are shined. Your posture, the tilt of your chin, eyes that look interested in people and in farming, the way you walk about, your general demeanor —all combine to show the public whether you take pride in yourself and your farm. It makes a great deal of difference to you, too. No matter what your farming job is, don't look as though you feel apologetic about it. Look as though you are saying to yourself: 'Farming is my work. I do it well.' "

* * * * * * * *

ANOTHER APPEAL FOR HIGHWAY SAFETY

This time Ronald Hocutt, Director of the Highway Safety Division, asks that glaring head lights of automobiles be dimmed, a hazard to any driver with the best vision. We have experienced

lately the absolute indifference of auto drivers on the highway. While riding a few days ago just before darkness fell entirely a long string of cars came down the highway with glaring lights. The chauffeur of car in which we were dimmed his lights, but there was no response. The inference was that the other drivers did not recognize our signal either because of ignorance or as a matter of indifference. If on the high seas one boat dares not ignore the signals from another of any kind. More importance should be attached to dimming the glaring head lights of all cars. The Director of the Highway Safety Division tells the danger of disregarding this traffic law:

Bombarded with requests to "do something" about the meance of glaring headlights on the highways of this State, Ronald Hocutt, Director of the Highway Safety Division, this week appealed to enforcement officials of the state and individual drivers to co-operate in stamping out this wide-spread traffic hazard.

"Glaring headlights are a menace to the safety of all who ride and walk upon the highways at night," said Hocutt. "The driver who is blinded by the headlights of an approaching car may sideswipe that car, run off the road, strike a bridge abutment, or run down a pedestrain whom he cannot see. And the really serious aspect of the matter is the fact that so few drivers regard glaring headlights as dangerous and attach no importance to dimming their lights when meeting another car."

"I'd like to see every North Carolina driver practice headlight-dimming as a matter of commonsense and courtesy, because that is all it is essentially. But if the drivers refuse to co-operate, then I hope the enforcement officials and courts of the State will wage an unrelenting campaign against glaring headlights," Hocutt said.

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WHAT NEXT?

Scientists have given the people something new, at least, new to the writer, to think about. These innovations snatch one from the old grooves and start a new trend of thought that is rather refreshing. If impossible to assimilate the new thought it is wisdom to accept them with a pinch of salt before entering into discussions pro or con.

The latest is that after a chemical analysis plain old grass has

the essential vitamins according to reports recently given to American Chemical Society. It is claimed that the analysis shows that grass contains all vitamins from A to E with the exception of D., the bone hardener. If this by-product of grass is proven valuable in developing one physically it will soon hold a place on all tables. The form, liquid or powder of these vitamins, was not given so we wait to see how it will be served.

* * * * * * * *

The Seventh Day Adventist take their missions seriously, even in their Sabbath schools. Though they are not a wealthy group they have persistently and intelligently instructed their people, old and young alike, in missions and tithing. Each Sabbath in every Sabbath school a definite missionary message is delivered, and then an offering is made for that particular purpose. Both their churches and schools are on a tithing basis, and the entire tithe is devoted to their denominational missions, the largest proportion of which is put into foreign work. The Southern Presbyterian organ, The Christian Observer, sadly confesses that though the Adventists number scarcely half the Southern Presbyterian membership, they contribute from four to six times as much to foreign missions. One small college congregation of 150 members is said to have given $7,000 for missions in one year. Just what would be the ratio of other denominations in such a comparison—say our own, for instance?

HEALTH GAINS IN NORTH CAROLINA

By Dr. Carl V. Reynolds

Last year witnessed gains on several important fronts in the battle against disease in North Carolina.

Vital statistics figures in North Carolina for the year 1939, which have just been compiled, do, in some instances, reflect a very decided and encouraging "trend". The 80,421 births reported during the year outnumbered the 31,928 deaths that occurred during the same period by 48,493, and there were 1,636 fewer deaths than were reported the previous year, bringing the rate down from 9.6 to 9.0 from 1938 to 1939. Please bear in mind that a reduction of one point represents the saving of 3,500 lives within a year.

Pneumonia has continued through the years to be one of the greatest scourages that has harassed humanity. Men and women, physicians and the laity, have bowed helplessly before its inexorable law of death. But a new day appears to be at hand in the battle against this arch-enemy.

While a single year's figures cannot be taken as final as they apply to pneumonia any more than in their application to any other disease, yet we have here a very striking example of an encouraging "trend".

In North Carolina last year we saved the lives of 537 more pneumonia patients from untimely graves than we did the previous year, the total number of deaths from this cause in 1939 having been 2,172 as compared with 2,709 in 1938, the rate dropping from 76.8 to 61.0.

We feel that this saving of life has been due to two major causes: The early typing of the disease for the adminstration of pneumonia serum, and sulfapyridine which has shown results nothing short of marvelous.

Technicians for typing pneumonia may now be found at strategic points throughout the state, due to the courses in training which began at Duke University in January, 1938, through the co-operation of the Medical School of that institution and the North Carolina State Board of Health stimulated by the active support of the North Carolina Commission on Pneumonia Control.

One of the most gratifying features of the 1939 report lies in the fact that it reflects a "trend" which has now become very definite in North Carolina—a sharp reduction in both infant and maternal mortality.

Last year the lives of 757 babies under a year old were saved, the total number of deaths in this group having been 4,730, as compared with 5,487 in 1938. During a single year North Carolina's infant mortality rate dropped from 68.6 to 58.5 per 1,000 live births. The United States as a whole had an infant mortality rate of 51.0 in 1938.

Maternal deaths per 1,000 live births in North Carolina dropped from 450 in 1938 to 383 in 1939, bringing the rate down from 5.6 to 4.8 in a single year. In 1935 the maternal death rate in North Carolina was 7.0. So there was a drop of 2.2 points in four years . The United States rate in 1937 was 4.9. This means we are making progress. Stated in simple terms, North Carolina last year saved 67 mothers and had 518 more live births than during the preceding year.

These figures are encourgaging to public health workers because they show that beneficial results have accrued from the work that is being done in infant and maternal clinics and from the other efforts that are being exerted to save the state's mothers and babies.

Now, let's take a look at another aspect of the vital statistics picture in North Carolina, as painted by figures for 1939. We will consider a few of the preventable diseases and see what we have done in this field. Typhoid deaths in 1938 numbered 72, or a rate of 2.0, as compared with 46 and a rate of 1.3 in 1939. This reflected an actual saving, not considering the increased population, of 26 lives. Typhoid is a preventable disease and we have gone a long way toward its elimination, but the means of combating it have only to be abated, even temporarily, for it to flare up and become the menace it formerly was.

Diphtheria, in spite of the fact that it is preventable, continues to take its toll among our young. There were 173 deaths from this disease in 1939, with a rate of 4.9 as compared with 176 deaths and a rate of 5.0 in 1938, the decrease in both the number of cases and the rate having been negligible. It is nothing short of a disgrace that we should have so many deaths from this disease. Urgent appeals have gone forward for the enforcement of the law which provides that all babies shall be immunized against this disease between the ages of 6 months and 12 months and which provides that no child shall be admitted to any public, private of parochial school who has not been immunized.

We are proud to the continuous progress we have made in our war on tuberculosis in all forms. Last year there were in North Carolina 1,657 deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis, with rate of 46.5, as compared with 1,968 deaths and a rate of 48.1 in 1938—a decrease of 41 deaths and 1.6 in the rate.

The number of people who die violent deaths in North Carolina each year presents a distinct challenge. Last year there were in North Carolina 1,494 deaths from what are styled "preventable accidents," as compared with 1,444 the preceding year, a gain of 50. These included: Automobile accidents, primary, as reported to the State Board of Health, 899; automobiles and railroad collisions, 28: other railroad accidents, 93; air transportation accidents, 7; accidental drownings, 154; conflagration and accidental burns, 246; accidental traumatism by firearms, 67. There was a marked increase in drownings, 50 more having been reported than occurred in 1938, the majority occurring, of course, in the sumer months during the extremely hot weather.

Everybody follows a winner, but a loser learns who his true friends really are.—Exchange.

STATE'S FIRST HALIFAX DAY RECALLED ON ANNIVERSARY

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Friday, April 12, was Halifax Day in North Carolina.

And if you are like the average resident of the State you immediately begin to wonder what it's all about for, whatever the reason, the public just isn't so well versed on the data and what it means.

Eric W. Rogers, writing from Halifax, N. C., gives facts and figures which should clear up uncertainty about the data and refresh memories.

Though the flag of North Carolina bears the date "April 12, 1776," there are not many thousands of the more than three millions of citizens in the State who know the relation of the date to the State history.

But in the year 1776 it was a momentous date, not only for the citizens of Halifax county, but for the citizens of the entire state. It was a day which was to go down in American history as that on which the first declaration againt the authority of the British crown was made by the British crown was tives of the people in convention assembled.

Those were troublous times in North Carolina. The Battle of Moore's Creek bridge had been fought in February, and 2000 Tories had been defeated as they sought to force the will of a British sovereign with whom they had been sympathetic upon a people who desired freedom from tyranny. Colonel, Allen Macdonald husband of the famous Flore Macdonald was in the jail at Halifax for the part he played in leading the Tories. Forty-six other known officers of the Tories were with him.

The Provincial Congress was called to meet in Halifax on April 4, 1776. Revolution was unchecked in Halifax county, and indeed the same spirit was manifest in other portions of the State. Samuel Johnson of Edenton was elected president of the Congress, and James Green, Jr., was its secretary. Minor affairs were quickly disposed of, for the minds of the delegates as well as the people were upon the affairs of the Colonies and their relation to the Crown of England.

History does not record who first brought up the subject of independence from England, but it may be reasonable to assume that it was Cornelius Harnett of Wilmington, who introduced the first resolution designed to place the Provincial Congress on record as favoring complete independence of the British sovereign, since he was subsequently named chairman of the committee to draft the resolutions of independence. Thomas Burke, Allen Jones, Thomas Jones, Abner Nash, Thomas Person and M. Kinchin were named with him and the committe went into session. When it merged from its deliberations on April 12, 1776, Cornelius Harnett presented the report.

It was a momentous day. The little house, still standing but considerably renovated in recent years, where the Congress met was crowded to capacity with delegates. Outside there was a gathering of citizens, all afire with the sentiment of the

times—separation from England. Cornelius Harnett, who was a few months later to be honored with the mission of transmitting by word of mouth to the people of North Carolina the National Declaration of Independence, took the rostrum. In measured tones he read the committee's report for independence.

Wild applause greeted the reading of this report. The crowd outside—it was a spring day and the doors were open—had heard at least a portion of the report and they joined in the applause of the delegates within the small hall. The report was adopted unanimously, and within a few hours couriers were bearing the tidings to every portion of the Colony that North Carolina had declared her independence of Great Britain.

History records that this was the first such declaration by the representatives of any colony in convention assembled. A few weeks later on May 15, a similar declaration was adopted by Virginia. The two declarations were taken to Philadelphia and formed the basis of the National Declaration of Independence, which was adopted July 4, 1776.

The Provisional Congress, however, had not ended its work with the adoption of a resolution later to be known as the Halifax Resolves, asserting independence of the British crown. Two days later on April 14, a committee was named to prepare a constitution for the purpose of setting up a temporary state government. The state constitution was not adopted at this session, but it was some time later in the same little building which had been the scene of the first Declaration of Independence. The Congress proceed dependence. The Congress proceeded to appoint a committee to procure firearms for troops and to organize the militia of the Colony of North Carolina. It was further provided that a powder mill be erected in Halifax county for use of the troops of North Carolina, and otherwise equipping them.

After being in session 40 days, the Provincial Congress adjourned. Its work was done—it had given to the Colonies the first resolution declaration independence of British authority.

THE DAY AND THE WORK

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to travel his way,
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.
Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do;
So your work is awaiting; it has waited through ages for you.

—Edwin Markham.

HOME OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST LIVING THINGS

By Walter E. Taylor

It was on a spring day in the year 1852 that a group of miners from booming Murphy's Camp in the historic Mother Lode mining district of central California saw a large bear amble out of the forest. A bear hunt took place then and there, and although the animal was wounded it escaped. Several of the men pursued the animal, but soon all save one gave up the chase. The man who continued alone on the trail of the bear was A. T. Dowd. He followed the bear for some distance into a dense forest and there he saw something that made him stare in amazement, then run back to tell his companions. He had come upon a grove of California's famous Big Trees.

Whether or not A. T. Dowd was the first white man to see the Big Trees is a matter open to question. Perhaps there were others before him who did not bother to report the trees. The first white men to visit California came by ship late in the sixteenth century, but it was not until nearly 250 years after that first visit that there was a recorded report of their existence. One man reported the discovery of an immense tree as early as 1833, but did not describe the tree fully. So it cannot be said for sure that the timber he saw was one of the Big Trees.

In 1835 Hale D. Tharp, pioneer settler in what is now Tulare County, California, was led to a grove of Big Trees by a band of Yokkut Indians. These people had known the trees and hunted among them since time immemorial. The grove to which they led Tharp was later named The Giant Forest by John Muir, the naturalist, and is now a part of Sequoia National Park. It is the finest stand of Big Trees in California. On a fallen tree in the park, protected by glass, today's visitors are shown Hale Tharp's name and the date of his discovery of the trees, just as he carved them there more than eighty years ago. Tharp loved this spot and later built himself a unique house in one of the fallen giants. His house is still a sight of interest for visitors to the park.

The scientific name of the Big Trees, or Sequoias, is Sequoia gigantea. They were named Sequoia in honor of Sequo-yah, the brilliant Cherokee Indian inventor, silversmith, and artist who invented a phonetic alphabet of eighty-six symbols and taught it to the members of his tribe so that they might read and write. Certainly the trees deserve such a noble and meaningful name.

It is perhaps futile to attempt to describe the glory of Sequoia National Park and the Big Trees. This is something that must be seen to be genuinely appreciated. Not only does the size of these trees set them apart from all others; their foliage is like that of no other tree in America. That somewhat prickly leafage has a feathery appearance. These trees are the world's oldest, largest living things. They are a link with times long past.

How old are the Sequoias? Well,

some of the trees standing in Sequoia National Park were already several thousands of years old when Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem. The largest of the Sequoias now standing is estimated to be between 3,500 and 4,000 years old, and a tree believed to have been even older than that was cut down in 1891. The age of the trees is determined by counting the rings of yearly growth. This can be accomplished only by cutting the tree down or by taking borings from the trunk. If the amazing size of the Big Trees does not awe the beholder, their age certainly will! A feeling of reverence for God and His creation fills the soul of puny man when he stands at the base of one of those ancient giants. When Theodore Roosevelt saw them he was moved to exclaim, "Their architect has been the ages." Bret Harte was moved to write a poem, the lovely "On a Cone of the Big Trees."

Some of the larger Sequoias contain enough lumber to build a small town. There are trees that grows taller than the Sequoia, but for sheer bulk there is no living thing that nearly approaches it in size. It is estimated that the "General Sherman" tree, oldest now standing, contains a little more than 600,000 board feet of lumber, and a railway train of thirty cars would be required to carry the lumber in the trunk alone. At the base the trunk is 36.5 feet in diameter and some of its lower limbs are six feet in diameter.

There stands in the park a stump known as the "Chicago Stump," because it is the base of a great tree that was felled so that sections of it might be exhibited at the World's Fair in 1893, in Chicago. Two men, using a twenty-four-foot saw, worked thirteen days to cut down that tree.

The Big Trees are often confused with the California Redwoods. The Redwoods, or Sequoia sempervirens, and the Seqoia gigantea are members of the same tree family but are distinct species. Sempervirens is a Latin phrase meaning "ever-living" and was given to the Redwoods because when a Redwood is cut down new trees spring up all around the stump. The Sequoia gigantea reproduces itself only from seed.

The Redwoods do not have the great bulk of the Sequoias, but grow taller. Redwoods attain heights of more than 350 feet, but the tallest of the Sequoias is only about 300 feet. The immensity of the Sequoias, or Big Trees, is in the trunk, which is much larger than that of the Redwood. The wood of both species is pink and red and the bark of the Sequoias is mottled with various striking shades of maroon and red. The Redwoods survive only where the sea fogs can reach them, and they form an almost continuous forest along the Pacific Coast from southern Oregon to the Monterey Peninsula, in California. The Sequoias grow only at higher altitudes along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada and are confined to seventy-one comparatively small groves in northern and central California. Most of the Sequoias are found within an altitude range of from 4,000 to 8,500 feet.

The Sequoias are almost indestructible, and in Sequoias National Park may be seen scorched trees which still stand although they were killed by forest fires long before the Punic Wars. For years after a Sequoia has fallen its foliage remains green and unwithered. Thus do these forest monarchs cling to life with incredible

tenacity.

The story of the Sequoias goes back millions of years. Then the Sequoias covered large portions of the globe, even including the polar regions. Their fossilized trunks have been found in widely scattered places in Asia and Europe, as well as in America. The fossils show that at one time there were many different species of Sequoias. During the Ice Age, when the world was in the grip of the glaciers, other living things died, but two species of the Sequoia survived. These are the ones found on our Pacific Coast. Just how the trees survived science cannot say for sure. Perhaps a few of the trees remained standing in sheltered spots; perhaps a few seeds remained fertile beneath the ice cap.

Following the Ice Age the Big Trees passed through many forest fires and the record of those fires is plain today. Perhaps the infernos that swept through the Sequoias forests quite regularly at intervals of twenty or thirty years were the result of extreme dryness during extended drouth; perhaps they were caused by Indians driving game with firebands. Whatever happened, it is difficult to find a grown Sequoia that does not show great scars of fire. Their thick bark grew over the burned spots and healed the trees, but the scars remain.

Lumbering of the Sequoias was started early, and it was to save at least one grove for future generations that the Sequoia National Park was set aside by Congress in 1890. From time to time societies and private citizens have presented additional acreage to the government so that the park now contains 604 square miles. It is fourth in size among our national playgrounds. Other Big Trees are preserved in state and federal reserves elsewhere in California.

In addition to the world's largest living things Sequoia National Park also has within its borders other national wonders, including 14,496-foot Mount Whitney, highest mountain peak in continental United States. The mountain peak slopes are the mecca of mountain climbers and winter sports enthusiasts. There are fine ski trails and toboggan runs in the park, and during the winter snow season many residents of palm-shaded cities of southern California make the short trip to the park each week end. From sun and palms to pine and snow is a matter of but a few hours.

Another important attraction of the park are its caves. The Crystal Cave, opened to the public only recently, is one of the most beautiful caves in the West. It cannot compare with some others in size, but the coloring and weird formations of its stalagmites and stalactites are unrivaled.

There is something in the heart of everything, if we can reach it, that we shall not be inclined to laugh at.—Ruskin.

"A MORAL BASIS FOR PEACE"

(Chritian Science Monitor)

At a time when war and its supposed prospects are being weighed largely in material, military terms, it is worth while to remember that the strength of nations often rises from other than material factors, that spiritual strength figures even in what military men call morale, and that the course of nations is influenced not alone by battles but also by the universal aspiration for a just peace.

The remainder is appropriately couched in the words of President Roosevelt and of Queen Wilhelmina to the Christian Foreign Service Convocation in New York City Saturday in honor of foreign missionaries throughout the world.

Today we seek a moral basis for peace," said the President, and he emphasized that some other great religions as well as Christianity have come to adopt the idea of peace and brotherhood as part of their philosophy.

Laying down certain minimum requirements for peace, he said it must include freedom for the individual from oppression and cruelty, freedom for small states from invasion by their larger neighbors and freedom for the dissemination of knowledge and understanding throughout the world. These are conditions evidently set against the triumph of a "peace offensive" by dictator states.

"And lastly," he adds, "it cannot be a righteous peace if worship of God is denied." Does he not also mean here free worship of God, not merely a state religion?

The Queen of the Netherlands has set forward the fundamental steps by which this ultimate peace is to be more closely approached. "In our present time," she said, "the very first need is that of a radical renewal in the life of every individual." Such a renewal, she declared, "can only be achieved if we return directly to the very source of Christianity, the New Testament."

With the foundations of peace and brotherhood laid in the thinking of countless individuals, the collective actions of nations must come inescapably to express the love and generosity which are in Christianity—but only if individuals remember to broaden their Christian thinking to include all mankind. Then no merely convenient peace or imposed peace will stand but will, through peaceful development overturned until the peace of genuine brotherhood arrives.

The deep spiritual meaning of life is struggle, hardships, endeavor. The chap who quits work becomes soft, flabby, and weak. It is the one who uses his talents who gets on in life, who actually lives.—Selected.

ON LITTLE KETTLE CREEK

By Elsie Sigmaster

In 1810, on February 5th Ole Bornemann Bull, was born in Bergen, Norway's picturesque seaport which lies partly on a tongue of land reaching out into a beautiful harbor. Back of it are steep mountains and deep fjords.

Ole's father intended his boy, the oldest of ten children, to be either a minister or lawyer, but Ole determined to be a musician. No radios or victrolas had ever been dreamed of, and people made music for themselves. Sometimes every member of a family could play. In the evenings or on holidays neighbors would gather and give concerts. People also sang a great deal more than they do now and each country had its own folksongs. The farmer sang while he ploughed, the boatman while he rowed, and the shepherd sang high on the hills as he tended his sheep.

Ole heard the piano and stringed instruments at home and at the house of his uncle. When he walked in the hills he heard the singing of birds, the roar of waterfalls, the murmur of leaves, the thunder of the sea. He longed to reproduce every lovely sound on a musical instrument, especially the violin. He believed in fairies and elves and giants, and he was sure that he could make others see them by playing about them.

Though his father did not wish him to make music his profession he was willing that he should play. His uncle gave him a little violin, painted lemon yellow, and he played it at once without any instruction. He was only four years old and his mother used to help him turn the screws to tune it.

What happened to this violin we do not know, but we do know the history of the one which followed. This was bright red and was given him by his father. You must remember that there was probably a sleeping baby near by when Ole began to play. This is what he says:

"I could not sleep for thinking of my new violin. When I heard mother and father breathing deep, I rose softly, and lighted a candle, and in my nightclothes did go on tiptoe to open the case and take one little peek. The violin was so red and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me it would be pleasant to try it across the strings. So I did try it, just a very, very little; and it did sing to me so sweetly! Then I crept further away from my bedroom. At first, I did play very soft. I made very, very little noise. But presently I did begin a capriccio which I did like very much; and it did go ever louder and louder and I forgot that it was midnight and that everybody was asleep. Presently I heard something go crack; and the next minute I felt my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor and was broken. I wept much for it, but it did no good. They did have a doctor to it next day, but it never recovered its health."

In summer the family lived at Valestrand, an estate on an island twenty miles north of Bergen. The peasants were terrified by strange sounds—surely a goblin was about! The gob-

lin proved to be little Ole, sitting in the bottom of a depression in the earth called a giant's cauldron, playing weird marches and dances! One evening he astonished his family by taking part in a difficult quartette.

After being tutored, he was sent to the University of Christiania to study theology. Already he could play on two strings of his violin at the same time, and eventually he could play on four. This has never been done by anyone else; the hand must have enormous strength and be as elastic as rubber. He could conceal the breaking of a string by playing harmonics, a very difficult feat, and he could whistle one tune while he sang another.

At Christiania he failed to pass the entrance examinations because he stayed up all night, fiddling with a young professor. Then he tried to study law at Gottingen in Germany, but he had to leave because a student whom he called a dummer junge, or "stupid fellow," compelled him to fight a duel.

At last he persuaded his father that he could never be a minister or lawyer. By giving concerts he earned enough to go to Paris. He was at first so discouraged and ill that he considered ending his troubles by throwing himself into the Seine. He was dissuaded by a kind lady, Madame Villeminot, who nursed him back to health.

When he was twenty-three, he played a concert with Ernst, the violinist, and Chopin the pianist. Soon he was playing in all the cities of Europe. In sixteen months he gave two hundred and seventy-four concerts in England, Scotland and Ireland. He toured Germany, France and Russia. He was praised by Paganina, then the most famous violinist in the world. Usually he played alone; in other concerts Malibran and Chopin and Thalberg were his fellow performers. On one tour, he was accompanied by tiny Adalina Patti, who at the age of eight sang the most difficult arias.

At thirty-three, he made the first of many journeys in the United States, traveling more than a hundred thousand miles and earning $80,000 for himself and $20,000 for charity. People liked not only to hear him play, but to see him. He was tall, with an athlete's body, a beautiful face and blond waving hair. Many poets described his appearance and his playing among them Longfellow who became in later years his close friend. Said he:

"Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;
The Stromkarl sang, the cataract hurled
Its headlong waters from the height;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of old, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring forth,
Like Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North."

In 1852, he returned to America for a second time, his purpose not to give concerts but to find a refuge to which Norwegians could emigrate. Hundreds

had already come to the Southern States, but there they suffered worse privations than at home. He selected land in Potter County, Pennsylania, which has even today sections so wild that hunters go there to shoot bear. The thickly-wooded hills are separated by narrow valleys through which run swift, clear streams. No other county in the United States and no territory of equal area anywhere contains the headwaters of three large rivers, each emptying into a different basin. Within short distances rise the Genesee, which flows into Lake Ontario and thence into the St. Lawrence; the Allegheny, which becomes the Ohio and empties into the Mississippi; and the Susquehanna which flows into Chesapeake Bay.

Ole considered the buying of a hundred and twenty-five thousand acres, but finally bought eleven thousand. A part of his purchase was the valley of Little Kettle Creek, a tributary of the Sinnamahoning, which flows into the Susquehanna.

One September day he led eight hundred colonists to their new home. They landed in New York City and made their way to Coudersport and then into the forest. The few residents of Coudersport thought them very strange. The men carried axes and hatchets to fell the trees so the wagons could get through. On top of the household goods and farming implements, sat the older people and little children. The men wore homespun suits, fur caps and heavy boots; the women dark skirts, scarlet jackets and white waists. Everyone had something to carry—clothing, some precious souvenir of home, a Bible, or food—dried meat, or Norwegian biscuit called "cracknels".

No doubt they sang as they walked. Through narrow valleys and glens rang the songs which Ole heard when he roamed over the Bergen mountains. In the evening they reached Little Kettle Creek Valley and there they made speeches and Ole played for them.

The people settled in villages—Oleana, New Norway, New Bergen and Walhalla. Soon they had a church, a store, and three hundred small houses. Ole built himself a castle of lumber and stone on the steep side of the valley, and there he used to play, echoing the song of the birds or the murmur of the stream. He was not in his colony for long periods, because he was busy earning money for its support.

Wherever he went he made friends. Interested Americans contributed stock and farming implements, among them Henry Clay, who sent blooded cattle from Kentucky. Long after the colony ceased to exist, the effect of this fine breed could be seen in the cattle of the valley.

Alas! like Eden, where Adam and Eve were placed to live happily, this paradise had a serpent. Ole learned that the man who sold him eleven thousand acres had cheated him; he had no claim whatever to Little Kettle Creek Valley. What a tragedy! Here were all these poor people with no right to their farms. Some lingered in the neighborhood, some joined the colonies of Norwegians in Minnesota and Winconsin.

Ole himself returned to Europe. The style of violin playing had changed, he no longer made the enormous sums he had made in the past. He planned to establish a school of music, but this was not successful. He made various trips back to the United States and

Were they not entering Paradise?

for a while lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts. His American popularity never diminished; wherever he appeared, crowds flocked to hear him. He put his impressions of American scenery into two compositions, "Niagara," and "Solitude on the Prairie."

He had many adventures on his tours. A steamer on the Ohio River on which he was traveling collided with another and he sprang overboard through burning petroleum and swam to land. One of his violins was set with diamonds and he had to defend it and his own life from a would-be thief with a bowie knife.

He took violins apart and put them together, experimenting with various designs. He heard in a Philadelphia orchestra a fine old bass viol and could tell from its vibration that it had never been abused or played by a poor player. A few days later the horse carrying General Putman in a Revolutionary melodrama crushed the poor bass viol. Hearing of the accident, Ole bought the fine wood for a post for his violin.

He eventually owned beautiful Valestrand which he loved as a boy, but made his final home at Lyso, an island sixteen miles southwest of Bergen. From the clefts of the rocks sprang birch and pine trees, there were little lakes and streams, and spaces for gardens and plots of grass. An enormous hall extended across the front of the house, with magnificent views in every direction. Here were a pipe organ and two grand pianos, the latter designed by Ole, and here he spent his last days. Visitors described the views, the beautiful hangings, and Ole lying on his couch, listening to the storms which lashed the island.

One day the Norwegian army, passing on a fleet of steamers, paused before the house. Ole could not rise from bed, but he directed that his servents fly from the window a great American flag with the arms of Norway embroidered upon it, presented to him by the New York Philharmonic Society. The military band played one of Ole's compositions, then a native Norwegian air, then the national hymn. Slowly the vessels moved away, each dipping its flag.

It was not long before another procession filed through the fjord. Kong Sverre, a coast steamer. led the way, bearing the body of Ole, following came an escort of sixteen steamers. The Bergen wharf was covered with juniper and hung with festoons. Having disembarked, the mourners moved up the street, halting for a moment before the house where Ole was born and where he played his little violins, one lemon yellow, one bright red.

Great men spoke at his grave saying that by his music and his love for Norway he had given the nation self-respect. When the last hymn was sung and the family and friends had left, in from the fields and down from the hills and from fishing boats on the fjords came hundreds of men, each to drop a fern or flower on Ole's grave.

He was married twice, first to the granddaughter of Madame Villeminot, a beautiful girl who laughed at his French when he applied for lodging. After her death, he married an American, Sara C. Thorpe, whose brother was the husband of Longfellow's daughter, the "laughing Allegra," of whom he sang in "The Children's Hour.

Ole would say that part of him belonged to America. The half-ruined

rampart of his castle still looks down upon Little Kettle Creek Valley, and from tall poles float American and Norwegian flags. If you climb to the rampart, you can hear the murmur of the stream and the soft breathing of the wind. If you are very, very quite, you can see the strange procession winding into the valley—the axemen and the highpiled carts, and the women in their black and white and scarlet dresses. Perhaps you can even hear Ole's music.

A PRAYER

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more.
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit cheery—
Let me serve a little better
That which I am striving for.

Let me be a little brave
When temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother who is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

—Selected.

BEAUTIFUL CARPETS

By Gladys Jordan

Would you like to be a second Raleigh and spread your humble coat for royalty to walk upon? Alas! Raleigh came to a tragic end and Queen Elizabeth trod upon many a carpet of richer hue. Or perhaps you would like to step upon the mythical flying carpet of ancient days and float away to an island of delight.

Real carpets have a fascinating history dating, as they do, from the time of the Pharaohs. Rare remains of these beautiful textiles are in museums at Cairo and were made in or before 1480 B. C. They were of linen interwoven with colored wools, and they adorned the palaces of the Egyptians.

Purple seems always to have been a royal color and beneath the tomb of Cyrus was placed a purple carpet, while over all was a Babylonian tapestry. It was in the sixteenth century that tapestry gave way to tufted carpets. Tapestry appears to have been the oldest form of ornamental weaving. It is not tufted but made upon a flat surface.

Omitting Oriental rugs, carpets are of the following classes: Chenille, Axminster, Wilton Axminster, moquette, velvet, Brussels, tapestry Brussels, ingrains and Venetians, according to the materials used and the manner of making.

The Persian carpets of the fifteenth century were much like the velvet ones of the fourteenth century, having a long, heavy pile. The velvet carpets were often richly embroidered in gold and silver threads and used as ceremonial carpets. Princes and nobles of wealth often engaged the most famous workmen to carry on the art carpet weaving in their palaces.

The Saracens and the Moors were among the best carpet makers of ancient times. In the Far East the work of carpet making was and is a family affair. The women and children sit in front of their looms and work under the rigid direction of the Matriach, and woe be unto them if a mistake is made.

The European coat of arms of the person for whom they were made was often woven into carpets. Some very beautiful ones of this type were made in Constantinople and Damascus. These hand-woven carpets have a patterned design woven with a raised surface of tufts that are afterwards cut or looped. But the carpets woven by steam machinery are wholly of European origin, beginning in the nineteenth century.

The Axminster most nearly resembles the early Oriental handmade carpets. This is partly because they are tufted. The domestic Axminster and the moquette are made in much the same manner. They are thick, handsome and durable. The chenille Axminster is a Scotch product. It is made of worsted chenille woven into a jute background. It is comparatively cheap and comes in a wide range of colors.

The ingrain, the name of which refers to the manner of making, is made wholly of wool. They are also known as the Kidderminster, from the name of the place where they were made. These carpets can be reversed though

one side may be a trifle brighter than the other.

The Wilton and Brussels have a linen back and worsted face. The Wiltons are of the finest texture and richest effects of all, save the finest Persians.

Modern carpets have wool and worsted yarns for the surface and linen, cotton and jute for the backing. Most of these yarns can be spun to any thickness, dyed to any shade and woven into any fabric.

Schools of art in many places have introduced carpet making. This has resulted in a more definite form of conventional designing of patterns. Many of the designs now used in power carpet looms are of Oriental descent. Birds, flowers and animals were used in patterns.

Importers in New York, London and Paris have their own agents in the Far East and even have their own factories there, where very beautiful and unusual carpets are made.

Carpet making has been a great industry in the United States. Philadelphia alone, at one time, turned out more carpets than all of Great Britain. Amsterdam and Yonkers in New York and Worcester and Clinton in Massachusetts, have been famous for their carpets.

For many years art squares and rugs were used extensively in the modern homes in place of entire carpets. They are still being used, but carpets seem to be coming back again. Thus history repeats itself in art as well as in fashion.

———o———

Have you ever heard of the town of Yawn,
  On the banks of the river Slow?
Where bloom the Wait-Awhile flowers fair,
  Where the Some-Time-Or-Other scents the air,
And the Soft, Go Easy grow.

It lies in the valley of What's-the Use
  In the province of Let-It Slide,
That tired feeling is native there,
  In the home of the listless We-Don't Care
Where the Put-It Offs abide.

Every person in Yawn should have something to do,
  'Tis the lack of it makes them tired.
It's something to do that cheers the heart
  And makes life splendid from the start,
And brings every good desire.

—T. R. Butler.

OLD HEIDELBERG

By Clara Louise Dentler

Unlike France, Italy, and England, Germany was late in founding her universities. But this did not mean that her young men did not pursue higher education. They did. In the three great schools in the countries named, the Germans were numerous; so numerous in fact that they formed one of the "nations" in each of the universities.

It was not until the middle of the fourteenth century that Germany founded her first advanced institution. This was at Prague in Bohemia in 1347, under the patronage of Emperor Charles II. Three other famous schools followed in rather close succession: Vienna in 1365; Erfurt, so closely identified with Luther, in 1379; and Heidelberg in 1386. It is the early history of the last named that we purpose to trace.

The beginning of the university was not pretentious; yet very soon it had attained for itself an enviable reputation. Its founder, Rupert I, Count Palatine of the Rhine, selected the able Marsilius Inghen as the first rector. He with two masters opened the school October 19, 1386. The one lectured in logic; the second on the Epistle to Titus, and the third took that indispensable subject, the philosophy of Aristotle.

Surely this was not a wide range of subjects, yet the fame of the teachers had such drawing power that in the first four years of its existence one thousand students had received advanced training here. Rupert I so greatly admired the University of Paris that he wanted his German school patterned after it exactly, but he dared not do this without the consent of the pope. He accompanied his request with a substantial gift of money and pledged himself, were his wish gratified, to follow the Paris model without deviation. He would consider himself subject to divine judgment if he dared make any changes diverging from the Paris school.

Pope Urban VII, on the strength of these pledges—and the gift—granted the right of setting up the University of Heidelburg. It was fully set forth that it was to be the "handmaid of Paris," and an aid to her in every possible way. The customs of the French institution were to be followed in all details, especially in the style of caps and gowns to be worn.

Heidelburg, like all the medieval schools, never had a large faculty, but very large classes. This could easily be done because of the large lecture method of instruction. They had four faculties: divinely, canon and civil law, medicine, and liberal arts. In theology they had from two to four professors; in law, three to six; medicine, one to three—and these were practicing physicians in the town; in the liberal arts they numbered from twenty to thirty lecturers.

In our day we would wonder how they could obtain the services of such able men, as no salaries were paid them. They received only the rather small tuition that each student paid, plus an examination fee. The university received the registration fee, but there were two grounds on which the sum was refunded, and nearly all of the pupils could fall into one of the

two classes. The reasons for the return of the money were these: on account of poverty, and because of the outstanding ability of the entering student. So evidently the treasury was never very full.

There was no difficulty in getting the lecturers in liberal arts, for all students upon receiving their master's degree had to promise to teach in that faculty for two years without pay. This explains the large number of teachers in the liberal arts course compared with those in the other departments.

In law, medicine, and theology each professor had to be a specialist, known as a book specialist, because he lectured on one particular book, and the pupils engaged in disputations, or what we term debates, upon it. This method was a step in advance of the schoods in the other countries, which held strictly to the lectures.

In another way, too, Heidelberg was ahead of them, for it had a university building. This contained study halls, lecture halls, and private rooms for the masters, their celibracy being taken for granted. No professor was supposed to enjoy family life, save those in the faculty of medicine, whose homes were in the town.

The first rules in connection with Heidelberg are interesting; they forbade loud noises in the buildings, the carrying of weapons, and the presence of ladies in the halls.

The teachers appear to have been rather free in their work, only two oaths being required of them when they entered upon their duties. They had to promise to read all their lectures—probably to restrain them from making unpremeditated statements—and they had to take an oath never to reveal the secrets of the university, what great secrets there were to guard.

The duties of the Rector, masters, and students were very clearly defined. It seems that the Rector did not have much concern with the subject matter, as he is named to look after only two exceedingly important matters. First, he must be responsible that the students paids their rents for lodgings in the town, and secondly, he must negotiate loans for any who found themselves in need of cash for carrying on their studies.

In handling discipline the process was somewhat slow and unwieldy. If any student rebelled against his master, the latter could get assistance in dealing with said unruly young man from the Holy Roman Emperor or any of his officials, provided the master first obtained the permission of the Bishop of Worms to appeal to the Emperor.

A quite unusual rule was made at the founding of the university; at least it appears unusual today. All the servants were to possess equal rights and privileges with the masters and pupils; those classed as servants were the janitors, librarians, preparers of the parchment, scribes, and illuminators

Heidelberg students were accorded special privileges not enjoyed by the townspeople or non-student foreigners within the bounds of the town. While going to and returning home from the university, the students were permitted to carry clothes, corn, meat, fish, and wine without paying any duty on them. Also there was this provision: if they had any wine amounting to one or two wagon loads at the end of the term, and they had come into pos-

No matter into what high office they ever rose. We cannot help wondering

session of it honestly, they might sell it after Easter at wholesale and not pay any income tax on it.

One hour a day was set aside when they could purchase food in the town without being molested.

Another interesting provision made for them dealt with their room rents. For fear that the townspeople would overcharge the students, rents were fixed annually at Christmas time in this way: one representative of the university and a "circumspect citzen" of the town set a definite price for all lodgings, and none might exceed it.

The handling of criminal students caused definite laws to be made concerning it. If the scholar committed a light crime, his professor had to stand responsible for him to the authorities and see that he paid his fine. If his crime were grave, he was handed over to the Bishop of Worms.

Any lawyer or bailiff who laid a hand upon a student was to lose his position and the favor of the Emperor for life. The Bishop of Worms was to act as judge for all misdemeanors of students. He had a prison and an office in the town for handling his cases. We wonder if the old prison on the top floor of the present university is the descendant of the Bishop's prison.

When a student was arrested, he was released to attend his classes upon his professor's request, provided said professor promised to answer for the student if the parties causing his arrest went to law about the matter. Each student while being held in the Bishop's prison had to pay for the food he consumed while there. The reasoning was that he would be eating somewhere anyway, and while there he was not paying for food elsewhere.

Heidelberg students have always been famed for their singing. In the early days young men wandered from one institution to another as the fame of the various teachers enticed them. This accounts for the student songs of the medieval universities being the same in all countries. Most of them, particularly as sung at Heidelberg, were begging songs, and those of gay life and love. The sentiment would hardly pass the critics today.

The rules and regulations of this fourteenth century school are somewhat amusing, but when we study its aims, we find matter for serious contemplation and worthy of emulation today. It aimed to give "freedom, honor, courage, independence, truth, and frankness." They explained them this way:

Freedom to study, not alone to learn.

Honor—high esteem by fellow students.

Courage—to defend his honor with weapons if need be.

Independence—to follow his own convictions of what is right, good, and proper. Not to bow to opinion because it is popular, or to might because it has power.

Frankness—in truth.

In concluding this sketch of Heidelberg we can do no better than to span the centuries to the Heidelberg of today, and listen to her purpose as she states it. We find that she has held firm to the basic truths upon which she was founded. She says:

"The university supplies the environment in which every capable teaching talent can be properly developed, and every susceptibility of the student can be satisfied."

MIDNIGHT AND MORNING

By George W. Truett

Always somewhere in the world it is midnight. Even so, it is also true that, as it is written on a sun-dial in Brighton, England: "It is always morning somewhere in the world." This is the word for us today. As we look at some sections of our world today they are as unpromising as darkness and as ominous as the grave. Violence and tyranny seem to be invincible. Sin and moral chaos appear to rule with unrelenting fury. Just as surely, however, there are great sections of our world which are full of promise and radiant with hopeful outlook. These are the morning places, where the sun is shining and the denizens of darkness are driven to their lairs. Fear and terror are driven away by the coming of the morning. God is not dead, and rebellion against Him must go down before His Divine purpose and power. Every Babylon of iniquity will ultimately go down before him. It is always morning somewhere and by and by, it is going to be morning everywhere. The days of sin and suffering and sorrow cannot always last. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." One day, war will be put under His feet forever—may God hasten that day! One day, intemperance in all its hydra-headed manifestations will be put under his feet, finally and forever. One day, death shall be under his feet, so that even the very prospect calls forth the victorious shout: "Thanks be unto God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Let us be done with the spirit of unfaith and defeatism and fear, this day and beyond, forever! There is an ancient tradition of the Jews that in heaven there is music every morning. This is referred to in an old legend about Lucifer, Son of the Morning, who, for pride, was cast out of heaven. Some one asked him what he missed most of all that he had lost, and his reply was, "I miss most of all the sound of the trumpets in the morning." Is not that note the joyous challenging, triumphant note—the note most missed with Christ's people today?

Two or three minutes—two or three hours,
What do they mean in this life of ours?
Not very much if but counted as time,
But minutes of gold and hours subline
If only we'll use them once in a while
To make someone happy, to make someone smile.
A minute may dry a little lad's tears,
An hour sweep aside the trouble of years,
Minutes of my time may bring to an end
Hopelissness, somewhere—and give me a friend.

—Gready

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Chas. E. Boger and C. B. Barber, bookkeeper, were in Raleigh Thursday attending to business pertinent to the School.

Mr. Leon Godown, who has charge of the Printing Shop, spent several days in Raleigh this week attending a meeting of the Masonic Order.

The picture show last Thursday night, "The Heart Of the North," and a short subject, "Old Glory was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

James Brewer, who for a long time has been suffering from after affects of blood poison was sent back to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for treatment. James returned to the School last Thursday much improve—this young man has been a patient sufferer. He put up a brave fight for restoration of health. The officers and boys hope James will soon be well.

William C. Scarborough, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to leave the School February 2. 1934, was a visitor here last Sunday. William, who is now twenty-three years old, lives in Raleigh. He has been married four years and has a son and daughter, aged two years and four months, respectively. For the past five years he has been employed by the Kennerson Construction Company, of Raleigh. They have recently been building a number of service stations in various sections of the state for the Spur Oil Company. William has been in Charlotte for some time, working on one of those structures, now about completed, and states that he will be in Salisbury next week, at which time they will start working on a station in that city.

This young man was nicely dressed, has developed a pleasing personality, and we have every reason to believe that he will continue to make good. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy going about the School to see old friends among the members of the staff.

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 27:1-10, and the subject of his message to the boys was "The Potter's Field."

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker explained that a potter's field was a place in which people are buried because of the fact that they have no friends, no money with which to purchase a lot in a cemetery, or are so very mean and wicked that people do not want them to be buried near better folks. They are outcasts.

Rev. Mr. Summers then said that he wanted his listeners to think of a potter's field in the sense of being the reward of one who continued in sin, even unto death. He cited Judas Iscariot as just a person, stating that he probably had good parents; a good education; and had the wonderful opportunity of being with Jesus and listening to him for about three years. While he had every inducement to live a good life, Judas is an

outstanding example of a man who continued in sin. The speaker then told of a beautiful poem which tells of two women, about the same age, each having a son, and how they were exchanging experiences concerning their respective sons. According to the story, the dialogue took place while Jesus lay in the tomb. One woman told of the place her son was called to occupy in the world; how his life had been so beautiful up to the time of this conversation. The other told how beautiful her son had been as a baby; how she had tried to train him in the right way. Both of these sons were dead as the women talked. The son of one woman was Jesus, and the son of the other was Judas. Rev. Mr. Summers stated that this was one of the most beautiful poems he had ever read. The son of one woman, Jesus, arose from the dead, and is hailed by all Christians as the Savior of mankind, while Judas was a traitor—a man like whom nobody wants to be —a suicide whose name is handed down to us as one of the worst men in history.

Rev. Mr. Summers then asked the question, "What did Judas get out of life?" and answered it by saying that his only reward that was a lasting reward, brought about by the betrayal of the Master, was a potter's field —not a beautiful cemetery, such as we are accustomed to see, but a worthless lot wherein are buried the outcasts. All Judas left to posterity was a bad name and a potter's field. The memento left by Judas was just like his life, and if we continue in sin, that's about all we can get out of life. The things that marked Judas, even unto the present day, were his cowardly betrayal, a hangman's noose and a place in which wretched folks are buried. The potter's field was bought with blood money, but so far as we know, Judas did not even get a burying-place there as his reward. Something like that will be the reward of any man who continues in sin against Almighty God. It cannot do us or our loved ones any good.

Rev. Mr. Summers then said that all true parents are proud to be the parents of a boy who quits sin and lets God govern his life. The life of sin begins in little things. Judas was not always a great sinner. He started into it a little at a time but later developed in one of the most vile sinners of all time. He was a grumbler. He found fault with Jesus and the rest of the disciples. He cared much for money and might have stolen some of the funds entrusted to his care. This vile man became so selfish that he cared nothing for any other person on earth. He betrayed Christ for a few pieces of silver. Upon realizing his awful deed, he became remorseful and tried to give the money back to the high priests, but they refused it. Finally, feeling so miserable that he could bear it no longer, he went out and hanged himself. The high priests took the blood money he had cast at their feet and purchased a burying-ground for outcasts.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys that when they truly realized that Jesus died on the cross that all men might have eternal life, they would try to live lives that glorify him. He will help us to live so that our lives will be free from sin and shame—lives that will mean far more to the world than those having a potter's field as a reward.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending April 14, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(9) James Hodges 17
Leon Hollifield 18
(9) Edward Johnson 20
Robert Maples 11
(9) Frank May 16
(9) Arna Wallace 16
(9) J. C. Wilson 13

COTTAGE No. 1

Lacy Burleson 2
Eugene Edwards 5
(4) Porter Holder 11
(4) Clay Mize 8
(4) Carl Hooker 6
Arlie Scism 9
(2) Lee Watkins 10
(2) Everett Watts 9
(5) William C. Wilson 13

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) James Blocker 7
Charles Chapman 5
Joseph Christine 4
(2) Jack Cline 9
(2) George Cooke 14
(2) John D. Davis 8
Julian T. Hooks 9
(2) Robert Keith 9
Milton Koontz 3
(8) Donald McFee 17
(2) William Padrick 8
Richard Patton 6
Oscar Roland 6
(2) Nick Rochester 16
(2) William Shaw 2
(2) Charles Smith 6
(2) Landroes Sims 16
Raymond Sprinkle 6
James Stone 2
Charles Tate 5
Clarence Wright 2

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Earl Barnes 15
(9) Richard Bumgarner 14
(2) James Boone 11
(2) Lewis H. Baker 6
(2) Jack Crotts 11
(9) Coolidge Green 18
(2) William Matthewson 14
(2) Harley Mathis 8
(2) John C. Robertson 13
(2) George Shaver 12
(2) Harrison Stilwell 11
(2) John Tolley 8
(2) Louis Williams 13

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 9
Plummer Boyd 11
Paul Briggs 10
(2) Quentin Crittenton 12
(5) Lewis Donaldson 14
(10) Authur Edmondson 15
Arlow Goins 5
(9) Clyde Gray 18
(4) Hoyt Hollifield 8
John Jackson 11
(16) Ivan Morrozoff 20
J. W. McRorrie 11
(2) Henry Raby 13
(16) Melvin Walters 20
(2) Richard Wiggins 8
(2) Sam Williams 16

COTTAGE No. 5

(13) Theodore Bowles 18
(6) Collett Cantor 17
(2) Monroe Flinchum 4
Ray Hamby 8
Charles Hayes 4
(2) Everett Lineberry 13
Sam Montgomery 9
James Massey 7
(3) J. C. Rinehardt 14
(2) Richard Starnes 14
Elmer Talbert 6

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Robert Bryson 10

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte 9

Clasper Beasley 7
Paul Dockery 13
Donald Earnheardt 18
Lacy Green 12
George Green 13
William Herrin 6
Richard Halker 6
Raymond Hughes 6
Robert Hampton 10
Lyman Johnson 12
Hugh Johnson 16
J. C. Long 7
Robert Lawrence 12
Elmar Maples 14
Arnold McHone 16
Marshall Pace 9
Carl Ray 14
Alex Weathers 14
Joseph Wheeler 14
Edd Woody 11
William R. Young 8

COTTAGE No. 8

(8) Cecil Ashley 13
Marvin Crump 8
Jack Hamilton 11
John Tolbert 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Hollie Atwood 10
(2) Clarence Baker 8
(2) Mack Bell 15
(2) J. T. Branch 15
(4) Roy Butner 20
Percy Capps 5
James Connell 3
(2) Robert Gains 9
(7) Frank Glover 20
(3) Osper Howell 13
(10) Harold O'Dear 19
James Ruff 14
L. B. Sawyer 7
(3) Richard Singletary 13
(6) Preston Wilbourne 17

COTTAGE No. 10

(11) Junius Brewer 18
(4) James Penland 11

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Harold Bryson 17
(8) John Benson 18
(2) William Covington 15
(2) William Dixon 3
Lloyd Mullis 7
(3) Earl Hildreth 19
(4) Andrew Lambeth 5
(5) Julian Merritt 6
(4) Edward Murray 14
(6) Fred Owens 19
(5) Theodore Rector 14
Thomas Turner 13
(3) N. C. Webb 18

COTTAGE No. 12

Robah Sink 5
J. R. Whitman 9

COTTAGE No. 13

(10) James Brewer 14
(2) Dillon Dean 10
(10) William Griffin 15
(2) Vincent Hawes 18
James Lane 14
(6) John Murdock 8
Randall D. Peeler 6
Joseph Woody 8

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Raymond Andrews 16
(6) John Baker 13
(2) Mack Coggins 8
(2) Robert Deyton 12
(7) Audie Farthing 19
William Harding
John Ham 7
Marvin King 9
(2) John Kirkman 12
(6) Feldman Lane 20
(5) Norvell Murphy 15
(4) Henry McGraw 13
(3) John Robins 14
(5) John Reep 11
(3) Charles Steepleton 12
(4) Jones Watson 17
Wallace Woody 19

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Raymond Anderson 16
(3) Jennings Britt 8
(3) Beamon Heath 3
(3) Fred McGlammery 17
(3) J. P. Morgan 8
Eulice Rogers 4
(3) J. P. Sutton 13

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Raymond Brooks 11
George Duncan 13
(21) Warren G. Lawry 21
(4) Earl Oxendine 15
(10) Thomas Oxendine 18

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 27, 1940 NO. 17

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MY INFLUENCE

My life shall touch a dozen lives
  Before this day is done;
Leave countless marks for good or ill,
  Ere sets the evening sun;
So this the wish I always wish,
  The prayer I ever pray:
"Lord, may my life help other lives
  It touches by the way."

—Selected.

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ESTIMATION

When you think of a man, you seldom think of the knowledge he has of books;
You seldom think of the clothes he wears, his habits, or faults, or looks;
You seldom think of the car he drives, or the bonds his gold has bought;
When you think of a man, you mostly think of some kindness he has brought.
You judge him not by the block of stocks, nor his power of name and pen;
You judge a man by the place he's made in the hearts of his fellow men.
You judge a man by what he's done; by the way he's faced the strife,
And not the amount of the bank account he's managed to get in life.
You think of the friend he's been to man, and the good that he has done;
You judge the sort of a man he is by the friends that he has won.

—"The Atlantian."

WAY DOWN IN DIXIE

It is unusual for a New England Yankee to give recognition to the South, but in this instance the person in question is none other than Glen M. Householder, Director Extension Service, The Holstein-Friesian Association of America. In a personal letter to Superintendent Boger he speaks appreciatively of the school for delinquents, and in another article, the theme, "Dairying," he visualizes a great future for the Southeastern States in agriculture. His convictions of the possibilities of the Southland were made after a 5,000 mile automobile trip through Dixie. This expert's estimate on dairying and soil conservation is that "all Dixie is being swept by an agriculture revival with the same zeal which

enabled the pioneers to conquer the empire lying between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains." This official feels that for generations the Southern farmer, handicapped by conditions impossible to avoid, deserted the farms, left them to tenantry, the reason for erosion of land and dilapidated houses that were once orderly and well kept homes. He expressed himself that not even the fertility of the valley of the Nile could withstand such a system of farming so neglected.

By way of suggestion Mr. Householder tells the cotton and tobacco planters that they should become livestock minded, knowing that the barnyard fertilizer reinforced by lime and phosphate will restore worn out land much sooner than any other fertilizer. Futhermore the itinerary through Dixie revealed the fact that the supply of milk for rural families is inadequate. He emphasized that the cow is the "foster mother" for the undernourished child. He discovered that in Georgia there were 71,000 farm families, and in North Carolina 90,000 farm families without a cow. These conditions in the "Deep-South", where the climate is mild and soil that yields to kind treatment, are inexcusable, thinks Mr. Householder. He makes strong his point that dairying has a twofold significance —having all food values that make strong the body and has great monetary values.

He visited many dairies in the state having the Holstein cattle and gave most favorable comments as to rating of the herds and the manner in which the daries were managed. Mr. Householder visited the Stonewall Jackson Training School and this was his comment released for publication: "Perhaps no greater piece of work is being done in the entire United States with a group of delinquent boys than is being accomplished by Supt. Chas. E. Boger of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for boys. Here a 700 acre farm with a very creditable herd of Holstein cattle became just one big laboratory in a vocational project which could well be copied in industrial schools throughout the entire land. Many boys will go out from this institution well trained in the production of grade A milk and the handling of dairy cattle." This commendation from a national expert in dairying is appreciated, and an inspiration to bring up the Holstein herd of this institution the equal of any in the state or elsewhere.

NATIONAL COTTON WEEK

The Cotton Textile Institution, sponsor of Cotton Week, is fully aware of the fact that National Cotton Week, May 17-25, will bring good business for the many local merchants throughout the country and that means an unusual increase in business for the textile plants. The picture reveals that the leadership of the textile industries has a vision. All of us fully comprehend that "where there is no vision the people perish." The fellow with a closed mind, or one who continues to run in the same grooves, some day sooner or later, figuratively speaking, is nothing more than driftwood found upon the shores after a storm. The wise and successful fellow is one who profits by observing the experiences of others. No one can live unto himself, the game is one of a mutual exchange. The business that contributes to the success of local merchants in turn makes business for the manufacturing plants.

As proof of the position taken we quote from the press the following: "Through National Cotton Week by taking advantage of the 'golden opportunity' the textile industries can increase our lineage many times, and at the same time help the merchants increase business in the sale of cottons.

"During National Cotton Week of last year the sale of cotton goods increased, so it is natural to guess there will be even a better business this year."

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The following are factograms assembled from exchanges: Camels' hair brushes used for fine art are not made of camels' hair, but of the fur of Russian and Siberian squirrels. - - - - - John Adams who died at 90, was the longest-lived president. - - - - - A coffin is considered a very appropriate gift for an aged relative in China. - - - - - The child born on the "Mayflower" during the epic voyage was named Peregrine White. - - - - - Marius, a Frenchman, Schroter, a German, and Christofori, an Italian claimed to have invented the piano. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York is a genuine Christofori piano. - - - - - John Chickering is credited with having made the first grand piano made in America. - - - - - John Isaac Hawkins, Bordentown, N. J., patented the "upright" piano in 1800. - - - - - As early as 1450, John Faust, of Metz, was accused of using

magic in the printing of his books. Thereafter in the sixteenth century Aldus Manutius, founder of the Aldine presses, had in his employ a Negro boy brought into Venice on a merchant ship. The unlearned were disposed to look upon the art of printing as coming from the devil. Consequently the Negro boy was classed as an "imp" coming from the abode of darkness. This caused an uproar, a mob assembled to do injury to the boy. To quiet the crowd the owner of the press importuned these assembled who thought the boy not flesh and blood to come up and pinch him. Naturally we conjecture this epic of by-gone days reveals the origin of the expression, "printers' devil." - - - - - Fifteen years ago the percentage of those who could neither read nor write, was greater than at the present time. More people can read and write than ever before in the history of the country. Illiteracy is vanishing in America, Denmark, England, France and Germany. Soon all but the imbecile will have gained some knowledge of the written and printed word.

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THE YOUNG MAN AT SEVENTY-EIGHT

This headline, "Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, at 78, is a man dedicated to his work," was the occasion for a timely thought. The remark following the headline was that any man who succeeds is dedicated to his work. Also that the fellow who works in obscure places for a small stipend, if he does his work well should be commended. From the standpoint of the public, the high official and the person of a menial job, are equally essential ingredients in all industrial enterprizes, because one is dependent upon the other. They are of the same household, and a house divided against itself cannot stand. But we doff our caps to the Chief Justice, the young man of 78, and a man of noble spirit who is filling most successfully the high and honorable office committed to his care. The nation has honored him, and he is an honor to the nation.

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ANYWHERE, SO IT IS FORWARD

David Livingstone was obsessed with the desire to save souls.

He looked for things that enriched his soul. When blazing his way through the jungles of Africa, he did not do it for the realiziation of exploring a new country, but went purposely to implant in the heathens an understanding of the Christian religion. This taken from the North Carolina Christian Advocate vizualizes the zeal of David Livingstone for Christian service, who said:

"Anywhere, so it is forward" became David Livingstone's motto after he got his vision of duty when Robert Moffatt, his father-in-law, took him to a hill-top in Africa and showed him the smoke curling from a thousand villages in not one of which the gospel had ever been preached. And as it was with Livingstone, so it is with every conscientious man when he gets a vision of the world's need and is willing to pay the price.

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That no nation lives to itself alone has recently received a striking illustration in a statement made concerning our own country. First of all the nation is congratulated, through the announcement that "no equivalent area in the world contains the diversity, quality or richness of metals as does the United States." Nevertheless, in the midst of our self-congratulation, we are warned that we are "deficient in eight metals which are essential to our defence in case of war attack." The deficiencies vary from 1 to 50 per cent for peace time requirements. Of course, in the event of our involvement in war, the needs would be much greater and the opportunity to supply the deficiencies would be correspondingly lessened. The eight metals cited are tungsten, mercury, antimony, manganese, chromium, nickel, tin and—strangely enough—aluminum. These and other commodities, like oil, rubber, coal and lumber, are in the foreground of the reasons for the present world struggles. Enormous resources of men and money are being squandered to obtain particular advantages by the control of some or all of these materials through force. What has become of the common sense of nations which have abandoned the sane way of good will in barter to take up with the uncertainties of battle?—Selected.

CITIZENSHIP DAY

(The Catawba News-Herald)

Citizenship Day will be observed throughout the United States on the third Sunday in May, in accordance with a resolution adopted by the Senate.

Although the country is flooded with special "days" and "weeks" to be celebrated, it seems to us particularly fitting at the present time to allot one day to recognition of the privilege of American citizenship. For people who have never bothered to think about the flag under which they live are now thankful for the stars and stripes as they witness the ruthlessness of dictatorship in totalitarian states.

Perhaps the frightful object lesson of Europe will awaken American citizens anew to responsibilities as citizens of a great democracy, and is not amiss that they should be taught their duties, as well as rejoice over their rights and privileges.

Spasmodically, at election times, much is said and written about the duties of American citizens at the polls. But there are duties that devolve upon residents of every community, county, state and nation other than mere exercise of the franchize.

Citizenship Day was originally conceived as an opportunity to bring youth, who are entering their majority, the full realization of their responsibilities as citizens, and an appreciation of what it means to be able to say "I am an American." And at the same time their elders as well might be called upon to give more thought to their contribution to good government for the people as a whole, and less thought to what the individual can get out of the government.

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ON "THE SQUARE"

"It matters not whate'er your lot,
  Or what your task may be;
One duty still remains for you,
  One duty stands for me.
Be you a doctor, skilled, wise ,
  Or a man who works for wage,
A laborer working on the street,
  Or an artist on the stage;
One glory still awaits you,
  One honor that is rare,
To have men say, as you pass by—
  'That fellow's on the square,."

—Selected.

YOUTH SHOUTS, "FORE"

(Selected)

This is some kind of a golf term, we have heard. It seems to be a call to step aside and let others "through." It is a kind of courtesy that is expected, or demanded, and with, or maybe at times without, courtesy granted.

We believe that youth is looking down the course of life and feeling the urge to make haste. Youth has strength, skill, some experience, considerable confidence, and much determination to go ahead. Youth feels it has rights that elders must respect. It wants its way without molestation, questioning, suggestions, or too much warning. Youth thinks it sees farther and with clearer eye than the older people out in front. So, all poised and ready to shoot straight, hard, and far, youth calls for an open path; it shouts, "Fore."

Youth deserves consideration. It has its rights, and its ambitions should not be discredited, though attempt to curb them may be advisable. Unless lost in self-confidence, fostered by false prophets of the day, youth is not resentful, at least not nastily so, when prudently cautioned, or wisely advised. But progressive youth knows much these days. It has gone farther than some of us think. It has gathered, and rather well mastered, a good many fine ideas, that could be tried. Not much can be gained by curbing youth entirely, by refusing to heed the call, "Fore."

Youth soon escapes its own prison bars. It quickly adds a few years and slows down a bit. It takes time to think things through more carefully, and learns to hold back its wisdom for the opportune moment when it is needed. Youth is all the better equipped for the work of maturity if it has enjoyed the fullest confidence and the finest help of those a little, or much, older and more widely experienced. It may take what might be called courageous grace and tact to tolerate the apparently extravagant thought and ambitions and demands of youth, but when youth gets over its excessive zeal to get ahead, and learns to shout "Fore" only when it will be least inconvenient for others, what a fine companionship there will be.

THE AMERICAN WAY

Oh, this world's a curious compound
  With its honey and its gall;
With its cares and bitter crosses,
  But a good world after all.
And a good God must have made
  Least wise that's what I say,
When his hand is on my shoulder
  In a friendly sort of way.

—James Whitcomb Riley

RELIGION IN POETRY

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

No American poet would be more readily and more naturally selected as a contemplative author than Whittier, the "Quaker Poet," the "Prophet Bard," the "Hebrew Poet of the nineteenth century," not only in American letters but in English as well. His very name calls to mind the prophet bards of long ago. There is much of the old Semitic fire in him, a feeling of righteous indignation against wrong and oppression. His poems are so imbued with a religious spirit that they seem almost like sacred writings of ye olden times.

Upon occasions of deep feeling his words come to one's mind almost as readily as passages of Scripture. Whoever would express his entire confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right and his reliance upon God's power to thwart the evil devices of man will find John Greenleaf Whittier a ready help in time of affliction. Those who mourn and seek consolation will find solace for their grief and surcease from sorrow in many of his poems. To the wronged and downtrodden and to the suffering they appeal as strongly as the "Psalms of David."

Thus one may think of Whittier as the great High Priest of literature; but not all high priests have had such an audience and such an influence as he has had. The moral and religious value of his work cannot be easily over-estimated. He has scarcely written a poem, song, or even an essay, which does not contain a moral sentiment or some religious aspiration. The one central element in his character is this ever-glowing moral and religious fervor, and an unquenchable love for freedom, which, mixed with the beauty and melody of his soul, gives to his verse a delicate glow as of iron "gold-hot."

As a Quaker, Whittier must be said to have a great deal of the martial spirit. The fiery, fighting zeal of the old reformers is in his blood. His Anti-slavery Poems" possess a depth of passionate earnestness. They show that he could have gone to the stake for his convictions had he lived in a former age. His serenity and moral gravity carry the truth he was uttering effectively and directly to the heart and conscience of man, for he appeals directly to the moral faculty, to one's sense of right and to the conviction of justice and law. He thus becomes the "poet of conscience." This feature redeems his "Anti-slavery Poems" from the charge of being sentimental or indignat tirades against evil. They are not the fanatical outbursts of a would-be reformer. His better They are not the fanatical outbursts of a would-be reformer. His better judgment was not overshadowed by passion and prejudice. But he does protest impassionately in the name of God against injustice and cruelty and against trespassing upon the moral law:

"Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
Shall Pity's bosom cease to

swell?"

For more than a score of years he made poetry an instrument of reform; consequently when the Abolitionist movement became an "issue" he deliberately and unhesitatingly cast in his lot with the "detested little band of Abolitionists." Having thus consecrated himself to a great and noble indignation at "man's inhumanity to man." Every so often he startled a whole nation with some burning lyric that came like a fiery cross to warm and to rally. Listen to the stinging irony in "The Hunters of Men"—

"Have ye heard of our hunting,
o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest—
the hunting of men?

Priest, warrior, and statesman,
from Georgia to Maine,
All mounting the saddle—all
grasping the rein—
Right merrily hunting the black
man, whose sin
Is the curl of his hair and the
hue of his skin!"

or to his fearless denunciation of a slave auction, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as a "good Christian":

"A Christian! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image?

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at Thine
altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the
bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?
How long, O God, how long?"

In all his anti-slavery poems he sounds forth a "blast from Freedom's northern hills" as terrible in its deep-toned scorn and denunciation as the voice of some ancient prophet.

Even though Whittier may at times have had his feeling of doubt and disconsolateness as evidenced in a few of his poems and notably so in "Questions of Life':

"I am; how little more I know!
Whence Came I? Whither do
I go?
A centered self: which feels and
is;
A cry between the silences."

he does after all not belong to the bards of doubt and despair like Clough and Arnold; he does not "hover between two worlds: one dead and the other powerless to be born." Like most singers of his day, he recognizes the divine presence as existent and operative in all things. His verse is filled with the cheer of life and hope and courage—

"I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living
My freehold of thanksgiving."

The basic principles of his religious trust appears to be the "Inner Light." This solvent of doubt removes him alike from the sadness and the paganism of poets like the ones just cited. He believed in following this Light; and when he once thought he was directed by it no power on earth could prevail upon him to turn aside.

Of all our secular poets Whittier

is the most religious. He preaches a broad, generous, and beautiful creed. Empty dogma and soulless creed were no more religion to him than they were to Christ when He condemned the Scribes and Pharisees in days of old and drove them from the temple. The main motives of his creed are the eternal goodness of God and faith in immortality. There is nothing finer and more soothing in all literature than his hymns, which have been called "so many acts of faith." His lofty poem, "The Eternal Goodness," may be worth a barrel of sermons. Many of his poems, or at least parts of them, have been set to music. It is a great pity that one does not hear them sung more often. None of his poems, nor those of any other poet, sets forth such a profound faith in God and in immortality as does "The Eternal Goodness"—

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

"And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar :
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

But one cannot discuss this phase of Whittier's life and leave out that inimitable passage in "Snow Bound"—

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

The charm of Whittier's poetry comes from its sincerity; it has a vitality which brings it home to the hearts of people, it inspires them with new hope, strength and courage. The average reader respects it because he can understand it. He had the happy faculty of teaching and of preaching without being didactic or sermonic. His poetry may be provincial; and if so, then it is procincial only in its local coloring, for its sentiments are as universal as are the thoughts and feelings of mankind, which sorrows for the "touch of a vanished hand" and for the "sound of a voice that is still." His unaltering faith, his absolute reliance upon the goodness of God, and his boundless hope in immortality make him the Prophet Bard, the inspired teacher of the higher life. If the worth of one's life is estimated by the number of hearts comforted, by the number of lives uplifted and inspired, then his measure will be as full as that of any other poet of this or any other century.

His own life is a noble poem; noble example is nobler than the noblest poem, and the traditions of a life which was a poem is an inheritance more precious than a written poem.

SCALE THE HEIGHTS

By Walter F. Meier

By lifting a portion of a sentence written by Albert Pike, we have a real motto:

"Scale the heights upon whose summit Light and Truth sit enthroned."

Although that admonition is constantly before us, yet there are those who never seem to feel or see the necessity or advantage of following it. They are content to remain in the valleys. It is another case, apparently, of where ignorance is bliss.

Some men remain upon the lowlands through sheer indolence. To climb uphill means exertion. It requires a strain. They are averse to such a practice. They, in effect, say, "What's the use. It's pleasant down here. Here I can live in ease. Why undergo the hardship of climbing up the mountainside? Surely, the land must be less fertile up there, and, besides, my foot might slip and I might break a leg." But such a man does not know what he is missing. He does not realize how limited his vision is.

Did you ever have the experience of traveling through a canyon? Do you not recall how encompassed you were? You could not see the broad landscape. The horizon was obscured to you. You would not even see very far either in front or behind you because of the tortuous course you were following. On either side were the jagged rocks, and there was only a small patch of the sky that you could see overhead. Moreover, it was uncomfortably warm, perhaps even sultry, because the breeze could not strike down upon you. What a feeling of relief seemed to come over you as you emerged from the depression and reached a point where the eye could again wander over field and wood.

But great as is the contrast pictured, and the relief experienced when freed from the limitations that mark one's progress through such a canyon, it is not comparable to the ecstacy that comes to one when he is permitted to scale the heights until the pinnacle of the highest peak is reached. From there you can scan the whole compass of the horizon. You see the valleys, with their fields. you see the forests, the rivers, the plains. Off in the distance you catch a glimpse of the shimmering sea. And, withal, you feel the cool and refreshing breeze. Was not the effort of climbing worth while?

I have been speaking in material terms. But the physical characteristics and experiences are no more real than the mental. Often men live only in the low valleys mentally. They are surrounded with the sordid things of life. They have no outlook, no vision. They never come even within sight of the Throne of Light and Truth. They never feel the buoyancy that comes to those who rise above the foul atmosphere and feel the pure zephyr of life. Thus to rise in the scale of thought is to make for broadmindedness. The ability to understand the different experiences of men enables one to appreciate something of their problems. He becomes more compassionate, more forgiving, and makes greater allowances for the shortcomings of humanity.

WHERE ORPHANAGE SHOES ARE MENDED

(Orphans' Friend)

In the building to the rear of Treasurer Allen's home on College Street is the Orphanage Shoeshop, where 500 shoes are yearly made for the everyday use of our boys and girls. These shoes are fashioned from the best material and are properly made, for their owners give them uses that test everything that shoe leather has. Through actual manufacture and repair work the boys gain practical experience in a useful and necessary trade that will never pass from the industrial picture. Many once-flouristing buisnesses have taken the count at the hands of time and progress but shoe making and shoe repairing show no indications of losing prestige or business.

Besides the making of everyday shoes for the children and doing all the Orphanages shoe repair work, the shop does a tidy custom business. The Sunday shoes at the Orphanage are bought from factories.

The manager of the Shoeshop is Brother M. F. Hill, affectionately called "Marse". He has been teaching the making and repairing of shoes since 1899, when he came back to his alma mater to join the staff of workers. He came to the Orphanage in 1886 and stayed seven years.

Healthy children who enjoy much out-door life are hard on shoe leather. All the leather used is of the best for durability and comfort, consistent with the demands of hard usage. For the boys water-proof chrome leather is used in the uppers and the soles. Medium calfskin leather for uppers and a good grade of flexible sole is found more suitable for girls.

Most of the boys who have had experience in advance work are capable of making two pairs of shoes a day. While they do not get into the niceties of style, the shoes they make have a good appearance and stand up under the most exacting conditions. No one is better shod for the worst of weather than the children of the Orphanage. Each pair of shoes is resoled four or five times before the uppers become too much worn for further use.

The shop makes shoes for several deformed people. This is very difficult work, but it gives the boys in training valuable experience.

Good jobs are easily found for boys when they leave the institution. Oxford Orphanage shoeshop boys are found in every section of North Carolina. Some of them own their own shops; for instance, Henry Candler and Ollie Hobby in Raleigh; and William Medlin in Durham. There are other shoemakers taught by "Marse" Hill in these cities besides the shop-owners.

All the shoes are fitted in this department, and great care is taken to see that each child is properly shod.

The last winter was one of the toughest on shoes. Visits to the shop were many, and great was the evidence of wear and tear. However, one of the greatest winter shoe troubles went out with the coming in of furnaces. Years ago is was the common practice to stick wet soles against hot stoves

to dry, with the result that the soles were ruined. Now-a-days it is unusual to find a case of scorching.

The machines in the shop are modern but in the nature of the business no great outlay of machinery is necessary. There are two sewing machines, a Goodyear stitcher, and one of the most up-to-date finishing and shining machines.

The shoeshop was organized in 1887 by J. W. Smith, of Raleigh, who died two years later. All of his successors were boys trained in the shop. The managers after Mr. Smith were Charlie Chapman, Sam Chapman, J. I. Hill (brother of the present manager), who had charge five years, Fred Beckton, W. A. Propst. "Marse" Hill came to assume charge September 1, 1899, and he is here yet, hale and hearty and most highly esteemed.

DUTY

Duty defined is a service well done,
It may be rendered by peasant or king,
Heaven-born virtue, exceeded by none,
And of its merit angelic hosts sing.
Stern in endeavors, exacting its toll,
Ever its vigil for foe or for friend;
"Justice for all" is assumed in its role,
Duty continues all things to transcend.

Never unmindful of well-earned acclaim,
Baring its life to a critic's keen dart,
It disregards the base wooings of fame,
Finding its abode in Purity's heart.
Duty has "Well done" as its rich reward,
Enframed in praises of rare accolade
Of "Enter thou now the joys of thy Lord,
Into the mansions by Master hands made!"

—William M. Sapp.

THE RADIO AND PUBLIC SPEAKING

By Rev. Walter L. Lingle, D. D., LL. D.

A combination of circumstances has led me to write this article. First of all, there came a letter from a well known minister who had been listening to sermons over the radio during an illness. He had some good things to say about the sermons and then had some suggestions to make. Next there came an invitation to make an address before the South Carolina Speech Association whose object is to promote better speaking in public and private. Then came a visit to a university where I saw new methods of teaching public speaking, especially over the radio. I had scarcely gotten home when I received an unusual letter of ten pages from a cultured, Christian woman living in a distant state, north of the Mason and Dixon line, urging the importance of giving our candidates for the ministry better training in public speaking. Then "Life" came out in the second week in March showing by striking pictures the technique that is used by a great university in teaching young men and women how to use their voices On top of all this, "Time" printed a paragraph in which a professor of public speaking in New York University grades present and past candidates for the Presidency of the United States as public spakers over the radio.

All of this indicates that the subject of public speaking is much to the tore these days. Several of the great American universities sensing the situation have established strong departments of public speaking. The old-fashioned teachers of elocution who occupied themselves largely with externals, spending most of their time telling their students how to stand, how to gesture, and how to deliver themselves in an artificial, bombastic style, have gone with the wind. A new generation of teachers with new technique has arisen.

This new interest in public speaking has been greatly accelerated by the radio. During the course of twenty-four hours the radio carries many public speakings and dramatic programs. If a speaker wants to hold his radio audience, he must have a good speaking voice. The same is true of those who take part in dramatic programs. Even those who put on the many advertising programs must have good radio voices. The radio announcer must have a superfine voice. These requirements are so strict that men and women who have to speak over the radio frequently are constantly cultivating their voices. The best political speakers over the radio are always busy trying to improve their voices and their manner of speaking.

Jesus said that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. The work of the Church requires a great deal of public speaking on the part of ministers and others. That being true, ministers and others who have to speak in connection with the work of the Church would do well to take a leaf out of the notebook of politicians and dramatic actors and others who are called upon to do a great deal of public speaking, especially over the radio. The children of this world are

making such marked progress in the art of public speaking that if those who are engaged in the work of the Church do not take steps to keep up with the progress that is being made along this line they are going to wake up one of these days and discover that those who are accustomed to good speaking over the radio are not going to be willing to put up with poor speaking in the church. There is a great deal of good speaking in our churches now, but by the same token there is a great deal of poor speaking.

A public speaker can do much without a teacher if he will take himself in hand. Years ago when I was chairman of the program committee and platform manager at Montreat I had a striking illustration of this. We were still holding the conferences in the old auditorium which seated about a thousand people. A distinguished scholar whom I had never seen was under engagement to speak every night for a week in the auditorium. Knowing that he was such a distinguished scholar, I used superlatives in advertising his coming. A full auditorium greeted him the first night. A more grievously disappointed audience I never saw. His enunciation was simply terrible. The people could not understand what he was saying. The result was that the auditorium was practically depopulated. Something had to be done. I went to him in as tactful a way as I knew how, told him that I was sure he had the goods but that he must do something about the delivery department. He took it like the Christian that he was. After our little heart-to-heart talk he spent his morning hours away off in a mountain cove reading aloud and doing everything in his power to improve his enunciation. By this process he accomplished great things. The people noticed the marked improvement in his delivery, and before the week was over he had his audience back.

But it is not the purpose of this article to lecture older ministers on the subject of public speaking. We are pretty well set in our ways and there is not much that we can do about it. In fact, it might make us worse if we should try too hard to change our method. In writing this article I am thinking mainly of the oncoming generation of preachers. The time has come when our institutions that are training men for the ministry should make a careful study of what is being done along the line of public speaking in several of our great universities. Having done this, our own institutions should introduce the best methods of teaching this subject to be found in America, and then require all candidates for the ministry to take these prescribed courses in public speaking. I have been wondering whether it would not be a good thing for some candidates for the ministry to go to one of these great schools of public speaking and devote their whole time for a whole year in studying the use of the voice and the fine art of public speaking. Of course the minister's message is the thing of supreme importance, but next to that comes the manner in which he delivers that message. Listen to this paragraph from a letter written by a fine Christian woman:

A minister has so much competition now. A long time ago he was usually the best educated man in town, and often the most brilliant. Now when everybody sends his children to college, the minister's learn-

ing is not so devoutly respected. And think of the competition he has as a speaker. We go to lectures and listen to the radios. We must hear fifty times as many good talks as people heard even twenty-five years ago. The minister today not only has to compete in the quality of his address but in the manner of its presentation. Think of all the fine radio announcers and actors in radio and the movies. Every other profession has had to "hump" itself. Since things have slackened and whole families do not just automatically turn out enmasse for church, the minister has to offer more to charm his congregation into coming. It seems to me that a trained speaking voice (not elocutionary but with all defects removed) is absolutely necessary today to any minister. I belong to the oldfashioned group that goes to church every Sunday, listens to the Scriptures (regardless of the way in which they are read), shuts eyes when he makes faces preaching, listens as attentively as possible to what is said instead of how, but I can't help noticing.

The late Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who stood in the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian church, of Richmond, Virginia, for over fifty years, was a prince among preachers. The first time I ever saw or heard him was during my first year as a student in Union Theological Seminary which was then located at Hampden-Sydney, Virginia. He came to the seminary to speak on an anniversary occasion. One sentence of his address has lingered with me during all the intervening years. In addressing the seminary students he said: "Young gentlemen, royal thoughts ought always to wear royal robes." He illustrated that rule in his own preaching as well as any one I ever heard. We might add a little to that statement and say that royal thoughts should not only wear royal robes but should be presented in a royal manner.

Thus far I have been talking about public speaking in general. Let us now turn for a moment to public speaking over the radio. A great many churches are now broadcasting their church services. As the years go by the number will no doubt be greatly increased. That means that ministers are going to need to acquire the double art of speaking to their visible audiences sitting in the pews before them and their invisible audiences listening over the radio. That, in turn, means that young ministers would do well to take lesssons in the art of speaking over the radio. Not long ago I visited a university which is teaching its students to do that very thing. The university has a regular radio studio with microphones and radio controls. The professor of public speaking sits at the controls behind a heavy plate glass partition where he can see the student but cannot hear his voice except when it comes to him through the microphone into which the student speaks. The professor communicates with the student over a telephone that has a loud speaking attachment and tells him whether he is using his voice correctly and speaking to the best advantage. As this process goes on month after month the student learns how to use his voice.

The minister who listened to sermons over the radio while he was confined to his room by illness has requested me to pass on two or three suggestions to ministers who broad-

cast their sermons: Please have the name of the church and the name of the minister announced at the beginning of the service and again at the close. Please read the first stanza or at least the first line of each hymn that is sung. The number of the hymn means nothing to the radio listener, as he probably does not have the same hymn-book. And then he wants me to request the minister not to sing into the microphone. As he stands closer to it than anybody else he drowns out all other voices.

The radio is one of the most wonderful discoveries and inventions ever made. Looked at properly, it is a gift of God to humanity. Let those of us who profess to be Christians dedicate it to His service and use it to the limit for His glory.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

Let us have peace! Too long has selfish greed
Spread fear and chaos over all the earth,
While lust and hatred unrestrained give birth
To cruel wars—implant the cursed seed
Of wild atrocity and murderous deed. . . .
(The gods of war, blood-stained, laugh loud in mirth—
Of rich red, human wine there is no dearth—
As on the shattered wrecks of men they feed.)

Let us have peace! Blot out that crimson stain,
Which taints a stricken world from shore to shore;
Brings terror with its wild and bloody reign—
O blot! O blot it out forevermore!
Then banish wars forever, God, release
Our souls to Christian freedom's glorious peace.

—Paul Samuel Frederick.

JOHNNY-SKIP-IT-PLEASE

By Richard Wetherell

When the big, barefoot man looked at the equipment that Johnny Chappell had brought with him to the jungle, disgust leaped to his face. He laughed, without mirth, as his cold, gray eyes took in the assortment of explorer's appliances, the tropical clothes, the big pith helmet. And his voice, when he spoke, was dry, biting, contemptuous.

"Planning on a picnic, were you?"

It was like a deliberate slap in the face. Johnny involuntarily braced himself, as though for physical combat. He remembered that Mr. Balard had told him to watch out—that old Sutherland and the jungle would get him! It was true. Johnny felt it, already—the jungle, malignant and invincible, creeping in upon the stillness, filling the little shack, and choking him. And this big man with the queer, perverse personality, beating him mentally down!

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sutherland," said Johnny, mechanically, "if I made a mistake. Skip it please. I'll try to learn how to do things right."

The man laughed in that disdainful way that seemed to do something to one's nerves. His cold gaze studied Johnny as though the young man were an interesting but inanimate object. "They come, these young fellows, fresh from college and wrapped in cotton—'Skip it please,' they say, to everything, as if it is a joke. . . But they find that nothing here is a joke—and they do the skipping, soon, straight back to mother!"

"I am here to stay," said Johnny, stubbornly.

There was a moment of silence between them—Sutherland, old and gray and strangely ruthless; and the youth with the yellow hair and the blue eyes that were a little somber now—Johnny Chappell, who had come here with his eyes open, to this soulless place where everything, every man seemed to jeer at you.

Yes, he had sat in a New York office and listened to Mr. Balard, a brisk little man with a probing mind.

"Ah! . . . Your name is Chappell, and you want a job as a civil engineer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Chappell, I feel like telling you to get out of here—for your own good, you know! . . . We do have a job open—no; I'd call it a formidable undertaking, I think . . . You still want to hear about it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well . . . We have a man doing work for us down in the jungles of the Malay Aachipelago; and seven young men have gone down there to help him—and seven young men have been mighty glad to come back! Old Ben Sutherland and the jungle get them."

"Ben Sutherland?"

"Yes, our man down there—the engineer. I hardly know how to tell you about Ben. He is a man with hundreds of enemies, yet he is his own worst enemy. He is one of the geniuses of our time, but we have to keep him buried in the out-of-the-way places of the world. Maybe you get what I mean? He is anti-social—unfeeling, I might say."

"I think I understand, sir."

Mr. Balard nodded quickly. "Yes.... And you will take the job?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, young man? I'm merely curious, you see. It won't be pleasant."

Johnny hesitated. He always found it difficult to talk about himself, about his mother and his younger brothers and sisters.

"I—you see, sir; I have certain responsibilities—"

Mr. Balard's head jerked quickly again. "I think I understand, too, Chappell. And I hope you make good, really. We have places for able young men.....Please come in again tomorrow, and we'll begin to make the necessary arrangements."

A little campfire burned outside the shack in the jungle, but the intense darkness closed in. Sutherland laughed enigmatically. "Here to stay, eh? That's what they all say—these fresh young fellows."

"Skip it, please," said Johnny, wearily.

The jungle—silent and hot and endless—was a place where death lurked on every side. An engineer, working, could see only a few feet ahead. The tangle of vegetation dragged at his feet, the trailing vines groped for him and tried to drag him down. Johnny, working following Sutherland silently, day after day, struggled to keep his head up and his feet on the ground. It was funny, but a fellow felt better, somehow, if he could keep his head up!

"Now, Johnny-Skip-It-Please, how nice it would be if we could skip all this," Southerland would say, contemptously.

Cutting their way through the tangle, foot by foot, it was a heart-breaking task—surveying in the jungle. Sweated to the bone, almost too weary to stand, Johnny asked himself, a thousand times, what would come of all their work. But he knew the answer, though it seemed impossible in this eerie place. Sometime, perhaps, the whistle of a locomotive would shatter the stillness of the jungle!

Sutherland and Johnny spent the nights under a mosquito net suspended inside a small tent. Frequently, on the hottest nights, Sutherland would desert the tent and simply suspend the net from the branch of a tree out in the open. Side by side they slept—the old engineer and his young assistant. But there was no bond between them, no speech. And as the days dragged by, the big man became even more exclusive, and more malicious, when he did speak.

Johnny was awakened, one night, by a sound and movement close to his face. He opened his eyes and found himself staring into two pinpoints of light. An icy, sickening terror struck him. It was hot, deathly hot, but in a moment he was dripping wet with cold sweat.

Then the points of light began to go round and round the net!

Johnny, while something already seemed to grip him by the throat, managed to give the sleeping form by his side a little shake. Instantly the big man wakened into his full senses.

"What is that?" Johnny whispered shakily, for his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

Sutherland looked, and his laughter, loud and ribald, rang out in the darkness. Outside the net, an instant later, there was a slight commotion, as might be made by a large animal

leaping away in fright.

"What was it?" demanded Johnny, half in relief, half in shame.

"A cat!" Scornful laughter shattered the jungle night again. "Just a friendly cat—a tiger. And was the little fellow almost scared to death? You young fellows make me sick—down here to stay, eh? Yes, oh, yes, you are—not! Afraid of your shadow. Afraid to breathe, almost."

"Skip it, please!" Johnny cried harshly. He still trembled a little, in the relaxation of feeling. "Who are you to laugh at anyone? You—soured on the world!—with never a kind thought!—just like a machine!—never offering to help anyone—"

The big man lay back down again, with his back to Johnny. "Cry, little one, cry," he growled.

No, Johnny didn't cry, but there were times in the following weeks that unreasoning panic threatened to carry him away. He was just a green young engineer in a land of danger and death. There were so many things to learn—if one wanted to keep on living—but he had no one to teach him!

The jungle, growing, stealthily, creeping up underfoot like some green monster—Johnny could feel its hot breath on his face as he penetrated into places that had never before been seen by man.

He would have given almost anything to be able to get hold of a companionable human being for a few minutes. Even a grinning native would have been better than Sutherland; but the natives lived on the banks of the rivers, and seldom entered the jungle, which was a fearful place to them. He got this bit of information from Sutherland, which was surprising enough, since the old engineer's usual answer to all of Johnny's questions was, "Try it and see"

Johnny threw back his head and tried to grin—hanging on! And he was not quite without reward. He knew that Sutherland was disappointed because he never spoke of going home. Well! He, Johnny Chappell, was showing the old catamount that there was one fresh young fellow that could take it, could stand alone against the jungle and a perverted old engineer!

"You haven't even seen the beginning yet, Johnny-Skip-It-Please," the old man growled, one afternoon. It had been a trying day; they had toiled harder than usual, but had managed to do only about a quarter of a mile of levelling. "So don't get cocky. You will be mighty glad, before you are through. of a chance to go skipping back to mother!"

"I'm here to stay," said Johnny.

Sutherland looked him up and down. "Yes, you may at that. The jungle gets the fools and the weaklings!"

He picked up the pack containing their camping equipment, and strode off. He would return just as soon as he explored the jungle ahead, and located the general direction in which they should continue to cut their way. The pack would be left on a likely spot for their camping site that night.

"What a man!" murmured Johnny, as he watched the giant figure vanish in the green tangle. "I wish he were a friendly man. I wonder if the psychologists could make a human being out of him?"

Johnny sat down to wait. He took off his boots and fell to scraping off the leeches. These huge worms—

some of them two inches long—climbed up his boots and in through the eyelets. He didn't like the blood-sucking pests, but the jungle swarmed with them.

An hour passed, and Johnny put his boots back on. He was conscious of a certain restlessness.

"It doesn't usually take him so long," he muttered to himself.

Two hours passed and a question suddenly rang in Johnny's brain: What if Sutherland didn't come back at all?

"Sutherland!" croaked a voice, queerly; and Johnny stared about him in surprise, only to realize that it had been his own voice.

He wanted to spring to his feet and go tearing through the jungle, but that question, with all its horrible inference, held him weakly there on the ground, while something gripped his throat.

What if Sutherland didn't come back at all?

Doubtless the question had lain dormant in his mind for days, waiting for the proper moment to spring into being. And the evidence was so irrevocable! Through his burning mind, the preceding days, in single file, passed in review; every word and act of Sutherland's stood out, starkly. All together they made a complete picture in Johnny's mind.

A big, ruthless man who was so despicable that his employers were forced to keep him isolated in the out-of-the-way places of the world. Old Ben Sutherland, whose eccentric nature had driven seven young engineers to throw up their jobs and go home! He didn't like fresh young fellows just out of college. Least of all did he like Johnny Chappell, who refused to go skipping home to mother.

Johnny sprang wildly to his feet. He knew, now. Sutherland had taken an easy way to get rid of him! Just a few days and where would he Johnny Chappell,, be? Green as grass and with nothing to fight the jungle but the levelling instrument!

"You—you fiend—"

Panic had its way with Johnny!

The jungle, hot and still and treacherous, was a place where time meant nothing. It had been growing for centuries, swallowing everything that got in its way. Thert were no smooth thoroughfares here for the flying feet of a man. Branches slashed Johnny's face cruelly, vines looped themselves about his legs and threw him heavily down, but he got up and stumbled on. Crazily—for he had lost all sense of direction.

"Sutherland! Sutherland! Where are you?"

He was stopped suddenly and effectively, when tripping and falling once too often, he struck his head against the butt of a fallen tree. He lay for a moment, still, then got up slowly, shaking his head in a kind of a daze.

"Fool!" he muttered.

He stood, queerly, and stared at the log while time stood still. The thought came to him that he owed this log something. It had knocked into his head a sudden realization of the bitter-sweetness of life. Hesitating there, as he slowly recovered from his fright, he divined that this day was to change his attitude toward life. Henceforth, and many times, perhaps, men might trick him and deceive him and treat him harshly; danger might stare him in the face

and death threaten him on all sides, yet he should stand on his own feet and go forward like a man.

"Maybe Sutherland will come back," he spoke aloud, trying to clarify his thought, and admitting to himself that he had been unduly suspicious. "Unless—unless"—he snapped erect with a kind of shock—"something has happened to the old engineer!"

Johnny whirled about, staring hard, then struck out through the jungle, with the faint hope that his sense of direction might not prove to be altogether wrong.

Before he had gone far he came out into an old elephant track, and here he hesitated, torn by an impulse to turn back. Sutherland might be all right, might just have been delayed or something; and Johnny could already hear the big man's scathing laughter, if that proved to be the case.

"I guess I can stand another laugh or two," was his decision.

He stopped, again and again, to call the engineer's name, then listened intently, going on when no response came. He had walked a mile or so when he came to a point where a side track led off to the right. He hesitated, frowning, putting the question to his engineer's mind: Which way should Sutherland have gone? Johnny finally chose the branch to the right.

"Sutherland! Sutherland! Where are you?"

But there was no panic in Johnny's voice now, only a note of worry.

This side track led him to a place where one side dropped away in a steep slope. He stopped and looked down, and his eyes popped and his mouth fell open.

"What—?"

For Sutherland was there, a grotesque figure, crawling slowly up the slope. He was down on his hands and one knee, his left leg was dragging behind him.

Johnny yelled. He half slid, half jumped down the slope.

"What's the matter, sir?"

Sutherland turned his face upward; it was swollen horribly, with both eyes completely closed.

"Get away from here," he said, thickly. "Get away! I'd rather have the jungle take me than be saved by you!"

Johnny ignored the words, his face grave with pity. "Here sir," he directed, "get your arm around my neck. I'll help you up the slope." He straightened, staggering under the weight of the big man.

"What happened, sir?" he panted.

"Wasps," mumbled Sutherland, "big as your finger. Couldn't see—fell down the slope."

Johnny was too busy for further words, for the slope was steep, and the big man wasn't much help with his one good leg. However, Sutherland kept muttering, over and over, "Laid low by a few wasps," as though it had done something to his pride.

"There," Johnny panted, at last, as he eased the old engineer down in a small clearing. "Could you tell me where I might find the pack?"

"I dropped it along here somewhere." Johnny found it in the elephant track, a little distance away. He hurried back to the clearing and hastily put up the tent, and got Sutherland inside. He fetched the first-aid kit, and painted Sutherland's face with iodine. The man was silent, motionless.

"And now let's have a look at your leg," said Johnny, briskly.

But Sutherland pushed him ayay. "No It feels better—I don't think any bones are broken." He hesitated; he seemed to have something on his mind. "Chappell—"

"Yes, sir."

"How come you came out to find me?" Johnny said, "I thought you had deserted, left me for good," then was deeply sorry that he made this slip.

His words seemed to hit Sutherland hard. There was no change of expression in the swollen face, but the big man just kind of collasped. "Have I sunk that low? Johnny, isn't—isn't there—"

"I'm sorry I said that," exclaimed Johnny. "Please skip it, sir."

"—anything about me that you could admire?"

Johnny stared; then he spoke, sincerely, without hesitation. "Yes, sir; your ability as an engineer and your courage in the face of danger."

Sutherland was silent for a moment, as though he were thinking this over, then he seemed to grow tense. "Johnny, couldn't we sort of get together—you teach me—ah, certain things; and I'll teach you all about the jungle and what little I know about engineering?"

"I'd like nothing better!" cried Johnny.

"And, Johnny, couldn't we sort of—ah—forget the past—skip it, you know?"

"Gladly, sir!" grinned Johnny Chappell.

"IN GOD WE TRUST"

New Hampshire folks may well take special pride in our new Jefferson nickels. Four words on them link them with Cornish, N. H., the words "In God We Trust." It was Salmon Portland Chase, born at Cornish on June 13, 1808, who was responsible for this motto on our coins.

On November 3, 1861, a time of great national crisis, when he was Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase wrote to Director of the Mint Pollock at Philadelphia, "No nation can be strong except in the strength of God, or safe except in His defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our national coins."

With these words went an order to put a religious motto on some of our coins, and so in 1862 new half dollar and half eagles appeared bearing the words, "God Our Trust." In 1863 came two-cent pieces with these words on them, and in 1864 the religious legend was changed to the present one, "In God We Trust." After 1883 the words were left off our nickels, although appearing continously on all of our silver and gold coins.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Continued cold weather and occasional frosts have held back the growth of early graden produce at the School. The oats, that had a favorable start, but was damaged by an early heavy frost, is not showing the recovery it should on account of the same conditions.

The pony and wagon recently acquired by Jesse Fisher, Jr., young son of Assistant Superintendent J. C. Fisher, furnishes great amusement and pleasure for both the boys and visitors at the School. It is hard to determine which gets the most pleasure, the driver of the vehicle or the on-lookers.

According to reports recently received from various city and county welfare agencies throughout the state, compiled and forwarded to the Training School by the Division of Institutions and Correction, State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, Raleigh, we gather much vaulable information concerning boys who have been allowed to leave the institution. The total number on whom reports were received is 122, boys who were granted conditional releases during the past two years, but have not yet been discharged from parole supervision. Of this number 83 were reported as making good records; 18 were marked fair; 12 were listed as making poor progress; while on 9 lads no reports were available.

During infield practice before last Saturday's baseball game, Mr. J. H. Liner, who is coaching the team this year, was struck in the eye by a thrown ball, which caused a painful but not serious injury. He immediately consulted a doctor, who required him to keep the "blinker" covered up for a few days. The bandage has now been removed and the coach is once more looking over his charges with two good eyes.

Earl Duncan, age 19, formerly of Cottage No. 11, called on friends at the School last Sunday. He is now living in Charlotte, where he has been employed by the Miller Dye Company for about one year. Upon leaving the institution in 1938, Earl became an enrollee in a CCC camp, where he stayed almost a year. This lad reported that he had been getting along nicely since leaving the School and was very much pleased with his present place of employment.

A committee from the Cabrrus County Grand Jury, now in session in Concord, visited the Training School last Thursday afternoon. After visiting the various departments and taking a drive over the farm, they expressed themselves as being well pleased with conditions as they found them. This committee was composed of Messrs. Joe D. Glass and W. A. Sprinkle, of Kannapolis and J. R. Wade, of Concord. These gentlemen stated that in making the round of various institutions in the county, their trip to the School was a most pleasing feature.

Avery Gunter, a former member of the dairy force and of Cottage No. 15 group, who left the School August 3, 1933, was a visitor here last Sun-

day. He was admitted to the institution April 16, 1932, coming from Mitchell County. During the time Avery has been away from the School he has served one enlistment in the United States Army, being stationed at Fort Bragg and at Fort Benning, Ga. He now lives in Charlotte, is married and has one child, and is employed by the A. G. Boone Motor Company. According to several officials here, Avery is now a nice-looking young man, twenty-three years old, who appears to have made satisfactory adjustment since again taking his place out in the world.

During the past two weeks, Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been making great improvements in the interior appearance of Cottage No. 2. In the kitchen, a new floor has been laid, parts of the ceiling re-plastered, and a new coat of paint applied; some plastering was done in the officers' sitting room; the floors in the dining-room, both the boys' and officers' sitting-rooms were sanded, stained and varnished; the wainscoting in these rooms, the front hall and stairway have also been re-painted. During this period of renovation, the boys were sent out to other cottages, while the officers and matron took their meals at Cottage No. 1. Upon completion of these much-needed improvements, the boys return to the cottage last Tuesday night, where the usual regular activities are again being carried on.

In their second start in the Cabarrus County League, the Training School played the A. T. Allen School lads to a 6 to 6 tie last Saturday afternoon, the game being called on account of darkness at the end of the twelfth inning.

Jim Boger assumed the pitching duties for the local boys, but was relieved by Liske in the ninth inning, after E. Helms the first batter up, socked out a triple. During his stay on the firing-line, Boger kept six hits scattered, fanned eleven batters and issued two bases on balls. He would have won his game in regulation time but for the fact that costly errors by his mates gave the visitors two unearned runs. G. King, the starting pitcher for the boys from Allen School, was relieved by C. Helms in the sixth inning. Between them they held the local lads to five hits and struck out eighteen batters, Helms fanning eleven and King seven. They issued six free tickets to first base, which, coupled with three errors, prove costly.

B. Goodman led the Allen School batters with two doubles and a three-ply smash, while E. Helms, with a brace of singles, was the only other visiting batter to get more than one hit. Dub Johnson, the only Training School wielder of the old war club to connect for more than one safety, cracked out a pair of singles. Sam Everidge, local third-sacker, poled out a long home run, sending the horse-hide far over the left field embankment in the eighth inning.

The Training School boys stole eight bases, Johnson getting three, Boger and Hodges two each, and Everidge one. For the visitors, B. Corzine was credited with two pilfered sacks, B. Barbee, B. King and C. Helms one each. The score:

		R	H	E
Allen Sch.	102 000 021 000	6	7	3
J. T. S.	003 001 110 000	6	5	4

Two-base hits: B. Goodman 2, Hodges, Dorton. Three-base hits: B.

Goodman, E. Helms. Home run: Everidge. Stolen bases: B. Corzine 2, B. Barbee, B. King, C. Helms, Johnson 3, Boger 2, Hodges, 2, Everidge. Struck out: by Boger 11; by C. Helms 11; by G. King 7. Base on balls: off Boger 2; off G. King 5; off C. Helms 1. Umpire—Crooks.

YOUR PLACE IN THE DRAMA

If life's a drama, then the center stage,
  Throughout the play, to me, is held by you.
It matters not if you be king or page;
  Or if your lines be many or be few;
Not yet though I alone shall note you there,
  Of all who watch the pageantry of life.
To me the place you hold, the part you bear,
  In all the varied scenes of peace or strife,
Are all important, as the play proceeds.
  And when, perchance, some other gets the hand
Of rapturous applause in heavy leads,
  It may be that you cannot understand
Just why the world has neither time nor thought
  For him who plays so well the humbler role.
Then look my way, and you shall know I've caught
  The splendid pouring out of earnest soul,
Which flows from you in every spoken line,
  And fills with potent strength your every move.
Enough for me that you are genuine!
  Is there no joy of heart that I approve?

In life's great drama, it is not the part
  Assigned to you by fortune's fickle will
That marks your worth; but rather how the heart
  With cheerfulness your Maker's plan fulfill;
And how the soul responds with rich uplift;
  A challenge flings to croaking pessimist,
Who sees in life no wondrous, princely gift
  From God; but rather, something to be hissed,
Derided, scoffed at, from the curtain's rise
  To when it falls upon the closing scene.
Heed not the hiss, the groanings and the sighs
  Of malcontents; nor let the critics keen,
Whose microscopic eyes your motives seek,
  Disturb you with their carping blame or praise.
Resolve, in life, to reach the mountain peak
  Of possible accomplishment which lays
Across your path. It's your life you must live!
  And you must play your part until the end.
While, as for me, the most that I can give
  Is just the earnest hope of humble friend.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending April 21, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Jeff Greene
(10) James Hodges 18
(2) Leon Hollifield 19
(10) Edward Johnson 21
(10) Frank May 17
Jack Warren
(10) J. C. Wilson 14

COTTAGE No. 1

William G. Bryant 14
(2) Eugene Edwards 6
(5) Porter Holder 12
Horace Journigan 5
Burman Keller 3
(5) Clay Mize 9
(5) Carl Hooker 7
Edward Warnock 13
(3) Lee Watkins 11
William Whittington 15
(6) William C. Wilson 14

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) James Blocker 8
(3) Jack Cline 10
(3) George Cooke 15
N. A. Efird 3
(2) Julian T. Hooks 10
(2) Milton Koontz 4
(9) Donald McFee 18
(3) William Padrick 9
(2) Oscar Roland 7
(3) William Shaw 3
(2) James C. Stone 3
Newman Tate 4
(2) Clarence Wright 3

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 13
John Bailey 7
(3) Lewis Baker 7
Jewell Barker 8
(3) Earl Barnes 16
(10) Richard Baumgarner 15
Kenneth Conklin 6
(3) Jack Crotts 12
Max Evans 14
(10) Coolidge Green 19
Bruce Hawkins 8
Roscoe Honeycutt 7
Douglas Matthews 10
(3) Harley Matthews 9
(3) William Matthewson 15
Otis McCall 9
(3) John C. Robertson 14
(3) George Shaver 13
William T. Smith 9
(3) Harrison Stilwell 12
(3) John Tolley 9
Jerome Wiggins 11
(3) Louis Williams 14

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Quentin Crittenton 13
(11) Arthur Edmondson 16
(10) Clyde Gray 19
(5) Hoyt Hollifield 9
(17) Ivan Morrozoff 21
(2) J. W. McRorrie 12
J. C. Nance 11
(3) Henry Raby 14
George Speer 2
John Whitaker 2
(3) Richard Wiggins 9
(3) Samuel Williams 16
Thomas Yates 3

COTTAGE No. 5

(7) Collett Cantor 18
(3) Everett Lineberry 14
Paul Lewallen 11
(2) James Massey 8
(2) Sam Montgomery 10
(3) Richard Starnes 15
Fred Tolbert 4
Henry Ziegler 11

COTTAGE No. 6

Fletcher Castlebury 7
Robert Dunning 12
Columbus Hamilton 10
Leo Hamilton 7

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Cleasper Beasley 8
Carl Breece 16
(2) Paul Dockery 14
(2) Donald Earnhardt 19
(2) George Green 14
(2) Robert Hampton 11
(2) Hugh Johnson 17
(2) J. C. Long 8
(2) Robert Lawrence 13
(2) Elmer Maples 15
Ernest Overchash 6
(2) Carl Ray 15
(2) Alex Weathers 15
(2) William R. Young 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Jack Hamilton 12
John Ingram
Joseph Linville 8
Harvey Smith 9

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Clarence Baker 9
(3) Mack Bell 16
(3) J. T. Branch 16
(5) Roy Butner 21
(2) Percy Capps 6
(8) Frank Glover 21
Wilbur Hardin 13
John Hendrix 7
(4) Osper Howell 14
Mark Jones 17
(11) Harold O'Dear 20
Lonnie Roberts 13
(2) James Ruff 15
Thomas Sands 11
(4) Richard Singletary 14
(7) Preston Wilbourne 18
Horace Williams 12

COTTAGE No. 10

(12) Junius Brewer 19

COTTAGE No. 11

J. C. Allen 11
(9) John Benson 19
(3) William Covington 16
(3) William Dixon 4
(4) Earl Hildreth 20
(5) Edward Murray 15
(7) Fred Owens 20
(6) Theodore Rector 15
(4) N. C. Webb 19

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond 17
William Broadwell 7
William Deaton 14
Joseph Hall 13
Hubert Holloway 14
Richard Honeycutt 12
Frank Johnston 13
Tillman Lyles 10
Clarence Mayton 14
James Mondie 15
(2) Robah Sink 6
(2) William Suites 3
Eugene Watts 5
J. R. Whitman 10

COTTAGE No. 13

(11) James Brewer 15
(11) William Griffin 16
William Lowe 2
(7) John Murdock 9

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Raymond Andrews 17
(7) John Baker 14
(3) Mack Coggins 9
Troy Gilland 2
(2) William Harding 2
(2) John Ham 8
(2) Marvin King 10
(3) John Kirkman 13
(7) Feldman Lane 21
(6) Norvell Murphy 16
Charles McCoyle 11
(4) Charles Steepleton 13
J. D. Webster 4
(2) Wallace Woody 20

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Fred McGlammery 18

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) George Duncan 14
Philip Holmes 15
(22) Warren G. Lawry 22
Richard Lawry 3
(5) Earl Oxendine 16
(11) Thomas Oxendine 19
Thomas Wilson 13

Nothing is wrong with the mind of the man who minds his own business.—Exchange.

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VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 4, 1940 NO. 18

SURE THING

There are a good many ways a failure to be,
Like tackling a job that's too big for thee;
Or, not preparing to do a thing
Is almost sure a failure to bring.
But the surest way—it beats them all,
Is never to try anything at all.

—Ruth Smeltzer.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE POWER OF PRAISE

All of us, big, little, old and young, react pleasurably to a word of praise. It is as if one said, "I have faith in you."

One word of praise is worth many scolds. This is especially true in connection with servants or children. When we praise the excellent or near-excellent in the work of struggling hands and heads it is as if we turned the warmth of the sun on the heart of a plant. Praise encourages greater endeavor and makes for growth and development. Let us be very generous in our praises, and very, very slow to criticism and scathing comment.

The Apostle Paul puts it very beautifully in Phil. 4: 8. He says:

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Selected.

———o———

THE JUNIOR CHARITY LEAGUE HAS VISION

When women begin to think of things that will rebound to the welfare of the youth of the community they are unfolding, and are seeing that life is not a dream of continued pleasures but one of real service to humanity. Women have a keen insight as to the physical, cultural and spiritual development of child life, and when once aroused and convicted relative to this line of work not all of "King George's horses or men" can stop them till they have reached their goal.

We are quite pleased to read in the daily paper of this city that the Junior Charity League, composed of wide awake and progressive young matrons, is advocating a public health nurse for the public schools of this city. The Junior League has touched the key note

of service, and if this organization succeeds in the project, and we predict success, thousands of children who perhaps would pass through life handicapped will be placed in line to become robust and strong physically. This means that instead of becoming liabilities in the future these youngsters will in the future become an asset to any community in which they live. A deep and serious concern as to the care of childhood simply means the building of a finer citizenship for the future in every way. Besides while training the child to care for his own health it is possible that many of these children will transmit sanitation and hygienic rules in homes that have never known the first rules of correct living. It is easy to see that the Junior Charity League has really started something that is worthwhile and far reaching. We commend these young matrons and wish them success. We only advise—"don't surrender till you, members of this body of workers, put over the program you have so wisely planned." A similar piece of work has been accomplished in our midst in the past and it can be done again.

* * * * * * * *

LEADERS ARE NEEDED

It is not difficult to feel the need of leadership. It matters not what phase of work is offered there is a hesitancy upon the part of capable men and women to take the initiative in any department of our common life. It may be that personal affairs, home or business duties or social obligations, are too onerous to give a lift on the outside even if the call is to help the poor or suffering. If a stipend is attached or if there is a hope of reflected glory by contact, co-operation in any work is not quite so difficult. Butwe are of the opinion people usually do the things—not what they like, that is seldom, but do what they want to do. And usually there is a latent reason for the latter. Observation has made clear this consclusion. Such was not the case during the era of the nation's early history. A challenge was thrust at their feet of the pioneers to carve a nation from the wilds of an unpenetrated forest wherein domestic happiness and religious freedom could exist unmolested.

The American Puritan fathers recognized the need of trained leadership. For example Independence Hall was made famous by trained men, the best of the nation, who were disiplined and tutored

in the best Christian institutions of the day. But, we need more than a secular education, because the culture of the minds of institutions that hold first rank have not prevented the maelstrom that is going on in Europe. The mental and physical developments can only be made lasting and profitable to humanity with a spiritual background .

The most far reaching work of the pioneers was the founding of Christian institutions where the Christian religion and the finest ideals of morale were emphasized. For instance, William and Mary College was sponsored by George Washington, Patrick Henry was a leading trustee of Hampden-Sydney College, Thomas Jefferson was the founder of a University, and Daniel Webster stirred the Supreme Court of the United States as never before or since in his plea for Dartmouth College.

These men, and numerous others set a precedent for Christian leadership by establishing schools for that specific purpose. They invested not in stocks and bonds, but in institutions of learning that has given to the world men whose works continue to return to the nation dividends of finer citizenship, or Christian leadership. To build to transform manhood and womanhood into better citizens is the finest conception of service.

* * * * * * * *

THE MIMOSA FESTIVAL

Morganton is all in a flutter over the coming event—the Mimosa Festival, that will take place 19-21 of June inclusive. The dates selected will find the white and pink blossoms of the fragrant Mimosa at their height. This event will attract many out-of-town visitors and this colorful event may be an inspiration to others in a civic way. To be a starter is all right as far as it goes, but to be a sticker and see any project put over, let it be through municipal, civic or individual influences, that kind of a character proves to be an asset to community. And it seems to be that Morganton has the untiring kind of citizens, for each year they have worked with renewel zeal to make the Mimosa Festival an annual affair with new attractions each succeeding year. The outstanding attraction this year of the festival will be the historical pageant, featuring highlights of the history of Morganton and of

the county, Burke. Material is being gathered from every source so as to have the proper historical background for the forthcoming event. Not a stone will be left unturned to make this 1940 Mimosa festival excell in every way that of the past year.

* * * * * * * *

W. W. FLOWE

Concord gives up one of its great business men and citizens in the claim of death of W. W. Flowe. His was a career of achievements wrought out of careful planning, strict attention and unflagging interest in any and all affairs that caught his attention. He was a man of few words, but strong in his convictions when a conclusion was reached, therefore, gave much time and thought to those movements and enterprises that he felt contributed to the development of city and community in which he spent his entire life. The city is rioher for his interest and influence in the industrial affairs, the social activities, his church, the schools and all civic developments, and poorer now that he has gone away. The sweet recompense to his family and to those who knew him intimately is that he walked humbly, dealt fairly with his fellow citizens, and that such a life is an inspiration and a common heritage. W. W. Flowe's death severs many cherished associations of freindship and all Concord bows in reverential sorrow to his passing. He lived his own life, never letting his "left hand know what his right hand doeth." His greatness was in the magnificence of his generous spirit.

* * * * * * * *

IN EIGHTEEN NEW LANGUAGES

The Bible not only continues to hold the record as the world's "best seller" but it is the one book constantly appearing in a new language. Some part of the Bible has now been published in 1,039 languages and dialects, eighteen new languages being added to the list in 1939.

Six of these are African languages, seven of them are spoken in widely separated spots on the continent of Asia, four are in Philippine dialects, and one an Indian language spoken in British Columbia.

In addition to the eighteen new languages added to the list the translation of the entire Bible was completed during 1939 in the Nandi language, spoken by 100,000 people living northeast of Lake Victoria in Kenya Colony, Africa.

With the completion of this Bible the table of languages in which some part of the Bible has been translated is:—

The Bible	182 languages
A whole Testament	223 more
At least a whole book	547 more
Selections only	87 more
	1,039 languages

—The American Bible Society.

* * * * * * * *

HAPPINESS

Charles M. Schwab, famous millionaire steel man who died recently full of riches and honor, had said not long ago:

"The happiest days of my life were when I had a modest income and lived with my good wife in a cottage with restful comfort. Now we have many houses—mansions. But we don't own them. They own us."

Other rich men have talked likewise and meant it. But would they return to their modest way of life?

Probably not. For life is pretty much a one-way road, and there are diffiuulties in renouncing any way of life to which one is accustomed, especially if the renouncer seems to be going backward or downward in the social scale. Some men of high place have given up everything and been happy, but most people couldn't do it. Mr. Schwab knew better than to try.

—The News-Herald.

MOTORDUMBS

(Selected)

The center line on the highway shows you which is your side of the road and as long as you keep your wheels barely on your side, you are right. But if a driver coming in the opposite direction is also a road hog, the cars won't pass without sideswiping. A sideswipe rarely kills the occupants of both cars, so if you are the one who survives, you can easily prove that you were on your side.

The brakes on your car will last hundreds of thousands of miles, maybe, so never drive into a service station to have them inspected. The fact that you have to kick the pedal seven or eight times in order to get action on your wheels shouldn't mean anything, because if you are a loud talker you can probably blame the accident on the other fellow.

After stopping for a stop sign, you have a right to feel that you have fulfilled your duty as an American citizen, and have conformed with the requirements of the law. Even if the traffic is heavy, pay no attention to it. If anyone hits you, they do it after you have complied with the law—and hundreds of times a day motorists pull this fool trick and escape with their lives, because there are better drivers on the streets than they are.

Always do lots of pointing with your left hand out the car window while you are driving. Any chump of a motorist behind you ought to know that if you are going to turn or stop, you'd do it without any indication.

At night on the highways when an approaching motorist doesn't dim his lights the instant you catch sight of him, flash on your high-powered bulbs and exclaim to yourself or companions, "take that you so-and-so, and see how you like it." While this is a very high type of unsportsmanlike conduct, it is comparatively safe because the blinded motorist will perhaps pull his car to the right and go into the ditch rather than risk injuring you. To be sure the deputy sheriffs are rather rough on drivers who flash strong lights, when they catch them, but what do you care—you have had your revenge, haven't you?

In turning a busy street-corner (especially when making a left hand turn at a main intersection) be sure to look and see if all cars are out of the way for which you will have to pay, if damaged, and give her the gun. If your car is in first or second gear it will respond with gusto, and you will scare the wits out of from one to a dozen pedestrians who have a right to be where they are. The chances are only one in a hundred that you will be able to hit one or make him fall down, but it is quite a sporting proposition, if you choose to regard it as such.

Always bring your car to a sliding stop at street intersections, if there is anyone around to note the grandstand effect. The cowboys used to stop their broncs that way when they rode up to a saloon, and it is not well that the traditions of the Old West be permitted to pass entirely from the memory of man.

When another motorist gets in a jam and is in the wrong, make it

as embarrassing for him or her as possible. If you are in the right, you may stick out your chest till it touches the steering wheel and insist on everything that is guaranteed you by the constitution and the city ordinances.

A good driver can go hundreds of miles wihout the right wheels getting farther than three inches away from the right edge of the slab, but there is no sense in you learning to do that. You can ride farther, wear cut more tires and be in more danger by straddling the center line and turning to the right with every approaching automobile.

When people are trying to cross the street where there are no traffic signs, disregard them; keep your car barging right along and you can bluff them out. Some chicken-hearted driver will come along presently who will slow up and let them be on their way in safety.

It is easy to run over a dog or cat, especially if they become confused while crossing the street. No one expects you to stop. The city pays men to keep the streets free from the remains of dumb animals, but the education of dumb motorists appears to be a pretty tough proposition—even for the city.

"ME LIKEE TOO"

A banquet was given in Washington which was attended by a brilliant galaxy of national and international figures. At one table sat a congressman from one of the wild and woolly southwestern states and next to him sat an oriental, a Chinaman, brilliantly arrayed in the ceremonial robes of his country. To make conversation, the congressman turned to his Oriental neighbor and said:

"You likee soupee?"

There was a pause, then the Chinaman replied, "Yes, me likee soupee."

Soon the speechmaking began. The toastmaster, in a 15-minute oration, lauded the brilliance of the speaker of the evening and then turned and introduced the Oriental, the congressman's neighbor, to the assembled multitude.

Drawing himself up to his full height, the Oriental addressed the gathering in flawless English, every sentence a gem of Oxonian rhetoric. Finished, he seated himself and turning to the congressman, queried, with a twinkle in his eye:

"You likee speechie?"—Selected.

JOY OF GETTING AND OF GIVING

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

Life is a struggle—prior to birth and on to the finish. The "shell shocked" of earth are those unable to face the sore ordeals and harsh demands in life's struggles. Such persons are not able to make it out in the world. For the more favored, normally endowed and healthy, life becomes a joy in the midst of activities on the journey. Then work is not looked upon as a curse—it is of God and counted a blessing. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

Those who follow the line of least resistance are courting failure. Not thus does development come; for such the joy of conquest is a stranger. The athlete travels another road in making ready to down one on first or to knock a homer. Long hours of struggle make possible victory on diamond or gridiron. The same is true of the artist and the artisan. Back of the achievements of successful lie long lines of stress and struggle and suffering. The old mother with years of care and sacrifices for her children makes possible the sweet comfort and jubilant joy she finds in her grandchildren.

Pathological investigation has given work a larger place in theraputics. Work is good for both body and mind. Life is not a handout; for all valuable achievements are to come in a realm of active conquest. The giving of a cup of cold water has two values: (a) the act of giving; (b) the water. So to give is more blessed than to receive. Not quite so selfish is it as is the receiving of gifts.

Most rich men and women, even when they are willing to leave large blocks of their estates to education and other charities, fail to get the joy out of life they might. For much of life's joy comes from a realization of the achievements of the day's labor. So with the athlete, the artist, the benefactor. Too often the rich fail to make their gifts in life so as to see something of the results to accrue. Instead, they put their bequests in their wills. Often the government gets more than half of the benefaction instead of the school, the hospital or what not. All such refuse to let go until the "silken cord is loosed."

A life long friend of Mr. Washington Duke, late in life, remarked to Mr. Duke: "It must be a great joy to you to see the good you are able to do with your money." Think of the joy that is coming to Mrs. Henry Pfeiffer who has done so much for Bennett College in Greensboro, for Pfeiffer College in Stanly county, and for the many schools throughout our Southland, not to make mention of the money she has given to good causes in mission fields all around the world. She is now able to watch the progress that is coming to the objects of her benefaction.

There is real joy for many in accumulation. But many become so taken up with this they fail to get the higher joy out of giving—yea, out of living. Personally, we have ever rejoiced in having a job and the physical and mental ability to go about the work, but even better than this is the joy of giving the best we have to others.

WPA MAN-POWER APPLIED TO MODERNIZING OUR SYSTEM OF HIGHWAYS

(Stanly News)

Nineteen years ago last month when the North Carolina General Assembly was wrestling with the problems of establishing a State highway system, invitation was extended the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, to address a joint session of the House and Senate and in the course of amiable discussion of legislative perplexities he advanced, somewhat facetiously, the suggestion that the projected legislation, instead of reaching too far, did not reach far enough

"So swift are the changes taking place in our world," the secretary said "that I'm afraid before this ambitious program of highways is completed it will be out of date, too old fashioned. By that day people will be using airplanes as commonly as we are using automobiles today, and the cry will be for landing fields." Mr. Daniels smiled when he said it, and the membership of the General Assembly thought that surely he was speaking in jest.

Even if the then secretary, and now ambassador to Mexico, was jesting, two decades have proved him a prophetic jester, and North Carolina's transportation system, incomplete as to highways and inadequate as to landing fields bears him out. People have not abandoned the roads, and roadbuilding has lagged behind need of them, while demand for airports has grown apace during the past decade. More roads were needed than the highway commission could build and there was no provision by which it could do any slightest thing about an airport.

Into this gap has stepped the WPA with a lot of applied manpower. It has helped the highway commission bring the state highway system down to date by building 7,827 miles of modern highway, and it has helped municipalities and counties on the other hand by building or improving a score of airports in every section of the State.

It is a matter worthy of note that through WPA 50 per cent more milage than was contemplated in the state system in the first measlre provided for a system of 5500 miles. Some idea of the magnitude of this achievement can be gained this way: if all the modernized road built by WPA were laid end to end and side by side it would provide a 24-lane highway stretching from Manteo to Murphy, with 450 miles left over. Yet most of the roads are off the main arteries of travel, in isolated communities not yet touched by the state's building, classed generally as farm-to-market roads.

And such a hypothetical 24-lane road would have to have bridges and culverts and drainage and highway signs, and keeping up with modern trend, a boulevard like that would have to be landscaped. All these things have been done as well, with 213 bridges, etc. and 170 miles of existing highways have been beautified with grass and shrubbery.

Virtually every acre of the state's airports, totaling more than 3,000 acres in area have been graded and drained, runways built and other

facilities installed through the co-operation of the WPA. Every town and city in the state is reasonably convenient to a modern airport and in Elizabeth City WPA's help is bringing now to completion the most modern airport owned by the United States Coast Guard, which will become the base of operations for a vast aerial patrol that will safeguard shipping off the treacherous Outer Banks of the State.

IF I KNEW

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
  No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
  'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea broadcast,
  I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
  For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
  To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them every one,
  From nursery, school and street.
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
  And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
  To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—Selected.

BOOKMOBILE IN SURRY COUNTY

(Greensboro News)

A WPA "bookmobile" is now operating throughout Surry county, bringing free books to county cross-road stores and rural homes, according to the North Carolina WPA information service at Raleigh. This service is being furnished rural residents of Surry for the months of July and August to demonstrate the value of this type of library service.

The annual library report discloses that about one-half of the population of North Carolina is without library service of any kind. Other than providing worthwhile employment for many needy, the WPA objective is to awaken interest throughout the state to the end that permanent library programs be established and that obtaining good books be the easy privilege of all North Carolinians.

At present 16 bookmobiles are making regular rounds. All of them are operated by WPA, 12 are owned by the federal agency. Other phases of the WPA library project, during the current year, have provided means for 1,281 unemployed needy to earn their livelihoods, maintain and obtain skills, resulting in all 100 counties having library service. In 159 public libraries and reading rooms, WPA workers are assisting with the clerical work, routine duties; in the schools 548 units have been maintained; in book-repair units, over 1,000,000 library volumes have been repaired and returned to circulation.

Mrs. Mary E. Campbell, director, WPA professional and service projects, reported that 698 certified employees on this project will be affected by the congressional mandate that relief workers who have had 18 months or more continuous employment be dropped, requiring re-certification of eligibility after a 30-day period. "New assistants and later reassignments of many of those dropped will replace the vacancies to full operating strength", explained Mrs. Campbell. "This is just one of our endeavors giving work to white collar groups, mostly women. It has made a place for itself in the social welfare of North Carolina."

TALK FAITH

Talk Faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

ROSE GARDEN OF MEMORIES

(Selected)

Before long there will be a Rose Garden in our court yard to brighten things up, as we learn from Dr. John B. C. Eckstorm, genial and friendly that he is.

Roses, as you and I know, are emblematic of a finer sense of brotherhood, of good fellowship, of a willingness to lift up; and, also, they are emblematic of that great world-shaking emotion—Love. For where Love dwells there is no room for malice, no desire to injure, and no seeking the downfall of others. We like beautiful roses, as well as all lovely flowers because they speak to us of things present in this world. Their loveliness puts all ugliness, whether of the spirit or otherwise, to rout and we are subdued, sobered, and made more tender toward all mankind. A Rose Garden! What a grand idea! Cultivating roses we have no time hating any one and thus we refrain from hurting others.

Red roses, white roses, yellow roses! And a little tag telling who the donator was. Trellises, a few feet high, just enough to enable the rosebushes to climb. And as we pass, we will note thier sweet prefume. How much better than some things we could name is this, seemingly to remind us that sweetness of disposition is better than the poison of useless malice, envy, greed. And we feel that Dr. Eckstorm started something grand and noble— something that CAN make many of us think. Yes, visitors from that great wide world beyond these gray grim walls will add to that little Rose Garden. It will grow. It will spread abroad its healthy influence. It may even work a change deep within some of us hard, rough characters, a transformation miraculous.

A Rose Garden of Memories.

Why memories?

Because it will remind us of good people whose intentions are always good, beneficial, helpful. And we need help. The strongest of us needs it as much as the weakest. The flowers will flourish. They will greet us each morning and evening during the summer. And we have so many wrong thoughts to weed out of our "garden," the heart. We have to plant therein lovely flowers, of kindness, of affection, of generosity, of purity, of all that makes life worth living. The cobwebs of jealousy—these must be rooted out. The rank-smelling weeds must be thrown aside to make room for sweet-smelling blossoms which heal.

---o---

If a man does not make new friends as he passes through life, he will soon find himself alone.—Selected.

HOW THE GREAT GUEST CAME

By Alice C. Hoffman

There is an old legend which tells of a humble cobbler who had a deep desire to have his Lord come to his humble shoemaker shop as his guest. One morning he had the feeling within his heart that this would be the day upon which the long-awaited visit would take place.

He took great pains to make his humble little cobbler's shop as neat and attractive as possible. He looked down the crooked street, trying to catch a glimpse of the Master. It was chilly and he gave his fire on the grate a few extra pieces of wood. "I must make it warm for Him," he said. "He will be cold when He comes. Oh, there is somebody now."

But, alas! the footsteps which he heard were those of a poor beggar, drenched to the skin. Hiding his disappointment in the joy of being of service to one in need, he welcomed the weary wanderer and gave him shoes for his bruised feet.

It was almost noon when the begger, refreshed and cheered, started once more on his way. "Surely now the great Guest will be coming soon," he said to himself as he began preparing his simple noon meal.

As he spoke he spied a bent form coming slowly down the cobblestone street. Again his hopes were frustrated. But he must go and see. He found outside an old woman carrying a great bundle of fagots on her back. His kindly eye discerned that she was faint from hunger. He bade her enter and share his meal with him. And when she was refreshed and rested, he put the fagots on his own back and carried them to her hovel.

It was late afternoon when he returned to his shop and again took up the watch for the great Guest. "Surely He must come before long," he mused. Then a sudden misgiving seized him. "What if He had been here while I was helping the poor old woman to her home!" And again he looked out with anxious eyes.

Another little form met his gaze. He hurried out to see who it could be. The child was lost and cried pitifully for its mother. He gave it a cup of milk to drink and then took it to its home.

The shadows of evening were lengthening as the cobbler came back to his shop. Perhaps the great Guest would be there upon his return. But when he arrived he found the shop empty. It seemed almost more than he could bear, and he cried out, "O Lord, did you forget that this was the day?"

Then from out of the gathering shadows came a Voice, saying:

"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street."

THE TOLL OF INTEMPERANCE

(Christian Observer)

From month to month evidences accumulate of the evil effects in the nation's life of the traffic in alcoholic liquors. In the following paragraphs are presented some of the facts concerning these effects which stand out in recent news.

During the first nine weeks of the present year, an increase of 25.6 per cent in automobile deaths was recorded in the twelve leading cities of the country. It is significant that this increase, according to the American Business Men's Research Foundation, "is being accompanied by a radically upward trend in liquor consumption." According to the National Safety Council, liquor is directly responsible for about twenty-five per cent of the deaths from motor car accidents. Thus notwithstanding all the efforts to prevent drunken driving, the present year, if the above average continues throughout the twelve months, will see a record-breaking toll of some 40,000 deaths in automobile accidents, with some 10,000 of these deaths due directly or indirectly to intoxicating liquors.

A recent report in the daily papers quotes Martin Nelson, secretary of a Keeley Institute, as saying that drinking among women is increasing homes and communities and in the nation at large. And it requires no prophet to foresee that conditions will become worse. Nation wide prohibition was tried, and because of certain attendant evils later rejected. What will be the next step?—for that there must be a next step sooner or later, no thoughtful person will deny. very rapidly. In 1938, he says, the number of women taking "the cure" at the institute showed a gain of ninety percent over the corresponding period of 1933, when prohibition was still in effect. In the city of Louisville, Kentucky, according to an editorial in the "Louisville Times," "Women have become a considerable factor in the drunken driving problem, and many of those convicted in Louisville have been residents of reputable sections."

These are facts which cannot be ignored. They are presented here because they have made their appearance recently in the news; it would be easy to fill column after column with other evidences of the harm wrought by the traffic in intoxicating liquors. But it would be impossible to tell the whole story of the ravages wrought by intemperance in human lives and homes and communities and in the nation at large. And it requires no prophet to forsee that conditions will become worse. Nation wide prohibition was tried, and because of certain attendant evils later rejected. What will be the next step?—for that there must be a next step sooner or later, no thoughtful person will deny.

———o———

You can't change the nature of a pig by giving him a seat in the parlor.—Exchange.

A FAMOUS DESK

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

From an article by Walter Putney in the Classmate we learn that the desk used by President was made from an abandoned sailing vessel, the Resolute.

It had been sent out in 1852 from England to search for the missing Sir John Franklin expedition. It was caught in the ice and the crew left the ship expecting to return when the storm was over; but it was lost to them and later found by an American vessel in 1855.

The crew of the John Henry who had found the ship replaced its tattered sails so as to bring it to this country to be sold as a salvaged vessel, but the U. S. Government bought and refitted the vessel as it was when it left England and then sent it over to England.

In November, 1856, by authority of Congress, the Resolute left this country under command of Capt. Henry J. Hartstene of South Carolina, to be presented to the British government as a token of international friendship. The British government, in turn made preparations to receive this ship, with all possible dignity and form. So, on December 16, 1856, the harbor of Cowes, England, was arrayed in its finest. Ships in port flew the Royal Standard of England and the flag of the United States from the same masthead—an unusual honor. Guns on shore and on ship boomed a glorious welcome as the Resolute sailed up the harbor, and as the bells were striking high noon, the Prince of Wales and Sir Francis Seymour, head of the British Admiralty, escorted Queen Victoria on board. Commander Hartstene and his officers welcomed the gracious queen and, after greetings were exchanged, Captain Hartstene said:

"Your Majesty, it affords me great pleasure to present to you in behalf of the President of the United States, the good ship Resolute, not only as evidence of the good will of the people of the United States toward England, but out of the great respect which they feel toward you personally."

Queen Victoria graciously expressed her thanks for the courtesy shown to her government by that of the United States. A banquet and celebration followed the presentation and then, for several days, the American sailors held the key to the port and were treated handsomely.

That was how the ship went back to its own land, but to finish the story of the President's desk, we must go ahead a few years to 1867, when the Resolute was dismantled. At that time, Queen Victoria ordered that special timbers be selected and a massive oak desk made from them to be sent to President Johnson. Although there was no formal presentation, with the desk went a personal letter from Queen Victoria, reminding the people of the United States of their unusual courtesy in sending the salvaged ship back home. Furthermore, on the order of Queen Victoria a painting was made of the scene on the deck of the Resolute when the ship was presented to her. She did this because, as she expressed it, she wished a permanent reminder of the good feeling that existed between the United States and England. That painting may still be seen at Windsor Castle.

VEGETABLE PLOT CAN SAVE $50 TO $100 IN FOOD BUDGET

(The Stanly News and Press)

It takes less time to grow vegetables in a home garden than it requires to shop for them in the market; and the quality of the home product cannot be equaled by market vegetables.

One reason for this difference in quality is found in the deterioration in flavor which in most cases sets in when vegetables are harvested. Peas, sweet corn, lima beans, pod beans, and many other vegetables lose more than half their delicious flavor within a few hours after picking. Within half an hour the difference is noticeable; so the wise home garden owner picks her vegetables just before she cooks them.

She can also pick many half grown, at which stage some crops are at their best. For instance, baby carrots, about as large as a lead pencil, and baby squash, an inch or two in length. Seldom if ever can these delicacies be found in markets because they quickly spoil, but their flavor and tenderness are supreme.

The idea that vegetables cannot be grown as cheaply as they can be bought gained some headway in the prosperous twenties among suburbanites who employed high priced casual labor to cultivate gardens rather than doing the work themselves. Even with this wasteful method of production costs are much less now, and the superior quality of really fresh vegetables would justify higher than market prices.

But the real saving in the household budget comes when a home gardener does his (or her) own gardening. Then the good health and fine appetite which work in the garden produces, increase his enjoyment of the vegetables he grows, while his living expenses are substantially reduced.

It has been estimated, on the basis of careful study, that the average home maker devotes 120 hours a year to buying in the market fresh vegetables which could be grown at home with 120 hours' pleasant work.

The home garden thus maintained, however, would produce not only much better vegetables than could be bought, but more of them. The family would consume more, and expenditures for other foods would be lessened. The saving in the budget, depending upon the family size and income, would amount to from $50 to $100 in a year.

No experienced gardener would consider this savings to be the chief reward of gardening, however. That comes in the deep satisfaction which is imparted by work in the soil, in the pride of accomplishment which a successful gardener feels, in social contracts with other garden fans and generally, in a more wholesome and healthful life.

Don't become so used to evil that it ceases to be horrible to you.

THE PROTESTANT HERITAGE

By FitzWilliam McM. Woodrow

The protest against the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church in the sixteenth century was so vigorous that those who participated in the movement were called Protestants. Heritage is that which is inherited or handed down from one generation to the succeeding generation. It may be described by the term birthright. Thus our subject is, "The Protestant Birthright." It is the history of Christianity and Christian civilization. The subject is so broad and the history so glorious that we have had diiiculty in attempting to select material.

During the period from the sixth to the fourteenth century, both inclusive, there was a constant and continuous battle being waged by the Church and State for power. However, there was a growing tendency on the part of the various Roman Catholic churches to concult the Pope with regard to their problems, to abide by his decision and to realize that he was the spiritual head of the Church. This period was one of constant endeavor—sometimes with great success—on the part of the papacy to control not only the spiritual but also the temporal realm. The members of the clergy were not subject to the law of the State, that is, the civil law, and if they committed crimes, they had to be tried under the ecclesiastical law. The property of the Church was exempt from taxes, and the Church collected tithes and taxes from citizens of every country.

In addition, the Church obtained money by making charges for dispensation and by the sale of indulgences. The Popes customarily sold church offices, and this abuse was known as "simony." It is stated that Pope Leo X (1513-1521) made no less than 500,000 ducats, about $1,250,000, annually from the sale of more than 2,000 church offices. The poor resented these practices of the Church because only the wealthy could purchase dispenations, indulgences, and offices. As a result of these methods of securing finances, the Church was as rich as Croesus. A large proporion of the clergy were ignorant and many were morally unworthy. Our investigation does not confirm the general understanding that most of the clergy of that period were immoral. History does show, however, that probably a small percentage of the priests, monks, and nuns broke the vow of celibracy. At the time of the Reformation the Church was being purified from within, and these conditions were being corrected to some extent. Certain historians consider that the Great Schism probably had more influence on the Reformation than all of these shortcomings.

In 1309, Pope Clement V, a Frenchman, transfered the papal capital to Avignon, and while it remained in France the power of the Pope virtually was subordinated to the French government. This was known as the "Babylonian Captivity." From 1378 to 1417, approximately forty years, there were two popes, one in Rome and one in Avignon; each excommunicated, issued edicts against and cursed the adherents of his rival, with the result that the respect and reverence of the people for the Pope

suffered. This was caused by the fact that each could not be the true successor of Peter, and a doubt was raised in the lay mind as to the divine power of any Pope.

Early in the twelfth century the university was founded. By the end of the fifteenth century every country in Europe, including England and Scotland, could boast of universities. These colleges were unable to exert a marked influence on the public mind because of the lack of manuscripts. In 1446, Gutenburg invented a method of printing by the use of type, and about the same time a process of making paper was discovered. As a result, the universities and the public immediately began to be supplied with books. In 1500, there were approximately one thousand printers in Europe; the Bible was printed and for the first time laymen were able to read and study the Word of God. The recovery of the classics, the building of Gothic churches, and the painting of wonderful pictures during the thirteenth to fifteenth century, the discovery of America in 1492, the invention of the mariner's compass, the manufacture of glass the use of gun-powder, the formulation by Copernicus of the theory that the earth revolves around the sun; all of these thing stirred the imagination and prepared the world for the new order.

We now come to the John-the-Baptists of the Reformation, namely, John Wyclif and John Huss. Catholic priest and a professor at Oxford University who lectured on Divinity. He attempted to correct certain abuses of the Church, but met with no success; then he urged England to regain the civil authority which the Church had usurped. He was brought before the Bishop of Lundon but his friend, John of Lancaster, a powerful prince, protected him. Pope Gregory XI issued a bull against him. He appealed to Parliment, was tried at Lambeth, and sentenced in 1378 to discontinue preaching and teaching. He died in 1384.

He sought to abolish the civil power of the Church and to purge the Church of immoral ministers. His basic idea was to return to the Bible and to substitute the simplicity of Christianity as expounded in the New Testament for the form and priest-made religion of the Roman Catholic Church. He translated the Bible into English. In his effort to purge the Church of unworthy ministers, he conducted a schood for preachers whom he inspired to spread the message of the Bible throughout England.

It is interesting to note that notwithstanding the desire of the Pope to punish Wyclif for heresy, he, due to his friends, was able to continue until 1378 his campaign for the reform of the Church. Apparently the Church resented this fact, and years later the Council of Constance in 1415 issued a decree that the remains of Wyclif be dug up and burned. Pope Martin V commanded that this decree be compiled with, and in 1428 this was done.

Students from Oxford carried the teachings of John Wyclif to the University of Prague in Bohemia, where they fell into the hands of John Huss, who was head of that university. Huss was born in 1369 and was one of the leading students of his generation. He adopted almost in their entirely the views of John Wyclif. Huss, as a result of his religious teachings, was summoned before the

Council of Constance. He went to the council as he thought under the safe-conduct of Emperor Sigismund, but the authorities immediately imprisoned him. On July 6, 1415, he was given a last opportunity to recant his alleged heresy, but he refused to do so and was burned alive in the public square. The emperor made no effort to save him.

Martin Luther was born in Germany in 1483. He was educated at Erfurt University, and after receiving a degree in 1505 commenced the study of law. While on a journey in that year he was in a thunderstorm and during it he vowed that if he lived he would become a monk. He kept his vow, and on July 17, 1505, he became an Augustinian friar.

He was a professor at the University of Wittenburg and lectured on the Bible. His study of the Bible and his faith in the Word of God made him question the practices of the Roman Catholic Church. At first he attempted to reform the Church from within. He tried to correct the custom of selling indulgences and dispensations. On Octobed 31, 1517, he nailed upon the door of the University of Wittenburg his ninety-five theses attacking certain customs and practices of the Church.

The people of Germany were so impressed by his religious fervor and courage that Pope Leo X on June 15, 1520, issued a bull against Luther and ordered that his books be condemned and burned, and that unless he should recant within sixty days ofthe posting of the bull he should be considered a heretic and dealt with accordingly. He did not recant but published additional articles attacking the Church and he burned the Pope's bull on September 0, 1520. The Pope excommunicated Luther in 1521.

Luther was ordered to appear before the Diet of Worms and was guaranteed safe conduct. Speaking to the Diet on April 18, 1521, he closed his oration as follows: "Unless I am convicted by Scripture, or right reason, for I trust neither Popes nor councils since they have often erred and contradicted themselves, I neither can nor will recant anything, since it is neither safe or right to act against conscience. God help me. Amen."

The diet published on May 26 an edic, which was dated May 8, placing Luther under the ban of the empire, commanding his surrender to the government at the expiration of his safe-conduct, and forbade anyone to shelter him or to read his writings. However, his friend, the powerful Prince Frederic, escorted him to the castle of Wartburg and took care of him for almost a year. While at the castle he wrote his treatise, "On Monastic Vows," wherein he urged all priests, nuns and monks to leave the cloister and marry. He also began while there his translation of the Bible. He published the New Testament in September, 1522, and the Old Testament in four parts, the last of which was issued in 1532.

The most far-reaching and influential of his utterances was the religious proclamation relative to the universal priesthood of all true believers. The application of this doctrine does away with the necessity for the Roman Catholic priests, who were the only ones who could cause and assist individuals, through the rituals and sacraments of the Church, to be saved. Luther died in 1546. Many considered that he was respon-

sible for, and the leading figure of, the Reformation.

John Calvin was born in France in 1509. He studied to become a priest. However, at the request of his father he studied law at two leading French universities.

Through the influence of Erasmus he became interested in the Bible and Luther's writings. In the fall of 1533, he was converted. He is reported as having said: "A sudden beam of light came to me at this time from God, putting me to the proof and showing me in how deep an abyss of error and filth I had been living." As a results, he abandoned his former life.

In 1534 Calvin gave up his benefice and, because of the persecution of the Roman Catholic Church, left France and went to Switzerland. In 1536, he published his first edition of the "Institutes of the Christian Religion." In order to assist in its popularity, he dedicated the worn to Francis I, King of France. It was written in Latin, and in 1541 he translated it into French. In 1542 the thesis was condemned by the Church and burned publicly in France.

Numerous editions were issued from time to time. The first discusses in order the Decalogue, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Sacraments. The other editions deal with Christian Liberty, the Power of the Church, Civil Government, and Faith. In this momentous work he sums up Protestant Christian Doctrine and Practice.

He starts with the Bible as the foundation. The center of his philosophy is God as the Almighty Will. God's will is the source of all things and of all needs, standards of right and wrong and of all happiness. The sole purpose of the universe and intent of its Creator is the glorification of God. Calvin called God's eternal decree frightful. The elect are saved through faith which is a matter of the heart and not of reason.

In 1536 Geneva became an independent municipality. William Farel, a Protestant reformer, was the leading citizen. He invited Calvin to come to Geneva. They worked together in the Geneva church for two years. but, due to reasons not necessary here to explain, they were expelled by the council in 1538. In 1541 they were requested to return to Geneva, and Calvin was the leader from that date until his death in 1564.

He took over the democratic regime that had been established at Geneva, but instead of keeping the Church and State separate he made the Church predominant. The form of government was a strict theocracy. The clergy met in a body as a congregation and prepared legislation for the consideration of the consistory. This body was composed of the clergy and twelve elders chosen by the council. The duty of the consistory was to keep watch on the lives of everyone. Its members did this through personal investigations and the investigations of spies. For almost twenty-five years Calvin ruled the city with an iron hand. He regulated in detail the conduct of the people and insisted that they worship God at all times, in all things, according to the doctrines which Calvin had promulgated in his "Institutes." The council prohibited the doing of many things, some of which now are not considered objectionable. The list includes the following—danc-

ing, playing cards, attending the theater, betrothing your daughter to a Catholic, fasting on Good Friday, the use of liquor, luxury in clothing, the celebration or keeping of Christmas, and even the manner in which a woman dressed her hair was prescribed. The law forbade these things; in short it regulated all human conduct, and serve penalties were meted out if the letter of the law was not obeyed.

Calvin is known for three major contributions to the world—church government, a code of moral conduct, and theology. The church government was built upon simplicity and founded upon the democracy of the New Testament. Each believer was equal to every other, and all together constituted a working, self-governing unit. The congregation elected their officers. This democratic principle was responsible for winning the hearts of the middle classes. From it we derive many of the social and economic reforms of our modern civilization.

We cannot conclude without referring briefly to John Knox, the great Scotch reformer. He, like Calvin, has exerted a profound influence in America through the Presbyterian Church, which they together founded. Some say he was born in 1505 and others in 1514. He was educated as a Roman Catholic priest and attended a university. These is little record of his prior to 1540. He was captured by the French in 1547 and was a galley slave for nineteen months. His treatment increased his hatred for France and her religion, the Roman Catholic Church. He returned to England for about five years and then went to Geneva where he had the privilege of being associated with Calvin. In 1556 Knox said that Geneva was "The most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the apostles. In other places, I confess Christ to be truly preached, but manners and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any place besides." While in Geneva he continued to advise the Protestant party in Scotland, the leaders of which had established a so-called common band known as the First Scottish Covenant. The signers of this covenant requested Knox to return to Scotland and become their leader. He complied with this request.

We cannot here describe in detail the negotiations which Knox conducted with Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, the governmental acts of England, France, and Scotland, and the comparatively peaceful establishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland. We shall refer only briefly to the character of the kirk. It was a democratic, puritanical theocracy. Each congregation elected its minister and elders, called presbyters. They controlled and ruled the church. The members of the congregation were required to conform to the standards of the church in life, in manners, and in thoughts. These standards were based upon the doctrines of Calvin and the rules and regulations which he was enforcing at Geneva.

Knox died in 1572, eight years after the death of Calvin. Historians consider that the democratic principles of church government adopted by Knox are reflected in our American constitution.

Space does not permit us to comment upon the political, social, and economic reforms which resulted from the forces that the men of the

Reformation set in motion by directing the thoughts of the world upon the Bible and the true and living God, such as democratic government, individualism as expressed in capitalism, a pride in all honest work, religious liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the separation of Church and State. These are a part of our Protestant heritage.

The important heritage, however, pertains to the realm of religion; Protestantism preserved to us the Bible as the Word of God.

We know that man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever.

We know that God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.

We know that the Spirit applieth to us the redemption purchased by Christ by working faith in us and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling.

We know that effectual calling is the work of God's Spirit, whereby, convincing us of our sin and misery, enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing our wills, He doth persuade and enable us to embrace Jesus Christ freely offered to us in the Gospel.

We know that whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.

This is our real heritage. It is a great comfort, yet it presents a great challenge, namely—how can we best preserve this heritage so that we can hand it down to coming generations? The world is facing a crisis. It contains the same hate, cruelty, intolerance and prejudice as existed in the sixteenth century; only the form of persecution has changed. To preserve our heritage we should be tolerant of the opinion of others. We should be motivated by kindness, charity, and the Christ-like spirit. We should become true Christians and follow the teachings of Jesus as set forth in the Sermon on the Mount.

Are we willing to accept the challenge?

THE CONQUERING OF LIFE

When life grows pale and all our hopes are dimmed,
When out upon this weary world our eyes do stray,
Our spirits then do steep themselves in sorrow
For all the wrongs which do beset mankind.
With heavy hearts and thoughtful minds
Men gaze upon these tragedies of human life.
The tradgedies of poverty, of sickness, and of death
Do make of this a sad and melancholy world.
Our modes of life may change; the mind be lifted;
New rulers may supplant the ancient old;
Still do we find, scattered through all the earth,
Deceit, despair, sorrow, misery and woe;
One elevating thought alone doth still remain:
That man can still look forward to Eternity.

—Emmanuel Hoover.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The seventh grade pupils of the Mt. Mourne School, Iredell County, accompanied by the principal, visited the Training School last Tuesday morning. They went through some of the departments here, including the dairy, textile plant, and the infirmary. Coming from a rural community, the youngsters were very much interested in our dairy, and they seemed to derive a great deal of pleasure in seeing the looms and other machines used in our little cotton mill. Being pressed for time, they did not visit the Trades Building and other places of interest.

Leonard Wood, age 18 years, a former member of the Cottage No. 12 group, who left the School, June 20, 1939, was a recent visitor here. Upon leaving the institution, Leonard secured employment on a farm in Wake County, staying there about four months. A little more than three months ago he went to Fieldale, Va., where he went to work in a towel mill. Leonard has an uncle who is a weaver in this plant, under whose supervision he is now trying to learn that part of the work. He also makes his home with this uncle. The lad stated that he liked textile work and was going to do his very best to succeed in this line of employment.

A delegation from the Training School attended the afternoon session of the annual convention of the North Carolina Branch of the Order of King's Daughters and Sons, held in the First Presbyterian Church, Durham, on Thursday of last week. This group consisted of Superintendent Boger, Mrs George L. Barrier, W. M. White, L. S. Kiser, and ten boys.

Most of the afternoon program was turned over to the Training School representatives. Superintendent Boger addressed the convention, stressing the part played by the King's Daughters in the work of the institution. He then introduced the boys, who, under the direction of Mrs. Barrier, rendered a program of music and recitations. The musical numbers were: "Praise Him," "Unfold, Ye Portals," "Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet," "Blessed the Nation," and "God Bless America." The recitations were: The 15th Psalm, "Touch of the "Master's Hand," "Faith in the Forgotten Man," and "I Believe In America." The boys in the group were: Alex Weathers, Robert Bryson, John Robbins, Quentin Crittenton, John Kirkman, Edd Woody, Albert Hayes, William Covington, Arthur Edmondson and Oscar Roland.

All of those attending the Durham affair reported that they had a delightful time. They returned to the School just in time to enjoy the regular weekly motion picture show.

The Training School ball-tossers received a good shellacing at the hands of the team from Cannon Plant No. 2, last Saturday, being on the short end of a 19 to 4 score. It being such a long, drawn-out affair, the game was called at the end of the seventh inning. Liske, starting pitcher for the School, was not in shape, due to a bad arm, retiring at the end of the third inning, when he

was relieved by Wilbourne. While the box score shows that the visitors secured 19 hits off our hurlers, many of them which should have been handled went through the infielders safely. They could not be scored as errors, as they were not touched, but some wide-awake fielding would have cut down the number of hits considerably. Ragan, who started on the mound for the boys from Plant 2, held the local lads to 6 hits for five innings; Simpson, pitching the sixth and seventh frames, did not allow a hit. Helms and Hatley, with three hits each. (one of the latter's being a triple), let the visitors with the war club. For the School lads, Johnson and Everidge got two each, one of Johnson's going over the left field bank for a round-tripper. The score:

		R	H	E
Plant 2	3 2 2 4 4 4 x—	19	19	4
J. T. S.	0 0 2 2 0 0 0—	4	6	5

Two-base hits: B. Baker, Miller. Three-base hit: Hatley. Home run: Johnson. Stolen bases: Helms 2, Everidge. Sacrifice hit: Owens. Struck out: by Ragan 4; by Liske 1; by Wilbourne 1. Base on balls: off Ragan 2; off Simpson 1; off Liske 1; off Wilbourne 1. Hit by pitcher: by Ragan (Poole). Winning pitcher: Ragan. Losing pitcher: Liske.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. After the singing of the opening hymn and the Scripture recitation, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, he introduced Mr. L. M. Oglukian, of Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon. Mr. Oglukian, a native of Armenia, has been in the United States about seventeen years, and for several years past has been manager of the rug department at J. B. Ivey's store, Charlotte. He is one of Charlotte's most prominent churchmen and civic leaders and is much in demand as a speaker.

At the beginning of his remarks, he complimented the boys very highly on their ability to sing. He was especially pleased to note that they all seemed to like to sing and were not afraid to let their voices out. In many other countries, said he, young folks were not permitted so much freedom in group gatherings of any kind.

Mr. Oglukian stated that when he first came to this country he was not able to speak a word of English, and cited several instances in which he tried hard to make people understand him, but with little or no success. He landed in Boston, Mass., and after wandering around trying to make people understand him, he went into a church. There he heard the same hymn sung by our boys at the beginning of the service, "Love Lifted Me." Upon hearing this music, said Mr. Oglukian, he immediately felt at home and joined in the singing, using his native language. People seated near him stopped singing and looked at him, but that did not affect the young immigrant. He sang right on, not caring if the words he used were different—the music was the same, and it was the first thing he had heard since his arrival in America that he could understand.

While seated on a park bench in Boston, the speaker said he watched groups of children running back and forth amid happy shouts of laughter. He compared them with children in other lands, where they are not permitted such freedom, thinking how willing they would be to exchange

places with boys and girls in America.

He then went to a huge church and decided to try to enter. He walked up the aisle, all the while expecting some one to stop him and ask questions, tell him where to sit, etc., but he was allowed to select a seat anywhere in the church. How different this was from the custom in his native country, where at church services the men sat on one side of the church, the women on the other, and the children were seated on the floor. All of these things, said the speaker, told him that America was a great country. They made him stop and think, comparing customs in this new land to those of other countries. It made him realize that here in this land of freedom, it should not be hard for people to be happy.

Mr. Oglukian then told the boys how he felt about the Bible. As a small boy, his father required him to memorize many verses, sometimes an entire chapter. In this way he learned to love the Bible dearly. At the age of fifteen he entered the military service of his country in the World War. During five years of extreme hardship, he did not have an opportunity to see a Bible. After the war he secured one, and has kept it close at hand ever since that time. When worried over the cares of life, when things seem to be going wrong, he turns to the Bible, and after reading some of the great lessons found therein, he soon forgets his troubles. He urged the boys to study the Bible and let its teachings be their guide when confronted with the problems of life.

As he watched the boys, Mr. Oglukian stated that he could not help thinking of millions of children in other lands who could close their eyes and dream of that life of freedom under the Star-Spangled Banner, but had to make their lives conform to the will of a harsh dictator. He then told his listeners that he had three things for which he was thankful: (1) He was thankful for our American God, which he explained by saying that by this term he meant the one God, whom we all know, who metes out punishment when it is due, but also forgives when we are penitent. Here in America we can go to God whenever we so desire, and not find it necessary to salute a Hitler, a Mussolini or a Stalin, and worship as they dictate. (2) Our American Country. Here people are free to do as they please, in a legitimate way. When in Boston years before, the speaker said he noticed children smiling. They were happy and had the appearance of being well-nourished. Shortly before leaving foreign shores he saw groups of neglected children in the streets, fighting to secure whatever nourishment they could find in refuse cans. In America, if one cannot be happy it is not the country's fault, but that of the person himself. (3) Then he said he was proud of his American flag, the symbol which combines the first two thoughts. This great banner, born amid hardships, represents that freedom for which our forefathers shed their blood. America, said the speaker, could not get along without these three things. As our nation was founded upon Christianity, these things will last just as long as there is an America, and America will stand as long as people put their trust in God.

In conclusion, Mr. Oglukian told the boys that the future of America

depended solely upon the proper training of American youths today. If the young manhood and young womanhood of this land does not learn to revere the three things heretofore mentioned, then there is not much hope for the nation's future. He urged them to study the lessons taught in God's Word and try to keep our country up to the standards for which the early patriots gave their lives.

———o———

THE NEIGHBORLY WHANG

Did you ever hear of a good old-fashioned whang? It was a very neighborly affair and enjoyed in that because of it the dread of some bit of tiresome work was eliminated.

In the early days of our colonies, it was the custom for neighbors to join forces when some work was done. This was especially true when soap had to be made, quilts tied, carpets sewed, and apple butter made for the homes and when the crops were gathered and wood cut on the farm.

If only a couple of neighbors helped each other in this way it was often referred to as change work, and we still find this going on in the country today. But when a large number of men or women got together to do some heavy work it was called a "whang."

Just when this odd term originated is not known, although it was more commonly used in New England than anywhere else; but the original of the term itself was in doing things that were especially dreaded when one householder had to do them alone. The annual housecleaning was nearly always called a whang, as shown by an old diary that says, "Went about ye usual summer cleaning, whanging ye dirt and culch away from ye floors and beds."

Another account mentions, "Neighbor Allen came in with dauters and frends and we all had a whang, cleaning ye house of all wastrel with no distress."

Usually at a whang everbody got busy with a right good will and each had his part to do in cleaning. Then at noon, a substantial meal was served and plans were made to return the compliment and have a whang somewhere else within a few days. By so assisting one another, none felt over-tired when the work was accomplished and did not dread going to the neighbors to help. Later the term "whang" referred to any particularly irksome task done by a company of people.

—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending April 28, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(11) James Hodges 19
(3) Leon Hollifield 20
(11) Edward Johnson 22
Robert Maples 12
(11) Frank May 18
Arna Wallace 17
(2) Jack Warren 2
(11) J. C. Wilson 15

COTTAGE No. 1

Howard Cox 9
(2) William G. Bryant 15
Carl Hooker 8
(2) Edward Warnock 14
(2) William Whittington 16
(7) William C. Wilson 15

COTTAGE No. 2

Bennie Austin 9
(4) James Blocker 9
(4) George Cooke 16
(10) Donald McFee 19
Nick Rochester 17
Landroes Sims 17
(4) William Shaw 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Lewis Andrews 14
(11) Richard Baumgarner 16
James Boone 12
Clyde Barnwell 15
(4) Jack Crotts 13
(2) Otis McCall 10
(2) Jerome Wiggins 12

COTTAGE No. 4

Plummer Boyd 12
Lewis Donaldson 15
(12) Arthur Edmondson 17
Paul Godwin 3
(11) Clyde Gray 20
Gilbert Hogan 14
(6) Hoyt Hollifield 10
(18) Ivan Morrozoff 22
(2) J. C. Nance 12
George Newman 7
(4) Henry Raby 15
Robert Simpson 7
Melvin Walters 21
(4) Richard Wiggins 10
(4) Samuel Williams 17

COTTAGE No. 5

Theodore Bowles 19
J. C. Bordeaux 4
(8) Collett Cantor 19
Charles Hayes 5
(4) Everett Lineberry 15
(2) Paul Lewallen 12
(3) James Massey 9
(3) Sam Montgomery 11
Elmer Talbert 7
(2) Henry Ziegler 12

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Fletcher Castlebury 8
(2) Robert Dunning 13
Noah Ennis 12
(2) Columbus Hamilton 11
Leonard Jacobs 8

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte 10
(3) Cleasper Beasley 9
William Beach 15
(2) Carl Breece 17
(3) Paul Dockery 15
(3) Donald Earnhardt 20
Lacy Green 12
(3) George Green 15
(3) Robert Hampton 12
Lyman Johnson 13
(3) Hugh Johnson 18
(3) Robert Lawrence 14
Charles McGowan 4
Arnold McHone 17
Marshall Pace 10
(3) Carl Ray 16
Loy Stines 5
Joseph Wheeler 15
(3) William R. Young 11

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashle 14
(3) Jack Hamilton 13
Walker Warr 7

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Mack Bell 17
Craig Chappell 3
James Connell 4
(9) Frank Glover 22
(2) Wilbur Hardin 14
(2) John Hendrix 8
Daniel Kilpatrick 12
Lloyd Mullis 8
(12) Harold O'Dear 21
(2) Lonnie Roberts 14
(3) James Ruff 16
(2) Thomas Sands 12
L. B. Sawyer 8
(5) Richard Singletary 15
(8) Preston Wilbourne 19
(2) Horace Williams 13

COTTAGE No. 10

John Crawford 11
James Eury 6
Thomas King 10
James Penland 12
Weaver Penland 4
Carl Speer 5
O. D. Talbert 8
Claude Weldy 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) J. C. Allen 12
Harold Bryson 18
(10) John Benson 20
(4) William Covington 17
(4) William Dixon 5
(5) Earl Hildreth 21
Franklin Lyles 9
(6) Edward Murray 16
(7) Theodore Rector 16
Canipe Shoe 11
(5) N. C. Webb 20

COTTAGE No. 12

Howard Devlin 17
Max Eaker 12
Woodrow Hager 12
(2) Joseph Hall 14
(2) Hubert Holloway 15
(2) Richard Honeycutt 13
(2) Tillman Lyles 11
Howard Sanders 10
George Tolson 11
(2) J. R. Whitman 11

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

(4) Raymond Andrews 18
(8) John Baker 15
John Church 10
(4) Mack Coggins 10
Robert Deyton 13
Audie Farthing 20
(2) Troy Gilland 3
(3) John Ham 9
(3) William Harding 3
(4) John Kirkman 14
(8) Feldman Lane 22
(7) Norvell Murphy 17
(2) Charles McCoyle 12
Roy Mumford 5
Henry McGraw 9
John Robbins 5
John Reep 12
(5) Charles Steepleton 14
J. C. Willis 9
(2) J. D. Webster 5
(3) Wallace Woody 21
Jack West 4
Jones Watson 18

COTTAGE No. 15

Raymond Anderson 17
Jennings Britt 9
(5) Fred McGlammery 19
J. P. Morgan 9
J. P. Sutton 14

INDIAN COTTAGE

(23) Warren G. Lawry 23
Harvey Ledford 8
(2) Thomas Wilson 14

Being on the right track is correct. But if you just stop there you'll get run over—Osteopathic Magazine.

COACH FARES

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1½ cents per mile

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ROUND TRIP

10% less than double the one way fares

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Air Conditioned Coaches

ON THROUGH TRAINS

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RAILWAY SYSTEM

MAY 13

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 11, 1940 NO. 19

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MOTHER

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing,
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one Mother the wide world over."

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

MOTHER

I have worshipped in churches and chapels,
  I have prayed in the busy street;
I have sought my God and have found Him,
  Where the waves of the ocean beat.
I have knelt in the silent forest,
  In the shade of some ancient tree;
But the dearest of all altars
  Was raised at my mother's knee.

I have listened to God in His temple,
  I've cought His voice in the crowd,
I have heard Him speak when the breakers
  Were booming long and loud;
Where the winds play soft in the tree-tops,
  My Father has talked to me;
But I have never heard him clearer,
  Than I did at my mother's knee.

The things in life that are worthy
  Were born in my mother's breast,
And breathed into mine the magic
  Of the love her life expressed;
The years that have brought me to manhood,
  Have taken her far from me,
But memory keeps me from straying
  Too far from my mother's knee.

God! make me the man of her vision,
  And purge me of all selfishness;
God! keep me true to her standards,
  And help me to live and to bless.
God! hallow the holy impression
  Of the days that used to be,
And keep me a pilgrim forever,
  To the shrine at my mother's knee.

—Selected

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHER'S DAY

The sons and daughters of the nation pay homage to mother on the second Sunday in May with infinite tenderness. This does not imply they do not have a depth of love for her every day, but this date is set aside to publicly acclaim the place motherhood holds in the hearts of all sons and daughters. They are proud of the privilege to acclaim her queen and do homage at her shrine.

Observance of Mother's Day grows richer and has a deeper significance with the ceaseless march of time. Not any of the beauty of the sentiment is lost on this date for "one mother," but instead deeper emotions are stirred because all mothers are honored, as they should be at all times, especially on "Mother's Day."

If possible to hear the voice of the people at large relative to the esteem of motherhood there is not a shadow of doubt the voices would be heard in loud refrain, "all that I am I owe to my mother." This expression is written with the hope that our readers will feel a personal responsibility for the future and for motherhood of today. The memory we cherish for our mother in her sweet simplicity, in her sacrifice, and in her long suffering in the hours of intense struggle has been an inspiration to dispel all misgivings with a hope—the hope written upon the brow of mother that radiated cheer to all who passed her way.

* * * * * * * *

THE FIRST LADY A GUEST OF MECKLENBURG

There are times when predictions fail to come true. We are now thinking of the remarks made about Mrs. Roosevelt when her husband was given the presidency of the United States. Many thought she moved about too much, and talked when she should have been silent futhermore, that her place was in her home, the shrine of motherhood. But sentiment has changed, because Mrs. Roosevelt is a woman of strong parts, she can reach down to the lowliest with the same grace and ease that she can entertain the royalty, the peak of any social setting.

Lately Eleanor Roosevelt visited the NYA centers in Mecklenburg County. She went to Hickory Grove, a NYA training center for boys, and then to the Sardis school where a similar work is carried on for girls. Those who saw her were thoroughly convinced

that all one reads of her relative to her interest in the right kind of education for the American youth is absolutely true. She asked questions, wanting to know child's life, school advantages, home environment, what were they getting in their schools, and emphasized vocational training. She had no spare time to talk on political questions, or see reporters, but had ample time to socialize with the girls and boys of these two National Youth centers.

This great lady was the centers, most distinguished guest, and the date of this event, and incidents pertinent thereto will be passed down to the future generations. This NYA work is Mrs. Roosevent's hobby. She is an ardent believer in giving every child a chance and the best of advantages. We all know that the boy is the future man, and the girls are the future womanhood and more yet they are the mothers and the success of the country depends wholly upon the manner they accept their responsibility. With one regret we close this comment about Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to Mecklenburg county. The regret is that while so near, we would have liked for her to have peeped in upon the boys of Jackson Training School. Her comments and suggestions would have been highly appreciated. She stoops to render a service, her glory is doing the things that make life, the greatest of all contributions to civilization.

* * * * * * * *

TREATMENT IS THE THING

Treatment instead of punishment for maladjustments is advocated in the following, clipped from a small magazine, a mouth piece of a school for delinquents similar in every respect to the Jackson Training School. This theory is accepted and practiced as the best method in this institution:

"Maladjustment is a condition to be treated rather than an offense to be punished." This is a fundamental principle for the guidance of everyone engaged in welfare work and more particularly so for those who have to do with institutional cases. This is a principle so obvious that it is universally recognized by professional workers but it is after all grudgingly admitted by society against whom the maladjusted have offended and it is some times difficult for those of us who have to handle this type of individual to keep this

principle in mind. The offense is merely a symptom. Symptoms are merely indications of causes and conditions. The physician uses symptoms to discover causes and when he finds causes he treats the individual in such a way as to remove these causes. The symptoms then disappear. We must remind ourselves of this and the principle back of it over and over again or we will find ourselve treating symptoms instead of causes.

* * * * * * * * *

THE AMISH FAMILIES MIGRATE

In this immediate community little is known of the faith and practices in daily living of the Amish or the Mennonites, but similar in many ways, they believe, and confess, according to Scripture, in one Eternal, Almighty and Incomprehensible God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. They live in a conservative, simple, frugal manner. Through choice and inheritance they are farmers, and few people have pursued their way of living with greater zeal, having most productive farms, the finest stock and model homes. They do not believe in colleges, nor in diversified reading matter, but are happy to have their children attend school in the "little red school-house," feeling that to finish the eighth grade is sufficient for their goal—the rural home. The Amish families are moving to Maryland, because for several years the Amish in Lancaster County have not been happy over their situation."

For one thing they are farmers, and want their children to be farmers; but the high cost of land, with which to give their children a proper start, has made an increasingly heavy drain on their resources. Another cause of dissatisfaction has been their losing fight to retain the "little red school-house" for the simple educational needs of their children. The Amish think their children know enough to follow farming by the time they are fourteen years of age and have passed the eighth grade. The intention of the consolidated schools, they fear, is to set a higher standard of education and thus plant seeds of discontent in the Amish youth. According to Pennsylvania's Department of Public Instruction the "little red school-house" is doomed; they are disappearing at the rate of three hundred each year. On the other hand, Maryland is deliberately offering itself as a land of promise to the Amish.

Land is much cheaper there, though not as rich as Lancaster's acres. Besides, Maryland authorities have agreed that the Amish may have their own little red school-houses.

* * * * * * * * *

NOTHING GOES TO WASTE

We accept the following information with a grain of salt, and copy the same giving readers the privilege of doing likewise:

Ice cream made of cotton—that sounds like an alchemist's dream. Yet this latest tidbit is about to be offered to the "guinea-pig" public. Prosper Ingels, a Belgian chef, is the inventor of this frozen dainty. He has dedicated his culinary skill to the services of the Nation Cotton Council, and the State of Texas in particular, to find new uses for the South's embarrassing surplus of cotton. By mysterious and unexplained means hidden in elaborate formulae which put the mediaval alchemist entirely out of the running, Chef Ingels has developed a wondrous ice cream out of cotton. That, at least, is the principal base. Recently (March 28) it was tried out on 1,200 members of the State Restaurant Association of Texas and the National Restaurant Association in joint convention. If these restaurateurs like the product, it will be wished on you and commended by high-pressure salesmanship. Just one somber thought intrudes upon the dream, one that may lower the tempature of the customer below that of the product—suppose imagination should suggest in the process of eating that it is the final disposition of a discarded shirt, or blouse, or some filmy underthing?

* * * * * * * * *

CURE FOR MENTAL SICKNESS

The cure for mental sickness writes Dr. F. H. Zimmerman, superintendent of Colored State Hospital for Insane, is an application of "real faith cure," a vital religion that keeps the hearts of the children of God young and serene and resilient. This scientist thinks, "one in ten persons is certain to have some sort of mental sickness, and one in twenty will be bad enough to lead into an institution." Also that these conditions are more prevalent as people grow older.

MOTHERS' DAY

By William Frederick Bigelow

The purpose of Mothers' Day is to increase love in the world. Or rather to increase the telling of it, for this is a prosy world, a careless world, and man is a prosy, careless creature in it. He is so prone to neglect—or to forget entirely—even things that he would like to do, that something is needed to jog his memory. So we have Mothers' Day, a day that comes very close to touching the hearts of men, women, children—everyone, everywhere.

No one can deny the worthwhileness of the day. "Mothers' Day is the most fitting memorial that can be raised to mothers of men," said Hon. Jennings Randolph in a speech in the House of Representatives. "When we drive about the city of Washington, we proceed from circle to circle, from monument to monument. Here stands a statue of Farragut, and here a likeness of Webster, and towering over them all is the giant spire honoring the great Washington. It is fitting that a nation should honor its heroes. But no statue can be raised to Mother as enduring and as inspiring as the child each mother rears herself. No writer can enclose between the backs of any book all the wisdom of a mother's teaching. No poet can capture all the joys and sorrows of a mother's heart. No painter has the power to transmit to his canvas the beauty of a mother's face that glows in the memory of her dear ones. Even the wizardry of the sculptor's hand cannot endue his cold marble with the warmth of a mother's love. No, only a special day set apart for us, sons and daughters of mothers living and mothers dead, is a fitting memorial to Mother."

The reverence for motherhood which Representative Randolph clothed in such beautiful phrases will find a responsive echo in every true heart. At the same time we wonder if there isn't another side to this Mothers' Day picture that should be considered. We cannot put our garlands about every mother's brow, for the sad fact must be recorded that, if by their deeds ye shall know them, there are mothers not deserving of love. To be loved is not a God-given right, nor does the mere physical fact of motherhood entitle a mother to the love of her children.

Love must be deserved if a mother would be sure that her motherhood will not some day turn to sorrow in her heart. The mother is the nearest one to a child's life; she can make it almost what she will. But she must not expect her words to deny her example. If her child's life is to be a good life, hers must be that first. She can lead it in paths of righteousness, never push it there. Motherhood brings with it responsibilities that cannot be evaded, duties that only a mother can assume. Sacrifices, if there be any real ones, should be considered a part of her bargain with life and with God. After all, sacrifices are only momentary and of passing consequence, while lives go on and on and on.

God gives every mother the opportunity to shape a human soul—to every mother, for motherhood can be

just as wise in a palace as in a modest dwelling, just as compassionate in a hovel as in a mansion. It is the fact of really wanting to be a good mother that counts; for the alchemy of love will somehow make wishing being.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

Blessings on the hand of woman!
  Angles guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
  Oh, no matter where the place;
Would that never storms assailed it,
  Rainbows ever gently curled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
  Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain,
  Power may with beauty flow,
Mothers first to guide the streamlets,
  From them souls unresting grow.
Grow on for the good or evil,
  Sunshine stream or evil hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
  Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission,
  Here upon our natal sod;
Keep—oh, keep the young heart open,
  Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
  Are from mother-love impearled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
  Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman,
  Father, sons, daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
  With the worship in the sky;
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
  Rainbows evermore are hurled.
For the hand that rocks the cradle
  Is the hand that rocks the world.

—By William Rose Wallace

FOUNDER OF MOTHER'S DAY

(The Fireside)

Mrs. Anna Jarvis, of West Virginia (now of Philadelphia) resolved to set aside a day in May of each year as a memorial to her mother. On that day she selected a white flower and wore it—fitting emblem, she thought, of the love and devotion between mother and child. She told her friends she was going to observe the same day each year. They were interested and asked her to arrange a service so the community could have a part. As she planned this she thought how nice it would be to have it a national celebration, in memory of the debt owed to mothers, a tribute of deference and respect not only to absent mothers but to all mothers and the home.

So out of Miss Jarvis' own personal sorrow came the idea of Mother's Day. The first observance was in Philadelphia. This day soon became recognized by other cities in the state of Pennsylvania and elsewhere. In 1912 Governor Colquitt of Texas inaugurated the custom of pardoning a number of prisoners on Mother's Day. In 1913 it was made a state flag day by the Nebraska legislature.

In 1914 Miss Jarvis asked the House of Representatives to provide for a day to be known and observed as Mother's Day. It was passed in the House and the Senate. President Wilson issued a proclamation setting aside the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day.

Since then the observance of Mother's Day has spread to all parts of Europe, Japan, China, Africa, Palestine and other countries.

Churches of all denominations hold special services on Mother's Day.

MOTHER

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows—
Nobody's hurt like mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after-years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Come, let us kneel at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Farther
For that sweetest gift, a mother's love,
The love of our own dear mother.

REMEMBERED BY GREAT MEN

By Lois Snelling

Mark Twain, in one of his famous afterdinner speeches, once chose for his subject, "The Babies." "We have not all had the good fortune to be great personages," he said. "We haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground.' This similitude also applies to one common possession with which mankind is blessed—a mother. We have all been babies, and each baby of us has had a mother. A child may have no brothers or sisters with whom to share youth's joys. He may have no illustrious ancestors to whom he can point back with pride. As he grows into manhood he may never accumulate riches, his circle of friends may be narrow, his education limited, he may attain no great achievement. But, whatever of privation or lack may enter into any person's life, each of us has had a mother! Some there are, it is true, who are so unfortunate as to have lost this first and dearest friend before reaching the age of recollection. Heavy as this loss may be, yet there remains the knowledge that she was once there—shielding, sacrificing, guiding, loving!

The question is forever arising, "Which is greater spiritually, man or woman?" A foolish question, truly, for men and women are equal beings, created to work side by side, soul to soul, for the good of the world. Equal though the two are, it does seem that the feat of motherhood and the maternal emotions are the most godlike things in the annals of humankind. Is this not demonstrated in the very fact that next to our love for God is our love for our mothers?

All great men, as all lowly men, have had mothers. Here are the words of a few of them regarding their memories of those dear protectors of their childhood:

All that is good in my life has come from my mother.—Dwight L. Moody.

My mother was the making of me; I felt as if I had someone to live for; someone I must not disappoint.—Thomas A. Edison.

I remember my mother's prayers—and they have always followed me. They have clung to me throughout my life.—Abraham Lincoln.

My mother was the source from which I derived the guiding principles of my life.—John Wesley.

Ah! Who was happier than I when I could still utter the name of mother, and it was heard?—Beethoven.

If there is anything in my writings that is commendable, I owe it to my mother and the fact that in my youth she taught me to love and read the sacred Scriptures.—Daniel Webster.

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.—Benjamin West.

Mother is the name for God in the life and hearts of children.—W. M. Thackeray.

It is to my mother that I owe everything. If I prefer the truth to all other things, it is the point of my mother's teaching. If I did not long ago perish in sin and misery it is because of the long and faithful tears

with which she pleaded for me.—Saint Augustine.

The simple faith of my mother is good enough for me. If we believe this faith, what harm? If we disbelieve it and thereby do wrong, what of our future?—Chauncey M. Depew.

My mother was my first preacher as well as my first teacher.—Lyman Abbot.

There is nothing sweeter than the heart of a pious mother.—Martin Luther.

Whatever I have done in my life has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and made me learn a part of it by heart.—Wendell Phillips.

My first desire for knowledge and my earliest passion for reading were awakened by my mother.—Charles Dickens.

Back in the brick yard of Philadelphia my mother taught me the principles of success.—John Wanamaker.

She was the best of all mothers, to whom I owe endless gratitude.—Thomas Carlyle.

I had but one friend in the world and she is gone.—Lord Byron .

FOR MOTHER'S DAY

Silver and gold are none of mine to give,
Mother, to you, nor candied heart of sweets,
Nor flowerets rare, but only, while I live,
One overloving heart that steadfast beats
For you, and from the spirit of the years
Still formless, this one gift entreats, that we
Through that long day of mingled joys and tears
May walk together in sweet company
Of sisterhood—for sisters are we, nigh,
By numbered days that have already flown,
And as the moments still go fleeting by
Like sisters we shall even more have grown,
In all save this, that from your braving death
I've drawn my being and my inmost breath.

By Irene Gruhn Lund

REMEMBERING MOTHER

By Grace Helen Davis

Edward sat out on the little bench under the plum tree at the end of the garden. He was thinking hard, because he had a big question in his mind—what was he going to give Mother on Mother's Day? He knew it would be easy to take some shiny nickles or dimes from his bank and buy Mother a carnation, but that was what he had done last year.

But this year he wasn't satisfied with that because of what Margery, the little girl who lived next door, was giving to her mother on Mother's Day. It was an apron with a pretty pattern of cross-stitches along the edges. Margery's big sister Alice had helped her to cut out the apron, and had showed her how to make the stitches. It was taking Margery quite a long time to make it. "But the more time you put into a gift, the more love it shows, Edward," Margery said; "and an apron isn't something that will just last for Mother's Day, like a flower, or some candy. It will last a long time. That s the kind of gifts I like"

Edward thought that Margery's idea was a good one. It made him wish that he could give his own mother a gift that would last longer than Mother's Day. "I don't know how to sew like little girls," he sighed to himself. "And I don't know how to make things out of wood, and paint them, like Dick does."

Dick was an older boy who lived down the street. He had learned how to make towel-racks, and other wooden things, at school. When he had varnished them they looked very nice indeed. But Edward hadn't been taught how to do things like that yet. So the more he thought about it, the more it seemed that there wasn't any gift he could make for Mother. Edward got up slowly from the bench under the plum tree.

Mother had her sewing basket open and some goods for a dress laid out, but she wasn't sewing. "Where have you been, Edward? I wanted you to get me some thread."

"Why, I was just out in the garden, Mother. Did you call me?' answered Edward.

"Yes, but I guess I didn't call loud enough.'

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mother," said Edward.

Mother smiled. "It was my fault; I should have told you this morning, but I forgot. Will you go now?"

"Sure," said Edward. Mother gave him the change, and Edward went to get the thread. Mother was always so busy, he thought; no wonder she would forget to tell him the erronds she needed done. And sometimes Edward wasn't so willing to do them, either.

Suddenly he had a happy thought. He hurried faster to the notions store. He told the storekeeper his idea about a present for his mother. The storekeeper liked Edward's plan. "I think I have just what you want, Edward," he said. He brought out a nice-looking memorandum pad that could be hung on the kitchen wall. It had a little black-and-gold pencil, and a thick pad on which things could be written down and then torn off.

"Look, Edward," said the store-

keeper, "you can paste a piece of paper over the word 'Memorandum,' and then write 'Errands' in the space."

Edward's eyes sparkled. "Yes, that's just what I'll do," he exclaimed. "Dick will help me with the letters. I'll bring money from my bank to pay for this."

Dick helped Edward spell "Errands" in big black letters above the pad. Then he brought a bottle of gilt and showed Edward how to add some golden touches to the letters. "This will make a fine gift to Mother for all year long," he said. "Now Mother can write down her errands whenever she thinks of them, and I must look each day and do them quickly."

"And on Mother's Day, Edward heard his mother say to a friend, "Edward is the most thoughtful boy I have ever seen!"

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MOTHER

Mother, you've been a wonderful friend,
Always ready your hand to lend,
Whenever I needed you there.
Yet quite as willing to yield your place,
Your thoughts and feelings to lightly efface,
And render a judgment fair.

Thoughout the years of our childish play,
You let our wishes hold tyrants sway
Over your heart and mind.
You made our days a joyous delight
And when we came in weary at night,
You still were gentle and kind.

But all at once you expected more;
We sometimes thought you a dreadful bore;
Through our childhood's wilfull days.
But, now that youth belongs to the past,
And, we find ourselves in your place at last,
We understand you more perfectly.

The world for us is a happier place,
Because we've known a certain dear face
Was watching us from afar.
And, whether it smiles or whether it frowns,
It follows us through our ups and downs,
And loves us for what we are.

—Selected

A PRESENT FOR MOTHER'S DAY

By Eleanor Hammond

Teddy paused in front of the Variety Store window. He was not much interested in chinaware as a rule, but the white elephant tea pot in the middle of the dish display fascinated him. The elephant was a quaint chubby creature. His up-curled trunk was the spout of the tea pot.

"I know mother would like that elephant," Teddy thought. "I wish I could give it to her for a Mother's Day present."

But the price mark on the white elephant was "$1.00." Teddy had exactly one dime in his possession at the moment.

"I wonder how I could earn ninety cents before next Saturday," Teddy meditated. He racked his brain for some way to make the necessary money.

Sometimes old Mrs. Parker paid him a dime for splitting her a box of kindling—but she was not likely to want nine boxes of wood split in the next few days.

Teddy walked toward home, thinking. Dandelions twinkled and winked at him from the lawns and parkings. The grass was growing long in front of the Parker house, he noticed. It gave him an idea.

"Wouldn't you like me to mow your lawn for you, Mrs. Parker?" he inquired of the old lady.

Mrs. Parker peered at the grass over her spectacles. "It does look as if the lawn needed mowing," she agreed. "I'll pay you fifty cents, Ted if you'll cut it next Monday."

"Next Monday?" That was the day after Mother's Day. Teddy's heart sank. "Wouldn't you like the grass cut today?"

"I haven't the money today. My son doesn't get his pay till Saturday night," Mrs. Parker said. "But I'll be glad if you'll cut it Monday."

There were some other lawns on Spruce Street that would look better for mowing. Teddy tried Mrs. Hilton's—but Mrs. Hilton was away from home. He asked old Mr. Morley, who was pottering round in his front yard. Mr. Morley looked at Teddy hard and shook his head.

"Didn't you ever hear about 'charity beginning at home,' young fellow?" Mr. Morley asked tartly. "I can't say your home lawn is any recommendation of your work as a gardener!"

Teddy felt abashed. He glanced up the block. Well, maybe the lawn in front of his own house was rather shaggy. "I've been pretty busy," Teddy said lamely.

Mr. Morley grunted. "Those garden beds of yours would be better for some weeding," he said as Teddy left.

The home place didn't look very neat. Still, Teddy wanted to buy that elephant tea pot for Mother's Day. He knew his mother would like it. And Grace, his sister, had dropped the old tea pot and broken the spout so it didn't pour very well any more. If he were to earn enough money in the next few days to buy the present for his mother he would hardly have time to bother with the home lawn and flower beds.

Nobody seemed to want a lawn mowed or any kindling chopped.

Teddy spent the time until dinner trying to get a job in the neighborhood, but he had no success. He went to bed feeling discourage.

"I guess I'm not going to have a thing for mother on Mother's Day," Teddy thought gloomily.

It was all the more exasperating because Grace was being very giggly and mysterious about *her* gift for their mother. Grace had earned some money caring for the Clark twins while their mother went down town shopping. She told Teddy she was going to buy something ever so cute for Mother's Day.

"I've got to have something for mother—" Teddy told himself.

Maybe Mr. Boggess who kept the Variety Store would like a boy to run errands for him. The idea seemed like an inspiration. Teddy stopped in the shop that afternoon on his way from school and applied for a job running errands.

"There isn't much doing through the week," Mr. Boggess said. "But come back Saturday. Saturday I'm pretty busy sometimes. Maybe you could do errands for me on Saturday."

Teddy glanced at the white elephant tea pot as he passed the window. The funny fat animal with its upcurled trunk looked as if it were laughing at him. Teddy drew a long sigh. He went on toward home thinking about the elephant.

"I see you haven't mowed your lawn yet." Teddy jumped as old Mr. Morley's tart tones struck on his ears.

He mumbled something about "not having time yet" and hurried on toward home.

The yard did look pretty untidy. Teddy remembered his mother had said something recently about wishing he would mow the lawn and weed the rose beds.

"I'll cut the grass next week!" Teddy thought absently. "After Mother's Day."

He was going to earn that money in the meantime. How could he do it? Where could he find some odd jobs?

Teddy sat down on his own front steps and stared in front of him, waiting for an inspiration. No inspiration seemed to come. He tried scratching his head without results. A robin chirruped from the clematis vine on the front porch. Tip, the terrier who lived next door, came racing across the yard with a bone in his mouth. He dropped the bone and sniffed at Teddy. But Teddy was too busy thinking to play with the little dog.

Grace came out of the house with her coat and beret on. She paused to play with Tip for a few minutes. They raced round the house together, Tip barking and leaping and Grace laughing.

"That's all, Tip," Grace said finally. "I have to go down the Avenue to buy something!" She giggled mysteriously. She felt in her pocket. Then her face changed suddenly.

"Oh, Teddy, I've dropped a silver dollar out of my pocket!" She wailed. "Do come and help me find it. It must be in the grass somewhere."

Teddy joined in the search. "Where did you drop it?" he asked.

"If I knew I'd go there and pick it up," Grace told him. "Oh dear, I have to be over at Clarks' at four! I'll give you a quarter Teddy. If you'll find my money!"

Teddy hunted up and down the yard for some time. He wanted to help Grace. Besides, a quarter would

be something toward his Mother's Day present.

The dollar did not come to light. "Oh dear! I'll have to go!" Grace moaned. "Do keep hunting, Ted. It was a silver dollar—a bright new one." She hurried away toward the Clarks' house.

"Maybe if I ran the lawn mower over the grass I'd find that dollar," Teddy thought. A silver dollar ought to show up if the grass were shorter.

Teddy brought the mower. He ran it back and forth across the lawn. Back and forth—the grass flew and the lawn became an even green surface, almost like a green velvet carpet, Teddy thought.

Suddenly there was a click! The silver dollar had struck the mower blades. Teddy grasped it happily and ran indoors to telephone Grace the good news. Grace directed him to put the money into her bureau drawer.

"I'll give you the quarter I earn this afternoon when I come home," she told Teddy.

Teddy skipped outdoors again. Well, anyhow, he had earned a quarter. His eyes fell on the half cut lawn. It looked even worse than before—half mowed and half uncut.

"I suppose I'd better finish it," Teddy decided.

The lawn looked so much better when it was finished that Teddy decided he would weed the rose beds. Then the front walk needed sweeping. The vine on the porch needed tying up. It was dinner time when Teddy had finished—but the yard looked like a different place.

"Well, it looks as if you could clean up a yard when you put your mind to it," old Mr. Morley remarked as he walked past. "You can come and cut my grass tomorrow if you like. I'll pay you fifty cents if you'll put my lawn in as good order as this one."

Teddy gave a small whoop of delight. He would have enough to buy that elephant tea pot. Fifty cents for cutting the Morley grass and the quarter Grace had promised him—surely he could earn another quarter running errands for Mr. Boggess Saturday.

But when Teddy arrived at the Variety Store early Saturday morning and looked in the window—he stared at a blank space where the white china elephant had stood. As he looked, Mr. Boggess moved a large Chinese vase into the empty place. Teddy hurried inside.

"Is—is the elephant gone? Have you sold it?" Teddy asked breathlessly.

"Why yes, I sold it to a young lady last evening," Mr. Boggess said. "No, I haven't another one in stock. That was the only one I had."

As Teddy trudged up and down the suburban streets delivering packages for the Variety Store, his heart felt heavier than the bundles. Mr. Boggess had promised him fifty cents for his morning's work—but what was the use of the money now? The white elephant tea pot was gone. Teddy couldn't think of anything else he wanted to give his mother. Of course, he might get her a box of candy or some initial handkerchiefs. But such gifts seemed flat and uninteresting, compared to the elephant tea pot.

Teddy walked slowly home at supper time. He had money in his pocket but nothing he saw in the windows he passed on the avenue seemed the right thing to buy for his mother.

His father was going up the front walk as Teddy reached home. He slapped Teddy on the shoulder.

"I'm certainly pleased with this clean looking yard, son," he said. "I suppose it's a Mother's Day present for mother? I don't believe you could have given her anything she'd like better."

"A Mother's Day present?" Suddenly Teddy felt rather foolish. "I suppose mother would like a clean yard," he said.

"Like it!" His father laughed. "She'll like it better than half a dozen presents you could buy for her. Your cleaning things up so well without being asked will mean a whole lot to her."

Teddy glanced round. "There are some more things I can do to the yard. I will make it a Mother's Day present, Dad," he said. "A real one! I'm going back to the florist shop to buy a pink rose bush to plant in that middle bed where the daffodils are all gone now. I guess mother will like that."

"I think your present is wonderful, Teddy!" his mother exclaimed next morning, when Teddy led her out to view the completed garden. "I love pink roses—and I love the way you've made everything so clean and tidy."

"I'm going to keep it this way right along, Mother," Teddy promised. "That's part of the present."

His mother's appreciative smile made him feel good all over—so good that he didn't mind a bit that when his mother unwrapped the tissue paper package Grace had placed beside her breakfast plate she found the elephant tea pot inside. Teddy laughed happily.

"I'm sure glad it was you bought it, Grace," he told them. "I wanted to give it to mother but you got ahead of me. I'm glad she got it after all." He really was too.

MOTHER'S DAY

"Lord, give the mothers of the world
More love to do their part;
That love which reaches not alone
The children made by birth their own,
But every childish heart.
Wake in their souls true motherhood,
Which aims at universal good."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

KING MONTEZUMA LIKED COCOA

By S. Stevens Newton

Possibly you think that you have done quite well when at the end of the day you recall that you have thoroughly enjoyed two or three cups of cocoa.

But fifty cups a day was on the menu of King Montezuma of the Aztecs when the Spaniards first visited him four hundred years ago. The Spaniards had never seen or heard of cocoa before, but they were doubtless impressed by the very quantity that the old king drank. It must be pretty good, thought they.

Fifty cups of cocoa a day sipped from golden goblets by the rich old king who also saw to it that his household had another two thousand cups of cocoa.

Twice each year King Montezuma watched his servants as they harvested the precious cocoa pods. The pods out of reach were carefully cut by means of long poles with knives attached.

King Montezuma was apparently generous enough to want everyone to share the fine qualities of cocoa. In any event, the visiting Spanish conquistadors shortly learned the secret of making cocoa. They soon knew how the cocoa bean was roasted and then finely ground between stones.

It was probably not so fine a cocoa as we have today, but when boiled in water and flavored with spices it doubtless had a savor that made even the greedy Spanish cavalier smack his lips.

And the more so when he learned that the cocoa bean was actually used as money by some of the South American tribes.

So the Spanish went back to Europe with the riddle of cocoa making tucked away under lock and key. And they succeeded in keeping the secret for many years. Their knowledge of cocoa brought them ample financial returns because they sold the cocoa at high prices and retained the valuable secret.

For many years only the very wealthy could afford the drink and it remained popular even after coffee and tea gained their high places in the affairs of men.

But the Spanish couldn't retain their enigma forever though they did quite well for it was not until the time of the Revolutionary War, or over two hundred years after King Montezuma revealed his secret, that Americans began to make their own cocoa.

More and more cocoa trees were in demand. The wild trees were not enough. King Montezuma's drink was was becoming popular. No longer did a few people drink their cocoa from golden cups. Unnumbered people began to drink from ordinary cups.

So cocoa plantations grew up. Down in the hot, moist soil men began to care for the cocoa tree.

The trees grew twelve feet high and were planted twelve feet apart. The trees produced evergreen leaves and twelve-inch long yellowish fruit which in turn had from twelve to forty cocoa beans inside.

Pink blossoms burst out close to the bark of the trunk and limbs.

Today cocoa is a big time business.

The cocoa pods are split open at

the time of picking and the pulp which surrounds the beans is allowed to sour and separate itself from the seeds. The seeds, free from the clinging pulp, are then dried and shipped in sacks.

The cocoa factory roasts the beans and grades them according to the need, for there are as many varieties of cocoa as there are of coffee. A fine cocoa manufacturer blends the cocoa to secure the right taste. Thus it is that we receive cocoa of different tastes from the store.

The modern machine removes the hulls. After blending the cocoa is passed through grinding machines which mash it into a paste. The paste is immediately whipped into a cream by a special machine and finally poured into forms or molds.

Old King Montezuma could have a very fine grade of cocoa today and he might even drink it from a golden cup. We doubt that even with such fine cocoa as we have today he could surpass his old record of fifty cups per day. Likely too, he would still rather have a servant grind his cocoa and flavor it with spices to suit his taste.

It is certain that King Montezuma would be very disappointed to learn that most of our cocoa comes not from the Americas, where it was first used, but from far off Africa.

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MOTHER

The greatest blessings that we know,
Is the touch of a mother's hand.
For whate'er we do or where'er we go
There's none other so loyal or grand.
God gave us a friend when He gave us you,
A friend most kind, staunch and true;
The name of Mother we'll always revere,
May God guide and protect you, Mother dear.
May He send His blessings to you today,
And ease all your cares and sorrows away.
We thank our Creator for you, dear Mother,
To us there will never be anothher.

—Selected.

IF YOU HAD ONLY ONE YEAR TO LIVE

By H. C. Funderburk

If you knew you had only one more year to live, what would you do? Do you think that in this case you would be more or less occupied than if you did not know it? And what kind of activity do you think your life would assume if you knew you were to die within a year? Do you think there woult be a difference in your religious life? Can you think of some religious duty which you have thus far neglected that you would begin to perform if you knew you were to die twelve months from today? How about your talents? Would you try to use them more for the Master than you have the past twelve months?

How do you think this would affect your prayer life? Would you begin at once to pray more? Do you think you wiuld read the Bible more during this last year? And how about your attitude toward your church? Would you move your membership to the church in the town where you are now living? Would you be absent from the church services if you knew you only had fifty-two more Sundays to live? Could your pastor count on you more confidently, or would you be in your place more regularly if you knew all the time you had on this earth was one year? Would "bad colds" or kinsfolk or company or poor clothes keep you away from churches if this were the last year of your life? Would you leave the church after Sunday school and before preaching if you knew that within one year you would hear your last sermon? Would rain or cold hinder so much if you knew this?

And about your money. Would you give more if you knew that one year from now your giving would be ended forever? If you were going to die within twelve months, would you agree to tithe this last year? Would you think more of giving the gospel to the heathen if you knew that your funeral would be held one year from today? If you knew that you had only three hundred and sixty-five days on this earth would you live a better life than you have been living? Are there some things you would at once begin to do that you have neglected if you learned you were going to die within fifty-two weeks?

How do you know that you do have more than one year to live? Who can say with certainty that this is not the last year of his life? You may just have one more year to live. Hadn't you better begin to do some of those things you would do if you were persuaded you would die one year from today?

There's a simple rural cottage that looks out across the sea;
There's a rose bush by the doorway, and a crooked apple tree;
By the rose bush little "Mater" (so we called her) always sat;
And called the spot her heaven, so I like to think of that.

WHY PEOPLE STAY AWAY FROM CHURCH

(Gastonia Gazette)

One of the most thought provoking articles we have read in a long time is by Robert Quillen, well known paragrapher and columnmist.

Why are people staying away from church, he asks? They are not, he answers, if the preacher has something to give them. The few great preachers never face an empty seat.

"If preachers who have ability will quit trying to provide pleasant entertainment and sincerely strive to show people how to solve their problems, and find their way to God, the church will be filled again by the multitudes who hunger for peace," said Mr. Quillen.

This article by Mr. Quillen ought to be read by every minister of the gospel in America. It is one of the answers to the question as to what is wrong with the church today. Mr. Quillen:

" 'I have been to see a doctor for the first time since I was a kid, and now at the age of forty-two I am face to face with the awful mystery of death. I'm not kidding myself. I'm scared. What are we when we die? Just meat? I have never thought about these things. Who can tell me the answer, and make me believe it? If anybody knows anything, where can I find it?'

"The man who wrote that appeal unknowingly spoke for millions—not millions who are facing death, but millions who are facing life. They are people who find no solace or balm or peace of spirit except by the sorry expedient of refusing to think.

"Yet a recent magazine article says people are quitting the church, and more than a thousand small churches close every year—all of them Protestant.

"The Catholics are growing—party because their number increases by birth, each child reared in a Catholic family being claimed by the church, while a child of Protestant parents is counted as nothing unless he joins the church of his own volition, but also because the Catholics, made wise by centuries of experience, appeal to all the senses, knowing that all beauty brings people closer to God, and the peace of soul for which they long is not developed by exhortation alone, but also with the aid of soothing lights and stately architecture and beautiful music. Man can worship in the woods, but, as the other Roosevelt said, he seldom does it.

"Why are people staying away from church? The answer is that they are not if the preacher has something to give them. The few great preachers never face an empty seat.

"Other preachers fail, as movies, writers and radio programs fail, because they have nothing worthwhile to offer and therefore bore people. Dull talk concerning religion, morals and sin is no less tiresome than dull talk about the weather—and saying it louder doesn't make it more interesting.

"The pulpit must be wiser than the pew.

"If preachers who have ability will quit trying to lecture on current

events, or provide pleasant entertainment, and sincerely strive to show people how to solve their problems and find their way to God the church will be filled again by the multitudes who hunger for peace."

THE SONG MY MOTHER SANG.

I often catch vague fragments of a tune,
Or haunting airs, like doves in summer croon,
Which bring back childhood's happy time of June,
And songs my mother sang,

The melodies she loved the best to sing,
Beneath the elms, at work down at the spring,
Now faintly float to me on fancy's wing—
The songs my mother sang.

I hear from the old orchard, as the breeze
Wafts fragrance from the snow-white locust trees,
And round the apple blossoms drone the bees,
The songs my mother sang.

When twilight falls and overhead the rain
Is heard in cadence, softly comes a strain
Fond memory will evermore retain—
Some song my mother sang.

As pictures of the past before me throng
I see her too, when winter nights are long,
Beside the wood-fire, rocking; then a song
Again I hear her sing.

Sometimes her guest was Sorrow, sometimes Pain;
She looked to Him who will the weak sustain;
Her soul triumphant rose in sweet refrain
In songs she loved to sing.

Upon her grave for years the grass has grown;
Familiar paths she trod I walk alone,
But very near she seems when comes a tone
From songs she usen to sing.

I shall fare forth without regret or fear
When my last summons comes, if I may hear
Again those soulful notes, to me so dear—
The songs my mother sang.

—By Clyde Edwin Tuck.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show last Thursday night was the Republic production, "The Zero Hour," which the boys thoroughly enjoyed.

Contractors have been busy for several days enlarging the office space at the Cannon Memorial Building. When this work is completed, two additional rooms will be available for our office force.

The first setting of tomato plants at the School occurred last Wednesday afternoon. This is rather late as compared to former years, but with favorable weather conditions, we hope to overcome the delay caused by the cold, late spring.

Mr. Jesse Hollingsworth, of Mount Airy, is the latest addition to the School's staff of employees. Last Monday he assumed the duties as teacher in the sixth grade. Mr. Hollingsworth is not a stranger in this community, having taught in the Cabarrus County schools several years ago.

We recently received an invitation to the commencement exercises of the Ansonville High School, held in the school auditorium on Friday evening, May 10th. The invitation came from William Frank Young, a member of this year's graduating class. William was formerly a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and worked on the dairy force. We congratulate this lad on completing his high school work and extend best wishes for continued success.

For the past few days quite a number of boys have been hauling sand and gravel to the athletic field and grading the baseball playing field. The continued use of the ground had worn down the surface until it was hard and uneven in places, while in other spots, the least rain made it too muddy for use. This hauling of sand and gravel has continued for three days, and it is hoped that the condition of the playing field will be greatly improved.

Charles Messick, of Statesville, one of our old boys, called on friends at the School on Friday of last week. Charlie was admitted here in January, 1928 and was allowed to return to his home two years later. He is now twenty-six years old, has been married five years and has two children. For the past nine years he has been employed by the Carolina Polar Furniture Company, and has been getting along very well. In talking with some of the officials, Charlie stated that he did not regret having been at the School. He said that one of the most important things learned while a boy here, was to respect other people and their rights.

Sam Little, twenty-three years old, who left the School May 6, 1933, was a recent visitor here. After a stay at the institution of twenty months, Sam was allowed to take up farm work with Mr. Nollie Purcer, near Marshville, where he stayed

about sixteen months. He then became an enrollee in a CCC camp, leaving there four months later on account of an injury to his foot, sustained while working up in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Since January 1, 1940, he has been employed by the North Carolina Finishing Company, located near Spencer. He has been married four years and is the father of two boys, aged two and one-half years and four months, respectively.

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. He selected as his text the twelfth verse of the third chapter of Philippians, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." The subject of his most helpful and interesting message to the boys was "The Way to Success."

Taking the Apostle Paul, one of the most successful men that ever lived, as an example, Rev. Mr. Herbert pointed out some of the reasons for his success—the most outstanding being never to be satisfied with things as they are. He called attention to the fact that Paul, although content with things over which he had no control, was never satisfied with anything he had done or said.

Taking this great man's career as an example, said the speaker, we should never be content to do things always in the same old way, but should be constantly on the lookout for a better way; that we should not be satisfied with our lives, but look forward, always, to making them better and more worthwhile.

Banging out fifteen hits, including seven doubles and a triple, the Training School ball tossers easily overpowered their ancient foe, Harrisburg, in last Saturday's Cabarrus County League game, to the tune of 14 to 3. They enjoyed two rather large innings, scoring six runs in the sixth and chalked up four more in the eighth.

Jim Boger, elongated youthful right-handed hurler, assumed the pitching duties for the School boys and turned in a nice performance. He held the visiting batters to seven scattered hits, and in only two innings, the sixth and eighth, were they able to secure more than one bingle. Jim also caused nine of them to retire via the old strike-out route and issued three passes to first base. Gray, the Harrisburg, chunker, fanned ten of the local hitters and walked two, but permitted too many of the hits to be bunched to prevent scoring. His team mates made three costly errors, paving the way for several runs.

Dub Johnson, local shortshop, took the lead in the hit parade, clubbing out three doubles and scoring four runs in five trips to the platter; Owens, the School's first-sacker, collected a triple, double and single in five times at bat; Boger and Liner secured a double and single each; and O'Dear got a pair of singles. For the lads from Harrisburg, Stafford was the only batter to make more than one hit, knocking out a double and single out of three tries.

The School boys seemed to have overcome the habit of making costly misplays, that had been so prominent in previous games. They handled a number of difficult chances, making but one error. The score:

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	2 0 0 0 2 6 0 4 0	14	15	1
Harrisburg	0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0	3	7	3

Two-base hits: Johnson 3, Boger, Liner, Hodges, Owens, Stafford. Three-base hits: Owens, V. Harris. Stolen bases: Johnson. Double plays: O'Dear and Liner; Liner and Owens. Struck out: by Boger 9; by Gray 10. Base on balls: off Boger 3; off Gray 2. Umpires—Crooks and Honeycutt.

A MOTHER'S LOVE ENDURES

Others may love when your mother has passed away—perhaps a kindhearted sister or she whom of all the world you have chosen as a partner through life—she may love you warmly, passionately; children may love you fondly; but never again while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old trembling mother. There is indeed an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart.

It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity. If misfortune overtake him, she will be the dearer to him for misfortune; if disgrace settles upon his name she will love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace. If all the world besides cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives and wives desert their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all. In good repute or in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on and still on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways; still she remembers his infant smile that ever filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his youth, and thinking of these she never can be brought to think him all unworthy.—(From "Golden Gems")

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

NOTE: The figure following name indicates the number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1940.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Wesley Beaver 2
James Boone
William Dixon 4
Robert Dunning 2
Robert Hampton 2
J. D. Hildreth 2
J. W. Jones 2
Alfred Lamb 4
Marshall Pace 2
Elroy Pridgen 4
Edward Thomasson 2
George Tolson 4
Torrence Ware 2
John Whitaker 2
James C. Wiggins 4

—B—

Cecil Ashley 4
Mack Bell 4
Jack Crotts
Leonard Dawn 4
Carl Hooker 2
Raymond Hughes
Olin Langford 2
Claude McConnell 2
Max Newsome
Ernest Overcash
James Tyndall 2
David Williams

SECOND GRADE

(NOTE: Due to the absence of the teacher, no report for the Second Grade is available for the month of April.)

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Cleasper Beasley 2
Robert Dellinger 2
Hugh Kennedy 4
Arlie Scism 2
William T. Smith 4
Melvin Stines 2
Edd Woody 4
Joseph Woody 3

—B—

Raymond Anderson 2
Earl Barnes
Coolidge Green
Burman Keller 2
Carl Moose 3

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Jay Brannock 3
Robert Bryson 3
Frank Glover 2

—B—

William Goins
Woodrow Hager 2
Franklin Lyles 2
Ronald Washam
Woodrow Wilson

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Columbus Hamilton 2
Vincent Hawes 3
William Padrick 2
Eulice Rogers
J. P. Sutton 2
Elmer Talbert 3
Hubert Walker 2
William Wilson (Cott. 6) 3

—B—

Homer Bass
Ray Bayne 2
Edward Batten
Ray Hamby 3
Edward Johnson 3
Edward Murray 2
Theodore Rector 2
Dewey Ware

SIXTH GRADE

(NOTE: A change in the teaching staff makes it necessary to omit Honor Roll for this grade for the month of April.)

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

John Benson 3
Frank Cotter 3
Bruce Link 2
John C. Robertson 2
Edward Warnock

—B—

Charles Chapman
Joseph Wheeler

---o---

MOTHER'S DREAM

Mother does not dream of fame
So much, how great, how far;
Mother thinks about your name,
  Yet only what you are.
She would rather have you known
  For kindness to a few,
Than to have you on a throne,
  And have men hating you.

Mother does not dream of gold
  So much, if great or small;
She would rather have you hold
  Your honor first of all.
She would rather have you poor
  Than have you rich in sin;
All the wealth that will endure
  Is the wealth within.

Mother does not dream of place
  So much, of social ends;
Gentle women, men of grace,
  She would have your friends.
She would rather have you one
  All you meet esteem,
Just a good and loving son—
  That is Mother's dream.

—By Douglas Malloch

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending May 5, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Noah J. Greene 2
(12) Edward Johnson 23
(3) Jack Warren 3
(12) J. C. Wilson 16

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Browning 5
(3) William G. Bryant 16
Porter Holder 13
Horace Journigan 6
(2) Carl Hooker 9
(3) Edward Warnock 15
(3) William Whittington 17

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

(3) Lewis Andrews 15
John Bailey 8
Lewis H. Baker 8
Jewell Barker 9
Earl Barnes 17
Clyde Barnwell 16
(12) Richard Baumgarner 17
(2) James Boone 13
Kenneth Conklin 7
(5) Jack Crotts 14
Max Evans 15
Coolidge Green 20
Bruce Hawkins 9
Roscoe Honeycutt 8
Douglas Matthews 11
Harley Matthews 10
William Matthewson 16
(3) Otis McCall 11
John Robertson 15
Wayne Sluder 3
George Shaver 14
William Sims 17
William T. Smith 10
Harrison Stilwell 13
John Tolley 10
(3) Jerome Wiggins 13
Louis Williams 15

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Theodore Bowles 20
(2) Junior Bordeaux 5
A. C. Elmore 11
William Gaddy
(2) Charles Hayes 6
Sidney Knighting
(5) Everett Lineberry 16
(3) Paul Lewallen 13
J. C. Reinhardt 15
Richard Starnes 16
Elmer Talbert 8
Hubert Walker 12

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Fletcher Castlebury 9
(3) Robert Dunning 14
Winley Jones 3

COTTAGE No. 7

(4) Cleasper Beasley 10
(3) Carl Breece 18
(4) Paul Dockery 16
(4) Donald Earnhardt 21
(2) Lacy Green 13
(4) George Green 16
Richard Halker 7
(2) Lyman Johnson 14
J. C. Long 9
(4) Robert Lawrence 15
(2) Charles McGowan 5
Elmer Maples 16
(4) Carl Ray 17
(2) Loy Stines 6
Alex Weathers 16
(2) Joseph Wheeler 16
Edd Woody 12
(4) William R. Young 12

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Cecil Ashley 15
Reid Beheler
(4) Jack Hamilton 14
(2) Walker Warr 8
Ronald Washam 4

COTTAGE No. 9

Holly Atwood 11
Clarence Baker 10
(5) Mack Bell 18
J. T. Branch 17
Roy Butner 22
Percy Capps 7
(3) Wilbur Hardin 15
(3) John Hendrix 9
Osper Howell 15
Mark Jones 18
(13) Harold O'Dear 22
(3) Lonnie Roberts 15
(3) Thomas Sands 13
(6) Richard Singletary 16
(3) Horace Williams 14
(9) Preston Wilbourne 20

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 20
Aldine Brown 7
Roy Barnett
Noah Ennis 13
J. D. Hildreth 12
(2) Claude Weldy 5
(2) O. D. Talbert 9

COTTAGE No. 11

(11) John Benson 21
(2) Harold Bryson 19
(6) Earl Hildreth 22
(7) Edward Murray 17
Fred Owens 21
(2) Canipe Shoe 12
(6) N. C. Webb 21

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond 18
William Deaton 15
James Puckett 11
Robah Sink 7

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

(5) Raymond Andrews 19
(9) John Baker 16
(2) John Church 11
(2) Robert Deaton 14
Henry Ennis 10
Henry Glover 6
(3) Troy Gilland 4
(5) John Kirkman 15
(9) Feldman Lane 23
(8) Norvell Murphy 18
(3) Charles McCoyle 13
(2) Henry McGraw 15
(2) John Robbins 16
James Roberson
(6) Charles Steepleton 15
Harold Thomas 17
(2) J. C. Willis 10
(3) J. D. Webster 6
(4) Wallace Woody 22
(2) Jones Watson 19

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Raymond Anderson 18
(2) Jennings Britt 10
(6) Fred McGlammery 20
(2) J. P. Morgan 10

INDIAN COTTAGE

Earl Oxendine 17
Thomas Oxendine 20

OUR MOTHERS

O magical word, may it never die from the lips that love to speak it,
Nor melt away from the trusting hearts that even would break to keep it.
Was there ever a name that lived like thine! Will there ever be another?
The angels have reared in heaven a shrine to the holy name of Mother.

—Author Unknown.

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A SONG OF HOME

If I could write a Song of Home—
It would not be a common thing,
But of the day we ceased to roam,
Of whispered thoughts, and hearts that sing;
Of candle-light, and fresh cut flowers,
And love, and faith, and happy hours—
If I could write a Song of Home.

—Margaret Bradt Southmayd.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

"WHEN YE PRAY, SAY: 'OUR FATHER'"

When ye pray, say: "Our Father," was the way that Jesus began the universal prayer which he taught his disciples and that is on the lips of every Christian in every generation and in all parts of the earth. But it is the word "our" which commands the attention just now. And we turn to Frances Crosby Hamlet to find such emphasis as it deserves in the following impressive lines:

But when ye pray, say our—not mine or thine;
  Our debts, our debtors, and our daily bread!
Before the thronged cathedral's gracious shrine,
  Or in thy closet's solitude instead,
Whoe'er thou art where'er thou liftest prayer,
  However humble or how great thou be,
Say our, thy brother man including there,
  And more and more it may be thou shalt see
Upon life's loom how thread to thread is bound;
  None for himself, but man and fellow man,
Or near or far, meet on one common ground,
  Sons of one Father since the world began.
So shall God's Kingdom come in might and power
  When all can pray, not mine, or thine, but our.

—Selected.

TWO BROTHERS OF FINE SPIRIT

It is always a joy to make known through The Uplift the many fine expressions of beneficence to the Jackson Training School by friends, for the advoncement of the boys in every phase of work carried on in this institution. There are two brothers, sons of Cabarrus, J. J. Barnhardt and W. H. Barnhardt, who for years have kept in touch with the school and these fine citizens have

continued to demonstrate their interest in the boys in practical ways.

The one specific interest of J. J. Barnhardt, the older brother, is along the line of work in the school room and for a long period of time he has given prizes in money to the seven grades quarterly. His contribution quarterly is $7, one dollar to each grade, for any subject or general demeanor. The decision as to what the contest will be is left to the teachers of the seven grades. This contest creates considerable interest among the boys, large and small. On one occasion when a small boy was about to be paroled, he asked the superintendent to let him remain till the close of the contest. This is proof that the prize of one dollar for each of the seven grades stimulates interest in the work of the school department.

The other brother, William H. Barnhardt, Charlotte, has for 14 years kept in mind the welfare of the young boys when paroled, and his gift to each boy honorably paroled is a Bible. This gift to the young man who passes out into the world is strong evidence that William Barnhardt thinks the Jackson Training School boys need a steadying influence after leaving this institution. Mr. Barnhardt gives out approximately two hundred Bibles annually to paroled boys. His compensation is in letters of appreciation from old boys for the interest taken. These brothers, John and William Barnhardt, have shown in their interest for the under-privileged youth a most charitable spirit, and their beneficence will, without a shadow of doubt, prove in many instances seed sown in fertile soil. These kindly acts give joy, and inspire the boys to be self-respecting, also proves a stimulus to make men of the most sordid. The majesty of little things, let such be a kind word or just a pleasant smile, the like can never be discounted.

Kindness blended with firmness is the only treatment the master craftmen can apply in molding character effectively in the under-privileged. The Barnhardt brothers have understanding hearts, therefore, know how to get the interest of the boy.

* * * * * * * * *

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL

It was one hundred and sixty years ago that the first Sunday School was founded in England. Robert Raikes, the son of the pub-

lisher of the Gloucester Journal realized the crying need of some spiritual diversion (for children of all classes), that made Sunday a holy day instead of a holiday. Robert Raikes in the publication of his Journal became very rich, but this sudden wealth did not obliterate from his mind the needs to develop child life. To accomplish this end he visited the toughest street in the city where the chimney sweeps lived. Raikes rounded up twenty of the toughest, wildest and dirtiest children in all England. Unlike the other rich men he visited the prisons and stood under smoky, murky lights and prayed with these bestial, broken, sick worn men and women. He said, This is all wrong! And it is our fault. And we have done nothing to help these people. They have been criminals since childhood and we are raising another crop of criminals in the slums. He thought out all of this and the very thought haunted him.

His first move was to find a place for a Sunday school, and a teacher who was welfare minded. He first had trouble, However, by patience and long suffering things smoothed out and the experiment become an established reality. As a publisher he gave accounts of his work in his Journal. Some periodicals throughout England approved while others disapproved, but the venture, like all undertakings for the development of human life, was finally accepted. The one objection to the project by the English people was that by training the poorer class they would grow unhappy and rise above menial service, but this attitude of the gentry and royalty of England did not dampen the enthusiasm of Robert Raikes in his one conviction—a service to God's own people who had been forgotten.

As a result of all this work by Raikes a Sunday School Society was founded in 1785, a Sunday School Union was organized in 1803, and before Raikes died there were 400,000 children in Sunday School. Raikes knew he had a job to do and no power on earth could stop him. Robert Raikes, like Livingstone, the great missionary, with pen in hand at his desk, ready to push his cause by writing vigorous articles, was found dead. The statue of Robert Raikes, paid for by all the Sunday school teachers and pupils from all parts of Great Britian, has been placed on Victoria Embankment Garden, London.

But the greatest memorial to the founder of Sunday Schools is

the innumerable Sunday Schools seen in every corner of the universe. Just look around and it is easy to see the far reaching work of Raikes who was thinking of the forgotten child.

* * * * * * * *

FACTOGRAMS

Mother's Day, May 12, was emphasized. The same date was observed as National Hospital Day, but received little publicity. On that day the hospitals of the country observed open house, giving those interested an opportunity to visit the hospitals so as to be better informed as to the work going on. Seeing is knowing, but a bird's eye view is too short a time to know what is going on in any institution. However, we feel that a greater interest exists in any public institution by closer contact, and that contact can only be possible by occasional visits. The hospitals of our own state of North Carolina valiantly defended their sector of the American health front by admitting 200,000 patients and providing the best possible birthplace for 10,000 new citizens during the past year. This county can boast of one of the best equipped hospitals in the state, and people in general are proud of the fact, even if not chosen as a place to visit on May 12, National Hospital Day.

* * * * * * * *

Again comes the information from the "Director Of Highway Safety" that in the first three months of this year, twenty-one children were killed on the streets and highways in North Carolina. This is a stern challenge to every one interested in making the streets and highways safe for pedestrians of all ages. The traffic becomes heavier daily, and there is but one way to be secure from accidents and that is to be cautious, especially when crossing at intersection of streets. The traffic jam is fierce, and one is amazed that there are not more fatal accidents—and conditions are not improving—instead are becoming worse. So it is wise to keep in mind the old familiar sign at railroad crossings—"stop, look and listen."

People have for more than two weeks been all pepped up thinking that Spring is here, but we feel that Winter has slipped in, or is lingering where Spring should be. On a warm, balmy morning the birds, the harbingers of Spring, have been chirping and singing with great glee, and maybe the very next morning, not a sound from the throats of the little warblers is heard. Too cold for the birds, and we pictured them back in some warm nook with their heads snugly tucked under their wings. The good housewives also packed blankets and winter coats for the summer, but they had to be pulled out and used, due to the extreme cold weather for the season of the year. The summer of 1816 has been recorded as the cold summer, in fact the expression, "winter and summer met," was used in refferring to that particular year. We feel that the same expression can be applied to the summer of 1940. It has so far been uncomfortably cold.

* * * * * * * *

The National Congress of Parents and Teachers, one of the strongest organizations in the interest of child welfare, met last week in Omaha, Nebraska, having as the key note of the meeting a year's study program around the subject, "The Pursuit Of Happiness." If possible to reflect the spirit of happiness in pupils the same spirit will be transmitted to the myriad of homes, and not a finer thing could be accomplished by this army of workers, 2,400,000 strong in membership, than throw a glamour of hope in the homes struggling for existence. On this program, "The Pursuit Of Happiness," the first subject to be considered is contentment. Happiness in the fullest sense is to grasp the opportunities presented that satisfy. The schools throughout the nation present a challenge to the PTA. If nothing more, this organization can try at least to bring the community together in one common interest for the uplift of all people. This truly would be a goal worth the time spent in working for the same.

A THEATRICAL MARVEL

(Sunshine Magazine)

There continues to exist in the city of St. Louis, Missouri, an entertainment wonder that has never been successfully duplicated in any other part of the world. It is the world-famous Municipal Opera, which each summer season provides wholesome entertainment to many thousands under a canopied sky and gorgeous naturalistic settings.

During the twenty-one years of its existence, this enterprise has served nearly twelve million pleasure seekers in over fifteen hundred performances—from grand opera to light musical plays, among them a number of world and American premieres. The admission prices are decidedly popular, and seventeen hundred seats are provided at each performance for those who do not wish to pay admission. Approximately thirty thousand reserved seats are distributed annually to the underprivileged.

The following interesting detail is taken from official description:

"Although Nature first designed the auditorium, man has added his touch to make the opera what it is. The natural hillside in the heart of beautiful Forest Park slopes fifty-three feet from the top of the colonnade to the orchestra pit. It covers an area 255 feet by 256 feet. The concrete bowl is arranged in a series of steps of varying levels, so that every person has an unobstructed view of the stage.

"At both sides and at the rear of the auditorium are the beautiful new pergolas, roofed in to shelter 15,000 persons in case of a summer shower. The huge stage is built to facilitate moving the massive settings required for opera productions, and 8,000 square feet added to its area provide a space for action which the audience never sees. It is the largest open-air theater stage in the world, and in its center is the only revolving outdoor stage, electrically operated and capable of making the entire revolution in nine seconds. It is the only revolving outdoor stage ever contrived.

"Beneath the stage, in what was once the river bed before the River des Peres was harnessed underground by man, are carpenter shops, paint shops, and property studios—all necessary in the spectacular program of productions. Farther back are spacious dressing rooms with showers, required for the more than 100 members of cast and choruses employed in every performance.

The performances are professional in the highest degree. featuring stars of the stage, screen, and radio. This St. Louis wonder is the most unique thing in the world of entertainment. It is so cosmopolitan that it attracts as guests the world's notables, yet entertains the humble and lowly. It is regarded by St. Louisans and the outside world as a valued institution, as highly respected at its public schools and libraries. Never in municipal opera history has the St. Louis enterprise been equaled. The 1940 season opens June 3 with an alfresco adaptation of the spectacular pageant, "The American Way."

THE QUAKERS POINT THE WAY

(Hertford County Herald)

Among all religious sects the Society of Friends, commonly known as Quakers, has the widest reputation for living in conformity to the fundamental Christian belief in the Brotherhood of Man. Its membership, although small by comparison with other sects, has been foremost in every effort to relieve human suffering, regardless of the race, creed or nationality of the sufferers.

Forbidden by their religion to take part in war, the Quakers have been quick to render every possible service to the victims of war. Under the leadership of the most distinguished living Quaker, Herbert Hoover, the American work of relief for the civilian population of Belgium during the first World War and of the peoples of all the rest of Europe after the war, stands out as one of the greatest humanitarian achievements of all time.

It is not surprising that a sect so famed for humanitarian efforts should lately have gone on record in its Year-racial hatred and religious intolerance in America. The written creed of the Society of Friends is very brief. ly Meeting in favor of combating Plans are under way to add a section specifically urging all Quakers to avoid political and religious discrimination against any class or sect, and to use their influence to prevent such discrimination by others.

The influence of the Quakers is extremely great in proportion to their numbers. It may prove to be the most potent force yet enlisted in the battle against prejudices based upon religious or racial grounds.

There has not been a time in years when the gospel of the Brotherhool of Man needed the support of good citizens so much as it does now. Considering how effective the work of the Quakers has been in the past, their re-affirmation of that doctrine at this time is most encouraging to everyone who sincerely believes in tolerance.

PRICELESS GIFTS

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men charity.

—Selected

OUR MIND AND THE BOOKS WE READ

(Junior Life)

Our mind is the most valuable thing that God gave to us. Any animal has legs and arms as good as ours or better. They have eyes, ears and noses; but they have no mind. They cannot think or reason, and they cannot express thoughts. They eat sleep and play, but they cannot be educated. Surely God meant us to take care of these minds, to see that they grow as they should and are ready to be used for Him when the time comes. If we would take proper care of our minds we must read books, but we must read the proper kind.

Beginning today, let us aim to be careful of what we read, and choose what is best for us.

A boy who did some work for a lady who had charge of a dining hall in a high school. To reward him, she told him that he might choose anything he wanted to eat. He chose five fancy desserts. Most young people would do the same thing. They do not choose what is good for them, but only what they think they want. The diet they would choose would ruin their health forever.

It is the same way with the books they read. They want all fiction, and fiction is the dessert of reading. If we will not read other books at times, someone should see that we do.

When you go into a grocery store you see nothing but good food. When food is no good the grocer throws it away. Your mother buys what you should have, and so your body grows and grows as it should.

This is not true of the food for the mind. The news-stands are flooded with magazines that are poison to the mind and soul. The same is true of books.

Take your choice! Read something! If you do not eat. you starve. If you do not read, you starve the brain. But do not poison the brain! Choose wisely.

In the cattle-grazing country there is a weed known as the loco weed. This is sweet, but it has not one bit of food value. Once cattle taste this weed, they return to it again and again, and will not eat good food. They finally starve to death.

Much that we can read is like a loco weed to the mind.

"A person is what he reads.' This is very true. When we read something we think about it for some time. It gets into our minds.

We do not always know it, but we fashion our lives according to the ideas of others—especially of those we read about in books. So through our whole lives we are affected by what we read.

Time is precious! We do not have much time to read books. Hundreds of them are not worth the precious time we spend on them. One book reviewer says there are not six in a thousand worthy of being re-read.

"Suppose there were no books!
No books to read in cozy nooks!
No books to fill the hungry mind
And teach the art of being kind!
No books to while an hour away,

To link today with yesterday;
No books to charm us for a while,
To bring a tear or lure a smile!
But there are books, praise God above!
If we have books and we have love,
We can dispense with other things;
'Tis books, not crowns, that make men kings."

A visit to the library will show us many interesting things. Looking over the magazine bookshelf, you will probably find that a movie magazine is read the most, for its pages are soiled and worn. Perhaps Popular Science will stand next.

This shows how much we like the "dream world." It is not wise to spend too much time in an unreal world. We must live in this world, and so we should know it as it is.

"Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are." That is what a great teacher once said.

IF YOU'LL KEEP-A-GOING

If you'll only keep-a-going
  You can pull through anything,
For it's only while you're in it
  That you feel a sorrow's sting;
And ofttimes in looking backward
  See 'tis blessing in disguise,
For the cloud that looms the blackest
  Hides a vision of blue skies.

Just remember there are others
  Who've a heap more grief than you.
Give a word of courage to them,
  'Tis a kindly thing to do.
And your task of overcoming
  Will to you a blessing bring,
If you only keep-a-going
  You can pull through anything.

—Grace Ruberg Ballard.

NATIVE DANE SAYS AIDING GREENLAND IMPERILS U. S.

(Stanly News)

"Dear Paul:

"Every day now the Germans back their freight trains up to our border, unload car loads of cheap gimcracks—razor blades that won't cut and cameras that won't take pictures. Then they load up their cars with our milk, butter, cheese and eggs, and haul them back into Germany. It's the 'barter' system, and it is gradually leeching away our life's blood. The day must be close now, very close, when the Nazis will come, so I can't write to you any more. The Gestapo, they might get this letter and put me in a concentration camp. Maybe you will not hear from me again, ever."

A letter from Poland before the blitzkreig? No. From Denmark, before the occupation. The excerpt is from the last letter received by Paul Jacobsen, a native Dane, who lives in Albemarle working as the office manager of the Stanly Lumber company, from his sister in Copenhagen. It came the day before Christmas, more than three months before the Nazi legions goose-stepped into little Denmark, shot 10 Danes, and put the land under Hitler law.

Although his liaison with his native land through his sister and his three brothers has been rudely cut off and he has been in America since he was 20 years old, Mr. Jacobsen nevertheless has reached certain definite, and very plausible, conclusions arising from Hitler's latest coup. And who has a better right? Educated in the butter-and-cheese business in Denmark, he emigrated to the United States in 1915, specialized in dairying at the University of Illinois, and ever since has kept up an active interest in European affairs, particularly those of his homeland. He believes:

1. For more than a year the Danes have had a premonition of the disaster that was to overtake them, and schooled themselves to accept the inevitable stoically and without resistance.

2. Sweden and Norway are "like brother and sister," and despite repeated proclamations of neutrality, Sweden will let France and England get away with murder—just so the victim is a Nazi.

3. Hitler cooked his goose when he invaded Norway, putting his puny fleet against the great battlewagons of the English and the French.

4. Iceland, Danish island which proclaimed her independence shortly after Hitler smothered Denmark, won't go back to the little Scandinavian nation even though the Allies come out on top of the heap.

5. Because the Germans claim Greenland, huge Danish island in the North Atlantic which is uncomfortably close to this country, the United States may again go to war.

Mr. Jacobsen, a peppery, blonde little man, backed up each of his points with enough Danish history, geography and politics to start a

College of International Relations, if one were so inclined.

"King Christian X has reached an agreement with Hitler, it is true," he said, "but it is the kind of agreement one has to make with a highway robber. Der Feuhrer is going to be checkmated." Already the German ships and planes are fighting a losing battle, he declared, and with German sea power gone, it will not be too difficult for the Allies to force submission to their own terms.

Answering a question which has bothered a great many of the news analysts, Mr. Jacobsen said positively that Iceland would remain independent of Denmark even if that country again became an autonomous nation. Reasons: (1) Iceland is self-sufficient, not depending on Demark for support or help of any kind; (2) On the other hand, the paying of taxes to support the Danish crown has burdened Icelanders for a long time—taxes for which they received no service.

"Over a million people live in Iceland, and they don't need anybody's help. They are a well-to-do, cultured people, among the most civilized in the world. Most of them speak from six to ten languages, and in the University of Reykjavik they have one of the finest seats of learning on earth," Mr. Jacobsen said.

He pointed out that Iceland is a temperate country, warmed by the waters of the Gulf Stream, that its inhabitants make a comfortable living with scientific fur-farming, fishing and agriculture. Most of them have hot water in their homes, piped from steaming pools around extinct volcanoes.

In Greenland, the situation is considerably different. There the population is absolutely dependent on the outside world for food and medical supplies. Fishing and fur-trading and the mining of cryolite, an ore from which chemicals are made, are virtually the only industries.

A bare 3,000 men, mostly from Denmark, live on the island. The rest of the population, from 500,000 to 750,000, is Eskimo.

Mr. Jacobsen believes that Mr. Roosevelt's offer of food and medicine ships to Greenland, shortly after Germany gobbled Denmark, although avowedly purely a "mercy" project, may have political reasons behind it, and may eventually get this nation into a war with Germany.

"The United States couldn't afford to let Germany have an air and naval base as close to this country as Greenland," Mr. Jacobsen asserted. "Greenland is closer to us than it is to Europe, and to hand it over to Germany without a fight would be inviting disaster."

Where the danger of war comes in, he said, will be if and when Germany decides to take charge in Greenland, beginning by sinking this country's "mercy" ships.

Mr. Jacobsen shook his head sadly.

Getting back to little Denmark, "My sister said in her last letter she has bought a new car, but couldn't buy any gas for it," he related. "I won't be hearing from her again soon. And I won't be writing to her either. If I were merely to say 'hello' and 'goodbye' the Nazi censors might think it seditious, and throw my sister in a concentration camp to die or be killed."

FLOWERS IN THE DESERT

By Rev. John Jackson Brown, Jr.

The desert shall blossom as the rose.—Isaiah 35:1.

The historian, Gibbon, having scrutinized human conduct, concluded: "History is little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." Many historical paragraphs of the Bible register such ghastly crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind that readers often wonder if they are not beholding the record of some gigantic slaughterhouse. In the days of Noah a commentator was forced to state: "The wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart only evil continually." So wicked were cities in the days of Abraham and Lot that strangers dared not lodge there overnight.

Search the Scriptures and you are brought face to face with shocking greed, lust, murder, poverty, degradation, tyranny. How cheap was human flesh in those crude and cruel days! And how blood-curdling are their conflicts! Open your Bible and see for yourself. Here is a chapter presenting a simple historic statement of the fighting methods of the most deeply spiritual of the earth's inhabitants. They ambush the enemy, burn their city, butcher every man, woman and child falling into their clutches. At the close of the day they divide the spoil, boast of their magnificent slaughter that day of twelve thousand human beings, and with conscience untroubled by the memory of pitiful prayers of their victims, lie down in peace to sleep.

Study the history of any given generation and you discover crime, folly, misfortune. And history has an astounding way of repeating itself. If only there were a little variety or improvement in human life, but over and over again we have selfishness, lust, hatred, jealousy, murder. The annals of the past are soaked in blood, as are the latest sheets from our daily press. The beautiful garden of paradise has been transformed by man's sin into a bleak and barren desert; a desert littered with human skeletons and inhabited by deadly poisonous snakes. In what a vast and univiting desert do we this day find ourselves.

And yet, flowers—creations of amazing life and beauty and fragrance—have grown on deserts. An explorer once found such a flower on a desert of Central Africa. He was set upon by a band of savages, robbed of his food and clothing and left to perish five hundred miles from the nearest white settlement. In despair he flung himself on the barren sands and awaited death. Just then his attention was drawn to the extraordinary beauty of a delicate flower, no larger than the end of one's finger, blooming at his side. Here in his despair he found in the desert a spot of beauty and life and hope. The explorer wondered if the Great Being who had cared for a little plant and had brought it up in beauty and perfection in this obscure part of the desert would look with unconcern upon the suffering of one made in His own image and destined to eternal life. This thought put new courage

into his heart and he pressed on and was saved.

Perhaps as you look at human life in your world you are almost ready to give up the struggle and be swallowed up by the great desert of despair. As you see it, human life is bleak and barren and hopeless! Why struggle on? Why not lie down in the desert of sin and become a part of it?

Are you discouraged and bewildered and dismayed by the facts of ancient, medieval and modern history? Are you ready with the pessimists to blow out the one remaining candle to see how dark it is? As you sink down on the desert of despair, I beg of you, open your eyes just once more, and you will see nearby a beautiful flower. God's beautiful garden of paradise has not been entirely blotted out. Sin and ugliness may figure in the headlines and make a great noise, but never overlook the reality of goodness in the earth. Here and there we find those who are in the desert of sin, but not of it. In every generation we find those who reflect the beauty and glory and holiness of the Creator. In the darkest of Old Testament periods men who looked carefully found flowers on the desert.

For instance, here is Lot on a desert—a desert of his own making, a desert of selfishness and stupidity. For years he had been concerned only with the piling up of a great fortune by close bargaining and hard dealing. Across the path of his life there came a beautiful flower—his Uncle Abraham. Instead of squabbling with this greedy youngster, the kindly old man says: "Let there be no strife between me and thee. Let us settle our differences. You choose the best for yourself and I shall gladly take what may be left and make the most of it." Then when Lot is in grave trouble, it is Abraham who goes to the rescue of the man who had been so thoughtless of him. In the desert, but not of it! Kind, gentle, generous, forgiving, patient, returning good for evil, demonstrating the fact that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. To his dying day, Lot never quite ceased to wonder and to be influenced by this beautiful flower in his desert.

And what a lovely flower Abraham's servant found in the desert one day! He was hot, tired, thirsty, perplexed. Nearby was a well—how thirsty was he, and the poor camels looked longingly at the well. But wells were battlegrounds, and he was a stranger in the land. Into the desert of his surroundings there came Rebekah: "Drink, my lord, and I will draw water for thy camels also until they have done drinking." A beautiful flower—respectful, kind, considerate, generous.

Turn over a few more pages. Look at these tough herdsmen of Gerar. Their motto is, "Might makes right." Isaac digged a well, a very choice well of springing water. The Gerar gangsters prepared to fight a pitched battle for it. Isaac let them have it and dug another well. The gangsters desired this well also. Isaac gives it to them and digs a third well. Here was a man in the world of strife and force, but not of it. The Gerar gangsters were somewhat embarrassed when they discovered Isaac calmly digging a third well, with no apparent bitterness or resentment. They do not feel like fighting any more, but sneaked up to Isaac's headquarters for a conference. He prepares a

banquet for them and they swear an oath of friendship. Centuries ago and this man returns good for evil—and it works! An amazing event, a strange man bearing the image of God and reflecting His glory in the midst of a desert of sin. So long as they lived, the gangsters of Gerar wondered and marveled at this rare plant flourishing nearby.

You are looking for flowers in the deserts of the Old Testament! How many flowers there are! If we look closely, we are no longer amazed at the vastness and ugliness of the desert, but at the beauty and strength and inspiration of these marvelous flowers. And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Caleb and Joshua, of Samuel and David, of Elijah and Elisha, of Ruth, Job, Ezra, Nehemiah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel and countless others—in the world but not of it, blooming in deserts, in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth, bringing life and hope and inspiration and fragrance to human life.

The Old Testament records horrible crimes, follies, misfortunes Yes, and so does the New Testament. And so does every other faithful volume of recorded history. And so does your newspaper. Individual and national crimes transform your daily life into a nightmare of uncertainty and fear. Then you must get out your history book, your Old Testament and look for the flowers that flourish in every gereration.

You are afraid that the weeds and thorns will finally choke out all of the flowers that still survive from the garden of paradise? Then you must have overlooked a very important historic event recorded in the New Testament. Have another look at the New Testament, and there you will discover that God has developed a flower that grows in spite of weeds. This variety is finer, more beautiful, more delicate and yet stronger and sturdier than all others. When the flower was planted by God in Nazareth, the pessimists shook their heads—nothing could grow in that miserable soil and among those weeds. Instead of withering, however, other flowers sprang from this one and soon there were many of them. Growing under most adverse conditions, this plant continued to multiply, and by the end of the first century there were some two hundred thousand such flowers. At the end of the third century there were eight millions, and at the present time there are hundreds of millions of this flower, in every part of the human desert.

Oh bewildered and discouraged and seeking soul, wherever you may be this day, pause and behold with wonder and awe and reverence the beautiful and delicate and holy flowers of humanity that brighten every page of history and today bloom at your side. Recollect that God is a very remarkable Gardener. The thorns and weeds have done their worst against His flower in the past, but always it has survived and multiplied and flourished. Know that He has finally brought forth the Christian flower which is spreading on the wings of the wind and transforming deserts into beautiful gardens of paradise. Face the simple fact of history that the very gates of Hell cannot prevail against God's purpose, and turn your face to the present and future with faith anl joy.

As you go about your work, open your eyes and behold the wonderful

flowers nearby—flowers that radiate hope and encouragement and abundant life and joy. Try to count all the flowers that you see blooming in the horizons of your own life and you will then marvel, not at the evil in the world—the great expanse of desert—but you will behold with wonder and joy these wonderful men and women around you—fine, unselfish, sportsmanlike, bearing all the marks of the Christian flower.

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WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK IN THE TREES

In the spring when the green gits back in the trees,
  And the sun comes out and stays,
And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze,
  And you think of your barefoot days;
When you ort to work and you want to not,
  And you and your wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden lot—
  When the green gits back on the trees,
  Well, work is the least of my idees
When the green, you know, gits back on the trees.

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees is
      a-buzzing' aroun' again,
In that kind of a "Lazy-go-as-you-please"
  Old gait they hum aroun' in;
When the ground's all bald where the hayrick stood
  And the crick's riz, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
  And the green gits back in the trees—
  I like, as I say, in such scenes as these,
The time when the green gits back in the trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time
  Is all pulled out and gone,
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
  And the sweat it starts out on
A feller's forerd a-gitting' down
  At the old spring on his knees—
I kind o' like, jes, a loaferin' roun'
  When the green gits back in the trees—
  Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I-durn-please,
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

—James Witcomb Riley

AN OLD PIRATE PORT

By Dorothy Reynolds

Anything can happen in Mazatlan, and almost every thing does. Yet no place in the world could have been more peaceful than the historic little port seemed to me, when I awoke, after the long, dusty journey of the day before, to find the steaming tropical sun slanting in through the windows, and to hear the slosh, slosh of the barefooted hotel boys, as they hosed water over the floors and patio until the whole place seemed as clean and fresh as a beach after the tide has gone out.

From the casement window of my big, high-ceilinged room, I could see the inner court, lush with palms and brilliant tropical flowers, where, as the bellboy had assured me, there were snakes— "Big ones, ooh! As thick as the arm!" And snakes there were, two enormous boa constrictors, very formidable-looking, but too tame and sleepy to bother anyone. They were there for the double purpose of providing thrills for tourists and keeping the garden free of slugs and flies.

Beyond the patio, across the low roof of another wing of the big, rambling hotel,, lay the bay, sparkling blue and white, with its row of palm trees along the shore and many fishing boats drawn up at anchor in the shallow water.

I locked my door with the huge handwrought key and went down to breakfast, where I was served great slices of pina (pineapple) so fresh from the garden that it was still faintly warm from the morning sun, bacon and eggs, coffee, and a whole plateful of those delicious slightly sweetened rolls known as pan dulce. One soon learns to eat a hearty breakfast in Mexico, for luncheon is never served before one-thirty or two o'clock. Then I set out to examine the town.

The most careless snapshot of Mazatlan cannot fail to be striking, if only you include a bit of the bay, a palm tree or two, and, if possible, a glimpse of the hills. Yet any representation in black and white must omit what is perhaps the chief charm of the little port—its delightful coloring.

The houses, like most Mexican ones, are small and squarely built, with graceful wrought-iron window gratings and balcony railings. But instead of being a gleaming white or somber gray, like those in most parts of the republic, these buildings are splashed with a very riot of color—old blue, mauve, creamy yellow, and a pink as delicate as that of a little girl's best party dress.

And in the center of the town, rising high enough above the waving palm fronds to be seen from every point, stands the cathedral, whose twin towers, covered with azure tiles, reflect back the rays of the sun with dazzling brightness. Yet even they are scarcely so blue as the waters of the bay and ocean which surround three sides of the narrow peninsula on which the town is situated.

The past seems very close in Mazatlan, for they dispose of history so casually. "We have seen many people here," I was assured by the *aranero*, the man who drove the peculiar-looking high wheeled cart, known as an *arana*, in which I set out to explore the town. "First came

the Spanish and the English, and afterward the French and Americans."

"The English?" I asked, racking my brain in bewilderment.

"Yes," he insisted. "This very street, the Calzada Claussen, was named for an Englishman—a very important man. He was a pirate. He and Drake used to stop here often."

Shades of Drake and Claussen! Did those bold bucanneers ever dream, as they plundered up and down the Pacific, that one of them would have the principal thoroughfare in a dreamy Mexican town honored with his name?

Yet, in spite of its apparent peacefulness, few places have had a more troubled history than Mazatlan. Before the coming of the Spaniards, it was an Indian village, and tribes from the surrounding mountains used often to come there to fish and to hunt the deer for which the town was named and the game birds that flocked about the lagoons.

It first became known to the white men when Cortes explored that part of Mexico in 1526. A few years later, a colony of Spaniards, sent out by Don Antonio de Mendoza, settled in the town.

When the galleons, those picturesque, high prowed boats, with their brightly-colored sails, began to make the long trips back and forth between Mexico and the Philippines, it was from the port of Mazatlan that many of them set out. How the whole population of the town must have thronged down to the beach to wave farewell to the ship, as the wind filled its sails and it floated out of the harbor.

And how eagerly they must have watched for its return. For the galleon was a clumsy vessel, in spite of its picturesqueness, a vessel built of whatever materials were available, and with the work done mainly by unskilled Indians. Scurvy was an ever-present menace to the crew, especially if, as frequently happened, the voyage was lengthened by the ship's being carried out of its course by contrary winds.

Pirates, too, lurked along the way, ready to seize the rich cargoes of jade and porcelains and embroidered Chinese silks, almost as precious as gold, which it brought back to be sold to wealthy families in Mexico City or even in Spain.

Some of these pirates, as well as the smugglers of later times, made the hills behind the town their hangout, and stored their loot there in natural grottoes. One can see holes like pockmarks along the hills, where searchers after buried treasrue have tunneled in, hoping to find the fabulously rich stores of gold and jewels. But whether or not they ever succeeded is one of the unsolved mysteries of Mazatlan.

Many times, this apparently peaceful little port has been fought over with shot and shell. Once, indeed, it came very near being the scene of an international complication. A Mexican clerk in the employ of the American Counsul failed to show due respect for the commander of a British man-of-war in the harbor, and the irate officer, having been refused an apology, threatened to train his cannons on the town and blow it to pieces. A hurried letter was forwarded to Danial Webster, then Secretary of State, and he managed to smooth the matter over just in time to prevent the demolition.

Yes, Mazatlan has known troubled days, and there is still a dark and bloody undercurrent beneath its calm. During the revolution of 1910, the forces of Villa were strong in the state of Sinaloa, and numerous Villistras, as his followers were called still nest among the hills.

Many of them fought, and would still do so, if the occasion offered, for the mere love of fighting. A ragged, one-legged fellow begging alms at the railway station explained that he had lost the other leg during a skirmish in the mountains, at which time he had been so severely wounded that he was left for dead by his comrades, and had to endure three days of exposure in the burning heat before he was finally rescued.

But he would do it again, his eyes glinted, if only someone would start a war. "Nobody can defeat us," he boasted, "for the others become sick if they do not have plenty of good food, while we can go for five days without eating at all, or live for months, like jack rabbits, on what we pick up in the hills."

Yet, amid the dreamy peacefulness of the little port, such tales seem as unreal as a half-forgotten nightmare.

But even the harbor is not always so calm as it looks on a sunny morning, when there is barely enough breeze to raise tips of glinting silver on the blue waves. From time to time, fierce hurricanes tear in from the Gulf of California, and send great breakers pouring over the sea wall, burying the main boulevard, the Calle de las Olas Altas (Street of the High Waves) several feet deep in water, and advancing to the very veranda of the Hotel Belmar. Yet, by the next morning the storm has worn itself out, and the ocean is again almost as quiet as a back-yard pool.

One cannot remain long in Mazatlan, or, for that matter, anywhere in Mexico, without becoming increasingly aware of the indigenous basis that underlies everything.

My arana driver assured me that he was a pure Aztec, and, to prove it, sang what he declared was an old Aztec song.

"But it is Spanish!" I insisted.

He looked at me, as if pitying my ignorance. "The words are Spanish," he explained. "But the tune is Aztec." Yet he still must have noticed a shadow of doubt lurking in my eyes, for he added a few words in a language different from any I had ever heard before.

Nothing could be more modern than the groups of young people who gather at the hotel—the men graceful and romantic looking in their perfectly tailored white suits, the girls delicate as flowers in just such pastel-tinted dresses as one sees at our own summer resorts.

Yet you need only stroll out onto the veranda for a breath of air to see, massed along the sidewalk, men in wide-spreading peon sombreros, wistful-eyed women with reboozos thrown over their heads, and ragged, barefoot children pressing against one another, as they listen in happy absorption to the music which floats out through the wide-open French windows.

And, as you stroll through the market next day, you will see bulky Indian women offering for sale tiny piles of potatoes, peppers, tomatoes, mangoes, and bananas, sold by count or measure, rather than by weight, just as in the days of Cortes, who remarked that the natives of Mexico evidently had no conception of weight, for they sold everything by count.

In back streets, little children come running up at the sight of a kodak, to have their "portraits" taken, while indoors, in preparation for the siesta hour, their mothers are spreading out on the floors of bare stone or hard-packed earth those fragrant rush sleeping mats which have been in daily use for so many centuries that countless proverbs have sprung up about them.

So cheap are they that "not to have a petate to fall dead on" signifies the utmost in soul-racking poverty, "stopping to pick up the petate" is a phrase used to characterize the over-finicky person, while the essential part they play in the life of the Indian is expressed by the saying "Whoever is born on a petate carries the smell to his grave."

In the mountains behind Mazatlan are rich silver mines, whose owners now come and go by aeroplane, requiring but half an hour for a journey which formerly took three or four days by slow mule trains. Even the metal is brought out by aeroplane, after being smelted and refined at the mills run in connection with the mines.

Yet, not far away from the town, down along the shores, are people living in the most primitive of adobe huts with palm-leaf roofs and still others whose homes are composed of nothing but sticks, each some two inches in thickness, driven vertically into the ground, with air spaces between, so that one can look right through the building.

And so, beneath the veneer spread over it by the Spanish conquistadores, the old seaport remains as mysterious and unchangnig as it has ever been.

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MAIL BY RADIO

Every other Friday night a radio mailbag is "emptied" for the benefit of the men of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition. The two Byrd ships are equipped with receivers which pick up short-wave as well as broadcast programs and immediately upon Byrd's arrival in the Antarctic a receiver was instaled at each of the expedition's two bases.

The short-wave mailbag follows a popular program which is sponsored by well-known newspapers all over the country and comes from different cities. This plan has supplied the two previous Byrd expeditions with their only mail from friends and relatives at home during the months they were in the Antarctic wastes.

Radiograms praising the first of the salute-programs came promptly from Admiral Byrd on his flagship The Bear, from the snow cruiser at New America, and from The North Star, then on its way to Chile.—Selected.

THE GREAT SEAL

(N. C. School Bulletin)

Study of the history of the Great Seal of North Carolina reveals many interesting facts. Since the institution of government in North Carolina, approximately two hundred and seventy-five years ago, we have had nine different seals. The dates of their adoption and the period of time these different seals were used varies from a few months to approximately three-quarters of a century. It is interesting to note:

(1) "The first seal was adopted by the Lords Proprietors of Carolina soon after receiving their charters from the Crown in 1665. This seal is to be seen in the Public Record Office in London. It is three and three-eighths inches in diameter and one-fourth inches thick.

(2) "About 1665 the government of Albemarle County was organized, and for a seal the reverse side of the seal of the Lords Proprietors was adopted. It was first used for the government of the county of Albemarle, and then became the seal of the Province of North Carolina. It was used until just after the purchase by the Crown. This was a small seal, less than two inches in diameter.

(3) "After the purchase of the colony in 1730 by the Crown, the Lords of Trade proposed to the King a new seal 'whereon Liberty is represented introducing Plenty to your Majesty.' The background on which the King and these figures stand is a map of the coast of North Carolina, and in the offing is a ship. The seal was approximately four inches in diameter and more than one-half inch thick.

(4) "In 1767 Governor Tryon received from the King a new Great Seal for the Province. On one side of this seal are figures of the King and Liberty, who is introducing Plenty to the King. In size the seal was approximately the size of the one adopted by the Lords of Trade.

(5) "When the government of the independent State of North Carolina was organized, the Constitution adopted at Halifax, December 18, 1776 made provision for a seal. The Assembly of 1778 appointed William Tisdale to cut and engrave the first State seal, under the direction of the Governor. Its actual size was three inches in diameter and one-fourth inch thick. It was used until 1794.

(6) "In December, 1781, the General Assembly authorized the Governor to procure a seal that should 'be prepared with one side only, and calculated to make the impression on the face of such grant, commission, record, or other public act,' etc. In size it was two and one-half inches in diameter, slightly larger than the present one. It was used approximately forty-one years, or until about 1835.

(7) "The Governor was authorized to replace the old seal by legislation passed in 1834. The new seal was adopted in 1835 and was used until 1883. It was very similar to its predecessor except in size; it was only two and one-quarter inches in diameter.

(8) "In 1883 an act was passed relative to the seal, which was in-

corporated in the Code as section 3229. The seal provided as a result of this legislation was very much like the one in use today with these exceptions: it did not have the motto on it and it did not have the words, 'May 20, 1775,' inscribed at the top of the coat of arms."

(9) the present Great Seal of the State of North Carolina is the result of legislation passed in 1893. It is described as follows:

"The Great Seal of the State of North Carolina is two and one-quarter inches in diameter, and its design is a representation of the figures of Liberty and Plenty, looking towards each other, but not more than half fronting each other, and otherwise disposed as follows: Liberty, the first figure standing, her pole with cap on it in her left hand and a scroll with the word 'Constitution' inscribed thereon in her right hand. Plenty, the second figure, sitting down, her right arm half extended toward Liberty, three heads of wheat in her right hand, and in her left the small end of her horn, the mouth of which is resting at her feet, and the contents of the horn rolling out. In the exergue is inserted the words 'May 20, 1775,' above the coat of arms. Around the circumference is the legend: 'The Great Seal of the State of North Carolina,' and the motto, 'Esse Quam Videri.'

"The Constitution of North Carolina, Article III, Section 16, requires that "There shall be a seal of the State which shall be kept by the Governor, and used by him as occasion may require, and shall be called 'The Great Seal of the State of North Carolina.' All grants and commissions shall be issued in the name and by the authority of the State of North Carolina, sealed with 'The Great Seal of the State,' signed by the Governor and countersigned by the Secretary of State."

WHAT WE SAY

If all that we say in a single day,
  With never a word left out,
Were printed each night in clear black and white.
  'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

And then, just suppose, ere our eyes we could close,
  We must read the whole record through;
Then wouldn't we sigh, and wouldn't we try
  A great deal less talking to do?

And I more than half think that many a kink
  Would be smoother in life's tangled thread,
If half that we say in a single day
  Were left forever unsaid.

—Author Unknown.

FAMILY LIFE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG: HE HAD 27 WIVES, 56 CHILDREN

(Selected)

It took a gifted leader to rally the persecuted Mormons, lead them halfway across the continent from Illinois, and build for them in the wilderness a refuge that has become the state of Utah. In 1847, Brigham Young did all these things. But it also took a tactful husband and father to keep peace under Brigham Young's own roof. For the great polygamist took to himself no less than 27 wives who bore him a brood of 56 children; their direct descendants today 63 years after his death, number an estimated 500.

That Brigham Young did keep peace among his families is attested in ONE WHO WAS VALIANT. It is a personal memoir by his 51st offspring, Clarissa Young Spencer, who died at 79 last August after reciting her reminiscences for a Salt Lake City writer Mabel Harmer.

Clarissa knew nineteen of her father's wives. Three managed Young menages at Provo, Forest Farm and St. George. Twelve of the others usually lived together in Lion House, Salt Lake City, a three-story adobe affair with twenty rooms on the top floor for childless spouses and older children; another floor of suites for mothers and their families; and in the basement a huge dining room where Brigham sat to table with about 50 others at once.

Breakfasts he took next door at the Beehive House, where Clarissa's mother, Lucy Decker Young, lived with her seven children. It was Clarissa's job to fetch his meal of two fresh-killed pigeons, tie a bib over his long beard, and afterward call in his barber for a singe (Young never had his hair cut: he thought the ends would bleed).

Clarissa stoutly denied that any wife was her father's favorite—not even Amelia Folsom Young, the elegantly dressed, bejeweled, and perfumed lady of whom Gentiles (non-Mormons) constantly gossiped. Each wife had a charge account in the family store, sent her children to the family schoolhouse, used the family laundry at allotted times, picked strawberries in her own share of the family patch, and got free seats in the Young section of the Mormon theater. Under such impartial treatment, open jealousies were rare.

Summing up, Clarissa made a statement that few in this Western World could truthfully utter: "A finer group of women never lived together than my father's wives."

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Ignorance is the road to disaster and misery: Knowledge is the highway to security and happiness.—J. H. Dietrich.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Margie Crawford, of High Point, recently visited Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sappenfield, officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 14. She brought a nice collection of leading magazines, about 75 in number, for the use of the boys in that cottage. We wish to express our thanks to Miss Crawford for contributing this fine reading material.

Mr. Herbert M. Foy and daughter, of Mount Airy, stopped at the School last Wednesday morning. Mr. Foy was on his way home from Charlotte, where he had been attending the annual meetings of the Grand York Rite Masonic Bodies, having just completed his term as Grand Commander of Knights Templars in North Carolina. He just stopped off for a brief chat with Messrs. W. G. Andrews and Jesse Hollingworth, members of the School staff, whom he used to know when they lived in his home city.

The Cone Swimming-Pool was opened last Saturday, for the first time this year, and the boys enjoyed a good swim. They had long been waiting for the wintry winds to subside. When the announcement was made by Superintendent Boger last Saturday morning that swimming would be in order for the day, a great shout of joy went up and all faces were wreathed in smiles. The lads are looking forward to a full summer's enjoyment of the new swimming-pool, and if those who made possible this fine form of recreation, could be present and note the enjoyment when a swimming period is on, they would feel that their money was well spent.

Franklin D. Roberts, of Mooresville, who left the School in August, 1930, was a visitor here last Sunday. He told us that he had been working regularly in textile plants ever since leaving here and had been getting along well. For the past six years Frank has been employed in the dye house and weave room in the Mooresville Cotton Mill, and stated that he liked his work very much. He is now a nice appearing young man of twenty-four years. He seemed somewhat disappointed because of the fact that he arrived too late to attend the regular Sunday afternoon service. Frank told us that he had kept up regular attendance at church and Sunday school ever since leaving the institution.

Last Sunday we received a most favorable report concerning Vance Alexander, one of our old boys, who left the School, February 16, 1931. Upon returning to his home in Statesville, he entered high school, graduating two years later. For about six months thereafter he worked in a department store in that city. He then secured employment in the Phoenix Mill, Statesville, where he worked a little more than a year. For the past four years, Vance has been working in the Stephano Brothers' cigarette factory, Philadelphia, and has been getting along well, having been twice promoted. He is now twenty-four years old and has been married nearly a year.

Our source of information was none other than Vance's father, A. Y.

Alexander, who visited the School Sunday afternoon. After talking with him just a few minutes one could easily see that he was a most enthusiastic supporter of the School and its work. Mr. Alexander stated that he was very proud of what had been done for his boy while here, saying that the training received at the institution had really made a man of him.

The game last Saturday afternoon between Midland and the Training School boys resulted in a victory for the visitors by the score of 11 to 6. Jim Boger started on the mound for the local lads, but was hit rather hard, causing him to retire in favor of Dub Johnson, who was later relieved by Liske. While this trio of hurlers allowed the visitors twelve hits, six costly errors by their team mates added much to their downfall. The School batters managed to bang out eight hits off McCoy and another visiting hurler, but were not able to get them when hits meant runs.

T. Hartsell, with four hits, including a triple, and Hill with a triple and two singles, led the Midland boys' batting attack. For the School lads, Dub Johnson was the only hitter to secure more than one safety. He poled out a home run and three singles in four trips to the plate. He should have made another homer on a long drive to deep left field, but was called out for failing to touch second base. The score:

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	2 0 2 0 0 1 0 1 0	6	8	6
Midland	0 0 0 6 0 2 0 3 0	11	12	3

Two-base hits: Poole, Hartsell, McCoy. Three-base hits: T. Hartsell, Hough, Hill. Home run: Johnson Sacrifice hit: Owens. Double plays: Rochester, Johnson and Owens. Struck out: by Boger 7; by McCoy 7. Base on balls: off Boger 2; off McCoy 1. Hit by pitcher: by McCoy (Poole and Rochester). Winning pitcher: McCoy. Losing pitcher: Boger. Umpires—Hartsell and Godown.

Following a custom of many years' standing, our good friend, Mr. Earl M. Ruth, of Charlotte, representative of the Friedman-Shelby Shoe Company, St. Louis, has again demonstrated his most kindly interest in the welfare of the boys at Stonewall Jackson Training School. Just a short time ago he delivered at the office a package containing seven fielders' gloves of excellent quality and one dozen baseballs, for the use of these youngsters.

Mr. Ruth, a most genial gentleman, is a great lover of boys, in fact he is just a big, smiling boy himself, in spite of the gray hair fringing his temples. He is particularly fond of the lads at this institution and is constantly on the look-out for an opportunity to add to their enjoyment. Being an ardent lover of athletics in all branches, he naturally likes to contribute something along that line. His donations on this, and many previous occasions, have endeared him to the hearts of the youngsters at the School. If he were politically inclined, and felt the urge to toss his hat into the ring as a candidate for the highest office the nation has to offer, governor of this great state or for any other office, we feel safe in assuring him that all the boys (including those of former years and those now here) who have ever heard of his kindness to them, would mount the old band-wagon and line up be-

hind him one hundred per cent. Boys have a way of remembering little acts of kindness long after having attained the age of manhood.

Although we have followed this course of procedure many times before, we are happy to take the opportunity of again extending through these columns, (more emphatically, if possible) to Mr. Ruth and his associates, a most heartfelt expression of appreciation, from both the members of the School's staff of workers and the large "family" of boys entrusted to their care and supervision.

Last Sundoy's regular afternoon service at the School was conducted by Rev. Voigt R. Cromer, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the third chapter of Philippians, and selected as the text for his message to the boys, the 14th verse of this espistle—"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

At the beginning of his most helpful and interesting remarks to the boys, the speaker said that when he read those words of the great Apostle Paul, they made him think of a boy running a race, being out in front of his competitors. This lad, forgetting everything behind him, has but one thing in mind, that of pressing toward the mark, which, in this case, means the end of the race and victory. In Paul's time they had wonderful athletic contests each year in Athens, at which time nearly the whole population was interested. Paul had seen many of these, and quite frequently he talked about life as a great race, and on one occasion said, "Let us run with patience the race set before us."

Paul, continued Rev. Mr. Cromer, was a man with a single purpose. He said, "This one thing I do," but he wasn't referring merely to the winning of a race or making a great fortune. He strove to reach that mark which God had set before him, that of following Christ and leading others in the same way. No higher goal can challenge us in life. It calls for us to pass through hardships; it calls upon us to strain every nerve and muscle in order to overcome temptation. But by constantly keeping that purpose in view, we shall finally reach the goal God has set before us.

The speaker then stated that if we hoped to be sucessful in the great race of life, there are some things to be discarded. Paul was a man who knew just what to keep and what to throw away, and we could do no better than to follow his advice. In looking over our personal belongings occasionally, we have to sort them over and decide what to keep and what to throw away. If we did not do this, our homes or our places of business would be most disorderly. So it is with our lives. Certain habits must be discarded, and happy, indeed, is the man who knows how to use his waste-basket.

Rev. Mr. Cromer then told the boys that he wanted them to think of a few things which must be thrown away if we really want to successfully press toward the mark, listing them as follows:

(1) Hurts, injuries, wrongs that somebody has done us in the past, for which we hold grudges and seek revenge. Paul would tell us to forget them; throw them into the waste-basket. To retain these things would make our lives bitter toward both

God and man. If we would have love, sunshine and happiness in our souls, all hatred must be cast out.

(2) Forget all mistakes, blunders and sins of the past. If we keep our minds fixed on them, we will become unnerved and will not have the courage to press on toward the mark. If yesterday was a failure, let us turn our back upon it and make use of the golden opportunities of a new day. If we forget past sins through faith in Jesus Christ, God will no longer hold them against us. He is always willing to forget and forgive. We can never move forward if we are continually looking backward. Men always travel in the direction in which they are looking. To reach the goal successfully we must take our eyes off the blackness of the past and look toward the future with faith.

(3) In order to reach the mark which God has set before us, we must forget self-satisfaction. That kind of thing means stagnation, and stagnation means death. It is possibile for us to become so thoroughly satisfied with ourselves that we cease to grow. We think we have done well enough and make no further effort to improve ourselves.

(4) We should forget and throw away interest in ourselves. Such selfishness makes us want to do things in our own way rather than be guided by God's rules of life. If we continue this selfishness or stubbornness, we shall fall far short of reaching the goal God has placed before us.

Rev. Mr. Cromer then said the question comes to our mind as to how we may be able to forget or throw away such things. It cannot be done by simply saying, "I'm going to forget." It is not as easy as that. There is but one thing to do. We must take them from our minds and in their places put something worthwhile. We can only forget the past by reaching out toward the future. Jesus Christ is out there ahead of us. We may have hated him yesterday, but there is still an opportunity to follow him today. Eternity is still ahead of us. We have just as much time ahead of us as God has ahead of Him. If we wake ourselves up and think of that in everything we do, we shall find ourselves pressing toward the mark. There is an eternal home ahead of us. Jesus has told us that he has prepared a place for us, and that is certainly worth striving for. In that home deserving ones shall find the finest things in store for them.

In conclusion, the speaker urged the boys to press toward the mark of the highest and noblest calling. As we go toward that mark, said he, we shall not find it an easy road to travel. We shall need all the help we can get, and the best assistance can come to us through daily prayer, careful study of the Bible, church attendance, and permitting Christian friends to help us along the way. All of these things combined will strengthen us; they will provide the necessary power to win in the great race of life.

Cheerful looks and kind words are the best revenge we can inflict on the ungenerous and unjust.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he nas been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

WeeK Ending May 12, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Hodges 20
Leon Hollifield 21
(2) Noah J. Green 3
Mack McQuaigue
(13) J. C. Wilson 17

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Charles Browning 6
(4) William G. Bryant 17
(2) Porter Holder 14
Burman Keller 4
Clay Mize 10
Arlie Scism 10
(4) Edward Warnock 16
(4) William Whittington 18
William C. Wilson 16

COTTAGE No. 2

Donald McFee 20
Richard Parker 10
Nick Rochester 18
William Shaw 5
Landroes Sims 18

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 10
Lewis Donaldson 16
Clyde Gray 21
Hoyt Hollifield 11
Ivan Morrozoff 23
J. W. McRorrie 13
J. C. Nance 13
Henry Raby 16
Robert Simpson 8
Melvin Walters 22
Richard Wiggins 11

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Theodore Bowles 21
(3) Junior Bordeaux 6
Collette Cantor 20
Harold Donaldson 4
(2) A. C. Elmore 12
Ray Hamby 14
(2) Sidney Knighting 2
(6) Everett Lineberry 17
James Massey 10
Sam Montgomery 12
(2) Hubert Walker 13
Dewey Ware 13

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Fletcher Castlebury 10
(4) Robert Dunning 15
Columbus Hamilton 12
Leo Hamilton 8
Leonard Jacobs 9
Harry Lewis
John Maples 3

COTTAGE No. 7

(5) Paul Dockery 17
Roy Helms
(3) Charles McGowan 6
Arnold McHone 18

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Cecil Ashley 16
(2) Reid Beheler 2
Sidney Hackney 3
Edward Hammond 4
(5) Jack Hamilton 15
John Tolbert 6
(3) Walker Warr 9

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Holly Atwood 12
(6) Mack Bell 19
(2) J. T. Branch 18
(2) Roy Butner 23
(2) Percy Capps 8
Craig Chappell 4
James Connell 5
James Davis 4
George Gaddy
Robert Gaines 10
Frank Glover 23
(4) Wilbur Hardin 16
(4) John Hendrix 10
(2) Osper Howell 16
(2) Mark Jones 19

Lloyd Mullis 9
(14) Harold O'Dear 23
(4) Lonnie Roberts 16
James Ruff 17
(10) Preston Wilbourne 21
(4) Horace Williams 15

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Junius Brewer 21
(2) Aldine Brown 8
James Eury 8
(2) J. D. Hildreth 13
Edward Stutts
(3) O. D. Talbert 10
Claude Weldy 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(12) John Benson 22
William Dixon 6
Robert Goldsmith
(7) Earl Hildreth 23
(8) Edward Murray 18
(2) Fred Owens 22
Theodore Rector 17
(3) Canipe Shoe 13
(7) N. C. Webb 22

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Odell Almond 19
Ernest Brewer 13
Jay Brannock 12
William C. Davis 9
Howard Devlin 18
Max Eaker 13
Woodrow Hager 13
Joseph Hall 15
Hubert Holloway 16
Richard Honeycutt 14
Frank Johnston 14
Clarence Mayton 15
J. D. Mondie 16
Howard Sanders 11
(2) Robah Sink 8
Ralph Sorrells 13
George Tolson 12
Carl Tyndall 7
J. R. Whitman 12

COTTAGE No. 13

James Brewer 16
William Goins 9
James Lane 15
Jack Mathis 5
John Murdock 10

COTTAGE No. 14

(6) Raymond Andrews 20
(10) John Baker 17
(3) John Church 12
Mack Coggins 11
Audie Farthing 21
William Harding 4
John Hamm 10
(6) John Kirkman 16
(4) Charles McCoyle 14
(3) John Robbins 17
John Reep 13
(2) Harold Thomas 18
(3) J. C. Willis 11
(5) Wallace Woody 23
(3) Jones Watson 20

COTTAGE No. 15

(7) Fred McGlammery 21
(3) J. P. Sutton 15

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 12
George Duncan 15
Philip Holmes 16
Redmond Lawry 4
Earl Oxendine 18
(2) Thomas Oxendine 21
(2) Thomas Wilson 15

GRATITUDE

Should any kindly soul, my dears,
Assist you in this vale of tears,
Be sure to show him gratitude;
For who that is not base and rude
Would grudge a pleasant word or two
In giving thanks where thanks are due?
Besides, there is no telling when
You might need help from him again.

—Arthur Guiterman

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1½ cents per mile

•

ROUND TRIP

10% less than double the one way fares

•

Air Conditioned Coaches

ON THROUGH TRAINS

SOUTHERN

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD N. C., MAY 25, 1940 NO. 21

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
  Where the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of grave grass quiver,
  Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day—
Under the one, the blue;
  Under the other, the gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
  Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
  When they laurel the grave of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the blue;
  Tears and love for the gray.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

DECORATION DAY

The men of many wars lay silent . . . their names etched on time-discolored tombstones, and unforgetably engraved on the hearts of their children, and all generations which have come after them.

The battles they fought made history; yet to many of them the glory of victory was their's on history's pages only, for they died before the dove of peace proclaimed war ended.

It is to be hoped that the men of today, and the children of today, who will be tomorrow's men . . . . will know a greater victory, in fighting the greatest enemy of all—WAR itself.

Let there be no bloodshed . . . . no maimed . . . no dead . . . . but only life and strength with which to build a greater nation for ourselves, rather than destroy others and so destroy the great ideal—brotherhood of man!

So on Decoration Day, when you place a wreath at the grave of someone you loved . . . . and lost . . . . pray with all your heart for those who are working for a world without wars that they attain their ideal! Then the future generations will not know the pain of battlefield bereavement.

—Selected.

JULIUS W. CONE

While the name "Cone" is closely identified with Greensboro on account of the textile industry which gave to that community a place in the textile world, this same name is regarded highly at the Jackson Training School, where the interest of this family has rested from the date the charter of this institution was granted. Through the columns of the Greensboro Daily News we learn of the sudden and shocking death of Julius W. Cone, who like all of his distinguished kinsmen of the same name, was a dynamic power behind every interest that contributed to the spiritual, cultural,

industrial, civic and other allied causes for the development of Greensboro. The goal in the lives of this family has always been "to live and let live," and this magnanimous spirit has been their polar-star till they achieved sucess in the business of their choice and won for themselves the confidence and esteem of all people who were fortunate enough to know them. In the galaxy of superb leadership Julius W. Cone was recognized at large. With the highest regards for the true and noble manhood of our departed friend, we extend sympathy to the dear ones left to mourn his passing.

* * * * * * * *

TRUE HYMNOLOGY

Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, teacher, writer, musician, of Wake Forest College, in a recent address before the Federation of Music Clubs, Danville, Va., condemned some practices which exist in the writing and sale of hymns. We think Dr. Poteat is absolutely right in making the following criticisms. There is but one way to teach anything, and that is the right way:

> Dr. Poteat in his address scathingly attacked the tendency of religious boards to promote too fully the sale of new hymnals. He poured scorn on such tunes as "Brighten the Corner," "Love Lifted Me" and "There's Power in the Blood."
>
> He read samples of "inane" religious versification and illustrated tunes which "are not far removed from some of the comic songs and jingles of the day."
>
> He condemned the practice of taking a catch phrase for the chorus when the verses have but a vague relation to the whole. He was particularly condemnatory of "hymns that are a cheap imitation of the cheapest music on earth," when the spiritual instinct can be nourished by "the great hymns which have stood the test of time."
>
> He said he felt that singing is part of divine worship but that when men are making money out of the degradation of the worship of God one cannot expect one's children to be reverent toward the church .

* * * * * * * *

CHARLOTTE LIBRARY

For nearly a year Charlotte has been without a library,—a fact that is hard to accept knowing that the Charlotte citizens are a

cultured people and most progressive. We feel that it is impossible for any city, community or institution to go forward without a library. The library, like the home, the schools and other agencies for betterment of humanity, is indispensable, because a reading person is one who thinks, and one who thinks usually has a goal in life. A good book is the best companion of the youth of the land. It is easy to discern that a child who reads is seldom the child who designs into underhanded tricks that lead to something akin to crime or crime itself.

Relative to reopening the Charlotte library the large registration, 13,000, is a forecast that the citizenry of the "Queen City" are thoroughly awakened to the needs of the cause. Therefore, we forecast that next Saturday, 25th, the vote for the library will be large, and the doors of that institution will be thrown open to the public in short order. And that is as it should be.

* * * * * * * *

THE GREAT AMERICAN ORATOR

Patrick Henry, one of the greatest orators of America, was born in Hanover county, Virginia, May 29, 1736. After failing as a storekeeper and farmer, he became a lawyer. His prominence was acquired by his forceful defense against an unfair tax levy,—an instance all American citizens are familiar with.

He won a debate in the first Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1774, and delivered the first speech. In 1776, he carried the vote of Virginia for independence; became governor of the state and was four times re-elected. In 1795 he declined the governorshhip. After an honest and most earnest service to his country he died, honored by all his constituents, June 6, 1799. He, with other courageous pioneers, blazed the way for the privileges and liberties the citizens of the greatest nation of the world, are enjoying at this time.

* * * * * * * *

We frequent receive letters, such as the one printed below, coming from Mr. Charles B. Vaughan, assistant director of the North Carolina Probation Commission. It is always a pleasure to re-

spond to such calls because it shows that our little magazine satisfies many interested readers. The letter follows:

Raleigh, N. C.
April 24, 1940

Editor The Uplift,
Concord, N. C.

Dear Sir:

For approximately eight years I was in Federal probation and parole work during which time I received many interesting publications from Federal and State institutions, among them being The Uplift.

I always read your magazine with a great deal of interest but I have not seen a copy for several months, in fact, I believe it has been nearly three years.

I should like very much to be placed back on your mailing list. If there is any subscription charge, please let me know in advance.

With sincere thanks and best wishes, I am

Yours very truly,

Charles B. Vaughan,
Assistant Director

* * * * * * * *

MAY THIRTIETH

May 30 will be Memorial Day. Flowers will be placed on the graves of those who have fought America's wars and gave their all for their country. Flowery words will be spoken and some of them will be well meant words. Stories of heroism will be told and the heroes honored. Poppies will be worn. Poppies made by men who were once strong enough to charge ramparts and to scale walls, but now barely strong enough to make poppies. War has maimed them and sentenced strong men to work for the remainder of their lives making artificial flowers. We cannot do enough for the memory of our dead or for the comfort of our disabled living. We must not confuse them with the selfish who, because the draft caught them for a few days or weeks, think the world owes them a half interest in everything. The thirtieth of May is a day of memory. We should remember the horror and the utter futility of war. We ought to remember that there is no victor nation but that every nation that goes to war meets defeat. We ought to remember that the people of the world at this hour are tottering un-

der the load of armies and munitions. We ought to remember that they that take to the sword have always died by the sword and that the law is still in force. We ought to remember that the world is one great arsenal and that a match could explode it. May thirtieth is not a day for sword rattling but for an earnest seeking for divine guidance.

FOR THIS MEMORIAL DAY

More powerful and more fitting the occasion than a thousand editorials for Memorial day is this poem written by Helen Welshimer, "Pray God I See No Parade!" We know that every mother who reads it and every boy who shouldered a gun to fight for country and the flag will join the prayer and the spirit of it:

Always, forever I believe in peace,
And pray for a world where war will cease,
But whenever a parade goes swinging by,
With flags suspended against the sky,
And music that gallops so wildly sweet
As it patterns a path for soldiers' feet,
I'm off to the war and I catch my breath
At the glory of men who march to death.

Oh God, if a parade does this to me
Who seek war's end on the land and sea,
What does it do to the tall lads who
Never have seen a war come true?
Never have watched the train loads come,
With a lowered flag and a sobbing drum,
And a quietude that is draped in black,
As the marching soldiers are carried back!

Youth doesn't know, dear God, of all,
When it hears the drums and the bugle call,
That the high, bright dream of a glory field
Is an old mirage that no war can yield.
Oh, I love my land when it celebrates
With flags and drums on its victory dates,
But I'm frightened of war, so, God, I pray
That I will see no parade this Memorial Day!

"LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

By Elmo Scott Watson

On March 20, 1775, a group of Virginians gathered in old St. John's church in Richmond. They were delegates to a convention which in the future would be known as the "second revolutionary convention of Virginia," and they were assembled there in spite of the objections of Lord Dunmore, royal governor of the colony, to consider ways and means of safeguarding their liberties as British subjects. On March 23, Patrick Henry, a young lawyer from Hanover county, offered a resolution endind thus:

"Resolved, therefore, That this colony be immediately put into a posture of defense and that a committee prepare a plan for the embodying, arming, and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose."

Henry then moved its immediate adoption. "This," says St. George Tucker, an eye-witness of the scene that historic day, "produced an animated debate, in which Colonel Richard Bland, Mr. Nicholas, the treasurer, and I think Colonel Harrison, of Berkeley, and Mr. Pendleton, were opposed to the resolution, as conceiving it to be premature." In opposing the resolution as "premature," these men, patriots though they were and devoted to the cause of liberty, were giving a convenient excuse for their opposition but one which probably was not the real reason. These men were conservatives and some of them, at least, considered Patrick Henry a "dangerous radical."

Ten years before, he had been elected to the house of Burgesses at Williamsburg and had gathered about him a group of younger men and men from the discontented frontier counties of the colony. In May, 1765, he had presented a series of resolutions condemning the Stamp tax which England had imposed upon her American colonies and these resolutions had resulted in a hot debate in which Henry had been opposed by Bland, Pendleton, Randolph, Wythe and other conservatives from the tidewater aristocracy.

It was during this debate that Henry had ended his speech with the words "Tarquin and Caesar each had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third—" Here he paused and as the speaker and other members of the assembly cried out angrily: "Treason! Treason!" he had gone on—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!" Brave words, those—as were the words which he was about to utter in reply to the statement of the conservatives that his resolution of March 23, 1775, was "premature."

As a matter of fact, his resolution, rather than being premature, was tardy, when compared to action taken weeks and even months before this time by other colonies and even by some of the counties in Virginia which had already armed and begun drilling their men. But because this "dangerous radical" proposed it, these conservatives opposed it. The other factor involved, however, was this:

the colonists had talked of the possibility of war with England but so far no public body in America had spoken of its inevitability and, in calling upon the convention to adopt his resolution, he was asking it virtually to declare war.

No wonder, then, that these conservatives should oppose it. They were prudent politicians; they did not see the necessity of taking such decisive action and for that we cannot blame them. After listening to the "animated debate" on his resolution, Henry arose and began:

"Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and provide for it.

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has lately been received? Trust it not, sir. It will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

"Ask yourself how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these warlike preparations which covers our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

"Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have

been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!"

It is easy to imagine the intensity of that moment in the little white-painted Richmond church as Patrick Henry's fellow-Virginians listened to him utter the words which they knew in their hearts were true but which, so far, they had been unable to bring themselves to use—"We must fight! I repeat it, sir—we must fight!" Up to this time, according to the eye-witness already quoted, Henry had spoken with great calmness and restraint. But now, as he drew near the conclusion of his speech, his passionate earnestness mounted to this stirring climax:

"They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our back and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of these means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come.

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, 'Peace, peace,' but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Such was the speech which, according to one of Henry's biographers (Moses Coit Tyler in the "Amer-

ican Statesmen" series, published by the Houghton Mifflin company), "has been committed to memory and declaimed by several generations of American schoolboys, and is now perhaps familiarly known to a larger number of the American people than any other considerable bit of secular prose in our language. The old church at Richmond, in which he made this marvelous speech, is in our time visited every year, as a patriotic shrine, by thousands of pilgrims, who seek curiously the very spot upon the floor where the orator is believed to have stood when the tradition of that one speech which today keeps alive, in millions of homes, the name of Patrick Henry, and which lifts him, in the popular faith, almost to the rank of some mythical hero of romance."

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CHAOS

Beneath the arching sky they sleep alone,
  Each cross-marked grave a silent witness stands.
Good soldiers all just two short decades gone
  They held a nation's safety in their hands.

Today the light from Freedom's torch burns low;
  Today we fear again war's useless pain.
We face the awful truth too late. We know
  The "war to end all war" was fought in vain.

The reverential garlands that you bring
  To lay upon those soldier graves today;
The homage that you pay, the dirge you sing,
  Are empty things, when savage greed holds sway.

So war will always threaten every land,
  And men will rise again to wound and slay.
Until, at last, before the Truth we stand
  And turn again to God, and think, and pray.

—Selected.

TEN YEARS OF BEST-SELLERS

By Esther Pomeranz

Ten years can be but a moment, as they are, for example, in geology, or an age, as in ladies' millinery. In terms of books, a ten-year period, especially when viewed in retrospect, offers merely a covenient span for reconsideration and re-examination. No time is so precisely suited to the pleasure of looking backward as is the end of a decade.

The one just concluded was ushered in by a depression and is being escorted out by a war, but you'd hardly guess it from looking at the best sellers of each year from 1930 through 1939. In 1930 a vivid pioneer narrative by a popular story-teller was at the top of the list—Enda Ferber's "Cimmarron," with the scene laid in the early days of Oklahoma. "Exile," by Warwick Deeping, who always packed a strong sentimental punch, was second; and third came "Woman of Andros" by Thornton Wilder. This one went all the way back to the Golden Age of Greece for its setting. In nonfiction, "The Story of San Michele" was first.

The next year, "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck was the leader in fiction. Definitely superior in quality over those of the year before, it had a sort of simplicity and universality that brought home to Western readers the problems of its Chinese hero. Willa Cather, one of the most competent of contemporary American writers, was second on the list of best sellers of 1931 with "Shadows on the Rock." The third leader in fiction was "A White Bird Flying" by Bess Streeter Aldrich. The fact that this is always included on reading lists for adolescent girls defines the class of fiction into which it falls. This, however, is said in no spirit of derision. The biography of a very White Russian headed the non-fiction, Grand Duchess Marie and "The Education of a Princess."

In 1932 "The Good Earth" was still at the head of the parade. "The Fountain," by Charles Morgan, followed in popularity. Instead of going off to distant lands or olden times, this book illustrated a new road to escape, withdrawal into the realm of philosophic contemplation. The third in the group of best sellers, "Sons," also by Pearl Buck, was the sequel of the first, which was also the Pulitzer prize novel of the year. "The Good Earth," was the first top seller of the decade to win the distinction. In 1930 the award had gone to Oliver La Farge for "Laughing Boy," a novel of modern Indian life; and in 1931 to Margret Ayer Barnes for "Years of Grace," a pleasant story of an admirable woman.

A trend toward interest in American history, a trend which has persisted steadily, first appeared in 1932, when "The Epic of America," by James Truslow Adams, out-sold any other non-fiction title. This was a serious and scholarly study of American progress in democracy, and it was intended for thoughtful but not necessarily erudite readers.

1933 was the year of "Anthony Adverse." Romance, adventure, faraway places, and the mysterious symbol of the eternal mother—Hervey Allen missed no tricks here; and if he had to use a great many pages to

pack them all in, no one seemed to mind particularly. "As the Earth Turns," by Gladys Hasty Carroll and "Ann Vickers," by Sinclair Lewis, both in different ways decidedly American in setting and subject, ran the many-leaved leviathan a poor second and third. By this time the depression had finally made its mark on the choice of reading matter made by the public. "Life Begins at Forty," was Walter B. Pitkin's contribution to the elevation of the general morale.

"Anthony" continued to ride the top of the wave in 1934. The Civil War, again striking the note of interest in American history, appears in both the second and third of the fiction leaders. In "Lamb in His Bosom," by Caroline Miller, it is only part of the background; but in "So Red the Rose," Stark Young uses it as the prime factor of his novel. That particular war also seems to have had a magnetic influence in attracting Pultizer prizes. The 1934 award was given to this same second-best seller, "Lamb in His Bosom"; and the one for 1933 went to T. S. Stribing for "The Store," which deals with the war's aftermath. And without the Civil War there could have been no "Gone With the Wind," which was to be the 1937 winner. Essays by a literary critic comprised the outstanding seller of the year in non-fiction as Alexander Woolcott and "While Rome Burns," achieved popularity.

The next year's best selling trio progress from one to three in weight, light, medium and heavy. Lloyd Douglas, the preacher who always delivered a good story and a better sermon, came out with "Green Light." Ellen Glasgow used the term, "Vein of Iron," symbolically in her story of that title. "Of Time and the River," a powerful and moving autobiographical novel, indicated Thomas Wolfe as the new hope of American literature. Rather surprisingly the best seller in non-fiction was "North to the Orient," by Anne Morrow Lindberg, who in this description of a flight with her husband proved herself more than the wife of a famous man, a capable and poetic writer. This year, 1935, was the first to produce a depression novel of merit. "Now in November," by Josephine Johnson, which described ten years of farm life climaxed by drought and disaster, was recognized by the award of the Pultizer prize.

Then came "Gone With the Wind." "Also ran's" in 1936 were "The Last Puritan," the first novel of an eminent elderly philosopher, George Santayana; and "Sparkenbroken," in which Charles Morgan and the ideas of love and death all tangle most confusingly. A scholar and scientist produced the best seller in non-fiction that year. Alex Carroll in "Man the Unknown," advocated the development of a new study, the science of man.

It was still "Gone With the Wind" in 1937 that occupied top spot. Just under it, however, was another novel with an American historical basis, "Northwest Passage," by Kenneth Roberts. For the first time in the decade there was a British story of the select trio of favorites. The problems of the medical profession, soon to appear so frequently in biographies, were discussed by A. J. Cronin in "The Citadel." A nation apparently ridden by an inferiority complex pounced gratefully on the task of learning "How to Win Friends and Influence People," according to the

rules of Dale Carnegie.

Only last year everybody was reading "The Yearling," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. A new setting, backwoods Florida, a new dialect, and a new idea in adult story-telling, namely, no romance, all contribute to but do not account for the popularity of this book. Next came "The Citadel" again; and third was another British novel, "My Son! My Son!" by Howard Spring, who told a most unhappy tale of how unrewarding parenthood can be. Light reading lead the non-fiction. "With Malice Toward None," was Margaret Halsey's flippant comment on Great Britain; and Lin Yutang discussed with a certain degree of levity, "The Importance of Living."

This year is not yet over and the compilations are not yet issued, but guessing the fiction leaders is comparatively easy. After "Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck was issued, other books faded obscurely away; but before its publication there were "Rebecca," by Daphne DuMaurier, and "All This, and Heaven Too," by Rachel Field. In non-fiction competition is a little more even. "Days of Our Years," by Pierre van Paassen and "Reaching for the Stars," by Nora Waln, both dealing in a fashion with the foreign situations, were very well received. As for the Pulitzer prize, that is more difficult to foretell. Popularity is fairly measurable but merit according to the views of a committee is hard to determine. Two year's selections not mentioned above are the 1936 award to Davis' "Honey in the Horn," about the open spaces of Oregon in the early 1900's, and the one for 1938 to John P. Marquand's spirited satire on Boston life, "The Late George Apley."

To inventory the leading choices of the book-purchasing public is an easy task and an interesting one, but whether it is very meaningful is doubtbul. The variety of books listed is too great and the period is too near for the observer to be able to discern very certainly any direction or any clear indication of taste trends. Generalizations are rather unsafe at best, but particularly so when made by an inexperienced observer at too early a date, on too wide a field. Yet to give this article any point at all they should be attempted.

One fact seems fairly obvious. The fiction that has attained a wide reading audience has plot, that is, story value with problem, action, development, and suspense before the solution. If the narrative is absorbing enough, neither setting nor length seems to make any great difference. Apparently the quality of the story itself, rather than the subject with which it deals, is the main attraction to readers. Although it cannot be evident from an examination of so short a period, one observer comments that since the early part of the century and still continuing through the thirties there was an apparent growth in intellectual maturity of readers as shown by the improved quality of popular titles. Another indication of that same point is the increase in popularity of non-fiction so that it more nearly approaches that of fiction.

Perhaps the greatest gain offered by an attempt at retrospection is the opportunity to compare the past with the present. In geology we marvel that what are now mountainous rocks may have been fertile plains. In

millinery we laugh that what is now an inverted felt pot could once have been the height of fashion. In considering books we ask ourselves if what was not so long ago the topic of everybody's conversation is not now really very silly; and will the subjects of our present furious discussions mean any more next year?

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MEMORIAL DAY REVERIE

Next week, the people of the United States, in accordance with their annual custom, will observe Memorial Day to commemorate the services of the soldiers and sailors of this nation.

The heroic dead will be extolled in many orations. Living patriots will fervidly proclaim their love of this country. The graves of the departed will be decorated with flowers. Thus will most Americans observe a day generally set apart in memory of those who lost their lives for this country.

It would be more fitting, it seems to us, if the living would take advantage of this day to reaffirm their faith in the institution of liberty. We would not do away with the speeches or the attention paid to the graves of the departed, but, just the same, it would probably be a more fitting memorial for us to dedicate our lives to the cause of freedom.

In many sections of the world today, the cause of liberty and the institutions of free peoples are under severe attack. Throughout the world the strain is felt. Free people are being compelled to abandon their liberty in order to be prepared to defend themselves against aggressive neighbors. Regardless of their love of and desire for the fruits of liberty, they give them up in the face of stern military necessity.

In the United States millions of Americans take for granted the liberty and freedom which is theirs. They forget that it is a heritage bathed in the blood of patriots. They glide idly through life without realizing that liberty and freedom are blessings which must be bought by sacrifice and maintained by the vigilance of intelligent citizens.

Independence, freedom and liberty are the shibboleths which led the first armies of this Republic. In recent years, the ideal of peace has encouraged American soldiers. Consequently, it might be well for those of us who live today to revere the memory of dead soldiers and sailors by living in peace, as they died in war, for the advancement throughout the world of independence, freedom, liberty and peace.—Selected.

TWO GREAT MEN WHO GAVE GLORY TO EARLY SENATE

(Beasley's Weekly)

Two men of trancendent ability who were dorn in North Carolina played important roles in the United States Congress in the trying years of early presidential administrations. They were Nathaniel Macon, member of the House and Senate of many terms, and Thomas Hart Benton, a senator from Missouri for 30 consecutive years, the first to have had that record.

Mr. Benton left the State under a cloud but rose to great eminence despite that handicap. He is considered one of the great men of his time.

In his book, "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," Mr. Benton gives a very accurate picture of Mr. Macon and an account of his brilliant career.

One of the remarkable acts of Mr. Benton's service was his three year fight to have a resolution of censure on President Jackson expunged from the Senate Journal, for which his life was threatened and endangered. His estimate of Mr. Macon should be of unusual interest to every intelligent person in the state.

Mr. Macon was born near Warrenton, December 17, 1757, studied at Princeton college, served in the Revolution, the State Senate, the House of Representatives, the United States Senate and received substantial support for the vice presidency, but refused the nomination. From 1801 to 1807 he was Speaker of the House, and later, President Pro Tempore of the Senate. He died June 29, 1837, and was buried in the private grounds of his home at Bucks creek, Warren county.

Mr. Benton was born March 14, 1782, and died April 10, 1858. Of Macon he said:

"Philosophic in his temperament and wise in his conduct, governed in all of his actions by reason and judgment and deeply imbued with Bible images, this virtuous and patriotic man (whom Mr. Jefferson called 'the last of the Romans') had fixed the term of his political existence at the age which the Psalmist assigns for the limit of manly life: 'The days of our year are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strenght, labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away.'

"He touched that age in 1828: and true to all his purposes, he was true to his resolve in this, and executed it with quietude and indifference of an ordinary transaction.

"He was in the middle of a third senatorial term, and in full possession of all his faculties of mind and body; but his time for retirement had come —the time fixed by himself; but fixed upon convictions and for well considered reasons, and inexorable to him as if fixed by fate.

"To the friends who urged him to remained to the end of his term, and who insisted that his mind was as good as ever, he would answer that it was good enough yet to let him know that he ought to qult office before his mind quit him, and that he did not mean to risk the fate of the

Archbishop of Grenada.

"He resigned his senatorial honors as he had worn them—meekly, unostentatiously, in a letter of thanks to the General Assembly of his State—and gave to repose at home that interval of thought and quietude which every wise man would wish to place between the turmoil of life and the stillness of eternity. He had nine years of this tranquil enjoyment and died without pain or suffering—characteristic in death as in life.

"It was eight o'clock in the morning when he felt that the supreme hour had come, had himself full dressed with his habitual neatness, walked in the room and lay upon the bed, by turns conversing kindly with those who were about him, and showing by his conduct that he was ready and waiting, but hurrying nothing. It was the death of Socrates, all but the hemlock, and in that full faith of which the Grecian sage had only a glimmering. He directed his own grave on the point of a sterile ridge (where nobody could wish to plow) and covered with a pile of rough flint stone (which nobody would wish to build with), deeming this sterility and the uselessness of the rock the best security for that undisturbed repose of the bones which is still desirable to those who are indifferent to monuments."

Mr. Benton did not spare his praise for Mr Macon. He lauded his "firmness, his patriotism, his self denial, his devotion to duty and disregard of office and emolument; his modesty, his integrity, self-control, and subjection of conduct to the convictions of reason and the dictates of virtue, all so steadily exemplified in a long life" and "shown from the early age of 18." At that age he was at Princeton. He quit his books, when Ameirca declared her independence, joined a small volunteer corps on the Delaware. Later he returned to North Carolina and enlisted with a militia company, as a private. He was at the fall of Fort Multrie, the surrender of Charleston, and the defeat at Camden. While in retreat across the upper part of North Carolina, with Cornwallis in pursuit, he received a summons from the Governor of his State, requiring him to attend a meeting of the legislature to which he had been elected, without his knowledge. He refused to go, but General Greene, hearing of his refusal sent for him, and asked for the reason of the unexpected conduct—preference for a suffering camp over comfortable seat in the General Assembly.

Mr. Benton reported: "Mr. Macon answered him, in his quaint and sentenious way, that he had seen the faces of the British many times, but had never seen their backs, and meant to stay in the army till he did."

General Greene argued with him, and convinced him that he could be of greater service as a legislator by getting supplies for his army.

"Mr. Macon obeyed the Governor's summons," Mr. Benton said. "And by his representations contributed to obtain the supplies which enabled Greene to turn back and face Cornwallis—fight and cripple him, drive him further back than he had advanced (for Wilmington is South of Camden), disable him from remaining in the South (of which, up to the battle of Guilford he belived himself to be master); and sending him to Yorktown, where he was captured, and the war ended."

"The philosophy of history has not yet laid hold of the battle of Guilford,

its consequences and efforts," Mr. Benton added. That battle made the capture of Yorktown. The events are told in every history; their connection and dependence in none. It broke up the plan of Cornwallis in the South, and changed the plan of Washington in the North. Cornwallis was to subdue the Southern States, and was doing it until Greene turned upon him at Guilford."

Mr. Benton's comment on the Guilford battle shows that he was a great man, and had forgotten what he considered ill treatment at the hands of his own people at the University of North Carolina from which he was driven. Evidently Mr. Benton liked his native state, and was proud of its record. He was a great admirer of Macon, who, for four decades, was continued in civil life by free elections.

"The battle of Guilford put that capture (of Yorktown) into Washington's hands," said he "and thus Guilford and Yorktown became connected; the lesser event was father to the greater."

Mr. Benton recalled that Mr. Macon served in the House of Congress under Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, in the Senate under Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams.

"Twice refusing to be Postmatser General under Jefferson," he asserted, "never taking an office but that to which he was elected. But a characteristic trait remains to be told of his military life—one that has neither precedent nor imitation (the example of Washington being out of line of comparison); he refused to receive pay, or to accept promotion, and served three years as a private through mere devotion to his country. And all the long length of his life was conformable to this patriotic and disinteresting beginning and thus the patriotic principles of the future senator were all revealed in early life, and in the obscurirty of an unknown situation. He refused to take any thing under the modern acts of Congress for the benefit of the surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution, and voted against them all.

"His political principles were deep-rooted, innate, subject to no change and to no machinery of party. He was democratic in the broad sense of the word, as signifying a capacity in the people for sef-lgovernment and in its party sense, as in favor of a plain and economical administration of the federal government, and against latitudinarian constructions of the constitution.

"He was opposed to nepotism and to all quartering of his connection, on the government; and in the course of his forty-years' service, with the absolute friendship of many administrations and the perfect respect of all, he never had office or contract for any of his blood."

"Mr. Macon wore boots with pants stuffed in them. Mr. Benton says: "He always wore the same dress—that is to say, a suit of the same material, cut, color, superfine navy blue—the whole suit from the same peice, and in the fashion in the time of the Revolution; and always replaced by a new one before it showed age. He was neat in his person, always wore fine linen, a fine cambric stock, a fine fur hat with a brim to it, fair top-boots—the boot outside of the pantaloons, on the principle the leather was stronger than cloth."

Mr. Benton, in conclusion, wrote: "I have a pleasure in recalling the recollections of this wise, just and good man, and in writing them down, not

without profit, I hope, to rising generations and at least as extending the knowledge of the kind of men to whom we are indebted for our independence, and for the form of government which they established for us. Mr. Macon was the real Cincinnatus of America, the pride and ornament of my native State, my hereditary friend through four generations, my mentor in the first seven years of my senatorial life and a feeling of gratitude and of filial affection mingles itself with this discharge of historical duty to his memory."

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DO THIS IN THEIR MEMORY

More than twenty years have passed since "peace on the western front" became a reality. Many a poppy has bloomed and faded on Flanders' field in the two decades that have passed. Many more little white crosses have been raised above long green mounds since the order "cease firing" ran down the lines, and the poppies bloom redder between the rows.

The poppies of Flanders' field—they speak for the dead, they tell us of heroic deeds of daring, of suffering and sacrifice. But those who sleep on that famed field are beyond war's alarms, insensate to pain and suffering. They sleep well. But how about their buddies, the boys who came back shell-shocked, maimed in limb, bodies racked with disease, blind, insane?

From the field of death comes the symbol of sacrifice like a torch from the hands of our dead. "To you from failing hands we throw the torch, be yours to hold it high." That is the mesage that comes to us today. We cannot fulfill our trust or keep the faith or hold high the beacon light if we forget those who fought and bled and still live—alive yet dead.

". . . If ye break faith with us who die, we shall not sleep though poppies blow in Flanders' Field. . . For them we wear a poppy symbolic of the blood of the dead that those whom death spared for a sadder fate may know that so long as memory lives they and those who sleep shall not be forgotten.

—Sabbath News.

HONORING A GREAT NEGRO

(The Sanatorium Sun)

It is peculiarly fitting that included in the "Famous American Series" of stamps issued by the United States Post Office Department is one honoring Booker T. Washington, justly considered the most eminent member of the Negro race. Thus honor is paid to a pioneer in two fields which have resulted in the betterment of the Negro race—education and health.

The first-day sale of the new stamp was held at the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, the famous college for Negro students, which Dr. Washington founded. The sale of the stamp marked the climax of the annual observance of National Negro Health Week, which he also instituted and promoted. National Negro Health Week is now observed every year during the week in which April 5, Dr. Washington's birthday occurs.

"This important annual event," said Dr. Huntington Williams, Health Commissioner of the City of Baltimore, "was established in 1915 by Booker T. Washington while he was principal at Tuskegee Institute It grew out of a program for better sanitation among Negroes, which had been conducted jointly over a period of years by the Negro Organization Society at Richmond and the Virginia State Health Department. Dr. Washington had studied the effects of this annual clean-up work, and in 1915 issued his special bulletin and call for the organization of National Health Improvement Week for Negroes. Out of his call that year has grown our Negro Health Week of today."

Those familiar with the history of the great educator will recall that Booker T. Washington was born to a slave mother in 1859 in Franklin County, Virginia. After the war he went to West Virginia, where he found work in a salt furnace and coal mine. Here he attended a night school and determined to futher his education at the famous Hampton Institute for Negroes in Virginia. He spent several years at Hampton, working his way through under extreme difficulties.

In 1881, with a State grant of but $2,000 a year, he began his work of establishing a college for Negroes on a piece of wild land in Alabama. Not an ancestor of the students who came to his college could read or write, he had practically no models with which to work—these facts, combined with financial limitations and the problem of building a college from the ground up, make Tuskegee Institute one of the most remarkable educational achievements on record.

Dr. Washington died in 1915, not long after issuing his proclamation establishing Nation Negro Health Week. Those who would get an inspiration from his life should read his autobiography, "Up From Slavery."

A person can't rest on his laurels without getting them mashed.

THIS PLANT CARRIES AN UMBRELLA

By Lois Snelling

The May apple has perhaps more names than any other species of plants. In the first place, its scientific name is **Podophyllum peltatum,** which is a very large name for a small plant. Among its common names are: hog apple, devil's apple, Indian apple, wild lemon, ground lemon, American mandrake, wild mandrake, raccoon berry, duck's foot, and umbrella plant.

This perennial of many names belongs to the barberry family, and is common in many parts of North America. April finds the green umbrellas pushing themselves up through the moist earth and unfolding in the sunlight. The plants grow in colonies, preferably in open spaces of woodlands. The thick carpet which they form makes a very pleasing picture. In the colony will be found two distinct types of stalks and leaf arrangements. One is a single stem, supporting its perfectly rounded parasol which measures about a foot in diameter. This part of the plant never blooms. The other stem has a fork, and each of the two branches bears its separate umbrella. These, however, are not symmetrical like that on the single stem, several of the lobes on the inner side being shortened. It is in the crotch formed by the two branches that the flower appears. Short-stemmed, waxy white, saucer-shaped, the single lovely blossom flourishes in security beneath the shielding leaves. It has a pungent odor, which to many people is distasteful, but surely no one could object to the fragrance of the ripened fruit which results from that blossom. It is from the friut that the plant derives its name of "lemon," for it is yellow in color and has the shape and approximate size of a lemon. This lemon, however, contains none of the sourness of its citrous namesake, but is exceedingly sweet. Because of the delight which hogs find in the fruit of the May apple, it has gained the name of hog apple. The apple carries none of the poison which exists in the leaves, stalks and roots of the plant. The roots are often used for medicinal purposes, and they are collected during the early fall. in September and October.

MEMORIAL DAY

A day when a great nation halts
Its mighty, throbbing pace,
It pays its meed of gratitude
And love with willing grace.

—Emma A. Lent.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By Anna Brownell Dunaway

Norma had a notion not to answer the bell. The idea of anybody ringing on a holiday when she had the house to herself and was deep in a best seller. On that sleepy Memorial Day in the quiet suburb, she could almost hear the roar of musketry and the beat of drums. It was told so vividly in her novel of the Civil War.

And now the doorbell! It was probably only a peddler. But then again, it might be the postman—no, of course not. It was a national holiday. That was why she was alone. The Magees, where she stayed, had driven out of the city.

"Make yourself at home," Mrs. Magee had said. "There's cold chicken in the icebox. And here's a key if you should care to go to the parade."

To the parade! Not if Norma was in her right mind. She respected the flag. She thanked God that she was an American. Never let it be said of her that she wasn't patriotic. But why all the outmoded parades and fanfare? Just as if anybody thought about it any more except, possibly, the G. A. R. and the Legion. Why revive the old ghosts year after year?

Another peal of the doorbell. Norma jumped up from the davenport, scattering a pile of cushions. After all, it might be a special from home. Running into the hall, she opened the door a few inches.

An old man with a white, flowing mustache, stood there. He was stooped and bent but withal so lively as he raised his hand in salute, that he reminded Norma of a cricket.

"Is this," he asked hesitatingly, "where my son lives? Erny is his name, Erny Dunham."

"I'm afraid you have the wrong place," Norma said. "A family named Magee lives here. The address is 5418 Woodlawn."

He clicked his heels together and smiled. "It's the place all right enough," he insisted. With a shaking hand he drew a worn card from his pocket. "See? It's the same number. I mind there was a white fence and a big porch. I been trying to find it for nigh about two hours." He suddenly staggered and leaned against the door for support.

Norma threw it open wide, and took his arm. "Come in and rest awhile anyway," she said kindly. "But I'm afraid you are still mistaken about the address. I'll see if I can find your son's name in the directory."

"I don't care if I do," he said gratefully, tiptoeing over the thick rug. Harriet, she would have made me clean my feet. That's my daughter-in-law. Means all right, but kinda bossy. Sometimes I get her mixed with Ella, my other son's wife. Only way I can tell is one's bossy and the other's childish." He gave an amused cackling chuckle.

Norma, placing a chair for him, smiled at the little gleeful sound. Calling his daughter-in-law childish—

"Harriet didn't know I left the house," he continued. "I got up right early and slipped off to watch for the parade. Jimmy, that's my grandson, offered to take me to the parade in an automobile, and Harriet, she said I couldn't march. But they couldn't make me ride. I'm the last marcher

in old Kenesaw Post 77." He chuckled again. "I've got a pair of legs that carried me away from Gettysburg and clean out of the war." He slumped in his chair, a fine glaze like a veil settling over his bright blue eyes.

Norma tried to recall him to the present. "Do you know your son's telephone number?" she asked.

"Eh? What's that?" He fumbled in his pocket and brought out the crumpled card. "Here 'tis. Harriet wrote it down once so's I could call if I happened to get lost."

Could he be right in his mind? There was something very queer about it. Norma had found a whole row of Dunhams in the directory, but when she called all the Ernest Dunhams there was no answer except an irate voice on the north side. The number on the card was impossible. It was the Magees' number. She handed the card back.

"I can't seem to get him," she said. "Your son, I mean."

"That's funny." He dropped the matter as completely as he disposed of the card in his pocket. "Yes, ma'am, I'm the last marcher. All gone but me of Post 77. First to enlist after Lincoln called for three year volunteers. Me, I was only fourteen. And here I be, ninety years old my last birthday."

Norma scarcely heard. Perhaps he had strayed from an institution. Maybe he had no folks. His son and the bossy Harriet might be just vagaries of his mind.

"There were eighteen of us quartered in the mountains near Knoxville, at the end of the three years," he went on, looking beyond Norma as if he visioned those stirring scenes. His eyes kindled into a blue flame. "The army mules ate the harness and wheels during that seige. All we had to eat for days was a few grains of corn each. It was so cold the ink froze in the bottle. It had to be held over the fire before the men could sign their re-enlistment papers. But every man of us, except the wounded, re-enlisted."

"Every man of us," repeated the old voice proudly. "I mind that Terry Johnson, one of the wounded, kept begging to enlist. He had lain on the battlefield three days before he was found and taken to our quarters." The blue flames gave place again to the fine veil. "Poor old Terry, sleeping in his grave these seventy years. Only eighteen of Kenesaw Post 77 come home from the war. And I'm the last one alive. Five brothers of us, and all the others killed." He shook his head sadly. "That took away the glory all right enough."

Norma no longer felt like cheering. At home in Nebraska, she had three sisters. She couldn't imagine a world without them in it. With all she had read about it, war had never come home to her—

"And I've got a grandson over there under one of those white crosses." The old soldiers's voice rumbled on. "Nope, there's no glory in it, no glory." He made as if to rise on unsteady legs. "I reckon I'd better be on my way. Don't like to bother you, miss. Harriet will be right uneasy." He looked around, his eyes bewildered. "Seems like I've been here before."

"Wait," said Norma. "Sit down. I've just thought of something. Maybe your son used to live here. The Magees haven't been here long. That card must be your old address. Can

you remember where they moved when they left?"

He shook his head, fumbling for the card in his pocket. "Harriet says I'm forgetful all right enough, and maybe I am."

Norma had an inspiration. She would call the police station and give them her guest's description. How dumb not to think of it before. And then she would take him herself to the ceremonies at Memorial Park. It was an exciting idea. She hadn't been so thrilled in months. Compared to it, the neglected book on the davenport seemed like ancient history.

She rushed to the telephone and dialed the number. This done, she saluted her guest. "Attention, Comrade Dunham," she said gaily. "I'm afraid the parade is about over, but we can still go to the ceremonies at Memorial Park, if you'll ride with me in a taxi. It's too far to walk for even the last marcher."

His blue eyes twinkled. "Maybe 'tis," he agreed gallantly. "Sure, I'll ride with you to the park."

In a few moments she was ready, a flag pinned to her white coat, and a blue straw with a red quill, perched on her ash blonde hair. She made such a pretty picture that the old veteran struggled to his feet and lifted his hand in an involuntary salute.

"Ready, comrade," he said.

"I'll phone for a taxi." She took down the receiver. It would probably cost her a week's salary, with Memorial Park across the city. But it was little enough to do for one who had put the stars—

The doorbell pealed sharply as she was dialing the number. Jumping up without completing her call, Norma hurried to the door. A young man stood there looking very warm and perturbed. He lifted his hat with a military gesture oddly reminiscent of her soldier guest.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "My name is Dunham. I just learned from the police station that grandfather was at this address."

"He is," Norma smiled. "I hope you haven't been too worried."

"Have we?" The young man gave a mock groan and mopped his brow. "He's had us practically nuts. Sherman's march had nothing on mine. We had his description broadcast over the radio, put in police calls and what have you. It was very kind of you to telephone the station. Otherwise, I'd still be walking around in circles. Funny I never thought of coming to the old address. You see we used to live here."

"So he insisted. But do come in." Norma opened the door wide. "I tried to find the name in the directory—"

"It will be in the new one," he explained. "Gramp no doubt forgot that we had moved. He's very forgetful. You see, he's past ninety—"

"Hello, Jimmy." Norma's guest appeared in the hall. His smile was deprecating, but his bright blue eyes twinkled. "I got lost, I reckon."

"Did you ever!" His grandson laughed infectiously. "Grandfather, I'd give a good deal for your military tactics."

Grandfather chuckled. "I was always pretty lucky," he admitted gallantly. "She and I are going to Memorial Park to the services."

"I was just calling a taxi," corroborated Norma.

"My car," protested young Mr. Dunham, "awaits without."

"She asked me first," said grandfather, with a soldierly lift of his shoulders.

"I appeal my case," laughed his grandson. He turned eagerly to Norma. "Won't you let me take you both? We'll drive by the house first and relieve mother's mind. I offered to drive gramp this morning, but he said nobody could make him ride."

"She used military tactics," chuckled grandfather.

Norma laughed. "Why," she hesitated, "why—"

"Come on, comrade," said grandfather, shrewdly offering her his arm.

They all sat in the front seat, Norma between her two chivalrous escorts. The parade had passed, but the streets were still lined with cheering throngs. Flags waved from windows and balconies, and bands were playing.

They ate lunch in Memorial Park at a bunting-draped pavilion. Afterwards they listened to the stirring speeches and the high school bands, and witnessed the decorating of the soldier graves .

Norma felt her eyes misting as she saw grandfather furtively wipe away a tear while a chorus of school children sang, "Tenting On the Old Camp Ground."

The plaintive strains still lingered on the air as they drove homeward.

"That's what they wanted all right enough," said the last marcher, saluting the green mounds with a shaking hand. He leaned back wearily, the fine haze settling again over his blue eyes. He was oblivious to the young people beside him.

"For the first time," said Norma, in a low voice, "I seem to get what Memorial Day really means. To think that only this morning I was content to read about the Spirit of '61."

"It takes these old boys to bring it home to us," agreed Jimmy huskily. "They put something imperishable into America, if you ask me."

Norma turned to look back at the mounds, decorated with flags and wreaths.

Under the willow, the Gray,' "

" 'Under the laurel, the Blue,

she quoted softly. "Do you know, I think that they would tell us something if they could."

"And what is that?"

"To keep out of war forever."

"You're telling me," said young Dunham.

Nor did the words seem at all flippant. To Norma they sounded like "Amen."

MEMORIAL DAY PRAYER

Lord of our fathers, hear our prayer
For those who paid the price;
Our stalwart youth, so brave and fair,
Who made the sacrifice.

—A. R. Bemis, Jr.

INSTITUTION NOTES

William Goins, of Cottage No. 13, who had a leg fractured some time ago, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday. The cast was removed from the injured member, and Bill is now walking about apparently as good as ever.

Although not plentiful as in former years, we have recently been enjoying strawberries at the various cottages. The late freeze and continued wet weather early in the spring greatly handicapped the growth of the berries, and this year's crop was the smallest in several years.

James Brewer, who is recuperating from a very long siege of illness, having spent some time in the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, and the North Carolina Othopedic Hospital, Gastonia, is now being cared for at our infirmary. While still unable to get around so very well, his condition is much improved. His father, who lives in Raleigh, visited him last Sunday.

Irvin Medlin, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who left the School last September, was a visitor here last Sunday afternoon. This lad, now seventeen years old, lives with his mother in Greensboro and is employed by the Postal Telegraph Company. Irvin reported that he liked his work very much, also that he had been getting along just fine since leaving us.

Jack Barlow, of Greensboro, age 22 years, who left the School in 1936, called on friends among the staff of workers Sunday. He is now working for the Curtain Fabric Corporation, Greensboro, is married and doing very well. He said that he considered his stay at the School had been a great help to him, and seemed very glad to have the opportunity to renew old acquaintances here.

Russell Siler and mother, of Greensboro, spent a few hours at the School last Sunday. This young man, now thirty-four years old, left the institution twenty years ago. He reported that he was married and had two children, also that he had been employed as a painter for quite some time, and was getting along very nicely. In talking with some of the officials here, Russell stated that at the time he left the institution there were but 125 boys here as compared with nearly 500 at the present time.

Earl Weeks, formerly of Cottage No. 3 and a member of the shoe shop force, who left the School, July 14, 1939, was a recent visitor here. Upon leaving the institution he returned to his home in Mount Olive, and shortly thereafter went to Norfolk, Va., where he secured employment in a warehouse of a motor transfer company, operated by his uncle. Returning to North Carolina last December, he became an enrollee in a CCC camp located near Peachland. Earl tells us that he has been promoted to position of troop leader, and is engaged in re-forestation work. He stated that he has been getting along very well at his present location and likes the work very much.

Norman Brogden, nineteen years of age, a former member of the Cottage No. 13 group, who was allowed to leave the School, August 31, 1938, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday. Returning to his home in Durham, Norman enrolled in a CCC camp, near Danbury, where he stayed six months. He then went back to Durham and for the next three months drove a truck for Page's Oil Company. Norman enlisted in the United States Navy, October 1, 1939, and, after spending the usual eight weeks at the naval training station, Norfolk, Va., he was assigned to duty on the U. S. S. "Quincy", a heavy cruiser. He was later transferred to the battleship "Wyoming," and then to the battleship "New York." While aboard these vessels he made trips to Cuba and Puerto Rico. Norman stated that at the end of his present leave of absence, June 1, 1940, he will be permanently assigned to the aircraft carrier, "Ranger," one of the largest vessels of its kind, and will leave for South America early in June. He seems to be quite well pleased with life in the navy. At the end of the South American cruise, Norman stated that he intended to take advantage of the opportunity of learning a trade while in Uncle Sam's service, and would take a course in electricity in one of the naval vocational schools.

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Romans 12:1-18, and the subject of his message to the boys was, "For What Cause Was I Born?"

The wrong answer to this question, said the speaker, can bring much grief. He then cited several life stories of men who had answered wrongly, chief among them being Judas, who betrayed the Master for just a few pieces of silver.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then gave the boys some things to remember. They are listed as follows: (1) No matter how humble the work you may be called upon to do—if it is honest and worthwhile, take pride in doing it to the best of your ability. (2) Seek to know the higher things of life, art, literature and music, but above all, study carefully the Scriptures at all times. (3) Youth can be a tremendous power for good, and it is only by learning the way to use our God-given talents in youth, that we shall ever become highest type of citizens when we grow into manhood. (4) Be faithful in bearing witness unto the truth. Honesty in all our undertakings will lead to success, no matter what particular trade or profession we choose to follow.

In conclusion Rev. Mr Kellermeyer told the boys that each of us must answer the question, "For what cause was I born?" and urged them ever to strive to get the right answer.

In a Cabarrus County League contest played at the local ball-yard last Saturday afternoon, the Training School boys defeated the Poplar Tent team by the Score of 17 to 16, the game being won in the last half of the tenth inning. The School lads pounded the combined offerings of four visiting pitchers for sixteen hits, and should have won in regulation time, but they handed their opponents a number of unearned runs by making no less than nine errors.

Dub Johnson started on the mound

for the local lads, but a combination of hits and errors (mostly the latter) caused his retirement in the second frame, when he was relieved by Jim Boger. In the third inning, Jim encontered the same thing that caused Dub's downfall, and Liske then assumed the hurling duties. Throughout the remainder of the game he held the Poplar Tent boys to one hit and one unearned run.

Manager Liner provided the big noise with the war club for the School lads. In six trips to the plate he hammered out five hits, including two circuit clouts, a triple, a double and single. Everidge, Johnson, Poole and Owens collected two hits each. For the visitors, H. Robinson, Ashby and Baucom headed the hitters, cracking out two hits each.

In the first half of the tenth frame, with the score tied at fifteen all, L. Robinson, Poplar Tent second-sacker, reached second base when Owens, local guardian of the hot corner, threw wildly to first, advancing him to second. He then put his team into the lead temporarily by scoring on Baucom's single. In their half of the same inning, the School lads quickly put two markers across. Jim Boger, first man up, was safe on an error. Liner, who seemed to have decided that the game had lasted long enough, looked over a couple of pitches and then propelled the hoss-hide to the far recesses of right center for his second home run of the game, Boger scoring ahead of him, thus tucking the old ball game safely in the bag. The score:

		R	H	E
Pop. Tent	5 1 8 1 0 0 0 0 0 1	16	9	1
J. T. S.	3 0 6 0 1 2 1 2 0 2	17	16	9

Two-base hits: Lee, L. Robinson, Everidge, Liner, Morrozoff. Three-base hits: Ashby, Lemmond, Liner, Johnson. Home runs: Liner 2. Losing pitcher: Ashby. Winning pitcher: Liske.

LITTLE GREEN TENTS

Little green tents where the soldiers sleep,
And the sunbeams play, and the women weep,
Are covered with flowers today;
And between the tents walk the weary few,
Who were young and stalwart in sixty-two
When they went to the war away.

The little green tent is a thing divine;
The little green tent is a country's shrine,
Where patriots kneel and pray,
And the brave men left, so old, so few,
Were young and stalwart in sixty-two,
When they went to the war away.

—Walt Mason.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending May 19, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Noah J. Greene 4
(2) James Hodges 21
(2) Leon Hollifield 22
Robert Maples 13
Frank May 19
Arna Wallace 18
W. H. Warren
(14) J. C. Wilson 18

COTTAGE No. 1

(3) Charles Browning 7
(5) William G. Bryant 18
Howard Cox 10
Eugene Edwards 7
(3) Porter Holder 15
Horace Journigan 7
(2) Clay Mize 11
H. C. Pope 7
(2) Arlie Scism 11
(5) Edward Warnock 17
Everett Watts 10
(5) William Whittington 19
(2) William C. Wilson 17

COTTAGE No. 2

Bennie Austin 10
James Blocker 10
Jack Cline 11
George Cooke 17
Julian T. Hooks 11
J. W. Jones 2
Robert Keith 10
Forrest McEntire 7
(2) Donald McFee 21
Richard Patton 7
(2) Nick Rochester 19
(2) William Shaw 6
(2) Landros Sims 19
Charles Smith 7
Raymond Sprinkle 7

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 16
John Bailey 9
Lewis H. Baker 9
Jewell Barker 10
Earl Barnes 18
Clyde Barnwell 17
Richard Baumgarner 18
Grover Beaver 10
James Boone 14
Kenneth Conklin 8
Jack Crotts 15
Roscoe Honeycutt 9
Harley Matthews 11
William Matthewson 17
Otis McCall 12
John C. Robertson 16
George Shaver 15
William Sims 18
William T. Smith 11
John Tolley 11
Jerome Wiggins 14
Louis Williams 16

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Wesley Beaver 11
Plummer Boyd 13
Paul Briggs 11
Paul Godwin 4
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 12
Hugh Kennedy 10
(2) Ivan Morrozoff 24
(2) J. W. McRorrie 14
(2) J. C. Nance 14
(2) Henry Raby 17
(2) Melvin Walters 23
John Whitaker 3
Thomas Yates 4

COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Theodore Bowles 22
(4) Junior Bordeaux 7
(2) Collett Cantor 21
(2) Harold Donaldson 5
(2) Ray Hamby 15
Charles Hayes 7
(2) James Massey 11
(3) Hubert Walker 14
Dewey Ware 14
Henry Ziegler 13

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Robert Dunning 16
(2) Columbus Hamilton 13
(2) Leo Hamilton 9
(2) Leonard Jacobs 10

(2) John Maples 4
Joseph Tucker 7
Carl Ward 6

COTTAGE No. 7

Cleasper Beasley 11
Carl Breece 19
(6) Paul Dockery 18
George Green 17
Richard Halker 8
(2) Roy Helms 2
J. B. Hensley
Elmer Maples 17
(2) Arnold McHone 19
Loy Stines 7
Alex Weathers 17
Joseph Wheeler 17

COTTAGE No. 8

(4) Cecil Ashley 17
(3) Reid Beheler 3
(6) Jack Hamilton 16
(2) John Tolbert 7

COTTAGE No. 9

(7) Mack Bell 20
(3) J. T. Branch 19
(3) Roy Butner 24
(3) Percy Capps 9
(2) James Davis 5
(2) Frank Glover 24
(5) John Hendrix 11
(3) Osper Howell 17
(3) Mark Jones 20
Daniel Kilpatrick 13
(15) Harold O'Dear 24
Thomas Sands 14
Lewis Sawyer 9
(11) Preston Wilbourne 22
(5) Horace Williams 16

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) Junius Brewer 22
Noah Ennis 14
(3) J. D. Hildreth 14
(2) Claude Weldy 7

COTTAGE No. 11

Harold Bryson 20
(13) John Benson 23
Ralph Fisher 2
(2) Robert Goldsmith 2
(8) Earl Hildreth 24
(9) Edward Murray 19
(3) Fred Owens 23
(2) Theodore Rector 18
(4) Canipe Shoe 14
Thomas Turner 14
(8) N. C. Webb 23

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Odell Almond 20
(2) Ernest Brewer 14
William Deaton 16
(2) Howard Devlin 19
(2) Max Eaker 14
(2) Woodrow Hager 14
(2) Hubert Holloway 7
(2) Richard Honeycutt 15
(2) Frank Johnston 15
(2) Clarence Mayton 16
(2) Howard Sanders 12
(3) Robah Sink 9

COTTAGE No. 13

Wilson Bailiff 4
(2) James Brewer 17
William Griffin 17
Vincent Hawes 19
(2) James Lane 16
(2) John Murdock 11
Jordan McIver 10
Marshall White 7

COTTAGE No. 14

(7) Raymond Andrews 21
Troy Gilland 5
(2) John Hamm 11
Marvin King 11
(7) John Kirkman 17
Feldman Lane 24
James Roberson 2
Charles Steepleton 16

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) J. P. Sutton 16

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 13
(2) George Duncan 16
(2) Philip Holmes 17
(2) Redmond Lawry 5
(2) Earl Oxendine 19
(3) Thomas Oxendine 22

The man who can keep his opinion of himself to himself, is the most modest of men.—Exchange.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 1, 1940 NO. 22

CO-OPERATION

"All have a share in the beauty,
All have a share in the plan,
What does it matter what duty
Falls to the lot of man?
Some one has blended the plaster,
Some one has carried the stone.
Neither the man nor the master
Ever has builded alone.
Building a room from the weather,
Or building a house for the king,
Only by working together,
Men have accomplished a thing."

—Author Unknown.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

We praise and magnify Thy Name,
  Oh Lord, our strength and stay;
Through all eternity the same,
  Our help and guide today.

When heathen rage and empires fall,
  Thy might and power still stand;
Thy Voice still sounds the pleading call,
  Thy Love holds forth her hands.

Could but the nations heed Thy Word,
  Bid strife and warfare cease,
No more would war's alarms be heard,
  But holy hymns of peace.

Lord, for that peace we humbly pray,
  Oh, cleanse our hearts from sin;
Peace cannot come with us to stay,
  When hearts are dark within.

Create in us clean hearts, oh Lord,
  Restore Thy joy again,
Till men and nations heed Thy Word
  And peace returns to reign.

—Carolena N. Stoner.

—o—

THE DAY OF DIPLOMAS

This season of the year brings to the the attention of the people the closing of the school year, and is the occasion for the presentation of diplomas, an evidence of efficiency in studies and preparedness for life work. Many young men and women, upon receiving

their certificates of distinction, have a woe-begone feeling, not knowing just the next step to take in life. It is a new era for these young people at the commencement season, especially so knowing they will no longer be classed as students of that particular institution. In many cases, but few comparatively speaking, will go to college for the purpose of taking special courses for some work of their choosing. Of the high school graduates it is estimated that just about eighty per cent, a few more or less, pass from the high schools out into the world, and have to place themselves by their own push, pluck and perseverance. Some make the grade and others flounder for a period of time. This is true because the college graduate has the advantage, even in spite of the fact the non-graduate has the ability and the will to do.

Accepting these conditions as true, the reason for better public schools, better equipment and a strong corps of teachers is imperative. With the lucid understanding that the masses—the graduates of the public schools—never reach college, is convincing argument that undue attention should be given to these institutions for the benefit of future citizenship. Moreover, these public schools touch every nook and corner of the universe, reaching every class of people, regardless of race or creed, with the hope of inspiring to higher ideals and better living conditions.

The life of any person is not long enough to complete any piece of work, therefore, the mantle of the forebears falls upon the shoulders of each succeeding generation. If the inherited duties of the young people are to be borne courageously, there must be no marking time in having the public schools measure up to the demands.

* * * * * * * *

DOCTORS ON POSTAGE STAMPS

"A new series of postage stamps which will memorialize famous Americans has been announced by the United States Post Office Department. Among thirty who are to be so honored are two physicians, Major Walter Reed of the United States Army Corps and Dr. Crawford W. Long of Georgia.

"No one can deny that these two men fully merit this tribute. Major Walter Reed with his associates Carrol, Lazear and Agra-

monte, in a series of experiments conducted in Cuba, discovered that yellow fever is transmitted by certain mosquitoes. The means of controlling a pestilence which had claimed thousands was thereby established and yellow fever disappeared from North America forever. It was never again to spread like a forest fire in a high wind anywhere in the Western Hemisphere.

"Dr. Crawford W. Long, a general practitioner in a little Southern town was the first to employ sulphuric ether as an anesthetic during a surgical operation. That this discovery was made quite independently by a group in Boston in no way detracts from the originality and humanity of Doctor Long.

"The choice of two members to represent a profession which has rejoiced in so many men of genius and good will was not an easy task. Medical men can rejoice, therefore, that these two—the man who conquered a dread disease and the one who alleviated pain—typify the best in medicine in service to mankind."

* * * * * * * *

ADULT EDUCATION

In the window of Porter Drug store last week was a display of work accomplished by members of classes in Cabarrus County of Adult Education Projects. These articles, including handicraft, specimens of class work and other worthwhile projects, were seen by many who passed that way, and the display received favorable comment. The exhibit told an interesting story to the effect that much interest has been awakened in minds, at one time in a lethargy, because the soul and heart of mankind had never been inspired to reach out for the things that make contentment and real joy. These results have been realized by teaching the adult illiterates to read and write, and in like manner to use the hands gainfully in handicraft, a delightful pastime for many in homes that never knew the art of transforming disorderly abodes into livable quarters.

The teachers of the many classes receive small compensation for their work, but there is great satisfaction when the glow of the eyes of the once dull-eyed students show they are pleased with their progress, and are determined to push forward. All of the students of the adult school are men and women of mature years,

but are humble in spirit, grateful for the interest taken in them, and they do not hesitate to so express themselves. Joy is written in their very faces as they realize they can read and write and do work in arithmetic up as far as simple fractions. Not a finer piece of work has ever been undertaken than to give these benighted people a chance. But for these schools for adult illiterates, and the patient, kindly-spirited teachers, this work would never have been accomplished. We feel that the personnel of these projects can easily be classed with inner-mission workers in the home field.

In Cabarrus County there are seven white and one colored teacher. It is interesting to know that from 1935 to 1940, 1,500 pupils have been taught to sign their names, and do other things that materially aid these dull-eyed American citizens to better carry on their business.

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COTTON WEEK

This is National Cotton Week, and, as the Progressive Farmer suggests, the South ought to adopt a slogan "Make Every Week National Cotton Week."

Remembering that our annual consumption in this country is from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 bales, a few examples will indicate how much it could be increased—and how very greatly cotton farmers alone could increase it.

Textile manufacturers say that—

Every 5,000 tons of fertilizer sold in 200-pound cotton bags uses 85 bales.

Every 5,000 tons of cottonseed meal or other feed in 100-pound cotton bags use 83 to 87 bales.

Every carload of sugar (40 tons) in 5-pound cotton bags uses 1.9 bales.

Every 75,000 bags of cement sacked in cotton bags uses 79 3-4 bales.

The National Cotton Council estimates that—

Cotton bags for feed, fertilizer, and other uses could increase consumption 700,000 bales annually.

If cotton for building construction proves sound, this industry offers a potential gain of 1,100,000 bales annually.

Wrapping cotton in cotton would increase consumption 200,000 bales annually.

More cotton dresses, suits and pants, underwear, and pajamas offer a potential market for a 700,000-bale increase annually.

Cotton rugs offer a potential market for 50,000 bales annually.

—Monroe Inqurier.

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THE SPIRITUAL LIFE IS THE CURE

If you have heart disease, diabetes, or a choice collection of allergies, Dr. Edward Weiss of Temple University, Philadelphia, thinks you ought to examine your emotions. Recently (April 5) he told the American College of Physicians, assembled in Cleveland, Ohio, that there are "a vast number of sick people who are not 'out of their minds,' and yet do not have any definite bodily disease to account for their illness." Declaring that one-third of the patients "consulting the internist" belonged to this group, Dr. Weiss continued, "These patients are suffering from disturbance in their emotional lives. . . . . Their ill health arises from long-standing dissatisfactions in the business, social or home life of the individual, and this failure of adjustment to environment is manifested by a disturbance in some part of the personality, either as bodily symptoms, or as affections of the spirit resulting in attacks of anxiety, obsessions, phobias, depression and other disturbances of mood." This is no new thing to pastors, who have ministered to this sort of thing for many years. They have learned that a good dose of real religion (no substitutes allowed), carefully prescribed and administered, and faithfully used by the patient, is generally an efficient remedy.

INDIAN AGRICULTURAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILIZATION

(The Indian School Journal)

Our present civilization has received important agricultural plants and methods from the Indian tribes. The Indian had learned the secret of domesticating wild plants, the value of seed selection, and the benefits of cultivating and fertilizing the soil before the white colonists came to America.

The first in importance among the food crops is corn, or maize. The white potatoes, originally grown by Indians in the Andes, has become one of our greatest food crops. Tobacco is one of the most important cash crops. Other plants first used by Indian tribes are agave, alligator pear, arrowroot, kidney and lima beans, chili pepper, cashew nut, cocoa, cotton, artichoke, pawpaw, peanut, pineapple, Indian fig, pumpkin, squash, star apple, sweet potato and tomato.

Approximately four-sevenths of all agricultural products in the United States, measured in form values, consists of plants domesticated by the Indians.

The first colonists in America were taught how to plant and till the soil. Governor Bradford, referring to Squanto, tells how he came to the relief of the Pilgrims, "showing them how to set the corn, and after, how to dress and tend it. Also he told them unless they got fish and set with it, it would come to nothing."

The native Indian system of planting corn and other plants in hills and heaping earth about the stalks during cultivation is still a fundamental process of farming, just as broadcast seeding is essential in growing grains of the old world.

The early Indians learned to make ropes and string of Indian hemp and the bark of leatherwood. They also realized the properties of rubber and used it in many ways.

Many vegetables, berries, and roots were used, but not cultivated because of being so plentiful. The American fruit industry is built in fruits not native to America but many such as, blackberrie, blueberrie, crab apple, cranberry, grape, plum, rasberry, strawberry, and many others, were native and very useful as early Indian food. Most of the larger fruits have come from foreign countries.

Some of the above mentioned foods were originated in South America, but all of them may be classed as typical native American.

The young man who thought the world owed him a living is the old man who is blaming the world for his failure.

STORY OF RAM ALBEMARLE IS RECALLED ON 76TH ANNIVERSARY

By John W. Darden

Seventy years ago last month the Confederate ship, the Ram Albemarle, saw its first active service in the Roanoke River at Plymouth.

The construction of this iron clad ship actually revolutionized naval warfare in the world. The ironcad system had been but recently invented by a man by the name of John L. Porter, of Norfolk, Va., and that system had been used in the construction of this ship.

When Roanoke Island was captured by the Federal troops, Col. W. F. Martin and Lieut. Gilbert Elliott were engaged in the building of a gunboat at Deep Creek, Virginia. They were ordered to destroy the boat, which had been nearly completed, and to make their escape with about 150 laborers, which had been working under their directions. They then applied to the Confederate Government for a contract to build another gunboat at Tarboro, on Tar River. They begun at once to build the ship, which being constructed under the direct supervision of J. W. Cook, of the Confederate Navy. Work on this boat had just begun when Peter Evans Smith recommended a more suitable place for the construction of such a ship in the south shore of Roanoke River at Edwards Ferry. An inspection of the site recommended by Mr. Smith was made by Martin and Elliott, who agreed with Mr. Smith and recommended the change to the Confederate headquarters at Richmond, Va. The Confederate Government accepted their recommendation and directed them to construct at once a floating battery instead of a gunboat, which was to be sheathed with iron. Martin and Elliott begun at once to build such a craft. Mr. Smith took the contract to furnish the timber for the boat and Martin and Elliott supervised the actual construction, which proceeded rapidly and the boat was launched in a few months. This boat proved to be so unseaworthy that the iron was never put on it and it was soon abandoned.

The Confederate Navy then contracted with Gilbert Elliott to construct a gunboat, to be named "Albemarle" at the same site where the other one had been built.

Elliot, in order to carry out his agreement with the Confederate Navy as soon as possible, associated with him Peter E. Smith, of Scotland Neck, whose father, William R. Smith, owned the site and land upon which the Albemarle was to be built. They later associated with them in the work the brother of Peter E. Smith, William H. Smith. The ship was constructed from plans prepared by John L. Porter, of Norfolk, Va.

Elliott, then only eighteen years of age but with the appearance of a man of thirty years of age and with an unusual mind and experience had charge of finances and general management. He left the actual building to his associate Peter Evans Smith, who had much experience and great engineering skill. W. H. Smith had charge of all supplies and outside work.

The contract as has been stated before, called for the construction of a gunboat but this plan was later changed and a ram was constructed instead. No ship was ever constructed under more adverse circumstances. The shipyard was in an open corn field and several miles from the nearest shop or machinery of any kind. It appeared impossible to obtain tools and machinery to work with. Iron and steel was scarce and the task seemed to them practically impossible. However, while timbers were being gathered at the site by Mr. Smith, Mr. Elliott was running here and there to gather together such material as was possible to find. He did collect quite a bit of old railroad iron, which was smelted and rolled into plate by Tredeger Iron Works, of Richmond.

The vessel was 158 feet in length, 35 feet 3 inches wide and drew 8 feet and 2 inches of water, drawing 9 feet when loaded. It was equipped with two horizontal non-condensing link motion engines geared to its propellers. The diameter of its cylinders was 18 inches with a 19 inch stroke with two boilers heated by one furnace. The boilers were 15 feet 4 inches long. The smoke stack was 4 feet and 7 inches in diameter. A section of this stack is now in the North Carolina hall of history, which shows many holes and scars of battle. It was constructed principally of pine timber caulked with cotton. Its ram was 18 feet long of oak and tapered to 4 inches at the end, which had strips of iron on each side two inches wide. The vessel, when launched, floated very low with only the deck and casement being above the water. The casement or deck house was 60 feet long and constructed of massive pine timber and covered with 4 inch pine boards or planking which was covered with two layers of steel plate or armor bolted to the pine timbers.

At this stage in the construction of the great vessel, the contractors were faced with a real problem. The plate steel, which was shipped from Richmond to Halifax, the nearest railroad station, was plain flat steel without holes. The problem of drilling the holes to fasten it to the ship was perplexing. It took a long time to drill holes through the plate with hand drills about twenty minutes to each piece. To spend this much time on each of the pieces of plate meant many months of work to prepare the many thousands of pieces of steel for use. It has been said that necessity is the mother of invention. Mr. Peter Smith, using his inventive mind, invented the twist drill, which enabled them to make the holes in four minutes. The ship was taken to Halifax where the armor plate was delivered by the railroad, and the plate was soon put in place on the vessel. The heavy guns were also put on the ship at Halifax. She was soon ready for action. Forges and blacksmith equipment were put aboard and the crew worked feverishly to finish the work as it drifted down the Roanoke River. The armament consisted of two 8 inch rifles mounted on pivot carriages, which enabled each gun to work through three portholes. These port holes were protected by heavy steel plate, which could be raised or lowered as needed, to protect the gunners on the inside. When the great vessel was ready for service, the Confederate Navy sent Captain James W. Cook to take command when it went

into action. Capt. Cook was a brave and gallant Christian gentleman and officer. The engagement of the vessel proved him to be a real hero.

The Albemarle was begun in the spring of 1863 and completed on April 18. 1864, seventy six years ago last Thursday. Because of high water in the river, the vessel was enabled to move steadily on down the river to Plymouth withstanding shell-fire from two forts above Plymouth and on April 19th she engaged the Southfield, which she rammed and sunk, and the Miami, two of the Federal gunboats which guarded the fortifications of the Federal troops at Plymouth. The Miami, being lashed to the Albemarle by its crew, fired a shell against the Albemarle. which rebounded and killed Capt. C. W. Flusser, the commander of the Federal Naval forces at Plymouth. and many others of his men. The death of Capt. Flusser, however, did not daunt the troops of his ship. They made an effort to board the Albemarle, which was repulsed by the brave crew of the vessel. The Miami a fast side wheeler, soon took flight and eluded the destruction by the Albemarle and her crew, going out of the river into the Albemarle Sounl. the river into the Albermarle Sound. The next day, April 20th, General R. F. Hoke, aided by General M. W. Ranson, with the Ram Albemarle to guard the water front, attacked the land fortifications and captured Plymouth. I might add that the battle of Plymouth was perhaps the hardest battle fought on North Carolina soil during the War between the States. In addition to sinking of the Southfield and driving the Miami out of the river, the Albemarle had captured several smaller craft.

On May 5th, Capt. Cook steamed out of the Roanoke River into the Albemarle Sound with the Albemarle and two tenders, the Bombshell and the Cotton Plant, both of which had been captured a few days before by the Albemarle, and engaged seven well armoured and well equipped gunboats armed with 55 guns. The Albemarle, as has been stated before. had only two 8 inch rifles, one of which was damaged in the early part of the battle in which it was then engaged. Capt. Cook and his gallant crew continued to use the damaged gun, however, as best they could until the battle was over. The vessels engaged in this battle, which occurred in the Albemarle Sound between Leonards Point and Sandy Point and is crossed by the new Albemarle Sound bridge, on the Confederate side were the Albemarle, Bombshell and Cotton Plant. The Federal ships were the Miami, Mattabesett, Sassacus, Whitehead, Wyalusing, Commodore Hull and the Ceres. The battle raged from 2 o'clock in the afternoon, May 5th, 1864, until nightfall, when the Albemarle returned to Plymouth, the Bombshell being recaptured by the Federal forces. I am unable to learn just what happened to the Cotton Plant.

The Federal forces surrounded the Albemarle and hurled their gun-fire at her without effect. The Commander of the Sassacus gives the following description of the battle: "The Sassacuss. which at close range, gave the Albemarle one broadside after another with solid nine inch shot without affecting her activities. The guns might as well have fired blank shells, for the shot skimmed off into the air. Even the 100 pound shot from our pivot rifles glanced off from the slop-

ing sides and roof without effect at all. The feeling of helplessness that comes from the failure of heavy guns to make any mark on an advancing foe can never be described." The Sassacuss then attempted to sink the Albemarle. She drew off a few yards and pointed her bow directly at the broadside of the Albemarle and the order, "Full steam ahead," was given by the commander. She struck the Albemarle at the rear end of the casement. The jar gave the vessel such an upset that the stern was driven several feet below the water. The crew thought at first that the vessel was sinking and the Commander gave the command to the men, "Stand by your guns, if we must go down let us go down like brave men." The vessel was soon righted and the brave fight continued. A well directed shot from the Albemarle pierced the Sassacuss and tore a hole through the boiler of the ship, which rendered the vessel helpless. The screams of the men, which was caused by the escaping steam and boiling water, could be heard above the noise of battle. One man aboard the Albemarle, who put his head out a porthole to see what was going on was killed by pistol shot from the Miami. This is the only death that the Confederates had during the battle. The Federals lost several.

It is said that the scarcity of fuel and the bad conlition of the stack caused the crew of the Albemarle to have to use bacon for fuel to enable them to make port at Plymouth after the battle.

From this battle, which occurred on May 5th, 1864, until October 27th, 1864, the ship lay at ancor at Plymouth. The Federals well knew that, with the Ram Albemarle in command of the water front at Plymouth, they would never be able to recapture the place. They made several attempts to torpedo the vessel, which was finally accomplished by Lieut. W. B. Cushing on the night of October 27, 1864, Capt. Warley being in command of the vessel at that time.

The boat was raised by the United States Government in 1867 and taken to Norfolk, Va., where it was sold on October 15, of that same year to J. N. Lenard and Company for the sum of $3,200.00.

Before she was finally dismantled the Commander of the navy yard the picture of her made and framed in wood taken from her and presented it to Mrs. James W. Cook, the widow of the great ship's commander, who was then living in Portsmouth. The smokestack and the flag are preserved to this day. The smokestack being in the hall of history, Raleigh, N. C., and the flag being in the North Carolina room of the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.

The Albemarle was a North Carolina boat built on North Carolina soil by North Carolina men of North Carolina pine and oak. She fought two battles in North Carolina and was finally covered by North Carolina waters.

I have before me a letter from Mr. Thomas P. Johnston, of Bristol, Tenn,. which I am quoting below:

October 18th, 1939

Judge John W. Darden,
Plymouth, N. C.

My dear Judge Darden:

I find in the papers of my late father, Mr. Thomas P. Johnston, of Salisbury, N. C., a letter from you written on September 12th, 1939. I doubt if my father made any answer to this inquiry. He

was quite old, in fact he died on October 12th, he had lived 94 years, one month and four days.

I suspect that my father was the last living representative of the crew of the Confederate Ram "Albemarle." He did not have any written records in regard to his service on the boat, but he had told me often of his experience. I should have written down these reminiscences, but a very busy life has prevented me engaging in so welcome pastime.

My father served in the early days of the Confederacy under Captain A. G. Brenizer as an ordinance messenger. He enlisted in Raleigh, N. C., on his eighteenth birthday, September 18th, 1863. He was assigned to the Ram "Albemarle" during the construction and, therefore, helped in building her until she was floated in the spring freshets of 1864. In the crew he was the paymaster's special, buying provisions and paying off members of the crew. He was in all battles of her brief career (about six months) and was aboard her when she was sunk in Plymouth harbor by Lieut. Cushing.

He was then assigned to the defense of Fort Fisher and was in the Fort during the bombardment on Christmas day 1864. When Fort Fisher fell, he was sent to join Lee's Army in Virginia. Soon after the war was over, he he returned to his home in Salisbury, N. C., where he lived the most of his life. He died just this past week.

When you have finished your story on the "Albemarle," I shall be very glad to have a copy.

Very sincerely yours,
THOMAS P. JOHNSTON.

Many stories are told about the great Ram Albemarle and her activities around Plymouth and in the Albemarle Sound during her brief existence. I shall relate one of them here. I do not vouch for the truthfulness of the story. I am relating it as it was told to me many years ago.

The Federal troops, which had occupied Plymouth for some months, as a precautionary measure, had placed large calibre guns at the intersection of Water and Monroe streets, as well as other streets that cross Water street. There was at the intersection of Monroe and Water streets one of the largest of the guns, which was trained on river traffic. They undoubtedly knew that the Albemarle was coming on down the river and was expected to arrive at Plymouth about dawn on the morning of April 19th. The gun crew was at their post and ready for action at a moment's notice. Just at the big ship was drifting into the range of the big gun and the crew was about to fire a young soldier, dressed in a Federal officer's uniform, appeared on the scene and exclaimed, "My God men, don't fire on that vessel, it is one of ours." This threw the crew into confusion and the vessel passed by without being fired upon. They soon learned that it was not one of their boats but the Confederate Ram Albemarle. They then made a careful search for the officer, who had misled them, but he could not be found.

If the above story is true, I would like very much to learn just who the brave young Confederate soldier was who did such a heroic act.

WHAT MODERN AGRICULTURE OFFERS AS A LIFE'S WORK

By Milton Harris

The American youth faces today a greater problem than has ever confronted any previous generation in modern times. He should realize that sooner or later he will be plunged into an entirely new world where relatively few people care what becomes of him. When a young man, upon leaving an educational institution, embarks on a career in the present period of adjustment, he faces responsibilities and difficulties scarcely equal in complexity by any other people. His future is no longer fixed or predetermined. Thirty years ago the world was a sage, firm and traditional place that seemed destined to continue in its complacency till the end of time. But that old world of strangely lulling security has passed away and left in its stead a nation of strictly limited opportunities. The great and foremost problem confronting the young man of today is that of choosing a vocation. The subject, therefore. "What Modern Agriculture Offers as a Life's Work" deserves deepest consideration. What inducements does farm life offer, strong enough to impel one to choose it as a lif's work?

Fortunate is this country where people own their own lands and with increasing understanding patiently and intelligently cultivate them. The farmer is no longer as Markham described him, a man who, "Bowed by the weighth of centuries, leans upon his hoe and gazes on this ground, the emptiness of ages in his face, on his back the burdens of the world."

Has the American farmer a future? Today as never before our leading executives are working to attain a financially sound and balanced agriculture. Never in the history of this country have various governmental, educational, and other agencies and organizations shown such a spirit of willingness to work together for the betterment of farming than has been demonstrated during the past five years. The Agricultural Adjustment Act, though declared unconstitutional, has increasingly been referred to as "The Farmers' Show." What can be done by an intelligent, progressive, and cooperative class of farmers is beginning to be realized. Farmers and farm leaders are developing a public consciousness which recognizes the trusim that fundimentally agriculture must be economically and socially secure in order to enjoy national security and progress.

As far as individual security, the lot of the farmer is one to be envied. He possesses the sacred rights for which mankind has constantly struggled—a home, livelihood and a safeguard against misfortunes which cannot be wholly eliminated in this man-made world of ours. In recent years the great majority of young people who live on the farms have been secure within the walls of understanding homes, there to develop normally, while hundreds of thousands of

city-raised boys and girls have left home and taken to the open road in an effort to make a living somehow, somewhere else. It is true the farmer's position, as producer of the world's most basic commodities, prevents him from accumulating vast sums of money. But the man of money is not really the wealthy man. Life's truest riches are not found in material possessions. Although the depression brought financial disaster upon many of our farmers, they know now that the real values of life are still sound and unshaken. There are intangible values found in farm life that neither depression nor a disparity in prices can alter. After all, the richest man is he who lives the most complete life.

Consider these ideals for a complete and successful life: first, that we be of service to our fellowmen; second, that we acquire the satisfaction of accomplishment and achievement; third, that, he have the power to enjoy existence, fourth, that we obtain the greatest of all blessings—those of peace and contentment.

No industry bespeaks greater opportunities for the living of complete and successful life than does agriculture. Found among the farmers are some of our most useful and most valuable citizens. Having a vital interest in everything which goes for the good of the nation, they are often relied upon to express the true American sentiments. The farms have always furnished their share of the leaders in industry, in science, and in national life. The farmer's service to mankind often is little appreciated by the average layman, but let us be conscious of the fact that the cultivators of the soil are the primary producers of many of the necessities of life. Without food and clothing the entire world would come to a standstill. Agriculture is the foundation to the arch of all industries, and farm life is the backbone of all life.

The opportunity for development on the farm is equally as great as that for service. The farmer has the chance to show, by intelligent thought, what can be done by intelligent planning and group thinking with his neighbors. His success depends entirely upon the degree of wisdom and integrity he applies to his work. Agriculture demands for its successful pursuit more initiative, resourcefulness, adaptability and diversified knowledge than any other line of work. It is both an art and profession for which an individual must devote years to study and experiment before he can master the diversity of technical skills. Even then there lies before him an ever widening horizon where each day brings its thrills and new discoveries. There is a satisfaction of accomplishment, a supreme joy of living, often experienced by the hard-working and industrious farmer that words cannot describe, and which only those with experience can realize.

The power to enjoy existence is health, the most valuable of all human possessions. Rural America offers greater possibilities for the development and maintenance of good health than any other vocation. Farm life is the natural life, and the natural life is the healthy life. Statistics show that in this country farmers and farm laborers have in general, low death rates and low insanity

rates as compared with workers in other occupations. The farm is the natural home of fresh and wholesome foods, of pure air, and sunlight, vital requisites of good health. The necessity of providing for daily existence challenges the farmer's best efforts, thereby, requiring an activity of body and mind found in no other profession. There is something about growing up close to nature that develops a sense of balance sometimes woefully lacking in the city-raised boy and girl.

Let us consider the greatest blessings known, those of peace and contentment which mean happiness. There is a feeling in all of us which attaches us to the soil. The desire of almost every man is sometime to own a piece of land upon which he can plant, grow, and harvest whatever he may choose. Here he is, among the things that grow, under the beneficent ministry of the heavens; here nature in all its glory redeems him from the tyranny of the commonplace. To watch the corn grow and blossoms set, to draw hardbreath over plowshare or spade, these are the things that make man happy. Every man, Dean Baily once said, should own a piece of land, if it is only a barren hillside upon which he can go and say quietly to himself, "This is my land." Now and then a wearied king or tormented slave finds out where the true kingdoms of the world are, and possesses himself in a furrow or two of garden ground. There is an infinite comfort in nature an exquisite joy of calm peaceful content, and the soul satisfying delight that at times makes life on earth akin to deity. One author in praise of farming has said, "It is a life fed by the bounty of earth and sweetened by the airs of heaven." There is more freedom of thought, freedom of action on the farm than anywhere else.

What, then, are ultimate advantages for youth found in the vocation of farming? To those fitted for this work country life has great promises. Farms, yes, millions of them, are offering a chance to establish security, to contribute an unmeasurable service to humanity, to acquire the satisfaction of accomplishment, to develop one's self physcally and mentally to the acme of perfection; providing a place where all may grow up as neighbors, friends, and loved ones to enjoy a fuller and richer life.

———o———

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that, when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.

DEATHS FROM MOTOR CARS

(News Letter)

There appears elsewhere in this issue of the News Letter a table which ranks the states according to the number of gallons of gasoline consumed by automobiles to produce one fatal accident. The table also shows the total number of registered motor cars in each state; the total number of fatal accidents; and number of motor cars registered per fatal accident, all for the year 1938. The table is compiled from data reported by the United States Department of Commerce and the Automobile Manufacturers Association.

The amount of gasoline consumed per fatal accidents is generally conceded to be the best single measure of safety on the highways. The number of registered motor cars per fatal accident is not a good measure due to the fact that certain states have a large number of visitors from other states. The motor cars naturally are not registered in the visited states, but gasoline is purchased in these states. Another good measure would be the number of miles travelled per fatal accident, but there is no way to determine the aggregate motor mileage and gasoline consumption amount to about the same thing.

Rhode Island seems to be the safest state in the Union for the motorists to drive in. This was so in 1938, and was also true in 1935, the only other date for which a study of this sort has been reported in the News Letter. For the year 1938 the motor cars of Rhode Island consumed 1,408,000 gallons of gasoline for each fatal accident. This gives Rhode Island a considerable margin over the second ranking state, Massachusetts, which had one fatal accident for each 971,000 gallons of gasoline consumed. Massachusetts was also relatively safe in 1935, ranking fourth from the top.

Alabama made the worst showing in 1938 with one fatal accident for every 356,000 gallons of gasoline consumed. Alabama was also near the bottom in 1935. As a matter of fact, the states ranked pretty much the same for the years 1935 and 1938. North Carolina has slightly improved her standing since 1935. At that time North Carolina occupied the bottom position with 33.1 fatal accidents per 10,000,000 gallons of gasoline consumed, or death for approximately every 300,000 gallons of gasoline. For the year 1938 North Carolina ranked 42nd with one fatal accident for every 436,000 gallons of gasoline consumed. It is still much more dangerous to drive a car in North Carolina than in any of the states except six. It is considerably more dangerous than the United States average of one fatal accident for every 605,000 gallons of gasoline consumed.

North Carolina is reported to have had 910 fatal accidents from motor vehicles in 1938. This was an improvement over the year 1937 when there were 1,045 fatal accidents and also an improvement over the year 1936 with 979 fatal accidents, especially when it is noted that there were far more automobiles registered in 1938 than in any previous year. If reduced to a registered motor car basis North Carolina had one fatal accident to every 590 registered cars. If the

states were ranked on this basis North Carolina would stand forty-third, or one position lower than she ranks on the basis of gasoline consumed per death.

It is interesting to note that practically all of the Southern States rank unfavorably in the accompanying table. Just why it is more dangerous to drive an automobile in the South than in any other region of the United States we are not prepared to answer. It is generally claimed that speed is the main cause of motor car accidents and deaths. If this is true we have at last discovered one phase of Southern life which is not slow. However, it would pay us to reduce our speed in this particular instance.

During the year 1937 there were 1,045 deaths from motor vehicle accidents in North Carolina. It is interesting to note the distribution of deaths by days of the week. Sunday was the most dangerous day with 215 accidents and Saturday ranked closely behind with 186 fatal accidents; Friday was next with 107; Monday 104; Tuesday 90; Thursday 88; and Wednesday 83 deaths from motor vehicle accidents. There were 173 fatal accidents not distributed by the days of the week. The distribution of accidents by days closely correlates with the volume of travel on the different days of the week. It is almost three times as dangerous to travel on Sunday as it is on Wednesday. It may be that there is three times as much mileage covered on Sunday.—

HAPPINESS

Happiness is like a crystal,
Fair and exquisite and clear,
Broken in a million pieces,
Shattered, scattered far and near.
Now and then along life's pathway,
Lo! some shining fragments fall;
But there are so many pieces
No one ever finds them all.

Yet the wise as on they journey
Treasure every fragment clear,
Fit them as they may together,
Imagining the shattered sphere.
Learning ever to be thankful,
Though their share of it is small;
For it has so many pieces
No one ever finds them all.

—Selected.

THE GOOD TEACHER

(Watchman-Examiner)

It is a great thing to take a piece of wood, mold it into the desired shape, stretch on it a few pieces of gut, and give it to the music master so he can produce from it the sweet tones of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." It is wonderful to be able to stretch a piece of burlap and draw lines on it designing a moving scene such as Millais' "The Blind Girl." There is majestic achievement in mastering the combination of electricity, sound production, the conveyor qualities of the ether, and the harmonized receiving set which we call the radio. But marvelous as these and other masteries of art and science are, they do not compare with the work of a good teacher.

The work of a good teacher is more than to communicate factual knowledge. We have lately played on same false emphases. They have produced only inharmonious results. We have said it does not matter what a man is—when we want biology taught, all we need is a biologist. If it is mathematics or physics a man is to teach, the only thing requisite is that the teacher know his subject well; what his specific religious or nonreligious or moral attitudes might be did not matter. We have found that that is not enough. Technical knowledge without elevating and refining character only results in a cracked, discordant life whose jarring dissonance adds to the confusion which afflicts modern youth.

In spite of all the arguments for academic freedom, we are steadily coming to see its limits. Jealously guarded as the principle ought to be, at the same time its noblest defenders now assert that academic freedom cannot be used as a cloak to cover up influences subversive of our highest moral, social, and spiritual attainments. The teacher is more than a mere technician or a scientist. He is a human being. As such, he cannot be without the influence which his personality and philosophy of life cause him to have. If it is good, godly, pure, it will be elevating; if it is subversive, cynical, and anarchic, it will debase. This is the law of life in any profession.

We are justified in saying that this law is the most effective in the teaching profession. The man or woman who undertakes to instruct youth is, apart from the task of communicating knowledge, an influence, an example, an incarnation of fulfillment to most of the students. Many a fearful youth has looked to a good teacher as the Psalmist did to the Lord, of which he reports that his fears "looked unto him and were lightened and their faces were not ashamed." It is a heavy responsibility to stand for the Lord in the presence of trusting and hopeful youth. The man or woman who would fail God here would fail him in every other way. But good teachers do not fail him. The chief reason why the mothers of England sacrificed to send their sons to Rugby and vied for one another for a place in the school for them was that they might meet a man whom all England had grown to love and admire, Matthew Arnold. The influence of the good teacher is still symbolized by a log with Mark Hopkins

at one end and a boy at the other.

The supreme work of the good teacher is to thrust back the frontiers of the mind, to dispel the mists that hide the distant shore, to chart the way for inexperienced lives of holy living and eternal destiny. No man can ever do this for others until he has done it for himself. He must be the modern Columbus who has won his plus ultra at no matter what cost, and he is constantly returning to lead new pilgrims over the dangerous seas of their virgin inexperence. So a good teacher is not merely concerned with making smart boys and girls into clever men and women; he is ever burdened with the responsibility of their greatness of character as well as knowledge.

The good teacher is impassioned with the truth. Fictions, unrealities, shams, frauds, and impieties are to him like demons which are to be fought to the death. By his sincerity and devotion he will so love the truth that he will come into the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ, who uttered the claim, "I am. . .the truth." By doing this, he arrives at the fountainhead of truth. As one who has climbed the mountain to watch the dawn come and knows his grand inspiration, so the teacher who has found his goal in Christ Jesus our Lord is clothed with luster his calling and is inspired with life-transforming virtues toward all his charges.

The good teacher, then, imparts vastly more than knowledge, he gives himself. A Henry Drummond is an unforgettable lesson. Most of us who ever attended classes will remember some man, some woman teacher, the fragrance of whose influence lingers after the lessons of long ago have been forgotten. The teachers of today have unequalled privileges in being and doing that which is great, while they make the destiny of the tomorrows in molding character and faith in the youth of today.

———o———

WHERE DO YOU FIT?

Where do you fit in this world of ours,
With its hustle and bustle and work;
Are you one of the throng that helps it along
Or are you with those who shirk?

Do you hit the job with a smile or frown;
Do you carry a grouch all day;
Are you one of the flock that watches the clock;
Are you workin' for more than pay?

Are you one of the average just drifting along;
Are you listed as profit or loss;
Are you stallin' for time or stallin' to climb;
How much are you puttin' across?

—Selected.

OUR NATIONAL SONGS

By Rev. Ivan H. Hagedorn, S. T. D.

When the curtain rises on the drama of America, a hymn bursts from the lusty throats of the sailors who first sighted our shores, September 25, 1492 after successfully navigating the treacherous waters of the Atlantic, under their brave leader, Christopher Columbus. The hymn sung was *Gloria in Excelsis Deo.* The history of America has surely been made more vigorous because of the songs which have swelled in mighty chorus from her people, for patriotism is largely engendered through its songs. It has been well said: "Others may write the nation's laws, but let me write its songs."

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee" was written by Samuel Francis Smith, D.D. (1808-1895), when the author was a young Baptist divinity student at the Andover Theological Seminary. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a classmate. He once described Samuel Smith:

"And there's a fine youngster excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

Love of country has always captured the imagination of youth. Samuel Smith was only twenty-three when this immortal hymn was written. According to the story, Mr. William C. Woodbridge returned from Germany, bringing with him a large number of German hymn-books with music. He entrusted these to the care of Lowel Mason, the great musican and composer. Mr. Mason brought them to the young student, saying, "You can read theses books, but I cannot tell what is in them." The music of one of the hymns so pleased the youth that he dashed off the words of his hymn without any expectation that it would ever become a favorite with anybody, much less a national anthem. After it was first sung at a Fourth of July Sunday school celebration, in Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832, it became tremendously popular. It is everywhere known as the American national hymn.

There is little doubt that one of the master strokes in the hymn is the way it opens. It is "MY country," and not "OUR country." If ever there is a country in the whole wide world in which each one may be said to share, it is in our good old America. To the question, "What is fame?" one might answer with truth, "It is to write a hymn that 120,000,000 people will sing." Surely, judged by that standard, Samuel Francis Smith has attained fame.

Once regret was expressed to Dr. Smith that his American national hymn is sung to the same tune as the British hymn. He replied, "I do not share this regret. On the contrary, I deem it a new and beautiful bond of union between the mother country and her daughter." The great breadth of heart of the author is further indicated by the fact that he also wrote one of the greatest missionary hymns, " The Morning Light is Breaking." After all, that is patriotism of the highest order, when it permits one's heart to leap over national boundaries and embrace the whole world.

"God Bless Our Native Land" was written by two divinity students, Charles Timothy Brooks (1813-1883) and John Sullivan Dwight (1813-1893), while they were attending the divinity school at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Charles Brooks served thirty-six years in the Christian ministry. John Dwight, after one year, turned his attention to music and literature. It is interesting to recall that John Dwight was one of the band of enthusiasts who joined in the famous experiment of Brook Farm, where a company of lofty thinkers experimented to bring about an ideal society.

In the study of our hymns of patriotism, it is readily observed that many of them have been written by New Englanders. The joint authors of "God Bless Our Native Land" were both Massachusetts men, the first being born in Salem, the other in Boston. They were close friends throughtout life. Strange as it may seem, each one laid claim at different times to being the author of the hymn. It is generally thought today, however, that both had a hand in the matter. The melody by Lowell Mason is stirring, and the words are in beautiful harmony with Christian patriotism. They are well suited to form a part of any patriot or national praise service.

"Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory" was the contribution of Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910), and was written in 1861, at the beginning of the Civil War. Ever a crusading soul, Julia Ward Howe hurled herself and her gifts to the successful prosecution of the War of Emancipation. The hymn was thought to have been inspired by a visit to the Army of the Potomac. The authoress beheld the troops hurrying from the north to the southern battlefields, singing the rough, popular, song, "John Brown's Body," She was gripped with the desire to write some words for the magnificent swinging melody. All that night, words and phrases were casting themselves in her mind. It is said that shortly before dawn, she wrote the stanzas in the dark and then fell into a sound sleep. Upon publication, the song spread through the land like fire. It is said that when Abraham Lincoln heard it for the first time, he broke into tears.

When Julia Ward Howe, at the age of ninety-one, recieved her degree at Smith College, the words of her hymn burst from hundreds of young throats. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, the great English preacher and expositor, said: "It was for this end, for the writing of this hymn, that Julia Ward Howe was born into the world."

It should be observed that women have always made evident a fine patriotic fervor. It is not strange that several of our most stiring national songs should have come from their pens. Certain it is that Julia Ward Howe, in her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," has given us a hymn with words that are like rifle-shots.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was written by a successful Maryland attorney, Francis Scott Key (1779-1843). Despite the fact that his life was active in many great causes and events of his generation, he is recalled by posterity only because he wrote our great national anthem.

Our great nation was suffering one of its very melancholy hours. The capitol was in ruins. The banks were closed. The government was scattered. The British fleet in strong array was turning its guns on Baltimore.

Francis Scott Key had gone aboard one of the British ships in an effort to secure the release of some prisoners held by the British. His purpose achieved, he was about to depart when it was decided by the British not to let him go, on the account of the immanency of their attack on Baltimore. In the ensuing battle, Francis Scott Key waited anxiously through the night, as the cannons belched forth a devastating fire on Fort McHenry, the one bulwark protecting the city of Baltimore. Much to his joy, when the dawn broke, he saw the old flag still bravely flying over the fort. Key at once began to write his song on the back of a letter in his pocket. He finished it "in the boat, on his way to shore, and wrote it out as it now stands at the hotel on the night he reached Baltimore." He took his completed poem to Judge Nicholson, to ask him what he thought of it. The Judge was so pleased that he immediately sent it to a printer. In less than an hour, it was all over town, and soon took its place as a national song. It was not until 1931, however, that "The Star-Spangled Banner" was officially designated by Congress as the national anthem of the United States.

The hymn then was inspired by the sight of our flag, under extraordinary circumstances. It is a beautiful flag, and surely one that should inspire us to true citizenship. The flag that floated to the breeze over Fort McHenry that day was a tremendous flag, thirty-six feet in lenght and nine feet in width. Baltimore has rightly honored Francis Scott Key with an elaborate statue. It is one of the sights to take in when visiting the city.

"God of our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand" was written for the Centennial of American Independence, by Daniel C. Roberts (1841-1907). The State of Vermont lays claim to glory by boasting the first man to make a steam calliope, the first man to tell Lincoln of his re-election, the first man to make a swivel plow, the first man to make a gimlet, and the first man to baptize a Chinaman into the Christian faith. And one of her sons has given us one of our finest patriotic hymns. Roberts was a sturdy Vermonter, and a veteran of the Civil War, enlisting in 1862. He served with the 84th Regiment of the Ohio Volunteers.

The hymn, "God of our Fathers", is the only hymn which appears to have found a permanent place in our hymnbooks, out of the hundreds of hymns which were written for the Centennial of American Independence. The little town of Brandon, Vermont, like many towns throughtout the land, held a centennial of its own. This hymn was sung upon that occasion. It has ever since been used upon a number of extraordinary celebrations, among them that in New York City, of the Centennial of the Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and at the bi-centenary of Trinity Church, New York, where it was used as the processional hymn.

"O Beautiful, My Country" was written by one well known in the field of hymnody, the Rev. Frededick Lucian Hosmer (1840-1929). In 1908, he was asked to deliver at his alma mater, Harvard University, a series of lectures on hymnody. Julian the well-known authority regards Mr. Hosmer as one of the strongest and most original of the Unitarian hymn-writers of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Many of his

hymns have found wide usage in England. Among his well-known hymns are "We Cannot Think of Them as Dead", and "Thy Kingdom Come, on Bended Knee", which Canon Dearmer regards as "one of the noblest hymns in the language."

"O Beautiful, My Country" surely emphasizes the qualities which make a nation great. The psalmist says, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Mr. Hosmer has emphasized this well, in the line, "Be righteousness thy scepter, justice thy diadem." He has also held before us the social ideal,

"O beautiful, my country!
By thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair freedom's open door."

"Our Father's God, to Thee We Raise" was written by Dr. Benjamin Copeland (1885-), during his pastorate in Buffalo, New York. Dr. Benjamin Copeland was one of four brothers to enter the Christian ministry. He labored forty-two years in western New York, serving both city and rural appointments. The hymn was inspired at the close of the Spanish-American War. Puerto Rico and the Philippines had come under the Stars and Stripes. Dr. Copeland refers to this in the second line of the fourth stanza—"Our widening bounds."

The story goes that the author was surprised to find the lines of his hymn in the Methodist Hymnal, published in 1905, to the tune "Theodore", in honor of Theodore Roosevelt, a composition of Dean Lutkin.

"O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand", one of the most popular of our patriotic hymns, was written by Dr. Leonard Bacon for the bi-centenary of New Haven, Connecticut. Leonard Bacon grew up as a lad at what was then a trading post, but today is the thriving city of Detroit. Here his father labored to convert the Indians. Upon entering the Christian ministry, his church became a center for missionary inspiration. In later life, he was professor of theology in the Yale Divinity School. It is significant that he issued the first collection of missionary hymns ever printed in America. Thus the spirit of missions and true patriotism can find room in the same heart.

The stirring hymn, "O God Beneath Thy Guiding Hand", according to the author, was written "with little thought of it being used again."

"O Beautiful for Spacious Skies" is the contribution of another woman, Katharine Lee Bates, (1859-1929), who was professor of English literature at Wellesley College. It was inspired by Miss Bates' first trip into the great West. She thrilled at the beauty and wonder of her country. One evening, after visiting Pike's Peak with a party of friends, where they had gazed in wordless rapture over the expanse of mountain ranges and the sealike sweep of plains the young professor of literature was inspired to a patriotic outburst that has seldom been equalled. It was as if a panorama of her country passed before her eyes. She saw "amber waves of grain," "purple mountain majesties," "fruited plains", and as a climax the glorious valleys and the spacious skies viewed from Pike's Peak swept be-

fore her gaze, and "America, the Beautiful" sprang into being. Her prayers, "God mend thine every flaw" and "May God thy gold refine", and "God shed His grace on thee", more than justify its intrusion in any book of sacred song.

This hymn, undoubtedly, is one destined to grow in popular favor. Indeed, it bids fair to take its place as the foremost national hymn of our country. It is raised in grand chorus by hundreds of thousands of school children throughout the land every day. There is scarcely a child in our public schools who does not know the hymn by heart.

———o———

NOT HIS JOB

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he,
When an extra task he chanced to see;
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So I'll pass it up and leave it there."
And he who gave him his weekly pay
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."
So a little task that was in his way,
That he could have handled without delay,
Was left unfinished; the way was paved,
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place.
But he never altered his easy pace,
And folks remarked on how well he knew,
The line of task he was hired to do;
But never once was he known to turn
His hands to things not his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed
And for all he did he was fairly paid.
But he was never worth a dollar more
He got for his toil when the week was o're
He knew too well his task was thro'
And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world, young man
You must do every day all that you can,
If you find a task though it's not your bit,
And it should be done, take care of it:
And you'll never conquer or rise if you
Do only the things you're supposed to do.

—Exchange.

DR. B. B. DOUGHERTY

(State Magazine)

Time magazine, in its March 25 issue, has some nice things to say about Dr. B. B. Dougherty, president of Appalachian State Teachers College, located at Boone.

After giving a brief biography of the Doctor, the magazine article concludes with this statement: "Outside North Carolina few citizens have heard of Blanford Dougherty, but at Boone this week he was acclaimed as a history-maker in U. S. education, worthy to rank with Massachusetts' famed Horace Mann."

A merited tribute, and one which we are glad to endorse whole-heartedly.

We have been acquainted with Dr. Dougherty for some seven or eight years. We have seen him in Raleigh, appearing before the Legislature, laboring zealously not only in behalf of the institution of which he is the head but for the advancement of education throughout North Carolina. We have been impressed with his sincerity, his patience and determination; with his modesty and unassuming ways.

Dr. Dougherty deserves equal rank with Charles B. Aycock, Charles McIver, Dr. J. Y. Joyner and other great educational leaders of North Carolina. He has managed his college at Boone with an efficiency and economy which has established a standard for others to follow.

His heart is in his work. We don't believe we exaggerate when we say that the Doctor would attire himself in overalls and would go bare-footed if such a course on his part would mean more funds for educational purposes. His sole consideration in life is in his work, and he has given himself unselfishly and unstintingly in its behalf.

———o———

TO A SKY-LARK

Arise, sweet singer! They that seek thy life
  Are pressing nigh! O thou tiny wight,
  What chance hast thou against their ruthless might,
Who live—devouring brutes—for naught but strife,
Where stealth and lust insatiate are rife?
  The green-eyed charmer soon would end thy flight;
  Or subtler beast cut off thy song's delight,
As with the silent thrust of a murd'rer's knife.
Thy fellow creature that doth sing of thee,
  Frail, feathered friend of earth and sky,
Fain would join thy winged flight, that, free,
  He might escape the dread, bewitching eye,
The deadly thrust; and full triumphant be,
  In thine ethereal minstrelsy on high.

—C. A. Linn

INSTITUTION NOTES

The School recently disposed of several mules, too old for service, and in their places acquired a team of young mules and one horse.

Mr. R. A. Venable, of Charlotte, is the lattest addition to the School's staff of workers. He assumed his duties here last Monday.

A recent addition to our carpenter shop equipment is a new motor driven grinding rock. It was installed this week and is giving complete satisfaction.

Some improvements have been made at Cottage No. 4. The old plumbing equipment in the basement has been replaced by that of a more modern type; a new floor has laid in the kitchen and this room painted.

A gentle rain last Wednesday, coming after quite an extended dry period, made a great improvement in the appearance of our gardens. Everything has taken on new life, and at present the prospects for a good supply of produce are very promising.

Mr. Walker and his boys have been doing quite some work on the flower beds in various parts of the campus. From the care taken in the sowing of seed and transplanting of plants, with favorable weather conditions, there should be an abundance of beautiful flowers at the School this year.

The School recently purchased new dental equipment, consisting of a chair, engine, instrument cabinet, etc. It will be installed in the school building, and will be ready for use by the time the dentists from the State Board of Health make their annual visit to the School. We have been told told that the dental clinic will be held here some time in August.

Our outdoor forces have been quite busy cutting oats and other small grain, which was put in the silos, an experiment in making a new type of ensilage. In sections where the oats did not have a very good stand, much of it has been cut and cured as hay. The main crop of oats, consisting of about two hundred acres, will be harvested in the next week or ten days.

While the Spring season was rather late, our farm forces have made good use of the time since the coming of good weather. A glance at the following list of farm and garden activities should be enough to convince even the most skeptical that the boys on the farm have really been hustling. To date there have been planted: 125 acres of corn, 12 acres sweet potatoes, 3½ acres tomatoes, some of which are grown and in blossom, 10 acres watermelon and cantaloupe, 25 acres string beans. In addition to these peanuts and many small garden vegetables have been planted. All of this requires a tremendous amount of work, and will keep everyone connected with farming right on their toes, especially so since so much of this produce is heir to attacks by all kinds of destructive insects which must be destroyed if a good yield is to be realized.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, had charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. After the first hymn was sung, Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, led the boys in Scripture recitation and prayer. Mr. Sheldon then presented Rev. Edward Hancock as the speaker of the afternoon. Rev. Mr. Hancock, a former missionary to Africa, is now in charge of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade headquarters in Charlotte. This interdenominational organization, a missionary fellowship, was founded in the heart of Africa in 1913. For the Scripture Lesson, the speaker read part of the seventh chapter of Hebrews, using as the text of his message to the boys, the 25th verse: "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Hancock placed special emphasis upon the fact that Jesus Christ came into the world to save that which was lost, adding that too many people do not find it out until late in life.

Christ was different from all other men who ever lived, continued the speaker. While he lived in a sinful world, he was the only person who ever lived without sin. Even the high priests who tried him when he was falsely accused, could find no fault in him.

Jesus died in our stead. We cannot make ourselves fit for heaven, but he is able to do it for us. He is the great friend to whom we may go when in trouble, and in him we shall always find help. From the beginning of his ministry on earth, Jesus said that he had come into the world to die. Any other man would have said that he came into the world to live.

Here was another way in which Christ was different from any other man, said Rev. Mr. Hancock. When we die, we die with our own sins on our hearts unless we repent. When Christ died, he had no sin, but took our sins upon him instead, that we might enjoy eternal life.

The speaker then cited several interesting incidents in his career as a missionary to Africa. He said that when the natives of that land fully understood the story of Jesus, they would beg that it be told over and over again. Many of them have been converted and have become missionaries to their own people.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Hancock told the boys to always remember the words of Christ, how he said, "I am the door," and pointed out that through this door only can we hope to enter into the joy of eternal life. He urged the boys to step inside, in order that the door might not close in their faces.

Minds are like parachutes. They only function when they are open.—Lord Thomas Dewar.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 26, 1939.

Week Ending May 26, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Noah J. Green 5
(3) James Hodges 22
(3) Leon Hollifield 23
Edward Johnson 24
Mack McQuaigue 2
(2) Arna Wallace 19
Jack Warren 4
(2) W. H. Warren 2
(15) Jack Wilson 19

COTTAGE No. 1

(4) Charles Browning 8
Ralph Harris 3
(4) Porter Holder 16
(3) Clay Mize 12
(3) Arlie Scism 12
(6) Edward Warnock 18
(2) Everett Watts 11
(6) William Whittington 20
(3) William C. Wilson 18

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) James Blocker 11
(2) George Cooke 18
John D. Davis 9
(2) Robert Keith 11
(3) Donald McFee 22
(3) Nick Rochester 20
(3) William Shaw 7

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Richard Baumgarner 19
(2) John Bailey 10
(2) Clyde Barnwell 18
Coolidge Green 21
(2) William Sims 19

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Paul Briggs 12
Lewis Donaldson 17
(2) Paul Godwin 5
(3) Hoyt Hollifield 13
(3) Ivan Morrozoff 25
(3) J. W. McRorrie 15
(3) J. C. Nance 15
(3) Henry Raby 18
(3) Melvin Walters 24
Samuel Williams 18

COTTAGE No. 5

(5) Theodore Bowles 23
(5) Junior Bordeaux 8
(3) Harold Donaldson 6
Sidney Knighting 3
Ivey Lunsford 5
Everett Lineberry 18
Samuel Montgomery 13
J. C. Reinhardt 16
Currie Singletary 5
Elmer Talbert 9
(2) Dewey Ware 15

COTTAGE No. 6

(5) Robert Dunning 17
(3) Leonard Jacobs 11
Harry Lewis 2
(3) John Maples 5
Houston Turner 2
(2) Joseph Tucker 8
Woodrow Wilson 7
Charles B. Ziegler 2

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 16
(2) Carl Breece 20
(7) Paul Dockery 19
Donald Earnhardt 22
(2) George Green 18
Lacy Green 14
(3) Roy Helms 3
Raymond Hughes 7
Robert Hampton 13
Richard Halker 9
Robert Lawrence 16
Charles McGowan 7
(2) Elmer Maples 18
Marshall Pace 11
(2) Alex Weathers 18
(2) Joseph Wheeler 18
Edd Woody 13

COTTAGE No. 8

(5) Cecil Ashley 18

COTTAGE No. 9

(8) Mack Bell 21
(4) J. T. Branch 20
(4) Roy Butner 25

James Connell 6
George Gaddy 2
Robert Gaines 11
(3) Frank Glover 25
(6) John Hendrix 12
(4) Osper Howell 18
(4) Mark Jones 21
(16) Harold O'Dear 25
James Ruff 18
(2) Thomas Sands 15
(2) Lewis B. Sawyer 10
Richard Singletary 17
(12) Preston Wilbourne 23
(6) Horace Williams 17

COTTAGE No. 10

(4) Junius Brewer 23
Aldine Brown 9
John Crawford 12
(2) Noah Ennis 15
(4) J. D. Hildreth 15
Thomas King 11
Weaver Penland 4
James Penland 13
Elroy Pridgen
Carl Speer 6
O. D. Talbert 11
(3) Claude Weldy 8

COTTAGE No. 11

(14) John Benson 24
(2) Harold Bryson 21
William Dixon 7
(3) Robert Goldsmith 3
Franklin Lyles 10
(10) Edward Murray 20
(4) Fred Owens 24
(3) Theodore Rector 19
(5) Canipe Shoe 15
(2) Thomas Turner 15

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Odell Almond 21
(3) Ernest Brewer 15
Jay Brannock 13
William Broadwell 8
William C. Davis 10
(2) William Deaton 17
(3) Howard Devlin 20
(3) Max Eaker 15
(3) Woodrow Hager 15
Joseph Hall 16
(3) Hubert Holloway 18
(3) Richard Honeycutt 16
(3) Frank Johnston 16
Tillman Lyles 12
(3) Clarence Mayton 17
James Mondie 17
(3) Howard Sanders 13
(4) Robah Sink 10
Ralph Sorrells 14
George Tolson 13
Brice Thomas
Carl Tyndall 8
J. R. Whitman 13

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

(8) Raymond Andrews 22
Mack Coggins 12
(3) John Hamm 12
(2) Feldman Lane 25
Wallace Woody 24

COTTAGE No. 15

Fred McGlammery 22
(5) J. P. Sutton 17

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) George Duncan 17
(3) Philip Holmes 18
(3) Earl Oxendine 20
(4) Thomas Oxendine 23
Thomas Wilson 17

If you want to reform the world, begin on yourself; and then you will have one rascal out of the way.—Franklin.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 8, 1940 NO. 23

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A SUPPLICATION

Oh, may I never grow too stern
To revel in a quiet hour;
May I never get too tired to learn
A lesson from a budding flower;
May I always feel the urge to aid
A friend—or e'en a foe,
And leave no cheerful word unsaid
As down life's path I go.

—Selected.

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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HAPPINESS

True happiness had no localities;
No tones provincial; no peculiar garb.
Where duty went, she went; with justice went,
And went with meekness, charity and love
Where'er a tear was dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Of virtue's feeble embers fanned;
Where'er a sin was heartily abjured, and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish,
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

—Pollok.

EASY LIFE NOT THE HAPPY LIFE

Women do a lot of thinking. Some think quietly and lend a latent influence, others express themselves as Elsie Robinson does through her syndicated column, captioned "Listen, World". With a background of travel and wide experience she usually knows her story and relates the story in a most interesting style. She has the nack of choosing worthwhile things, she knows what will be accepted and read. This contribution is proof of her wisdom in selecting themes:

"Eleanor Roosevelt, on the premiere of her new radio program, said something that must have startled many a woman listener. Telling of the various reasons for her constant traveling, she gave, as one of her strongest motives, the need 'to get away from the ease of the White House.'

"Life, in our No. 1 home, she explained, was too smoothly efficient—too effortless for any Top Lady occupant who wanted to preserve her wallop and self-respect. Wherever one turned there were smiling faces, willing hands, amiable tongues. All bent on pleasing. But such pleasantness, said she, was dangerous for Americans who must take their place in the rough and tumble of everyday life. If one would stay fit and lean, they had best stick to the common trail—face the common challenges and adjustments.

"I wonder how many feminine listeners agreed with that statement, off hand. My guess is not many! We're fairly well sold on the idea of Comfort, We American Women. We like to provide it for our men folk and youngsters—and we're not at all adverse to draping a nice, thick padding of it around ourselves whenever we can. Push buttons are our pet gadgets —Labor Saving Devices our religion. Thumbs down on ease? The notion must have sounded completely screwball to many of the sisterhood. And yet—

"Mrs. Roosevelt was right. Far be it from me to advise everyone to get out and split their own breakfast kindling. . . .or break the ice in the morning wash bowl for the morning dip-and-scoot. I've done both and I've no illusions about certain aspects of Ye Simple Life. Yet I also know that Ease is rapidly becoming America's Public Enemy No. 1. Ease can demoralize you more quickly and thoroughly than any amount of hardship. Moreover, it's infinitely harder to fight. You always know where you are with Hardship and have time to figure out your clinches. But Ease sneaks up on you—and you're a bum before you realize it.

"Nor do you need to live in the White House to have this happen to you. You can take the count just as surely in the shabbiest shack. For Ease dosen't depend on overstuffed seats . . . . .it lurks in any situation which lacks personal challenge . . . . any situation which allows you to shuffle along in the same old mental rut.

"Poverty's hard to stand—sickness still harder—heartbreak hardest of all. But none of them can steal the spark from your eye nor the spring from your step as swiftly as mental stagnation, which comes from sluggish living. And the most perilous part of it is—such an existence may seem perfectly innocent, even admirable. A tight little circle of flattering friends can reduce your I. Q. to the vanishing point in nothing

flat. Doting parents and overly devoted mates who do your thinking for you, or bear your responsibilities, will also give you a swift shove into the ranks of the Feeble Minded.

"If you want to stay eagerly and vigorously alive these days you must get out where the traffic's tough. You must climb down from your high chair, throw away your bib and expose yourself to changes and challenges, criticism and competition. . . . Tackle life as it actually is, sans any pretty illusions and pouty prejudices. Or go dead from the neck up—and really!"

* * * * * * * *

THE BEGGAR'S LEGACY

A Detroit woman rescued a beggar in an alley fight six years ago, took him home, and, in true Samaritan fashion, washed his wounds. He repaid her by leaving her $11,000 in his will. As the years passed, the beggar doubtless forgot the anger and anguish of the alley brawl. But this woman,s kindness was always with him.

The world will remember the little kindnesses long after it has forgotten its larger differences. For little kindnesses often are capable of healing big differences. Someone has said that with enough kindness anyone can conquer the world. That is the only conquest worth having.—Christian Science Monitor.

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LIBERIA PAYS

Little Finland has received much publicity, and she is entitled to recognition, for taking note of her war debt. Not a more courageous people can be found elsewhere. But Liberia also has met her financial obligations, and from a news item we learn she can be rightly placed on the honor roll with Finland. The little things accomplished in the daily routine of an individual, community or country gives an insight into the idealistic life of a people. To be well informed in political history we should know the outstanding current events. We copy as follows:

So much has been said, and properly, to the credit of Finland for her financial honesty as a debtor to our country. Yet at the same time another land, Liberia, for whose existence we were originally responsible, has done the same thing. In fact, it has

paid its debt in full—$38,000, which includes all interest paid—and has received no credit at all. At the same time Liberia has set its creditor and excellent example by keeping its budget balanced, even while forced to accept a 40 per cent drop in its revenues because of the effect of the current and persistent European disturbances. Concurrently the present government of the Liberian Republic is striving, with a considerable measure of success, to apply civilization to 2,000,000 of its illiterate tribesmen in the hinterland. This marks a happy change from the conditions of ten years ago, when public officials openly engaged in the capture and sale of slaves from this same hinterland.

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AN OUTSTANDING "MOTHER"

A Boy Scout troop in Boston did an unusual and touching thing last week in the course of making its annual award of a miniature Scout pin to "the outstanding mother" represented in the group. The award was given, and not through any slip or jest, to George Hatch—who, it was explained, has for three years been both mother and father to his three sons, five to thirteen years old, keeping the home for the boys in addition to working at his trade as a painter.

The token of appreciation for such a father is deeply appropriate, and the boys deserve some commendation for their insight in bestowing it. The incident contains its hint for many a father who, blessed with the aid of a helpmeet, could usefully take a larger share in the interests and responsibilities of family life, rather than "leaving it all to mother."

And now, how about an award for a widowed mother who, typical of many, is filling cheerfully and inspiringly the role of breadwinner as well as homemaker for her brood?—Christian Science Monitor.

* * * * * * * *

BALD SPOTS

The Sunshine Magazine is usually filled with articles that inspire to things that create beauty or make living conditions better. In the following we gather that Gutzom Borglum, an artist of the

finest technique, feels that trees have a two-fold meaning,—beautification and the conservation of the soil. The artist gives citations where "bald spots" are converted into places of beauty. The following is food for thought:

A certain city in an arid region, desiring to beautify its streets and parks, engaged the great American sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, to address a mass meeting and arouse the citizens to a sense of pride and civic duty.

"Trees! trees!" exclaimed the artistic Borglum; "where are your trees?"

"Do you know why trees do not grow in this city?" came a squawky voice from the rear.

"There is no reason that I know why trees should not grow here," replied the genius with emphasis; "you have good soil, plenty of water, lots of sunshine. Why won't trees grow here?"

"Trees don't grow here," continued the squawk, "because we don't plant them."

When Lord Leverhulme, the English naturalist, bought a tract of land on a stony hill near London, and announced his intention to make it a garden spot, the people laughed. Why, nothing had ever grown up there, and it was as bare as a floor. Silly to waste money and time to do anything with that hill!

"Did anybody ever try to make anything grow up there?" asked the nobleman. He brought plants from all parts of the world and made his fifty acres of rock gardens one of the show places of England.

"How did you do it?" asked the astonished natives.

Lord Leverhulme answered, pointedly, "When we are told that something cannot be done, it is because that thing has not been tried, or has been tried by people limited in vision or ability."

TAKE BETTER NATURE PICTURES

By Henry H. Graham

Nature photography is one of the most fascinating kinds, but to get satisfactory results considerable thought should precede the actual tripping of the camera shutter. Pictures are worth while only when they are good—when the contrast is right and the subjects sharp and clear.

Most people enjoy shooting pictures of their pets. Such shots make interesting additions to one's album. In photography of this type an effort should be made to get the cat, dog or other animal in an interesting pose, preferably doing something. A picture of a cat lapping milk, watching a fly on a window or playig with a ball is much better than one of the animal doing nothing. Action pictures portray a pet's individuality and show that it is something more than just a bundle of fur.

In pet photography it should be remembered that fur absorbs light. Thus the exposure should be increased about two times, that is doubled. It is also advisable to think of contrasts so that the figure of the animal will stand out. If a pet is dark-colored it should be snapped against a light background. If light, it should be taken against a dark background. Usually good natural backgrounds may be selected; if such proves impossible, portable screens, one made with light cloth, the other with dark, should be used.

Most pet pictures are taken from close range. One must be sure to focus accurately, either using a rangefinder for distance measurement or measuring with a yard stick. Short distances must be guaged accurately or the subject will be out of focus and blurred.

Flower photography is very popular, either in monochrome (black and white) or color. Here, too backgrounds are of the greatest importance. Careful selection of appropriate backgrounds enables flowers to stand out, whereas otherwise they would be lost. The sky makes an excellent background for flower shots, particularly if a yellow filter is employed to darken the sky and premit fleecy white clouds to register on the flim. Sky makes a good background because its color is even all over.

Generally speaking, the larger blossoms photograph more satisfactorily than smaller ones. Such flowers as tulips, peonies, roses, chrysanthemums and iris photograph more clearly than cherry blossoms, lilacs and violets. Often the petals of the latter flowers, being small, do not enlarge clearly to great size; and with small films in such widespread use enlargement is the order of the day.

Unless the day is absolutely windless a relatively fast shuter speed must be employed. Otherwise the petals and leaves of the plants will move slightly during the period the shutter is open. The result is a spoiled picture. Still days are the best for flower and tree photography. They permit a slow shutter speed and a small lens opening which provides a beter depth of focus. When large apertures are used the depth of focus is shallow, sometimes not more than a foot or two. Thus part of the object will be sharp and the rest fuzzy.

It is advisable in flower photography

to choose a time for shooting when the blossoms are in the sunlight and the background in shadow. This darkens the background, enabling flowers to stand out sharply. No picture should include too much. A picture of one or two tulips is more satisfying than one of a whole bed. The same is true with snapdragons, roses and other flowers.

Panchromatic film, because of its sensitivity to all colors, is best for flower photography. Orthochromatic film is not sensitive to spectral red. The slower pan films should be used because they are more fine-grained and will enlarge better. They are sufficiently fast for good work in fairly bright light.

In flower photography one should strive for varied lighting effects, shooting with the light coming from several different angles. Unusual effects are obtained in this manner.

Morning and late afternoon hours are best for general scenic shots on account of the long shadows prevailing at such times. Shadows provide the contrast which is valuable in photography. Noon-day shadows are short and not effective. Side lighting, with the sun at an angle, helps to bring out shadow effects. For all outdoor pictures a sun shade should be used over the lens. Such a gadget prevents unwanted stray bits of light from striking the lens, and resulting pictures are sharper and unfogged.

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REJOICE!

There should be no need for quaking
Nor for chronic belly-aching
In this grand land of the free,
None can "blitzkrieg" you or me.
We can dance and sing and shout,
We never hear the dire "blackout,"
Nor need we dial with trepidation
The radio—to our favorite station.
Our news is still free of the censor,
We have no ration card dispenser,
We go to the church of our choice,
And in our government have voice,
So let's be happy, carefree, gay,
Give thanks to God each night we pray,
Because He chose for you and me
Birth in this land of liberty.

—Charls Evens Perry.

HOSPITALS IN CAROLINAS

(Southern Hospital)

Hospitals of North and South Carolina benefited to the extent of $12,-393,379.11 during the fourteen years' existance of the Duke Endowment, 157 institutions in eighty-three of the 146 counties of the two states having received this sum in contributions made annually. The total was shown in the Endowment's annual report of the Hospital Section released recently by Watson Smith Rankin, M. D., director.

Of the sum contributed, $9,557,-261.95 was for free bed days of patients unable to pay and $2,816,117.16 was for construction, equipment, or purchase projects.

The report for 1939 will not be completed untill the end of 1940, hence the statistics herewith are the latest authentic data on Duke Endowment hospital contributions.

Population. Since 1924, says the report, the population of the Carolinas has increased ten percent from 4,568,-000 to 5,432,000. General hospital beds encreased 73 per-cent, from 5,588 to 9,821. In 1924 there were 1.2 general hospital beds per thousand of the population in North Carolina and South Carolina. In 1938 there were 1.8 beds per thousand population.

The Carolinas are still below the national average of 3.4 beds per thousand population, the report continues.

In 1924 there was only one general hospital bed for every 800 persons in the Carolinas. In 1938, one bed for every 555 persons, the ratios in North Carolina and South Carolina being respectively, one to 525 and one to 615.

Provisions for general hospital beds by race is worthy of note. In the Carolinas in 1938 there were 2.1 beds per thousand population available for white patients and 1.2 beds per thousand for Negroes.

In 1924 there was one bed for every 672 white people and in 1938 one bed for every 471. For Negroes, in 1924 there was one bed for every 1,217; in 1938, one bed for every 835. The gain in the ratio of beds available for white patients was forty-one per cent, and for Negroe patients forty-five per cent.

There are now 175 general hospitals serving North Carolina and South Carolina, whereas in 1924 when James B. Duke established the Duke Foundation, there were 152, an increase of twenty-three. The average size of these hospitals is fifty-six beds. In 1924 it was thirty-seven beds.

In North Carolina there were in 1938, 127 general hospitals, 104 in 1924, an increase of twenty-three. The average size of North Carolina hospitals is fifty-three beds, as against the average size in 1924 of thirty-five beds. In South Carolina there are forty-eight general hospitals, and while there have been some consolidations, there has been no increase in the number in that state. The average size of the South Carolina general hospitals is sixty-four beds, having increased since 1924 from forty-two beds.

Ownership and control of general hospitals is recorded. Of the 175 hospitals serving North Carolina and South Carolina, 127 are non-profit, and forty-eight are private or propri-

etary. Of the 127 that are non-profit, ninety are community hospitals, operated, as a rule, under a charter; nineteen are religious, operated usually under the control of some religious organization; eleven are county; and seven are municipal or city hospitals.

The total number of hospitals beds in the two states increased from 5,688 in 1924 to 9,821 in 1938, a gain of 4,133 beds. The respective gains in the two states were: in North Carolina, from 3,678 to 6,730, a gain of 3,052 beds, and in South Carolina 2,010 to 3,091, a gain of 1,081 beds.

The report referring to the increase in number of patients treated in Carolina hospitals from 1924 to 1938 is startling. The figures are: from 105,671 to 243,645 an increase of 137,-974.

In North Carolina the increase has been from 72,379 in 1924 to 167, 028 in 1938, an increase of 94,649. In South Carolina the increase has been form 33,292 in 1924 to 76,617 in 1938, an increase of 43,325. In 1924 every forty-third person was a patient in one of the general hospitals. In 1938 it was one person out every twenty-two.

In 1924 the average period of treatment of hospital patients was 10.5 days; in 1938, 9.4 days. This decrease in length of stay, comments the report reflects improvement in the quality of professional care. The average white patient is in the hospital 8.9 days, the average Negro patient 12.8 days.

Free bed days in 123 hospitals assisted both in 1937 and 1938 increased 37,463, of which 12,390 were in North Carolina and 25,073 in South Carolina. These 123 hospitals reported 44.3 percent of the days of care free in 1937 and 44.4 per cent free in 1938. In North Carolina the reduction was form 40.3 per cent to 38.8 per cent, in South Carolina the corresponding figures were 51.7 per cent and 51.7 per cent and 51.8 per cent respectively.

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AT EVENING

As dusk falls over my garden,
  I ask not to travel far,
Content to dream in the magic
  Of a bird-call and a star.
When the spirit of peace comes gently,
  In the light of the rising moon,
And an emerald sea in calling
  At the bend of a purple dune.
Men—some of them—travel a lifetime
  Seeking the Lord in His might,
But in truth and in wisdom I've found Him,
  He was here in my garden tonight!

—Grace West

INDIANS TEACH THEIR FOLKWAYS

By Joseph Lawren

Upon no subject in our history has the false light of distortion played more than upon the Indian. As one of our Indian authorities so truthfully writes, "From the time of Columbus, the public has literally been stuffed full of false ideas, misrepresentation and incorrect information regarding the Indian." Not only our supposed historical works but also our fiction has helped to spread our misconception of the Indians—past and present.

The American Indian bulks large in our literature. His praise—and it has often been overpraise; his blame—it has invariably been overblame—have ever had a prominent position in our song, poetry and prose. Nowhere is the "noble" redman or the Indian "badman" more relished than among our youth. Nearly every boy has played Indian, seeing himself befeathered and befurred, brandishing a tomahawk, squinteyed behind an imaginative bow and arrow.

Within the last four years thousands of boys and girls have had the privilege of not only seeing real Indians at work and at play, but have been taught Indian ways and folkways by real Indians. This opportunity, so anxiously desired by every real outdoor boy and girl, is fortunately growing wider, and will, it is hoped, soon be extended over the entire country.

It started with and is still almost wholly confined to members of the Iroquois tribe of the northern part of the State of New York.

You probably konw that the Iroquois Indian was amongst the most intelligent and civilized of the more than three hundred Indian tribes which inhabited what is now the United States when Columbus discovered America.

They were not only of a high type of civilization but the Iroquois tribes are probably the most intelligent of the present-day North American Indians. In the past they were not only an intelligent but a powerful group, so that in time they conquered or controlled all the continent east of the Mississippi River and north of Virginia and Tennessee, up to and above the present Canadian boundary. Although at first they fought heroically and stubbornly against the white man's advance, they finally became allies of their former enemies; and brave, steadfast, faithful allies they proved themselves to be.

Outstanding in the civilization of the Iroquois were their knowledge of and successful operation in self-government. Theirs was the first and only federal union of Indian states in the territory now comprising the United States. The Iroquois possessed a central government corresponding to our states and local councils similar to our city and town governments, and they functioned altogether successfully. At first the Iroquois Federation consisted of the five tribes of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. They were originally known as the Five Nations. These five were joined in the early eighteenth century by the Tuscaroras and the name was changed to the Six Nations. The Six Nations it has remained through success and failure to this day.

The Iroquois, more than any other North American Indians, because of their knowledge of government, their strength of body and charater, still exist and still are in possession of some part of their ancestral lands. No longer do they roam the trackless forest and unbounded plains of northern New York, for they have become prosperous and respected farmers and tradesmen. They still, however, hold fast to most of their tribal organizations and customs, costumes and folkways.

When the depression settled down upon our country, the Iroquois suffered along with their white brethern. Their five reservations in upstate New York felt the blight of unemployment in common with the neighboring white country. Especially was this true of the young Indian boys and girls. When the way ahead appeared most discouraging a young Indian had a vision, but it was not steeped in the superstition of his ancestors. It was a most practical vision and it worked out to the great advantage of his unemployed young tribesmen and to the great joy and knowledge of his palefaced young friends. For Louis R. Bruce, Jr., a pureblooded Iroquois, conceived the idea of utilizing his unemployed tribesmen to teach the white boys and girls the ways and folkways of the Indian.

Young Bruce is a member of the Mohawk tribe. He had received a college education, had distinguished himself in amateur athletics and had then entered business in New York City. The plight of the younger members of the Iroquois tribes sent him back to his reservation to try to better their condition. He saw clearly that if he could find employment for his younger tribesmen and tribeswomen, especially in teaching their white neighbors the ways of their Iroquois ancestors, it would create within both teacher and pupil a new sense of the dignity of the history and cultural achievements of the Six Nations, and would give the white children a true picture of the Indian instead of the distorted one they possessed.

Bruce went to the National Youth Administration with his plan. The National Youth Administration at once saw the wisdom of his ideas, and was struck with the probable enthusiastic support it would receive from young boys and girls avid to see, study and play with real Indians instead of playing at Indian, which at best was a shadowy form out of a misguided book.

So Bruce returned to the reservations and set his plan before his chiefs and elders. They shared the enthusiasm of their young tribe members and needed no urging to join the large number who clamored to work teaching the Indian folkways in the camps of the white man's children.

Bruce arranged classes for training as camp counsellors. The work was voluntary, but the young Indian boy or girl who joined had to have an attendance of 100 per cent to continue. So enthusiastic were the volunteers that attendance at these classes was rarely missed. The classes were based on training in the regular Iroquois camp crafts such as the making of baskets, tom-toms, ceremonial false faces, bows and arrows, and all types of equipment for the large number of native Iroquois games for children and adults. After these various ways of Indian life was mastered, the students studied the ways of their Iroquois ancestors. They mastered the old Indian legends, the ancient Indian songs, the rituals of their Iroquois ancestors, the language of their fore-

fathers, which some of the younger members had neglected. In fact some, through a false shame of their Indian birth, kept their ears closed to the music and beauty of the Iroquois tongue. It is one of the few musical languages of the large number of Indian tongues which flourished in America when the Indians were supreme in the land. Not only the customs, but the costumes, not only the folkways but the ways of the medicine man of their forefathers, were studied by the young Indians.

Out of the large number who attended these classes, Bruce selected those best qualified to serve as Indian counsellors. Then those selected by Bruce were in turn examined by a committee of authorities on camping. The twenty-two fortunate survivors of this selective process were sent, upon the opening of the camping season, to camps situated in upper New York. All had come from the Onondaga reservation.

This was in the summer of 1936. The young campers, boys and girls, enjoyed the work and play even more than did their instructors, if that were possible. Earl D. Hesley, National Youth Administration Director for New York State, was happy at the result of Bruce's idea and the efficiency with which he had brought it into use. Said Mr. Hesley at the end of the first summer experiment, "The young Indian camp counsellors bring to young campers the lore they have dug from tribal memories and from their summer camp experience they bring back to the reservations their understanding of the white man's ways of progressive practices and a new ambition."

As the camping season of 1937 approached, Bruce and his Indian students, who had studied during the fall, winter and spring, prepared to continue their work; play and teaching of Indian ways and folkways at the white boys' and girls' camps.

During the winter the young Indian students, thhrough research and practice, had learned much which they had hitherto not known in the crafts of the Six Nations. They had become skilled in the knowledge of the raw materials from which their ancient forefathers had fashioned their utensils and costumes—native clay, stones, wool, reeds, feathers and other basic materials. The twenty-two who had served in the summer camps had brought back to the young Indians on the five Iroquios reservations a sense of the value of hard work and the ennobling qualities in character which are the reward of service.

The twenty-two, increased to twenty-seven for the summer of 1937, continued to supervise the teaching of Indian games and folkways. The news of the joy which the boys and girls of the camps in New York had derived from their contacts with their Indian guides, mentors and friends. had spread all over the country with the results that eight Indian youths were assigned to camps in New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey and Michigan. Of the thirty-five thus placed in the camps their "paleface" neighbors, nineteen were boys and sixteen girls.

So great was the call from camps all over New York that Mr. Bruce called upon the Indian youth on the resevations at St. Regis, Tonawanda. Over 300 responded, but in all only about 100 were chosen. During July and August these Indian youths found the deepest pleasure and satisfaction of their young lives in playing the

Indian games with their young charges, in singing the old Indian chants around the campfire, and in teaching their camp followers the old folkways of their Iroquios forefathers.

In the winter and spring of 1938 there were 171 young Indian boys girls attending the classes for the forthcoming summer months. They were determined that they would improve themselves as counsellors for their next session. So they started a mutual criticism society, and they remained friends at its end. The elder chiefs, both men and women, lent their encouragement and knowledge to their children and grandchildren. That year the training groups increased to 150, and the summer camp season was the most successful since the inception of this unique experiment in the teaching of Indian ways by the Indians to their white boy and girl friends. The experiment has more than proven the hope of Clarence A. Doran, the camp director of the Albany Y. M. C. A., who in welcoming the Indian counsellors assigned to his camp said,"Understanding as you young people do the traditions of the young people, you can hand on to the children in the camps not only the crafts and dances, but the spirit of them, the sense of oneness with the great outdoors. You have spent the past year studying closely the history, legends and crafts of your ancestors in preparation for this work. This week you are gathered here to put them into practice, under the actual camping conditions."

His hope has more than been fulfilled. So happy have been the children with their Indian teachers and so widespread has their fame become, that from all over the country has come the demand of white boys and girls who desire to be taught Indian plays and Indian ways by real Indians.

Lord, I would be a pool within thy shadow,
Serene and sheltered, fed by living streams
Pure from the scum of life to mirror clearly
The sun of righteousness, with healing beams
And cup the morning stars' most gentle gleams
That lilies may arise from earthly substance
To breathe a holy love adoringly
Let me refresh the heartsick and the wayward
So Heaven's reflected glory they may see
And lift remembering faces up to Thee.
A small secluded pool within thy shadow
Oh, Lord of Beauty! cleanse and sweeten me.

—Annie Elise Roane Hunter

LITTLE AMERICA

By Eva M. Muma

On New Year's Day, 1929, Admiral Richard E. Byrd and members of his first Antarctic expedition founded "Little America," a tiny speck on an icy continent which is larger than the United States and Mexico combined. Now, eleven years later, he is conducting his third expedition to the frozen lands of the Antartic, this time for the purpose of establishing for the United States a more permanent settlement with a view to using it as a possible future airline base, and to futher explore some 675,000 square miles of unknown territory.

It is expected that fifteen different branches of science will be benefitted by this research. For instance, two seismograph units, furnished by the Franklin Institute, are to be installed at Little America to study earth tremors at a hitherto inaccessible point. Important minerals are believed to exist, including perhaps that very valuable substance — radium. The world's second largest coal supply is said to be located in Antarctica. How this vast ice-bound continent, where temperatures reach ninety degrees below zero, can be utilized and how its riches—if they are found—can be obtained, will prove another fascinating chapter in the history of man's mastery over the natural resources of the earth.

For the present, however, it is interesting to know how these one hundred or more pioneers of progress have prepared to spend at least a year in the Antarctic, 12,000 miles away, with radio their only means of contact with civilization. Two ships—the *North Star*, furnished by the United States Department of the Interior, and the barkentine *Bear*,—transport the huge cargo which must be complete in every detail. Food, clothing, medical supplies, tools and machinery, scientific equipment, sled dogs, armored tanks, and tractors, and airplanes—these only illustrate the hundreds of articles necessary for such an expedition. The living facilities include a prefabricated house twenty-four by sixty feet, containing a bunkhouse, mess hall and gallery. It is insulated all around with mineral wool, and the windows in the roof—there are none on the sides—can withstand the weight of fifteen feet of snow.

All vegetables are dried to save space and weight, and other foods have to be specially prepared to withstand the terrific cold. The federal bureau of dairy industry laboratories of the Department of Agriculture has also developed several valuable new food concentrates, some of which have not yet been placed on the market. For example, dried pea soup is a pre-cooked dry powder which makes nourishing soup when one can of powder is mixed with four cans of water and boiled. Skim milk potato wafers are similar to potato chips, but contain no fats and therefore do not become rancid. They are made by drying or toasting a mixture of boiled potatoes, skim milk, and salt. Two kinds of candy, fudge and caramels, are also made by formulas that include twenty-five per-cent when solids, which makes them superior in food value to ordinary candies.

The most spectacular and unusual

piece of equiptment of the expedition is the giant snow cruiser, or snow mobile, built by the Research Foundation of the Armour Institute of Technology at Chicago, at an approximate cost of $150,000. It was designed by Dr. Thomas C. Poulter who was with Admiral Byrd on his second Antarctic expedition in 1933-35, and is a huge vehicle fifty-five feet long and about twenty feet wide, powered with twin Disel engines. Individual electric motors operate the four wheels independently, enabling the craft to move laterally and to turn around in thirty feet. It is especially designed to span the great yawning crevasses and jagged ice ridges which have proven such barriers to polar explorations in the past. It is insulated against the cold and equipped to carry four men and their supplies in addition to fuel for 5000 cruising miles. The cruiser, named the *Penguin I*, also carries on its roof a five-passenger cabin plane equipped with ski landing gear, for use in short observation flights from the cruiser. A derrick loads and unloads the airplane in about ten minutes, and also changes the huge ten-foot tires, the largest tires ever made. Another derrick, attachable to the front, can swing members of the crew over crevasses too wide for the cruiser to cross (about fifteen feet). Other equipment includes photographic darkroom, portable device for measuring thickness of ice, directional radio, and so forth.

Photographs and paintings, as well as scientific data, play an important part in bringing back to civilization an accurate and colorful picture of scenes and conditions in the Antarctic. One usually thinks of this region as an endless expanse of white, but in reality there is so much color that those who have the opportunity of seeing it are amazed at its beauty. In order to reproduce a part of this beauty, Leland Curtis, artist of the expedition, has been for months conducting preparatory experiments at the California Institute of Technology. These experiments consisted of mixing paints in a refrigerator in order to obtain an oil paint which would not change color or lose its fluidity in the extremely cold temperatures. While in Antarctic, Curtis will paint his pictures on small twelve-by fifteen inch prospecting panels, to conserve space and weight. Then, when he returns home, he will enlarge the sketches.

It will be interesting during the coming months to follow in the news the experiences of Admiral Byrd and his companions as they continue their brave adventures into the unknown regions of the Antarctic.

HEALTH

Health is built in youth, not after old age has set in. It is when we are young that we lay the foundation for a strong, disease-resisting body. A healthy body is more likely to do healthy thinking. It is true that healthy thoughts rarely come out of a diseased body.

—Selected

WRITER LEARNS WHY AMERICANS LEAVE HOME

By Jerome Beatty

Why do Americans leave home to work—some to virtually slave for little return—in far off places?

I recently toured the world for fifteen months, traveling 46,500 miles through civilized Europe and the wild spots of Asia, Africa and the South Seas, looking for Americans who had left the United States and were doing significant and interesting things abroad. Now I can tell you the answer.

I met, or heard, a good deal about 3,000 American men and women—the the top ones—in every land except South America, Australia and New Zealand. I found out why good talented Americans leave America, the land of the free, in which nearly every foreigner in the world longs to live.

It is because Americans are the only people who possess that charitable urge that makes them want to help the unfortunate. Americans not all, but glorious thousands of them are happiest when they are sacrificing their own comfort to aid the hungriest, sickest and most hopeless and poverty-stricken people they can find. Since those people are in foreign lands, they go abroad.

There are hundreds of Americans, of course, who live abroad because they have a little money and it is cheaper to live there. There are thousands of business men, mostly in the foreign branches of American firms and in their mine and oil fields.

Americans we should be proud of are those whose counterparts are found among the peoples of no other nationality. There are the medical and educational missionaries, the men and the women of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. doctors and nurses from Rockefeller Foundation, represenatives of the Near East Foundation and other such charitable organizations.

Down in Muscat, Arabia, the hottest city in the world, I found Dr. Paul W. Harrison, one of America's great surgeons, operating upon penniless Arabs.

In Athens, I found Alice G. Carr, giving her life to drive disease out of Greece. She hated the work, she said she longed to go home. But she could not drag herself away as long as they needed her.

You found them all over, in Fiji, in China, in Africa. Only Americans were doing these tough, unselfish jobs. People of other nations think of themselves first, and usually all the time.

There were times on my trip when I thought, "We are just a lot of suckers. Nobody else gives money and the services of competent, upstanding people to unfortunate foreigners.

"You don't see the British and French sending doctors to help our poor in Puerto Rico or the Philippines. Why should we send doctors to India and Syria?"

I got over that. If you want to be practical...the influence of these Amercans abroad and the contributions from those at home have made America the nation most admired and beloved by the common people of the world...not

by the rulers, who envy us, but by their subjects.

Perhaps we don't get our money back, but we receive a lot of it... in trade. Because they like us, foreigners like our goods. There is no sales resistance for American motor cars, toothpaste, tobacco, gasoline, silk hosiery and a hundred other commodities.

Good will is worth a great deal in business and in international affairs.

If the people admire us, their rulers are most likely to give us a better break on trade agreements and in diplomatic parleys. It's mighty good for America to be loved in most parts of the world.

Beyond that, you couldn't stop these Americans, if you wanted to. They would struggle and starve and go ragged in order to help unfortunates.

In the second place, most of us don't want to stop helping. When we gaze in the mirror we like our looks better if we have helped the Chinese or the Finns or the Armenians.

That's the way we're built. And that trait helps make us a great nation.

If we ever stop worrying about the world's unfortunate people, if we begin to incline toward a policy of shooting them instead of feeding them, look out! No longer will we be unique. No longer will we be Americans.

In that case, no longer will life be worth living!

———o———

DESTINY

There is in each of us an inner strength
That gives us power to do what we would dare,
A vision that fulfills out every prayer,
A faith that leads us to our goal at length.

Within each soul there is a thought divine
That clothes with form each high and pure desire,
A lofty purpose, constant to inspire
The noblest deeds our fancy can design.

There is in every heart a radiant light
That clears away the shadows of despair
And puts instead a higher courage there,
A larger love, deeper, clearer sight.

All through life's changing hours this truth remains:
And though we fall unnumbered times, it seems,
We yet may rise and build upon our dreams
The perfect life our destiny ordains.

—Elizabeth D. Schuman.

RED CROSS ORIGINATED BY SWISS BANKER 76 YEARS AGO

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough in Charlotte Observer

If the mild little Swiss banker who 76 years ago founded the Red Cross could have looked in on the annual American Red Cross convention held recently in Convention Hall, Washington, D. C., he undoubtedly would have been amazed at the widespread results of his efforts to relieve the suffering of wounded soldiers on the battlefield.

History of the world's greatest first-aid organization had its beginning on the battlefield of Solferino, Italy, in 1859. French and Italian troops under Napoleon and the Austrians under Emperor Francis Joseph engaged in one of the bloodiest battles of Europe at that time. All day the battle raged and the field was covered with dead and dying, 91,000 men perishing before the Austrians retreated.

Henri Dunant, a Swiss philanthropist and a banker of fairly large means, who was traveling through Italy. happened to be near the battle zone at the end of the day and saw the lack of facilities for the care of the wounded. Appalled by the suffering on every side, he at once began to organize the women from the nearby towns into relief bands. Under his orders, men of the vicinity carried the wounded into churches and farm buildings and searched through the piles of dead for the living. Piteous cries of the suffering men could be heard, begging for water or food or for someone to be with them during their last hours.

It had been customary for wounded officers and non-commissioned officers to receive first treatment from the medical staff, then the rank and file. The wounded enemy received no care and history shows they were sometimes confined in buildings for days with neither food nor water.

Finding that a number of Austrian doctors were held prisoners, Dunant went to the headquarters of the French Marshal MacMahon, to whom he described the terrible condition of the soldiers, and exacted a promise from the Marshal that he would ask the Emperor to order the immediate release of doctors who were being held as prisoners, a promise which resulted in the freeing of all doctors for medical service.

Appealing to an influential French benefactress for aid, Durant wrote:

> "For three days I have been caring for the wounded soldiers of Solderino. There are more than 40,000 wounded from this horrible event. The few doctors are aided by prisoners and peasant women. It is impossible to describe the horrors I have seen. I beg you to supply these troops with tobacco as you did in the Crimean war. I am writing from the battlefield which is covered with heaps of dead and dying. In many churches and other buildings, several hundred wounded soldiers are lying one on top of the other. For three days I have seen human beings die in unimaginable agony. A glass of water, a sympathetic smile, a cigar brings a change which enables them in spite of

their suffering to face death bravely and calmly."

Dunant's letter was published in Paris and Geneva newspapers and citizens began collecting bandages, lint and other supplies which were sent to the hastily organized hospitals near the battlefield. All day Dunant would work among the wounded soldiers and at night write letters begging for aid. He made notes of his experiences for a book destined to make a deep impression on rulers of nations and individuals throughout all Europe.

Soon after his return to Switzerland, this book, "Un Souvenior of Solferino," vividly describing the horror of war and the agony of the soldiers, was published. Its influence was far-reaching. In salons and legislative halls it was constantly discussed. Mothers read it and wept bitterly at the probability that their sons had died without care and consolation; law makers read it and possibly for the first time realized what the glory of war involved.

Dunant concluded his book by asking "Would it not be possible to establish in every country in Europe aid societies whose aim would be to provide during war volunteer nurses for the sick and wounded, without distinction of nationality?"

Victor Hugo read the book and wrote Dunant, "You armed humanity and served liberty." Heads of nations without being called upon, promised support, one King stating "Any nation that does not join in the work of humanity deserves to be banned by public opinion in Europe." Napoleon III, who witnessed the frightful suffering at Solferino, pledged his full support. Thus the little book was a powerful ally in Dunant's humanitarian fight.

The Geneva Society of Public Utility, a group whose efforts were devoted to philanthropic and humane work, sent out an invitation for an international conference to consider relief of war wounded. Under it a Committee for Relief of Wounded Soldiers was organized to sponsor a conference and with the invitation was sent a draft of proposed agreements for discussion. Fourteen nations were represented at this conference which met February 9, 1863. The next year at a meeting which the Swiss government sponsored by extending invitations to 25 nations to send representatives, formal organization was perfected.

The United States, then engaged in war, took no official part but instructed the American Ambassador to Switzerland, George C. Fogg, to attend as an observer. Twelve European countries signed the Treaty of Geneva, which was drawn up at this conference, each country to organize national units for furnishing impartial, merciful treatment for the wounded of armies, regardless of nationality. A symbol of neutral efforts, a red cross on a field of white was adopted. It was the Swiss flag with colors reversed, in recognition of what Switzerland had done to sponsor the humanitarian movement.

Among the names of many women who did relief work during the War Between the States was that of Clara Barton of New England. She was active in work of field hospitals, on battlefields, and near the end of the war located many missing soldiers and secured their release from prison camps.

After the war's close she went to Europe for a much needed rest. Mem-

bers of the newly organized war-relief committee in Geneva asked her why the United States refused to sign the Geneva agreement. Miss Barton was very much embarrassed for she personally had never heard of the treaty.

Her interest was aroused however, and almost immediately with the coming of the War of 1870, France against Prussia, she was given the opportunity to see volunteers operating under the neutral Red Cross, equipped for work and ready to follow the armies. To friends at home she wrote:

> "This organized powerful commission was authorized to receive, direct and dispense supplies and funds which neutral nations placed at its disposal. These men had treaty power to go directly on the battlefield and work in full cooperation with military authorities. Not a man on those battlefields would suffer for lack of care. I thought of the dead and starving wounded in the war of the Sixties, frozen to the ground, and our commissions and their supplies in Washington powerless because of no organization. If I am spared to return to my country I shall try to make the people understand the Red Cross and the Geneva treaty."

Upon return from Europe Miss Barton brought the matter to the attention of General Grant but, fearful of international entanglements, he rejected the idea. President Hayes also refused to consider the matter. The first encouragement came from President Garfield when Secretary of State James G. Blaine wrote on May 21st, 1881, that he would recommend adherence.

Fifty friends of Miss Barton met at her home and organized the Association of the American Red Cross electing her president. President Garfield's sudden death delayed governmental recognition of the Red Cross but in his first message to Congress, Presirent Arthur, Garfield's successor, recommended on December 6th, 1881, that America adhere to the treaty. The Senate agreed and on March 1st, 1882, President Arthur signed the treaty. Miss Barton served as president of the American association until it was reorganized in 1905 under a new Congressional charter.

In Europe as in America the Red Cross filled a definite need in peace as well as in war. It was soon a means through which relief could be administered for emergencies other that those arising from armed conflict. In different European countries it sponsored the building of hospitals and established clinics for treatment of the needy, provided nursing care for typhus patients and other epidemic victims and started a movement for better health conditions. In America urgent relief problems came in the form of floods, forest fires, droughts and yellow fever. During the Spanish-American war, nurses and hospital supplies were sent to American soldiers fighting in disease-infested tropics.

From the beginning, Dunant had visualized the Red Cross as an international organization and as the work progressed, this idea strengthened in all countries. Disaster in one country resulted in aid from the society of others and proved effectual in creating feelings of friendship between nations whose previous contacts had been along hostile lines. The prestige

of the organization increased with the years and the Red Cross became a strict symbol of neutrality.

In order to further strengthen the American branch, the society was dissolved and reorganized by act of Congress. Under the new charter, Red Cross accounts were audited by the War Department and an annual report submitted to Congress by the Secretary of War.

At the first annual meeting after organization, William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War, became president. He held the office through his term in the White House· then resigned with the suggestion that the President of the United States, to lend additional strength to the society, should assume the presidency.

President Wilson agreed to accept, as has each successive president.

With the breaking of the European war in 1914, the supreme test of the Red Cross came and well was it met. Almost overnight it expanded into the international power Dunant had conceived. Neutral countries sent aid to those involved in the great struggle, Red Cross workers crossed battle lines unharmed and prisoners were exchanged through the international committee in Geneva.

Facts of Red Cross work during the World war are a familiar story. All classes looked to it as their representative and public confidence led to a great outpouring of contributions. This confidence insured its strenght after the Armistice when it turned to peace work—readjustment of soldiers, rebuilding war torn communities, feeding war orphans.

The importance of peacetime work has grown and an underlying principle in Red Cross policies is to build and preserve a strong race of healthy men and women.

To serve as a clearing house for national societies, Henry P. Davison, wartime Red Cross chairman, suggested the League of Red Cross Societies, with headquarters in Paris. Since its organization in 1919, the American Red Cross chairman has headed its board of governors.

Today the American Red Cross is directing its energy toward bettering mankind by combating epidemics preventing death from accidents, promoting health education and enlisting youth in the Junior Red Cross. In 61 nations, Red Cross Societies are sponsoring similar work, the outgrowth of Henri Dunant's Treaty of Geneva and a living monument to his name.

THINK OF THESE

Life is made up of habits for which we are responsible; cultivate the good, curb the bad—a rule for daily obedience.

Our deeds tell what we are; character is judged by conduct.

We are not hermits; somebody always sees and passes on to others his opinion of our conduct. Thus reputation grows.

Skillful and determined classification of our habits is our responsibility; to practice only the good is our privilege.

—Selected

PLASTICS IN INDUSTRY

By John H. Jollief

Do you realize the extent to which plastics are used today in industry? Plastics are materials which can be formed or molded into any desired shape under strong pressure or heat. The first synthetic plastic in America was accidently discovered in 1869 by John Wesley Hyatt, a printer, while he was trying to create an ivory substitute. The industry has developed so rapidly that in 1938 the volume production was one hundred sixty-two million pounds of fabricated products, worth approximately two hundred and fifty million dollars.

Many different kinds of plastics are in use, depending upon the raw materials from which they are produced. Some of these basic materials are camphor, cellulose, casein, carbolic acid, acetic acid, coal, air, and water. The plastics are light in weight, tough in texture, hard, elastic, and are easily molded into any desired shape or form. Most of them may be had in powders as well as in sheets, tubes, and rods. One of the most recent types has a remarkable group of characteristics, being similar in appearance to glass, practically unbreakable, reflecting light, taking a high polish, light in weight.

Among the twenty-five thousand uses which have been found for plastics are goggles, highway reflectors, brush bristles, fountain pens, toothbrush handles, umbrella handles, radio dials, costume jewelry, buttons, combs, airplane window shields, laminated safety glass, automobile gear shift knobs, and lampshades. There is almost no limit to the uses of plactics.

One splendid use to which synthetic plastics are put is in the manufacture of an entirely new type of highway reflector. These reflectors resemble natural quartz crystal in their beauty and other characteristics, are as clear as the finest optical glass and practically unbreakable. The material from which they are made is only about half as heavy as glass and has the property of internal reflection. It can be molded in perfect form. These reflectors are accurately molded into little round smooth-faced discs with facets cut on the back to reflect the light. You will see them attached to posts about one hundred feet apart along the highway. As the automobile lights fall upon them there is a flash of light thrown off by the facets which may be seen a full mile ahead.

To show the safety possibilities of these reflectors the state of Michigan reported a seventy-nine per cent decrease in the number of night accidents during the first three months following their installation, in comparison with the three months immediately preceding their use. Michigan was the first state to install these reflectors. They were placed along an eighty-five mile stretch of unlighted highway in 1938. By the fall of 1939 nineteen states of the Union had put them into use. The reflectors take a high polish and stand up in all kinds of weather.

———o———

The stubborn man always meets stubborn men.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The old barn on the section of our farm known as the Duke Farm, is being repaired and put in condition to take care of young livestock and used as a storage place for hay.

For many years it has been the custom at the School to pick string beans by the 10th of June. Due to the late Spring it now looks as if it might be the 10th of July before any beans are large enough to gather.

Hving completed the repairs at Cottage No. 4, Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are now working at Cottage No. 5. Here a new floor is being laid in the kitchen and the cabinets and walls repainted.

"Kentucky" a Fox 20th Century production in technicolor was the feature attraction at the regular weekly movie in the auditorium last Thursday night. The boys enjoyed this fine picture better than any shown here in a long time.

The harvester is now operating at top speed in the oats fields at the School, and the harvesting of this year's crops of oats, to be threshed, is under way. This will be in addition to quite a quantity of oats already mown for hay. While the yield has been lessened by the severe winter cold, the crop will be much larger than was anticipated. It will not be as good as last year's yield.

We recently heard through a Concord friend, who had been visiting his home in Hendersonville, that Frank King, one of our paroled boys, has been getting along very nicely since having been allowed to return to his home last year. Frank, a former member of the Cottage No. 2 group is now working as a painter, being employed by an uncle who operates a lumber yard and does considerable building.

Preparations are being made to conduct a tonsil clinic at the School, beginning on Tuesday of next week. Prior to this year this work was done at various nearby hospitals, but on this occasion our new infirmary will be used. Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord, will be the surgeon in charge, and he will be assisted by nurses from the staff of the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, and our own resident nurse, Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin.

After getting off to a rather poor start, the Training School baseball team seems to have settled down. For the past few weeks the boys have played better ball and are now tied with Allen school for fourth place in the Cabarrus County League. The standing of the clubs in this league, including games played June 1st, is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Plant 2	7	0	1.000
Jackson Park	6	2	.750
Petheltown	5	3	.625
Allen School	3	4	.429
J. T. S.	3	4	.429
Harrisburg	3	5	.375
Midland	3	5	.375
Poplar Tent	0	7	.000

We were delighted to have Mrs. Emma J. Eagle, of Concord, call at The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. She was accompanied by Mrs. Coyle Page, Mrs. Olin Poplin, Mrs. M. W. Baucon and Miss Minnie McGraw, all of Concord. They visited the various departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building, after which they looked over the infirmary, gymnasium, swimming-pool, and other places of interest on the campus.

Mrs. Eagle, familiarly known as "Aunt Emma" among the old-timers in the employ of the School, is now in her eighty-first year. After having served as matron in charge of our sewing room for nearly twenty years, she retired in 1932, and went to make her home with relatives in Concord. During her long period of service at the School, she was a most conscientious worker and by her tireless devotion to duty and most kindly attitude toward all with whom she came in contact, she made a host of friends among both the boys and officials of the institution. Since leaving us she has made frequent visits to the School and her old friends are always more than glad to see her.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 26:26-50, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Prayer."

For many years Rev. Mr. Arrowood has been most faithful in rendering service to the School. He is a great lover of boys and is ever alert for something that will add to their pleasure. On several occasion he has brought prominent speakers to address them, and at other times has had his choir entertain them with excellent programs. Last Sunday he furnished some fine musical entertainment of a different nature. He and three other Arrowoods, Messrs. E. B., Harry and John, formed a very good male quartet, and they rendered several numbers in a most delightful manner. They sang "Wandering Child," "Riches of Love", "Church in the Wildwood" and "My Anchor Holds."

At the begining of his remarks on the subject of prayer, Rev, Mr. Arrowood told the boys the story of a sandwich man on the streets of London. This man walks the streets daily with an advertising board to the front of him and one on his back. Recently it was noticed that he displayed signs reading "Watch and Pray," done presumably to urge citizens of that city to turn to God in there present hour of fear and sadness. He also told his listeners that last Sunday was set aside by many churches as a day of prayer for peace among the nations of the world.

The speaker then called attention to the fact that just before his suffering and death, Christ told his disciples to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation. He found that instead of doing as they were bidden, they fell asleep. It is well to keep watch at all times, continued Rev. Mr. Arrowood, for the devil is always alert, and at any time we will allow him to do so, will lead us into trouble. He finds the weak spots in our lives and attacks there, so it is well to change even our closest companions once we become men changclaring his allegiance.

We should watch even where we think we are strong, said the speaker. Peter thought his loyalty to Jesus was strong, but he denied the Master just a few short hours after declaring his loyalty.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Arrowood told the boys no power is more forceful and able to strengthen man than the power of prayer. Prayer is the force that mans the arm that rules the world and brings salvation down.

———o———

THE PEACE OF NATURE

They upward lift their lacy fronds
  Within some wooded dell,
The beauty and the grace of them
  No words of mine can tell.
Far in the depths of forest cool
  Where sunlight filters through,
And arching trees with leaves so thick
  Shut out the skies of blue,
In dewy freshness grow these ferns
  With varied tints of green;
They bring to us the consciousness
  Of Nature's wonders seen.
What scores of little wild things haunt
  This leafy forest dim,
The birds and nimble squirrels, how
  They flit from limb to limb.
What peace and quiet we may find
  When such a scene we greet,
Away from all the noise and din
  One finds on city street.
Here we can lift our tired hearts
  Unto the Lord above,
And, with a calm assurance, feel
  The goodness of His love,
While in the midst of all the noise,
  The bustle and the din,
It's hard to hear the still, small voice
  That speaks to us within.

—Ivy Heilman Harmon

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 2, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Noah J. Greene
James Hodges
Leon Hollifield
Edward Johnson
Robert Maples
Mack McQuaigue
John F. May
Arna Wallace
Jack Warren
W. H. Warren
J. C. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 1

William G. Bryant
Howard Cox
Clay Mize
H. C. Pope
Arlie Scism
Edward Warnock
William C. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 2

Bennie Austin
James Blocker
Jack Cline
John D. Davis
Robert Keith
Forrest McEntire
Donald McFee
Richard Parker
Nick Rochester
William Shaw
Newman Tate
Clarence Wright

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews
John Bailey
Jewell Barker
Earl Barnes
Clyde Barnwell
James Boone
Kenneth Conklin
Jack Crotts
Coolidge Green
Bruce Hawkins
Roscoe Honeycutt
Douglas Matthews
Harley Matthews
William Matthewson
Otis McCall
John C. Robertson
Wayne Sluder
William Sims
William T. Smith
Harrison Stilwell
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins
Louis Williams

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver
Paul Briggs
Lewis Donaldson
Ivan Morrozoff
J. W. McRorrie
J. C. Nance
Henry Raby
Melvin Walters
Samuel Williams
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE No. 5

Theodore Bowles
Harold Donaldson
William Gaddy
Sidney Knighting
James Massey
J. C. Reinhardt
Currie Singletary
Fred Tolbert
Hubert Walker
Dewey Ware
Henry Ziegler

COTTAGE No. 6

Edward Batten

COTTAGE No. 7

Cleasper Beasley
William Beach
Paul Dockery
Donald Earnhardt
Richard Halker
Robert Lawrence
Elmer Maples
Arnold McHone
Alex Weathers
Joseph Wheeler

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley
Reid Beheler
Jack Hamilton

Daniel McPhail
John Tolbert

COTTAGE No. 9

Holly Atwood
Mack Bell
J. T. Branch
Roy Butner
Robert Gaines
Frank Glover
Wilbur Hardin
John Hendrix
Osper Howell
Mark Jones
Harold O'Dear
Lonnie Roberts
James Ruff
Richard Singletary
Preston Wilbourne

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer
Aldine Brown
John Crawford
Noah Ennis
B. C. Elliott
Jack Evans
John Fausnett
J. D. Hildreth
Thomas King
Rufus Linville
James Penland
Oscar Queen
O. D. Talbert
Torrence Ware

COTTAGE No. 11

John Benson
Harold Bryson
William Dixon
William Furches
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Franklin Lyles
Julian Merritt
Everett Morris
Edward Murray
Fred Owens
Theodore Rector
Thomas Turner

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond
Ernest Brewer
Jay Brannock
William Broadwell
William C. Davis
William Deaton
Howard Devlin
Max Eaker
Woodrow Hager
Joseph Hall
Hubert Holloway
Richard Honeycutt
Frank Johnston
Tillman Lyles
Clarence Mayton
James Mondie
Howard Sanders
Robah Sink
William Suites
George Tolson
Carl Tyndall
Eugene Watts

COTTAGE No. 13

James Brewer
Dillon Dean
William Griffin
Vincent Hawes
James Lane
Jordan McIver

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
Mack Coggins
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
William Hardin
John Hamm
Marvin King
John Kirkman
Feldman Lane
Norvell Murphy
Charles McCoyle
Henry McGraw
John Robbins
James Roberson
John Reep
Charles Steepleton

COTTAGE No. 15

Raymond Anderson
Jennings Britt
Howard Bobbitt
Beamon Heath
Albert Hayes
William Hawkins
Oakley Lunsford
Fred McGlammery
J. P. Morgan
Claude Moose
Eulice Rogers
Brown Stanley

J. P. Sutton
Calvin Tessneer

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Duncan

Philip Holmes
John T. Lawry
Redmond Lawry
Earl Oxendine
Thomas Oxendine

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THE DRINKING PEDESTRIAN

The drinking driver has long been a major cause of concern to Ronald Hocutt, Director of the Highway Safety Division, but in recent months the drinking pedestrian has given the safety director a few headaches.

"It is different to know just what to do about the individual who takes on a few snorts and then goes tacking down the street or highway, endangering not only his own life but also, strange to say, jeopardizing the safety of other people," Hocutt said.

"Everyone knows that the drinking driver is a menace not only to himself but to everyone else on the road, but it is generally thought that the drinking pedestrian endangers no one's life but his own. That may be true in most cases, but there are many times when a motorist swerves to avoid striking an unsteady pedestrian and kills or injures himself or someone else.

"Approximately 40 per cent of our traffic fatalities are pedestrians and a good many of the pedestrians killed have had a few drinks under their belts.

"The Highway Safety Division", Hocutt added, "cautions people who drink not to walk on the streets and highways, particularly at night, and we also urge all motorists to be on the watch for unexpected movements of drinking pedestrians. There is a well-known slogan to the effect that 'If you drink don't drive.' We might add, 'and if you drink, don't walk in traffic.' "—N. C. Highway Safety Division.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 15, 1940 NO. 24

PATRIOTISM

A man without a country' you'll agree, of him 'tis said
Better that, instead of living, he should be among the dead.
As, I'm glad I have a country and glad I get a thrill
In saluting e'er the "stars and stripes" as they wave upon the hill.

We must be loyal, then, and true to this, our native land,
And help to teach the foreigner to know and understand,
So that, after you and I have passed far out beyond the veil,
Our dear old Country's starry flag still above our land will sail.

—Margarette E. Munroe.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

JUNE 14—FLAG DAY

To us, as Americans, the Stars and Stripes symbolizes everything that we hold dear—the triumphs of the past, our freedom of the present, our hopes for the future. No patriot can gaze upon thirteen stars, representing the original states and the forty-eight stripes emblematic of the states comprising our present confederacy without deep feelings of respect and pride. For the Stars and Stripes men have fought and died; beneath the Stars and Stripes we live in happiness and freedom; behind the Stars and Stripes we shall advance to a still greater national destiny.

For this reason, June 14, Flag Day, has a great significance for every citizen. We are apt to take our democracy too much for granted. Rejoicing in individual freedom, in the protection of our army and navy, in the benefit of just laws, in the processes of impartial and orderly government, in liberty of thought and action, we forget that these seeming commonplaces are comparatively rare upon this tumultuous globe; that liberty has been banished from the greater part of the earth; that millions exist in states closely approaching serfdom; that the advantages which are mere commonplace to us are no more than ideals, impossible of attainment, for less fortunate peoples.

We have just cause to venerate that flag and everything for which it stands. It is the symbol of freedom, justice, progress; it stands for everything we hold dear; as long as it waves proudly in the breeze we remain a free and independnt people.

The Stars and Stripes! Standard of democracy! With pride, humility, joy, we salute you!—Selected.

—o—

OLD GLORY UNFURLED

Some Americans there are who ask, Wherefore the combination of stars and stripes, which make Old Glory the most beautiful banner in all the world? Various ideas have been suggested, however, it is all shrouded in mystery, with nothing definite on the subject known. Some historians there were, who claimed that they were taken from George Washington's coat of arms; others

have claimed that the stripes were taken from the thirteen stripes in the banner of Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse.

What we do know, is that the first flag from which this combination of Stars and Stripes appeared, was made by Betsy Ross who kept an upholstery-shop in her little home at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, which has been converted into a flag museum and is frequented very often by visitors at the present day. That was the authentic birthplace of Old Glory.

During the first two years of the Revolutionary War, various battle flags were carried on land and sea; some of the designs looked appropriate, many of them were comic. One of the most peculiar emblems used on flags of that period was the Rattlesnake. The motto on these Rattlesnake flags was, "Don't Tread On Me." Other favorite designs were of trees, of which several varieties were displayed.

The first time that the new flag of the United States was flown in battle was at Fort Stanwix, renamed Schuyler, where Rome, New York, now stands.

In 1777, a resolution by the Continental Congress provided that the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, and, that the union have thirteen stars. But as the number of states rapidly increased, a resolution was presented to the House of Representatives in 1818, providing that the flag be thirteen stripes; that the union have twenty stars, and that on the admission of a new state, one additional star be added.

Briefly, the foregoing is the history of the evolution of Old Glory, which stands for **Liberty, Unity** and **Justice**; and whenever it is unfurled the **Star-Spangled Banner** is **Supreme** and **Unconquerable.**—Selected.

* * * * * * * * *

TRIBUTE TO FATHER

Mother's Day is universally observed, but Father's Day passes without emphasis. We are pleased to give in The Uplift a tribute paid to father by a young woman of splendid heritage and superb culture. The young lady to whom we refer is a teacher in one of the schools in Washington, D. C. Her father, a lawyer, was

engaged in looking up old records and recording same. In his declining years it was the duty of the daughter to see that her father was taken to his office and then safely brought to their suburban home.

This young teacher never wearied in performing her duties, looking after "Dad" in his declining years. She once repeated to the writer, in soft Southern accent, that the sweetest memory of her life was the close contact she had with her father. She said, "I rejoice that on my last return trip from his office to our home, to recall that I threw my arms around him, and softly said, I am proud to have had the sweet companionship of you, my noble father. Your clean life and noble ideals will continue to be a guiding light to the higher things that make true womanhood."

This young woman did not look upon her father as the checkbook of the home, but as the source of the ennobling thoughts and finer elements that make strong characters.

* * * * * * * *

THE TONSIL CLINIC

The boy is ever the central figure at the Jackson Training School. This week boys are being checked over by Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, and in each case, if necessary, the lads receive surgical treatment. To date fifty-four boys have been found to have diseased tonsils. Already the work is well under way. Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, said, "everything is moving smoothly." The inference is that Dr. Rankin, with his efficient corps of nurses, is successfully conducting this clinic for some of the delinquents of the state, and the boys are responding nicely to the treatment.

Especially on this occasion is the new infirmary a real joy. Previously, when the date for tonsil clinics was noted, there was great concern. There was not adequate equipment at the institution to care for cases after removing tonsils. We all know there is apprehension as to the results of any surgical operation, either major or minor, but in our infirmary each boy is placed in bed and watched by the resident nurse until dismissed by the surgeon. The infirmary is a real joy to the personnel of this institution, due to the

fact that the responsibility of caring for the boys is taken from the officers who are not trained for the work.

The gift from the state to the Jackson Training School of the infirmary is an expression of appreciation of the future citizens of North Carolina—the boys of this institution.

* * * * * * * *

AN APPEAL FOR FUNDS

Not a more touching appeal has ever been presented than the one made by the Red Cross for funds for relief of suffering, old and young, in the war stricken countries of Europe. From all sources sympathy is expressed for these people who are passing through life without a hope of the comforts of a home, simple as they were, or being again united around the fireside with loved ones. The situation is terrible. It is quite impossible to visualize conditions, because we all know that "war is hell," so expressed by an outstanding figure who experienced such a holocaust. The goal set by the American Red Cross is $10,000,000 for the sufferers and benighted victims of this terrible catastrophe and there is not a doubt that the people of this nation will respond most generously.

The Red Cross unit of Cabarrus County will as usual measure up to the emergency and send in the amount expected from this source. No appeal is more touching than the cry of a child or the uplifted hand of the aged.

* * * * * * * *

THE DRESS OF WOMEN

Fashions or the latest styles of dress have from the beginning of time caught the attention of women, and the North Carolina Christian Advocate has taken note of the fact and gives in the following briefs of women's dress that tell a story covering an eon of time; To the following there could have been added that in the ancient Egyptian tombs were found cosmetics, nail polish and lotions supposed to have been used at that era of history. This tells of the extreme styles of women's dress, beginning with the Garden of Eden:

> Moralists, satirists, humorists and gossips from the beginning of history have busied themselves with the extreme

styles of women's dress. Even the writer of the story of the Garden of Eden, like the satisfactory reporter of swell social functions of today, tells how the lady was dressed. Isaiah, the prophet-statesman, towered among the politicians of his day as a giant in the midst of the pigmies; yet this great statesman-seer notes "The bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head bands, and the ear-rings, and the nose jewels, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins" of the women of his day. Men and women in middle life can remember the days when American women bound their waists and Chinese women bound their feet and the women with insect waists shed tears over the cruel custom of foot-binding in China, yet never pitied themselves when displacing vitals. But with a change of style the Chinese do not bind their feet and the American women do not lace at all. Not so long ago the skirts swept the ground and one woman wore half a dozen skirts at one time, but now a single skirt reaching to the knees is a plenty. And amid all these mutations in dress through the centuries tongue and pen have been busy in a vain attempts to take care of the situation. What are we going to do about it? Just like we have been doing, let the "female of the specie" do as she will. Fortunately it is hardly a moral question anyhow.

* * * * * * * *

THE OPTIMISM OF YOUTH

Pessimism is a product of the increase of years. Boys and girls are never pessimists. They believe that the best is yet to be and all of them worth their salt are eager to help make the world better.

Robert Browning's invitation to men of middle life and old age was:

> "Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be."

And why not? Cato learned Greek at eighty. Chaucer at sixty wrote his Canterbury Tales. Goethe completed Faust when past eighty. Henry W. Longfellow remained the first literary figure of America till his death at seventy-five. "The best is yet to be" is the key word for advancing age because therein abide the spirit and vision of youth, and all those things that guarantee effective and joyous service.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

OUR FLAG AND ITS HISTORY

By Frank C. Collier

In the Colonial days and before the Declaration of Independence, each one of the colonies had its own flag; then came the War of the Revolution, and the necessity, for the first time in the history of America, for a new emblem,— symbolic of the union of the thirteen separate states of government.

History is not altogether clear as to how our present flag came into being, but the historians seem to agree that in the month of June, 1776, General Washington and a Committee of gentlemen visited Betsy Ross, who with her husband, was conducting a small upholstering establishment in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. There, in the diminutive back parlor of the little home, George Washington took a piece of chalk and drew upon the table a design somewhat resembling that of our present flag. From that crude design, Betsy Ross evoloved what is now the Stars and Stripes.

This flag was adopted officially by the Continental Congress on June 4, 1776, by the following resolution:

"RESOLVED that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars of white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

On January 13, 1794, the flag was changed from thirteen stripes to fifteen stripes, resolved of Congress reading as follows:

"RESOLVED that from and after the first day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field."

Thereafter, and on April 4, 1818, the flag was returned to its original form of thirteen stripes, by another resolution of Congress. Further providing that one star be added to the Union of the Flag upon the admission of every new state into the Union and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission. That custom has been carried out even until this day until now Old Glory proudly flaunts its forty-eight stars to the breeze. It may be of interest to remind you that during the Revolution the flag had 13 stars; In the War of 1812 there were 15 stars; In the Mexican War there were 29 stars; In the Civil War there were 35 stars; In the War with Spain there were 45 stars and in the World War there were 48 stars.

What does Old Glory stand for? What is its signficance? And what do men think when they see Old Glory? What is it that inspired men and women in the past and now inspires each of us?

Its stars then and now were and are the stars of God; its stripes the beams of morning light As the stars shine forth at early dawn, followed by the resplendent beams of red and white as the sun creeps up over the eastern horizon, so the stars and stripes of the American flag shine out together, and constitute a banner of dawn,— the continuous breaking of the day of liberty It

is that Liberty we now, as citizens, are ever to defend, that in this and all future ages, it may never be encroached upon or lost.

Old Glory was conceived of a spirit of freedom, born of a demand for religious and civil liberty, and shall forever remain the champion of the downcast and the oppressed.

It cheered our army of the Revolution as it floated over each of the thirteen colonies. It was a beacon of light to our weary and hungry and poorly clad soldiers at Valley Forge. It waved over General Washington as he and his little army crossed the frozen waters of the Delaware, and it burst forth in splendor at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The same principles and ideals for which those noble patriots fought and died are those we are called upon to live for and defend to-day, to-morrow, and forever.

In the conflicts with Great Britian certain ideals and principles were fought for and dearly won by our forefathers. Then in our war with Mexico for the freedom of Texas, the principles of liberty survived the terrible massacre of the Alamo, and later won a complete and overwhelming victory.

Then ensued the heart-rending Civil War, which threatened the very life of the Union and its ideals and the Constitution. Once more, Old Glory led the way.

Thanks be to God, the bitterness engendered by that war has long since passed away and with it the division between the North and the South; and we became again a united country fervently owing and declaring its allegiance to Old Glory.

When the call to arms was sounded for the War with Spain, we presented a united front. With the same enthusiasm and determination Old Glory again emerged trimphant.

Then came the World War, with its terrible loss of life and property. We entered that war not for gain or aggrandizement, but in defense of those ideals of Liberty and government of which Old Glory is the emblem and "to make the world safe for democracy"

What did Old Glory mean to France and England? It meant help, hope, salvation and a sure victory over the forces representing greed, avarice, militarism, and ultimate destruction. That mighty struggle ended once and for all the power of any group of rulers or men to plunge any nation into war without the consent of its people who bear its greatest burdens,—the fathers and mothers and wives—and those who must shoulder the musket and face "the hell of shot and shell." Let us all have an equal share in defense and not cast the extreme burden on the few while others obtain riches at their expense. When every one of us is called upon to make the same degree of sacrifice, then war will be much sooner a thing of the past. But just so long as any group of rulers or business men or others are going to reap a money harvest at the expense of the man in the trenches, just so long will war continue.

A smart man is one who hasn't let a woman pin anything on him since he was a baby.—Cokesbury Pi.

EDITORIAL FROM THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

It is out of hearts full of compassion for the people of all nations in the present great world crisis that those charged with the editing of The Christian Science Monitor are speaking through this editorial letter to the members of its wide subscriber and reader family in every country. Some of you have written that you do not feel a newspaper founded out of a great love for all humanity, should "take sides" in the conflict. However, it is that very love for humanity which compels this newspaper to take sides, not against any nation or group of nations in and of themselves, but against the evils which are attempting to destroy the very basis of civilization.

The issues have become far bigger than any question of colonies or of righting the injustices of the Versailles Treaty. There is at stake the right to live the Christianity upon which men'e lives must be based, else they perish. The challenge to Christianity is being made on more than one front, but in this period it appears to be receiving its chief impetus by an attempt to overthrow the Nazarene's love-inspiring doctrines through the forceful application of hatred-breeding Nazi dogmas. For the brotherhood of man is openly scorned. Worship of person and state are given precedence over worship of God. The rights of people and nations to freedom of speech, religion, and self-government are denied. Unjustified, unprovoked attacks have been made on innocent countries and peoples, and their morale weakened through instigated treachery.

That, briefly, is the situation as The Christian Science Monitor recognizes it, and it feels its readers must be kept on the alert to these dangers, and not be misguided by well-meaning but mistaken arguments that in order to be just, they and this newspaper must be impartial and aloof. The greatest justice that can be accorded the German people is to see clearly that their present course of action is harming themselves most of all. And then firmly, with compassion and love, we should do everything possible to help free all peoples from the prevailing evils.

The Christian Science Monitor has worked for years to further a loving attitude toward the German people. It recognized the serious plight of Germany after the World War, and it repeatedly has emphasized the necessity of rectifying the injustices of the Versailes Treaty. It cannot, however, uphold or endorse the method which has been employed to achieve that end, and it must vigorously oppose the crimes against civilization being commited under the guise of justice-seeking.

It is understandable, from a purely human basis, how an unhappy people believing they have been mistreated and held down by others, might come to idolize one who would appear to be leading them out of their distress. And how, blinded through false loyalty, they might be unable to see whither they were being led, unable to recognize the difference between patriotic zeal and mad, destructive ambition.

It unquestionably is the right of

all peoples and of every nation to have "living room'" and an abundance of the necessities of life. However, an attempt to acquire these by aggressive force or by wresting them from weaker nations is, to the enlightened thought of today, a return to the barbaric methods of the darker ages. It is true there are few nations in whose historic pages there are not acts of conquest which would not stand the modern searchlight of truth, but down through the years the majority of them have been attaining, though slowly, a higher moral position, and that progress cannot be retarded by what the German people today feel is their necessity. There is only one right way for any country to seek to supply the needs of its people—by following the injunction of the Way-shower, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all things shall be added unto you." Seeking the kingdom of God, wherein is expressed spiritual right, brotherly love, unselfishness, honesty, fair dealing, truthfulness, is the exact opposite of trying to build up an exalted material state based on material might, hatred, personal domination, persecution, fear, and tyranny. And of what avail is mere space as "living room," when the lives of nation's people are choked with fear, oppression, and lack of individual liberty? Living room but no life of their own to live! The greatest man the world has ever known often had no place wherein to lay his head, but his life was the freest, richest, and most bountiful of all lives.

The avowed purpose of making a nation one of the greatest in the world naturally appeals to its people, but what really constitutes the greatness of a nation? It is not mere military might nor material possessions. It is chiefly the mental quality and moral state of its people. Germany can again be a great nation in the true sense of the word, but to save itself, it must awake! It must recheck its course and align itself with God's government, which operates solely through the brotherhood of man. And not only Germany but all nations must awaken and yield to this divine government, for there are few without some share of responsibility for the plight of the world today.

In the meantime, much as it deplores war, The Christian Science Monitor realizes that at this moment the Allies have no choice but to defend themselves and friendly smaller nations by military force, and that in so doing they are upholding the democratic rights of people everywhere. In their treatment of the war situation, our editors are seeking earnestly to be guided so that this newspaper may do its part in the establishment of a better world. Its founder, Mary Baker Eddy, has said

> Certain elements in human nature would undermine the civic, social, and religious rights and laws of nations and peoples, striking at liberity, human rights, and self-government. . . . History shows that error repeats itself until it is exterminated. Surely the wisdom of our forefathers is not added but subtracted from whatever sways the sceptre of self and pelf over individuals, weak provinces, or peoples. Here our hope anchors in God who reigns. . . .

It is these "elements in human nature" which this newspaper is attempting to lay bare. They must be seen as evils, but rendered powerless in thought by the realization that they

are no part of the man made in God's image and likeness and have no place in a universe created by God. The need is for men to learn more of the true nature of God's universe, and approach a more spiritual basis for thinking and acting in everyday life. It is only thus that lasting peace can be brought about. Here the hope of The Christian Science Monitor too, "anchors in God," for it knows that He does reign!

THE FLAG'S BIRTHDAY

Why do we celebrate June 14 as Flag Day? Because Congess adopted the "Stars and Stripes" as the official flag of the United States on June 14, 1777. Thus the flag has a birthday just the same as you and I have. Can you figure how old it is?

The form of the flag was established by act of Congress on April 4, 1818, and follows:

The flag is composed of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, representing the thirteen orginial States. This is called the field. The "union," which is the blue and the stars, is in the upper left-hand corner. It should be two-fifths the length of the flag, cross seven stripes and rest on the eighth, which is white. In it there is a star for every State.

Its length is one and nine-tenths times its width.

The colors of the flag are: Red, representing valor; white, representing hope, purity and truth, and blue, representing loyalty, sincerity and justice.

The pledge of allegiance should be memorized by every American—"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

"The Star-Spangled Banner," our national song, is a beautiful tribute to our flag, and no boy or girl is a 100 per cent American citizen until he or she can say every word of it. Can you? Why not celebrate the flag's birthday this year by memorizing some worth-while thing about the flag? Would that not be a good birthday present?

—Junior Life

A VISIT TO THE STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

On a recent visit to the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough, well-known writer, of Charlotte, showed sufficient interest in the work being carried on here, to make the following observations which appeared in last Sunday's issue of The Charlotte Observer:

Few citizens of North Carolina know the intimate facts of the remarkable institution on the Charlotte-Concord highway where youth of the state is being salvaged.

Called to mind by some newspaper reference or in motoring by the Stonewall Jackson Training School, the average person dismisses it with the casual reflection that it is a place where delinquent boys are committed to serve sentence for minor infractions of the law. Little is known of the care, mental and physical, the training and sympathetic discipline that goes into the every day life of these youths.

It is certainly of general interest to learn that three-fourths of the hundreds of boys who have spent a while at the Jackson Training School and been released as worthy and safe to take responsible places in society, never return to the delinquent life to which they had formerly been inclined.

With the exception of its first four years, Charles E. Boger has been the guiding spirit of the school since its establishment 31 years ago. He became superintendent in 1913 when the school consisted of only fifty-six boys, two cottages, an administration building, a shop, a barn and a 298 acre tract. Compare that with an enrollment of almost five hundred boys, 17 cottages, the Cannon Memorial building, trades building, gymnasium, swimming pool, library of 5,000 volumes, (donated by King's Daughters and other friends,) infirmary, ice-plant, modern dairy, laundry, bakery and almost 800 acres of land, some idea of Mr. Boger's connection with the growth of the school may be obtained.

"The Jackson Training School is a little city within itself," said Mr. Boger. "Most of the activities found in a town occur here, however widely the purpose of the activity may differ. While we have farming land, livestock and trade schools, the main purpose is not production but to build these youths into good citizens."

In the 17 cottages, each directed by a matron, the residents cook, clean, mend and live as in the average city home. It is surprising that housework is so efficiently done by boys and many a house wife would view with envy the shining, polished floors, the well made beds, and the immaculate kitchens. Daily visits are made to the central store room for supplies while the produce man and the milk man bring to the cottages vegetables and milk, each boy drinking daily a quart of the rich milk furnished by a Holstein herd.

The school system running through the eighth grade is in charge of seven teachers. It runs the entire year although each boy attends school only one-half of each day

for six days, the other half being spent in some industrial activity. In the first grade 16-year-old boys who have previously lost out in school from lack of interest or bad habits, struggle along with the 10-year-olds.

An artistic overhead bridge across the highway leads to the little chapel about which the late Wade H. Harris wrote one of his most beautiful editorials, "The Church on the Rock." Built literally on one of the gigantic rocks in that vicinity by the King's Daughters when the school first opened, it has long since become inadequate for the congregation, and religious services are held in the school auditorium.

On Friday afternoon, song practice for Sunday takes place and it is thrilling to hear 225 boys lift their voices in the old familiar tunes. It is very evident that they have their favorites. They sing, "Work, for the Night is Coming" with an amazing swing and almost lift the roof with "Like the Stars of the Morning." It makes one feel that boys are the same the world over—some better, some worse. Guest preachers deliver the sermons and all denominations are represented.

For more than 18 years A. C. Sheldon, formerly boy's work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. has been responsible for one monthly Sunday afternoon service.

At 8 a. m. and 1 p. m., one half the boys line up for assignment to work while the other half is in school. They are kept busy in the printing shop, ice plant, farm, dairy, accounting department, bakery, laundry, shoe shop, textile plant, sewing room, machine shop, carpenter shop, store-room, and poultry yards.

In all departments they are given a thorough knowledge of the activity each may choose to follow. The system and regularity with which the school is operated produces a great and sudden change in the attitude of boys. The swaggering youth who once thought it would be fine to be a Dillinger becomes interested in the mixing and baking of bread. The boy who runs the linotype, once a terror in his home town, becomes a very different character under work that interests and challenges his ability.

In the $20,000 Swink-Benson Trades building is housed the printing department, shoe and harness repair shop, sewing department, carpenter shop, machine shop, sheet-metal shop, and modern barber shop where boys learning this trade cut hair for all the boys. In the sewing room are stacks of shirts neatly and accurately made of cotton grown on the School farm and woven into cloth in the textile unit, all of which is done by the boys. More than 3,000 are made annually by the lads in the sewing-room, which are worn during the week, and there is a special uniform for Sunday wear. In the industrial building repairs are made to all buildings and equipment. Each cottage has its shrubs and flowers which the boys care for. When their training fits them to render efficient service in any line the boys are subject to parole. Then new and untried boys are put in their places and the process of development begins all over again.

A well-equipped infirmary with 27 bed capacity, quarters for resident officials, dining room, kitchen, general and isolation wards, was built and opened last year with a

state appropriation. A glance at the heads nurse's records reveals the usual boyish ailments—colds, bites, boils, earache, sprains etc. The general health is good only eight deaths occurring in 23 years.

A gymnasium with space for three basketball courts, dressing rooms and showers has been built by the state.

At the rear is a splendid enclosed swimming pool made possible by a gift of approximately $20,000.00 from the family of the late Caesar Cone, a member of the first board of trustees, and by Federal funds.

Other contributions show the appeal this work makes to the public.

The Kings Daughters erected the first cottage home, chapel and stone arch which spans the highway: the electric sign on the arch was the gift of T. H. Webb, Concord; nine counties each have given cottages; J. E. Latham, a pavilion; auditorium seats, piano and stage furnishings, by J. F. Cannon; re-building and furnishing Administration Building after loss by fire, Mrs. J. W. Cannon; small theater pipe-organ, by C. A. Cannon and mother; a $15,000.00 legacy from the B. N. Duke estate; other legacies from Mrs. T. J. Jackson, Caesar Cone and J. F. Cannon; a contribution of $1,000.00 from Mrs. W. N. Reynolds; the National Lumber company, a grandstand; Efird Brothers, of Charlotte, piano; Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, industrial building; Mrs. John A. Barnhardt, memorial gates; W. J. Swink, trades building; J. G. Parks, motion picture machine; Bell and Harris, picture screen, and the film exchanges of Charlotte furnish films.

For several years W. H. Barnhardt has given Bibles to every paroled boy, also books and magazine subscriptions to each cottage.

"Our boys come from every section of the State, ailing socially, mentally, morally and physically," said Mr. Boger. "They require attention not from one angle alone but their entire life must be reconstructed before they have an even chance to succeed. The cost of properly caring for this class of boys is little when compared with what the future cost would be if they are allowed to grow up without a chance to develop normal citizenship. It is hard to estimate the value of training that turns a boy from a destructive course and makes of him a constructive force."

Mr. Boger has been described as a "humanitarian and a super-executive" and, widely as these roles differ, he excels in both. He has kept the training school free from institutionalism by emphasizing that it is a "boys' home," not a "home for boys." He enters personally into their jollifications on Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Fourth of July and other occasions. They live in close companionship with him—know his every expression and often guess his thoughts. Said one "If Mr. Boger comes out with his hat pulled down over his face, you'd better not say too much to him, but if it's on the back of his head, you can ask him anything."

That he fits the description of "super-executive" is borne out by his success in handling the business affairs of a self-contained town of a youthful population of 500 and in directing a school staff of 62 people.

Five years as a teacher after attending Union Institute and North Carolina College, and thirteen years as superintendent of the schools of Cabarrus county gave him much experience with boys, also rearing

three of his own, Charles, John, and James. He and Mrs. Boger, who was Elise Barnhardt, of Concord, also have two daughters, Sarah and Elise.

Leon Godown, with the school 18 years and in charge of the printing office, has compiled a book on the records of boys who have gone out from the school. Many have obtained college educations and have entered almost every profession; others have continued their trades work and many have joined the U. S. Army and Navy. Outstanding is the record of a boy recently graduated from U. N. C. and a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

The book also carries letters from boys which show their real appreciation of what the school has done for them.

The Uplift, a weekly magazine, started many years ago and edited by Mr. J. P. Cook, of Concord, one of the founders and an enthusiastic and tireless supporter of the school, also first chairman of the board of trustees, is published under Mr. Godown's direction. Since the death of Mr. Cook, Mrs. Cook has worked in the capacity of associate editor, doing most of the editing. It contains information of boys who return for visits, notices of other visitors, local honor rolls and articles of general interest.

The present board of trustees is composed of Messrs. Luther T. Hartsell, Herman Cone, L. D. Coltrane, A. R. Howard, Paul Whitlock, O. C. Bruton, Mesdames Cameron Morrison, R. O. Everett, W. C. Hammer, George E. Marshall and Miss Easdale Shaw.

OLD GLORY

Thy stripes of scarlet bright,
Unfolded to our sight,
Denote that heroes, brave and bold,
Shall freedom e'er uphold.

Thy stripes of purest white
Call on us to unite
To bring about on earth for aye
Peace and good will to men.

Thy field of heavenly blue
Teaches to e'er be true,
And God and home and country free
Serve with fidelity.

Thy stars of purest gold
To nations far untold
The blessings of the brave and free,
And teach us constancy.

Our country's heroes brave
In serried ranks are seen
And deep within our hearts and minds
Their memory's ever green.

MARTIN LUTHER KESLER: A DOCTOR OF HUMANITIES

By R. C. Lawrence

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Romans: 12-11.

Great Baptist leaders have been born in Iredell County. Such an one was Dr. A. T. Robertson of our Seminary, foremost Greek scholar of his day; such an one also was Dr. Martin Luther Kesler, born in 1858. His home church was New Hope, out of which came Rev. Elias Dolson, an evangel in the cause of Home Missions. At this church the Superintendent of the Sunday school was John C. Turner, father of my Wake Forest schoolmate, the beloved Dr. J. Clyde Turner of Greensboro, and his sister, Miss Eulalia who served our Orphanage so long and so faithfully.

I can remember the figure of Rev. J. B. Boone, once Superintendent of our Orphanage and Editor of the Biblical Recorder. He held a "meeting of days" at New Hope, resulting in the conversion of young Kesler, and great forces were then in the making for the underprivileged in Carolina. I also knew Prof. John Duckett, later Principal of Robeson Institute here in Lumberton and still later Assistant to General Thomas F. Toon, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. But at the time of which I write, Prof. Duckett was Principal of Cool Spring Academy and to this institution young Kesler went with his brother, John L., who is one of the South's greatest educators. The history of the orphan of Carolina was now definitely being made.

From this Academy went young Kesler to Moravian Falls, where he attended the school headed by Prof. George W. Greene, who later became professor of Latin at Wake Forest; and later a missionary in China. From here it was but a step to Wake Forest, through whose doors Kesler was graduated in 1888, and he went immediately to our Seminary in Louisville where he took his Th. D. in 1891. He was fittingly enough ordained to the ministry in his old home church.

His first charge as a preacher was at Laurinburg and Spring Hill. This last named was the home church of Livingston Johnson, who became Corresponding Secretary of our State Convention; and his brother, Archibald, so long editor of Charity and Children, so intimately associated with Dr. Kesler and his work. This church was also the home church of the poet John Charles McNeill and his kinsmen Prof. Jasper L. Memory of Wake Forest and Rev. John Arch McMillan, present editor of Charity and Children.

In 1893 Dr. Kesler became pastor at Red Springs, down in Robeson, the county of Prof. John B. Carlyle, builder of Wake Forest College and of Edward Knok Proctor, the prohibitionist. He served short pastorates at both High Point and Rocky Mount, moving to Scotland Neck in 1903. This was the church of which Dr. R. T. Vann was twice its pastor. Here Dr. Kesler ministered to a flock which numbered the Kitchin family and

Noah Briggs, trustee of the Orphanage, its generous benefactor.

From this church he went to Morganton, a church which numbered among its primates Dr. E. McK. Goodwin, Superintendent of the State School for the Deaf and Dumb, himself a Doctor of Humanities. He too served the cause of the underprivileged, and also the Baptist cause as Chairman of the Board of Deacons of the Morganton church.

In September, 1905, Dr. Kesler was chosen to become General Manager of the Orphanage. He was not new to this service, as he had been a trustee of this institution since 1895 and was so intimately connected with its work as to be made at once a member of its Executive Committee.

Let us leave, for the moment, his great work for the orphan, to consider some other phases of a great life. When I was at the bar arguing a case before the Supreme Court, the Justices frequently had reference to the Record, for unless what you sought was contained in the record, the court would not consider it. Let us see, then, what is the record of the life of Dr. Kesler, and I might add to this another legal definition—*stare decisis*—let the decision stand, a term which can well be used in applying it to the work of Dr. Kesler.

He served as a trustee of Wake Forest College, which conferred upon him the degree of D. D. in 1916. He also served as a trustee of its sister institution, Meredith College, for Dr. Kesler's youngest sister, Margery, was its first graduate as Master of Arts in 1902. He was a member of the Baptist Board of Missions; trustee of the Baptist Hospital at Winston; trustee of the State Institution for the Blind; director of the Child Welfare League of America; a member of our State Board of Public Welfare; as President of the Tri-State Orphanage Conference.

It is not often that the pulpit produces a great excutive, but the case of Dr. Kesler constitutes the exception which proves the rule. He had a balanced judgment and a sense of values which would have done credit to the president of some metropolitan bank. He had the cause of the "Forgotton Man" upon his heart here in Carolina; and I know of no man who rendered his State a larger service, upon so many varied fields, a service rendered not merely to the Baptist cause, but to humanity at large, for he was an Ambassador-at-Large of Good Will.

Under him our Orphanage work grew, for he "lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes." Under him the Kennedy Home came into existence; many buildings were erected; the school curriculum was expanded; the endowment was increased; larger facilities provided all along the line.

I remember him pleading the cause of the orphan in pulpit, before Association and in the State Convention; I heard him at the funeral of Stephen McIntyre, where Dr. William Louis Poteat spoke assuring words of a future life behind the veil in words never to be forgotton by his hearers; and after the death of McIntyre, I became well acquainted with Dr. Kesler's great business skill and with the fidelity with which he discharged the high trust committed to his keeping. I came to understand his tolerant sympathy; I came to know the breadth of his vision; his quality as a major prophet of the Baptists of Carolina.

On August 19, 1932, not then un-

geared from the harness of the orphan, in the language of Judge Risden T. Bennett, Dr. Kesler "stumbled upon death." I know of no man better prepared to meet the summons of the Pale Horseman; none who could pass from time to eternity with safer assurance. Such was Dr. Kesler as I view him down the vista of the years.

"For though from out our bourne
of time and space,
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

OPEN LETTER TO A SPEADING DRIVER

I saw you barley miss a little boy on a tricysle this afternoon and heard you yell: "Get out of the way; don't you know better than to ride in the street?" He didn't answer because he hasn't learned to talk very well yet. So I'm going to answer for him.

No, the little boy dosen't know any better than to ride his tricysle in the street. He has been warned not to, but little boys don't always remember warnings; some adults don't either especially traffic warnings; for example, the one limiting the speed of automobiles.

I am going to tell you something about that little boy. He has a mother, who endured considerable inconvenience, anxiety and suffering to bring him into the world. He has a father who has worked hard and made many sacrifices to make him healthy and happy. The supreme purpose of their lives is to have their little boy grow up to be a good and useful man.

Now stop a minute and think. If you should kill a child, how would you feel facing its parents? What excuse could you give them for having robbed them of their dearest possession? More important, what excuse could you possibly offer Him whose kingdom is made up of little children?

Chlidren, my hasty friend, were here long before you or your automobile were thought of. All the automobiles on earth are not worth the life of one little boy. We don't know what the little boy may some day be, but we know what you are, and it's unimportant. We could get along without you, but we can't spare a single little boy on this street.

—George Malcolm Smith

MR. ARCHIBALD JOHNSON–THE LAY-PREACHER

By D. Roland Cain

A short time ago when I contributed an article on Dr. M. L. Kesler, as seen by a former Orphanage boy, I promised Cy Howell an article on Archibald Johnson, known by many in North Carolina as the "Lay Preacher."

My first real acquaintance with Archibald Johnson was when I was assigned to work in the print shop in the year of 1910, I think, and this acquaintance grew into a real friendship which grew stronger and brighter with the passing years.

It was not long after I went to work in the print shop, before I felt perfectly at home around Mr. Johnson. Somehow his even temper and his quiet demeanor appealed to me. Although I held him in high regard, and had a great respect for him, he was easily approachable. I consulted him many times, about many things, and always found him kind, sympathetic, and understanding.

Many times when we youngsters would have debates at the Orphanage, I would spring forth with a debate filled with logic and argument far beyond my years, experience and ability. They never knew it, but it was the hand of Archibald Johnson behind those winning debates. He was always helpful to the boys in the print shop especially.

I was glad when Mr. Johnson sent me on errands to his home. I always went the back way, along the sidetracks of the railroad which skirted the Orphanage campus. On my journey I think I must have thrown away about half of the rocks the railroad company had hauled there to fill in their road-bed.

As the years passed I grew fonder and fonder of Mr. Johnson. Often when he came to his office at Charity and Children, he would find me perched upon his desk reading "exchange" newspapers from news of the sports world, the funnies and the serial stories which were running in the weekly exchange newspapers. He never reproached me for utilzing his office, and would always have a little chat with me when he found me thus. Kind, understanding, sympathetic Mr. Johnson, gentle in all his ways—yet with the unquenchable fire of determination which would never concede defeat.

I loved to hear him sing in the choir of the First Baptist Church of Thomasville. He sang tenor in a clear voice, which I tried hard to imitate. One particular song he seemed to love to sing, was called. "I Know My Heavenly Father Knows." It was something like this:

"I know my Heavenly Father knows
The hour my journey here will close,
And He my cause will ere defend,
Uphold and keep me to the end,
Uphold and keep me to the end.

"He knows (My Father knows),
He knows (I'm sure He knows),
And tempers every wind that blows."

The sopranos would sing the "He knows" in the chorus, and the tenors, bass and altos would sing the "My Father knows," and also the "I'm sure He knows." It seemed to me that Mr. Johnson would sing the "I'm sure He knows," with an earnestness and feeling born of a deep conviction and an abiding faith.

Mr Johnson was an exceedingly interesting and entertaining speaker. I remember one Sunday when he spoke on the subject of "Heaven." I was only about 13 years old, but I remember distinctly his gestures and many of his words. He wore the "nose-glasses" with the "spring-button" on his lapel, with a fine chain of ribbon attached to his glasses. When he dropped his glasses the spring would wind them up to his coat lapel. This always intrigued me, and I wanted that "spring-button" no end.

On this particular Sunday, when he was speaking on Heaven he lifted his right hand, holding the glasses, and said, "They tell me the streets of Heaven are paved with gold, its wall are of jasper, and its gates of pearl. Don't believe a word of it—don't believe a word of it. (Then he let his glasses loose and the spring rewound the chain and slapped them against his breast). If that were true, these greedy mortals would spend eternity trying to dig up the cobblestones." Then he went on in his gentle voice and described to us how he believed that Heaven was a place of green fields and pastures, beautiful flowers, and towering forests—all sciences conducive to rest and abiding happiness. I have never forgotten those gestures and those words.

Mr. Johnson was referred to as the "lay preacher" by many of the people of North Carolina. He made many speeches, and he preached many sermons. But it is my firm conviction that Archibald Johnson lived a much greater sermon than he ever preached. He lived a much greater sermon than it has ever been given most ordained ministers to preach. And I know that Archibald Johnson is now resting in that beautiful Heaven of Rest, with its green pastures, beautiful flowers, and towering forests.

Surely, "there were giants on the earth in those days."

———o———

Exactly in the center of the United States Naval Observatory, in Washington, D. C. in sulated against tempature changes or air pressure, and cut off from the din of city traffic by seventy-two wooded acres, there is a subterrancan vault containing three clocks. Only one man ever enters the clock vault, and he goes in only once a week to make sure everything is all right. Clocks are read by periscope, and their readings broadcast by crystal oscillator over 4 direct wires, to Western Union, Postal Telegraph. United States Bureau of Standards, and the telephone company. There are really two vaults, one within the other. Each is controlled by its own thermostat. The inner vault is heated by electricity, the outer one by gas. The temperature is 84 degrees F., and it never varies by more than one tenth of a degree. These three Olympian timepieces of the Naval Observatory set the official time for the Government.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The latest addition to the printing department equipment is a new Linolite split magazine and two fonts of 12 point Gothic type for the Blue Streak Linotype.

"Sweepstakes Winner", a Warner Brothers production, was the feature picture on last Thursday night's movie program in the auditorium. An educational short picture, "Detouring America", was shown at the same time.

Mrs. E. E. Peele, of Charlotte, who has been a tireless worker in the interest of the King's Daughters Library at the School, visited us last Thursday afternoon, bringing with her 72 copies of the National Geographic Magazine for the use of our boys. This fine reading material was collected and donated by the young people of St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Charlotte. Included in this collection were complete issues for the years 1929, '32, '34, '35, '36, and '37, with quite a number of scattered copies of other dates. We are deeply grateful to Mrs. Peele and the young folks of St. Martin's for this valuable addition to the supply of reading material for the boys.

Charles Griffin, a former member of Cottage No. 7 group and of the laundry force, called on friends at the School last Wednesday. Upon leaving the institution, September 10, 1936, Charlie returned to his home in Wadesboro, and for about one and one-half years he worked in a saw mill and on a farm. He then spent several months driving a truck for a Wadesboro transfer company. About three years ago he enlisted in the United States Army. He was first stationed at Camp Jackson, S. C., later being transferred to Fort Benning, Ga. At the present time he is a member of Company H, Third Infantry, and is stationed at Fort Snelling, Minn., to which post he will return at the expiration of his furlough.

Charlie, who is now twenty years old, said that he would always be proud of his two and one-half years' stay at the School, his only regret being that he was not able to spend a longer period of time here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee McBride, of Alexandria, Va., were visitors at the School last Wednesday. They were visiting the former's father who lives in Salisbury.

"Mac", a former member of our printing class, is one of the best linotype operators this department has ever developed. Since leaving the School in October, 1926, he has faithfully stuck to this type of work. For the past six and one-half years he has been employed on the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette, one of the oldest daily newspapers in the United States. Here he works as an operator-machinist, and the fact that he has been pro-

moted from time to time would indicate that he has been getting along very well. He was most enthusiastic in his praise of his place of employment, stating that it was the best place in which he ever worked. He seemed to be quite fond of the "boss", for he said that he hoped he would be able to stay there as long as his employer remained in business.

Although "Mac" is now thirty years old, we noted very little change in his appearance. While his hair is not so plentiful nor of such a fiery red hue as when he was a young printer's "devil" here, he still wears the same old pleasant smile that made him a great favorite with both the boys and officials, while a lad at this institution.

He seemed to take great pride in telling us of the nice little home in which he and Mrs. McBride now live, and waxed most enthusiastic as he told of some of the antics of their little "fire-cracker", a three-year-old daughter, so called because her birthday happens to fall on the Fourth of July. We had the pleasure of seeing the little Miss on a visit to Alexandria, she being about five months old at the time.

We were very glad to see "Mac" again, and he was equally delighted to see old friends among the School's staff of workers. He said that whenever he visited the instutution, it gave him the feeling that he was coming back home. It was a pleasure to see Mrs. McBride again, and we wish to take this opportunity to assure both she and "Mac" that the folks "back home" will be delighted to have them visit us whenever they are able to de so.

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, was in charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Albert Rosoff and his son, Daniel, well-known Jewish evangelists of Detroit, Mich., who had been conducting services in Concord all last week. Mrs. Charlotte Colburn, Pianist, also of Detroit, and Mrs. Summers and several members of the congregation of the First Baptist Church were also present.

Following the opening prayer and the singing of a couple of hymns, Rev. Mr. Summers presented the elder Rosoff, a noted singer, stating that he and his son, Daniel, would render a vocal duet, a composition of their own, which won a prize of $1,000.00 several years ago, and they responded in a most delightful manner, Mrs. Colburn playing the piano accompaniment.

Daniel, the junior member of this Rosoff team, then addressed the boys, his subject being "Courage." He first called attention to the following Biblical quotation about courage: (1) Psalm 27:1—"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" (2) I Cor. 16:13—"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." (3) II Tim. 1:7—"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." (4) Heb. 13:16—"So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

Courage, said Mr. Rosoff, is a very peculiar word and some folks have queer ideas about its real meaning. What they call courage is very often the wrong kind to have. Courage is worthless unless we use it for a good

purpose. He told the boys that in order to be real Christians they must have courage to face many hardships. Some folks call Christians "sissies," said he, but he told his young listeners not to pay any attention to that, for they would have the satisfaction of knowing they were doing things pleasing in God's sight, and that is all that matters. He then cited some of the trials of the early Christians, when they were persecuted by the Romans, saying that there are no records of those Christians, not one of them, going back on their word to God. They were resolved to keep the faith, even when they knew they would be put to death for so doing.

The speaker then cited the instance when the football team from Center College defeated the mighty Harvard team. Harvard was a large institution with and enrollment of more than 7,000, while little Center College had just a few hundred students. These lads journeyed to Cambridge to face the Harvard team in a great stadium. They were farmer beys mostly and had never been so far away from home before. When the great, undefeated Harvard team came out on the field, there was a roar from more than 50,000 people as they went through their warming-up exercises. Led by Captain "Bo" McMillan, the boys from Kentucky knelt on the ground, and, led by their captain, they prayed that they might have courage to acquit themselves like men, feeling that they had no chance against the champion Crimson eleven. Playing as they had never played before, the Center College boys were victorious over the Harvard team. The reason they won the game, said Mr. Rosoff, was that they had courage. It required more courage to kneel in prayer before that multitude of people than to face the opposing team, and that courage carried them to victory. So it is in the great game of life, continued the speaker. If we will only have enough courage to rely on God, He will never let us down. As long as we remain true to him, even in the face of the strongest kind of opposition, we'll win every time.

In conclusion Mr. Rosoff told the boys it was the grandest thing in the world to have the right kind of courage; to love to do the right thing; to live clean, honest lives. He urged them to stand up for Jesus at all times and not worry as to what people might have to say about it.

The standing of the clubs in the Cabarrus County League including games played Saturday, June 8th, is as follows:

Plant 2	9	0	1.000
Jackson Park	6	3	.667
Petheltown	6	3	.667
J. T. S.	5	4	.556
Harrisburg	4	5	.444
Allen School	3	6	.333
Midland	3	6	.333
Poplar Tent	0	9	.000

By taking both games of a doubleheader from the Allen School team last Saturday, the Training School boys went into fourth place in the Cabarrus County Legue, just one game behind the third place Petheltown team. Both games were seven-inning affairs by agreement. The first game was a pitchers' battle between Andrews, hurling for the School and Allen for the visitors. Andrews allowed but two hits. Allen allowed the same number in six innings, retiring

in the sixth in favor of Bost because of a badly skinned finger. Allen struck out eleven local batters in the six innings he worked. All three of the local lads' runs were scored off Bost in the seventh. The Allen School boys scored both their runs in the fifth on two singles, a fielder's choice and a long fly to the outfield. The Training School lads chalked up three tallies in the seventh on a base on balls and doubles by Johnson and Owens. The score:

		R	H	E
Allen School	1000100	2	8	1
J. T. S.	0000003	3	5	1

In the second game Jim Boger pitched the local lads to a 6-2 win. He allowed six hits and would have had but one run scored on him but for an error in the first inning. The Training School boys collected but eight hits off King but four of them went for extra bases. In addition to hurling a fine game, Boger banged out two triples in three trips to the plate, driving in two runs and scoring twice himself. Johnson secured a triple and single, Poole two singles and Stutts a double, which accounted for the other runs. C. Helms with a double and single was the only visiting batter to get more than one hit. The score:

		R	H	E
Allen School	0000200	2	2	0
J. T. S.	0140 10x	6	8	1

THIS DAY IS LIFE

Whether one is twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy; whether one has succeeded, failed or just muddled along; whether yesterday was full of sun or storm, of one those dead, dull days with no weather at all, life begins today.

Life is a day—this day. All past days are gone beyond reviving. All days that still may come for us are veiled in the great mystery, and for all we know there may not be another day for any of us. Therefore, this day is life and life begins anew with it.

There is no age or period of which it can be said, "Here is the dawn of life's day." This day is the dawn of that day. Shall we not take it and use it the best we can? It is our life. If we prefer to loll the day away or waste it, then that is our privilege, however unwise and unprofitable we may be in doing so.

—The Alabama Baptist

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR MAY

(NOTE) The figure following boy's name indicates number of times he has been on the School Honor Roll since January 1, 1940:

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Cecil Ashley 5
Wesley Beaver 3
Aldine Duggins 3
Robert Dunning 3
Leo Hamilton 4
Robert Hampton 3
J. D. Hildreth 3
Jack Harward
J. W. Jones 3
Claude McConnell 3
Marshall Pace 3
Jack Reeves
George Tolson 5
Eldred Watts 5
Floyd Williams 3
J. C. Willis 2

—B—

Mack Bell 5
Olin Langford 3
James Massey
Max Newsome 2
John Reep 3
Walter Sexton
Carl Tyndall
David Williams 2

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Clarence Baker 2
Hardy Lanier 4
Harold O'Dear 3
Eugene Puckett 3
Howard Saunders 3
Henry Smith
Loy Stines 3
Jerome Wiggins 3
Wallace Woody 3

—B—

John Bailey 2
James Boone 2
Charles Cole 3
Paul Godwin 2
William Harding
Winley Jones 2
Milton Koontz 3
Alfred Lamb 5
Arnold McHone 3
Emerson Sawyer
Edward Thomasson 3
John Whitaker 3
Gilbert Williams 3

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Raymond Anderson 3
William Jerrell 3
Burman Keller 3
Arlie Scism 3
Joseph Woody 4
Edd Woody 5

—B—

William Broadwell 2
John Davis
Robert Gaines
Coolidge Green 2
Hugh Kennedy 5
Richard Starnes
William T. Smith 5
J. R. Whitman

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Bryson 4

—B—

Jay Brannock 4
Mack Coggins
William Deaton 3
William Goins 2
Elree Gaskins
Woodrow Hager 3
Osper Howell 2
Horace Journigan
Okley Lunsford 2
Woodrow Wilson 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Vincent Hawes 4
William Padrick 3
Eulice Rogers 2
J. P. Sutton 3
Hubert Walker 3

—B—

Homer Bass 2
Ray Bayne 3
James T. Branch 2
Columbus Hamilton 3
Edward Johnson 4
James C. Stone 3
Elmer Talbert 4
Dewey Ware 2
J. C. Wilson

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Lewis Andrews 2
Bennie Austin
Jewell Barker 4
William Furches 2
Roy Helms
Porter Holder 4
Leon Hollifield 2
Robert Maples 4
Jack Mathis 2
Douglas Matthews 2
Ralph Sorrells 3
Brown Stanley 3
O. D. Talbert 4
William T. Wood 2

—B—

John H. Averitte
Harold Bryson
Harold Donaldson
Lewis Donaldson 2
George Duncan
Max Evans 2
Julian Merritt 2
Claude Moose
Calvin McCoyle
Grover Revels
Arvel Ward 2
Preston Wilbourne

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 2
Charles Chapman 2
Frank Cotter 4
Floyd Lane 2
Donald McFee 2
John C. Robertson 3
Edward Warnock 2

—B—

Wade Cline 2
Wilbur Hardin 3
Albert Hayes 2
Bruce Link 3
Thomas Oxendine
Joseph Wheeler 2

OUR FLAG

Behold our flag! It is an emblem of freedom, and the guiding beacon in a world where many lights have ceased to burn. The ideals for which it stands represent the most precious gift from our forefathers—those heroic, earnest pioneers so determined to be free. In these days when the devil itself is running amuck in the world savagely trying to destroy those ideals, we should prize all the more the spiritual meaning of our flag, the heritage which it symbolizes, and the hopeful future which it promises for our children and their children's children.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending June 9, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Norah J. Green 2
(2) James Hodges 2
(2) Leon Hollifield 2
(2) Edward Johnson 2
(2) Robert Maples 2
(2) Frank May 2
(2) Arna Wallace 2
(2) Jack Warren 2
(2) W. H. Warren 2
(2) J. C. Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) William G. Bryant 2
Charles Browning
(2) Howard Cox 2
Carl Hooker
Horace Journigan
Leonard Robbins
(2) Arlie Scism 2
(2) Edward Warnock 2
Everett Watts
(2) William C. Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Bennie Austin 2
(2) James Blocker 2
(2) Robert Keith 2
(2) Nick Rochester 2
(2) William Shaw 2

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Lewis Andrews 2
Richard Baumgarner
(2) James Boone 2
(2) John Bailey 2
(2) Clyde Barnwell 2
(2) Jack Crotts 2
(2) Harley Matthews 2
(2) William Sims 2
(2) Jerome Wiggins 2
(2) Louis Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Wesley Beaver 2
Plummer Boyd
(2) Paul Briggs 2
Arthur Edmondson
Paul Godwin
Hoyt Hollifield
John Jackson
(2) Ivan Morrozoff 2
(2) J. W. McRorrie 2
(2) J. C. Nance 2
(2) Henry Raby 2
(2) Melvin Walters 2
John Whitaker
(2) Samuel Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Theodore Bowles 2
Collett Cantor
(2) Harold Donaldson 2
J. B. Howell
Everett Lineberry
Elmer Talbert
Junior Bordeaux
A. C. Elmore
Monroe Flinchum
Ray Hamby
(2) James Massey 2
(2) J. C. Rinehardt 2
(2) Fred Tolbert 2
(2) Hubert Walker 2
(2) Dewey Ware 2
(2) Henry Ziegler 2

COTTAGE No. 6

Fletcher Castlebury
Leonard Dawn
Columbus Hamilton
John Maples
Joseph Tucker
Carl Ward

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte
(2) William Beach 2
Carl Breece
(2) Paul Dockery 2
(2) Donald Earnhardt 2
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Roy Helms
Raymond Hughes
Robert Hampton

(2) Richard Halker 2
(2) Robert Lawrence 2
Charles McGowan
(2) Elmer Maples 2
Ernest Overcash
Marshall Pace
Carl Ray
(2) Alex Weathers 2
(2) Joseph Wheeler 2
Edd Woody
William R. Young

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Cecil Ashley 2
(2) Reid Beheler 2
Martin Crump
(2) Jack Hamilton 2
(2) John Tolbert 2

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Holly Atwood 2
(2) Mack Bell 2
(2) J. T. Branch 2
(2) Roy Butner 2
George Gaddy
(2) Robert Gaines 2
(2) Frank Glover 2
(2) Wilbur Hardin 2
(2) Osper Howell 2
Daniel Kilpatrick
Lloyd Mullis
(2) Harold O'Dear 2
Thomas Sands
Lewis Sawyer
(2) Preston Wilbourne 2

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Junius Brewer 2
(2) Aldine Brown 2
(2) John Crawford 2
(2) Norah Ennis 2
(2) Jack Evans 2
(2) B. C. Elliott 2
(2) John Fausnett 2
(2) J. D. Hildreth 2
(2) Thomas King 2
(2) Rufus Linville 2
Max Newsome
(2) James Penland 2
Weaver Penland
Edward Stutts
(2) O. D. Talbert 2
(2) Torrence Ware 2
Claude Weldy

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) John Benson 2
(2) William Dixon 2
(2) Robert Goldsmith 2
(2) Earl Hildreth 2
(2) Franklin Lyles 2
(2) Everett Morris 2
(2) Edward Murray 2
(2) Fred Owens 2
(2) Theodore Rector 2
(2) Thomas Turner 2

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Odell Almond 2
(2) Ernest Brewer 2
(2) Jay Brannock 2
(2) William Broadwell 2
(2) William C. Davis 2
(2) William Deaton 2
(2) Howard Devlin 2
(2) Max Eaker 2
(2) Woodrow Hager 2
(2) Joseph Hall 2
(2) Richard Honeycutt 2
(2) Frank Johnston 2
(2) Tillman Lyles 2
(2) James Mondie 2
James Puckett
(2) Howard Sanders 2
Ralph Sorrells
(2) Robah Sink 2
(2) William Suits 2
Brice Thomas
(2) George Tolson 2
(2) Carl Tyndall 2
J. R. Whitman
(2) Eugene Watts 2

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) James Brewer 2
(2) Dillon Dean 2
(2) Vincent Hawes 2
Douglas Mabry
Randall D. Peeler

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Raymond Andrews 2
(2) Mack Coggins 2
(2) Robert Deyton 2
(2) Henry Ennis 2
(2) Audie Farthing 2
(2) William Harding 2
(2) Marvin King 2
(2) Feldman Lane 2
(2) Norvell Murphy 2
(2) Charles McCoyle 2
(2) John Robbins 2
J. D. Webster
Wallace Woody

Jones Watson

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Raymond Anderson 2
(2) Beamon Heath 2
(2) Fred McGlammery 2
(2) J. P. Morgan 2
(2) J. P. Sutton 2

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
(2) George Duncan 2
(2) Philip Holmes 2
(2) Redmond Laury 2
(2) John T. Laury
(2) Thomas Oxendine 2
Thomas Wilson

———o———

THE FLAG

I did not know it was so dear,
  Till under alien skies
A sudden vision of it near
  Brought tears into my eyes.

To wander down the crooked street
  Of some far foreign town;
No friend amid the crowd you meet,
  Strange faces peer and frown;

To turn a corner suddenly,
  And, ah! so brave and fair,
To spy that banner floating free
  Upon the foreign air!

Oh, that will catch the careless breath,
  And make the heart beat fast;
Our country's flag for life and death!
  To find our own at last!

In those far regions, wonder-strewn,
  No sight so good to see—
My country's blessed flag, my own,
  So dear, so dear, to me!

—Selected

COACH FARES

ONE WAY

1½ cents per mile

•

ROUND TRIP

10% less than double the one way fares

•

Air Conditioned Coaches

ON THROUGH TRAINS

SOUTHERN

RAILWAY SYSTEM

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 22, 1940 No. 25

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING

The most precious thing in the world is good will. It is something as fragile as an orchid, and as beautiful. It is more precious than a gold nugget, and as hard to find. It is as powerful as a great turbine, and as hard to build. It is as wonderful as youth, and as hard to keep. It is an intangible something, this good will of others, yet more to be desired than much gold. It is the measure of a man's success and determines his usefulness in life.—Exchange.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor **MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor**

THE BUSY MAN'S CREED

I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for and in my ability to get results. I believe that honest stuff can be passed out to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, no weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in today and the work I am doing; in tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds. I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and in honest competition. I believe there is something doing, somewhere, for every man ready to do it. I believe I'm Ready Right Now!

—Elbert Hubbard.

———o———

ROSOFFS EVANGELISTIC PARTY

We have received an appreciative contribution from Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, relative to the fine spirit of the Christianized Russian Jews who filled his pulpit last week. The pastor of this church with more than seven hundred members was impressed with the spirituality of the father and son, converted Jews to the Baptist faith.

He tells also of the manner the Jackson Training School boys received these evangelists. The subjects of the two Rosoffs, father and son, was "Courage." The singing of the one who had an unusual voice and technique held the boys' attention during the service on Sunday afternoon, June 9th. The following is the estimate of Rev. Mr. Summers of the work these two men from a foreign country are accomplishing:

For the information of the Boys of the Jackson Training School, I want to tell them a few things about the lives of the Rosoffs.

More than 70 years ago Albert Rosoff was born in Petrograd (now Leningrad) Russia. His parents were Jewish people, and he was reared in an Orthodox Jewish home. As a boy he sang in the Synagogue. After one service the great composer, A. Rubinstein asked to see Albert. He told Albert he wanted to give him voice training. Later, A. Rubinstein's pupil, Albert Rosoff, sang in Opera with several of the world's greatest voices including Enrico Caruso. After a successful concert and operatic career, Mr. Rosoff was elected head of the vocal department of the Michigan Conservatory of Music, which position he held until his conversion. After his conversion to Christianity he joined with his son Daniel in Christian evangelism.

Daniel Rosoff, the son, was educated in law, and after being admitted to the bar and after establishing himself in Detroit, Michigan, as a successful lawyer, he was converted to the Christian faith. His conversion to Christianity was the first in the family. Later Daniel was able to lead his wife, his father, and his two children to Christ. "Mother Rosoff" is still a devout Jewess.

The son, as a Baptist preacher, and the father, as Baptist evangelistic singer, have been laboring in the Gospel Ministry among the Baptists of the United States and Canada for about 18 years. Their fine Christian spirit, their integrity, and their devotion to God's Messiah whom they now recognize and serve as Jesus of Nazareth have won for them thousands of friends among Christians. The Lord has blessed their labors by giving them many souls for their hire. They are recognized by many of our leaders as the most outstanding Jewish Christian evangelists of our day. They receive no regular salary from any Board of Organization, but labor amidst our Baptist fellowship as Messengers of the Cross, receiving only the free will offerings of the Churches they serve. Their Mission of faith and their work a work of love. The Lord used them mightily Concord, and they were a blessing, I am sure to the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * *

KEEP NORTH CAROLINA FIRST

Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, state health officer, has issued an appeal to the people of North Carolina to begin at once a program of physical preparedness. He said:

"A desperado and his gang are loose in the world. They are running amuck, destroying civilization, leaving in their wake death and destruction among innocent, God-fearing nations and individuals.

"Our president has called for a program of preparedness designed to give us protection against this sinister force, involving a billion and a half dollars, which amount will be increased as necessity demands. This will give us mechanized units, airplanes, submarines and other material with which to defend ourselves if this should become necessary.

"These mechanized units, however, will avail us nothing unless we enter into a definite program of physical preparedness. Let us not repeat the mistakes of 1917, when our manpower was 33 1-3 per cent unfit for active military duty. It is of paramount importance that the individual becomes physically fit before he offers himself for the service of his country. It is only through physical fitness, that he will have the mental alertness, the healthy eye and the physical endurance to make the quick decisions nesessary for the successful prosecution of a war and then prosecute these decisions. If we must fight to preserve our heritage, let us man our machines of war with men whose eyes are clear, whose hands are steady and whose nerves are of iron.

We can begin this program of physical preparedness no earlier than now. Tomorrow it may be too late. As state health officer, I earnestly call upon our people to take advantage of every means that science, through a benign Providence, has placed at our disposal to make us physically fit.

"North Carolina was first at Bethel. Let it be first in physical preparedness. We gave the world the airplane, war's most modern and effective weapon. Let us also pioneer in giving our nation the best there is in manpower.

"God spare us from the desperado—deliver us from war. But in war or peace, "God give us men!' "—Mecklenburg Times

* * * * * * * *

JOHN WESLEY

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England, June 17, 1703, and died in 1793. He was made a fellow in Lincoln College, Oxford, where with his brother

Charles, and a few others, he began a systematic study of religious exercises. From this source is derived the name of Methodist.

In 1735 he came to Georgia of this country as a preacher to the colonies and missionary to the Indians, and became impressed with the views of the Moravains who were his fellow passengers at sea. His strict discipline was distasteful to the colonists, and after two years he returned to England. Here he studied the Moravian doctrine and ascribed his conversation to a Moravian meeting at London. He began his preaching at London, and joined Whiteville, a man of the same spirit, in open air services, sometimes delivering eight hundred sermons a year. The meetings were attended by thousands, especially in the mining and manufacturing districts. Persecution and opposition resulted in forming "bands" for prayer, and a church society, and in his ordaining preachers to be sent to America, Scotland, and other places, thus separating entirely from the Church of England. He travelled nearly two hundred and seventy thousand miles, usually on horseback, and preached over forty thousand sermons. He wrote a large number of volumes on religious subjects, and published with his brother Charles a collection of hymns. This brief sketch of the founder of the Methodist Church is of interest, and more interesting yet is it when we realize that John Wesley today has nearly eight million followers in this country.

* * * * * * * *

PREPAREDNESS IN HOMES

The latest reports on international affairs, to use a common expression, makes one jittery. However, the quotation so often heard when the future seems gloomy, "every cloud has a silver lining", or words to that effect, inspires the hope that the strong, but kindly arm of the Master will intervene, and love for our fellow-man may be practiced instead of the hate and prejudice that now prevails in warring countries.

What to do, no one knows, but we are sure preparedness for emergencies, especially for those confronting us in millions of homes, is most necessary. The heads of the homes right now should tighten their belts and look to the fields, gardens and fruit orchards and

conserve all food stuff by canning the same. Such interests and activities will aid materially to solve the economic question if war is experienced in this country.

We measure the needs of the future by the events of the past. For each and every home to have a store-room well filled with home canned products is the safest way to meet the demands of the people, either in times of war or peace. Not every time does man-power win the battles of life, but the people with a vision, it matters not when or where, will successfully meet emergencies.

* * * * * * * *

RICHARD P. GIBSON

The sudden death of Richard P. Gibson was a shock and a source of keen sorrow to his many friends in Concord and the community at large. His was a humble and kindly spirit, he loved his home, his church and friends. Like his noble forebears, who stooped to alleviate the troubles of the unfortunate, he could with equal grace enter into the realms of the highest social setting and rejoice over the successes of his fellowman. While he possessed a spirit of mirth and fine cheer, he was never forgetful of his church, All Saints' Episcopal Church, which he served faithfully for many years as treasurer and superintendent of the Sunday School. In this capacity his constancy to these two duties was supberb—if unable to be present, he never failed to notify the rector of the church in time, so a substitute could be secured. He was familiarly known as "Dick" Gibson in this community and his passing will not alone leave a vacant chair around the home fireside, but in the entire community his good cheer will be missed. We take this opportunity to extend our sympathy to the bereaved home and other dear ones of the old Gibson home, where he was reared by noble parents.

1940 CENTENNIAL OF THREE EPOCHAL N. C. EVENTS

By W. C. Hendricks in Charlotte Observer

This is the centennial of three important events in North Carolina. One of them put the breath of life into the State's physical development. Another marked the beginning of universal education. The third was a symbol of the awakening which at long last had taken possession of the people and started them seriously on the business of creating a great commonwealth.

The year 1840 was portentious to the Old North State. It witnessed completion of the State's first two railroads, the opening of the first public schools, and the dedication of the Capitol building at Raleigh.

For several years after it had been placed in operation, one of these railroads was the longest in the world. It ran from Wilmington on the lower Cape Fear to Weldon on the Roanoke —a distance of 161.5 miles. It was first called the Wilmington & Raleigh, but this was a misnomer because it did not even come close to Raleigh.

The other railroad was the Raleigh & Gaston. It connected the State capital with the town of Gaston, also on the Roanoke, a distance of 85 miles. Gaston no longer exists, but it provided a terminal for the Raleigh line, just as Weldon did for the Wilmington route, where both could connect with a railroad from Petersburg, Virginia. The outlet into Virginia markets seemed to be the most important factor for North Carolina's first railroads.

Matters stood at a very low ebb in North Carolina in 1840. The State, which had ranked third in population in 1790, had dropped into seventh place. The population—753,419—had gained only 2.1 per cent in 10 years.

A great western migration was under way that was draining the State of its best brains and brawn. About this time the Greensborough Patriot remarked that from 15 to 20 wagons, laden with migrant families and their possessions, were passing through Greensborough every day, headed for new homes in the West. While North Carolina's population had been virtually stagnant between 1830 and 1840, that of states to the west was strikingly on the increase. For example, Mississippi gained 174.9 per cent; Indiana, 99.9 per cent.

Twenty-odd years before Archibald D. Murphey had preached the necessity of internal improvements and popular education, but, although some gestures along these lines were made, nothing had come of his plans.

In 1831 a disastrous fire swept Raleigh, almost wiping out the town, and taking the old Statehouse with it. Destruction of the Statehouse was the signal for a new flareup of sectional strife that had retarded the State's development for a generation.

This time an effort was made to have the capital re-established in Fayetteville, and had it not been that such a move required a constitutional amendment, it might have been accomplished. The Fayettevile advocates had argument in their favor, since Raleigh was now almost pros-

trate, was difficult to reach for far-easterners, and afforded poor accommodations for legislators and others having business at the capital.

After the General Assembly definitely disposed of the Fayetteville movement it settled to talk of providing for a new Capitol, and appropriated $50,000 for the purpose. W. S. Drummond and later Col Thomas Bragg were engaged as superintendents; Ithiel Towne, builder of the New Yory customhouse, was retained as consultant.

The commissioners expended the entire $50,000 on the foundations, and this lavishness set off several minor crises in the General Assembly. The commissioners were forced to resign "but not until they had begun the work upon broad lines from which it was impossible for their successors to depart." The cornerstone was laid July 4, 1833.

In 1834 David Paton was placed in complete charge of construction. He built a railroad to haul stone from the quarry—a mile and a quarter from the Capitol site—and his experimental railway was really the first in the State, though the cars were horse-drawn and ran upon wooden rails. Paton brought stone masons from Scotland, and directed the entire work.

The completed building represented a total outlay of $572,070.53, an extravagant sum in those days but a mere bagatelle by present reckoning, yet, because of the sentimental attachment of the people to this temple-like, architectural gem, it rates higher with most North Carolinians than any of the newer multi-million-dollar structures.

Through the Greek porticos of this old granite pile North Carolina's great and near-great have passed for a century. Its worn flagstones have resounded to the tramp of soldiers of four major wars, as well as to the liquor casks of Reconstruction legislators. It has been held by an invading army. From its legislative halls have emanated the laws under which a stuggling but steadily advancing civilization lived for a 100 years.

While thhe new Capitol was a-building, new and virulent forces were seething within the State. The strident voices of Archibald Murphey, pleading for internal improvement, had not been forgotten. The State had now come into possession of some $2,000,000 for its Literary Funds through a division of the Federal treasury's surplus. The Whig party was gaining momentum on a program of reform, education, and physical development. Edward B. Dudley, a native of Onslow but a Wilmingtonian by adoption, who had served in the lower house of the assembly in 1816-17, came back in 1834 with great plans.

Now the agitation for a railroad to connect Wilmington, principal port of the State, with the capital, reach-fruition, and the railroad was chartered in 1834 with Dunley as its first president. The railroad was incorporated with $800,000 capital stock, which was to be raised chiefly in Wilmington and Raleigh.

The people of Wilmington were wildly enthusiastic and in a short time had their share pledged. But Raleigh did not raise its portion. Thereupon the incorporators decided to change the direction of the line and build through Goldsboro to Weldon, near the Virginia line, instead of to Raleigh, as first proposed. Con-

struction was commenced on October 25, 1836.

By 1837 the company had exhausted its funds and the State was persuaded to invest in the railroad's securities, which it did, first to the extent of $600,000, finally it put $985,000 into the project.

Meanwhile the people of Raleigh were bestirring themselves, and in 1835 the Raleigh & Gaston company was organized "to build a road from Raleigh to some point on the Roanoke, at or near Gaston, to connect with a southern extension of the Petersburg Railroad." Construction was started in 1836. The State eventually invested $800,000 of its funds in this line.

Edward B. Dudley, the Whig candidate, became governor in 1837. He was the first governor of North Carolina elected by direct vote of the people, and his success was attributable chiefly to the support he received from liberals of the West.

The years of his governorship were marked by the beginning of "a new period of economic and social development." As chairman of the Internal Improvement and Literary Fund board it became his responsibility to invest the State's portion of Federal funds in railroads, drainage, banking, and for laying the foundation of the State's public education system.

On January 7, 1839, the General Assembly enacted a bill providing for establishment of public schools in each county of the State. The program followed closely to Murphey's plan of 1817. It divided the State into school districts; provided for establishing primary schools in each district through county taxes supplemented by appropriations from the Literary Funds; and provided for the creation of county and district school boards to put the schools into operation. However, an election was to be held in each county in August, and schools were to be opened only in those counties that returned a majority of votes in favor of the program.

The campaign was of a sanguinary character. Feeling ran high on both sides; opposition was well organized and determined.

There was a strong conviction that all education should be financed by private means. Dire consequences were pictured as certain to result from the education of the lower classes.

Nevertheless the elections carried in 61 of the State's 68 counties. The aggregated vote for the schools was 27,966 to 9,364 against. The election was favorable in all the eastern counties except Columbus, Edgecombe, and Wayne; in all the western counties save Davidson, Lincoln, Rowan, and Yancey.

The first public schools were opened in 1840, and six years later they were operating in every county. Now there was "no distinction between the children of the pauper and the wealthy."

In 1840 North Carolina had 632 subscription, or "old field" schools, with a total enrollment of 14,937; by 1850 there were 2,657 common schools with 100,591 enrolled.

The railroad connecting Wilmington with Weldon was completed on March 9, 1840 and in the presence of an enormous crowd, the achievement was celebrated in Wilmington on April 5.

"People came from the northern part of the State, from Virginia, and South Carolina. A great barbecue was spread at the depot at which

550 persons were served. Bells were rung, and 161 guns were fired, one for each mile of line—for this was the first time a train of cars was ever pulled 161 miles continuously on a railroad. Toasts were offered, letters of congratulation read, and in the afternoon the ceremony of mingling the waters of the Roanoke, Tar, and Neuse with those of the Cape Fear was celebrated."

The Raleigh & Gaston railroad was completed in April, 1840, but the celebration was deferred until June so that the new Capitol might be inspected at the same time. The Raleigh Register of April 16 records details of the festivities. The exhibition of a "steam carriage" was the most spectacular part of the celebration, but parades, oratory, and subscription balls were held.

"After much oratory the second day of the festival closed with a supper ball in which distinguished visitors from Virginia and the aristocracy of the State participated. Dancing began in the Senate chamber at 9 o'clock and lasted until midnight. In the Commons hall there was conversation and a soiree musical which left those who could not squeeze into the ballroom nothing to regret.

"The celebration closed the following night with a ball in the Senate chamber, more agreeable than the preceding one, for the company, not being so large, the dancers had a better chance, and improved it, too, by indulging in the hiliarities of the evening, until a late hour."

On this momentous occasion a historian saw "a new spirit abroad in the land and in no way was it better symbolized in material things than in the new State Capitol, which arose out of the ashes of the old State House."

During the first year that the Wilmington & Weldon railroad was operated, "the farmers within its reach were able to rush their wheat to Petersburg to take advantage of a temporary rise in price. No longer need the farmers' crops moulder in granaries at home because of the high cost of getting them to market. From one end of the State to the other, the people thrilled to the echoes of thundering wheels and to the promise of prosperity which the reverberation held out."

The enthusiasm spread to far-off Asheville in the mountains, which was not to have its first railroad until 1880. But an Asheville newspaper asked:

"Whose heart would not beat with quickened vibration at the idea of meeting his brethren from all parts of the State at Raleigh in 12, in 24 hours, for either religious, political, or other purposes. What poor man could not then visit his friends and relatives and make life more social and endurable."

A few years later a man who had traveled on the railroad from Weldon to Wilmington in 1840 recalled in a letter to the Fayetteville Observer how he had been humiliated by Virginians on the train.

"As I heard the carping, captious remarks of travelers..defaming the Old North State for her poverty of soil and primeval style of log cabins ..I blushed, and dared not vindicate our State's fame, so greatly were the odds against her."

Completion of the Raleigh & Gaston railroad resulted in the doubling of Raleigh's population in the next 10

years; the railroads helped double Wilmington's population by 1860.

Although the railroads had many difficulties ahead of them, and the State's renascence was gradual, North Carolina's population increased to 869,039 in 1850, the State was emerging from its lowest level, and was definitely on the way to greater things.

The Legislature met for the first time in the Capitol building on November 16, 1840, and John Motley Morehead, elected governor the same year, was inaugurated in the building on January 1, 1841. Referring to the new Capitol he said:

"It will endure as a monument, for ages to come, of the munificence, liberality, and taste of the age in which we live..it will serve, in the chain of time, to link the past with the future.. May it endure for ages to come—may it endure until time itself shall grow old—may a thousand years find these halls still occupied by Freemen, legislating for a free and happy people."

———o———

TREE-CLIMBING FISH

An apt simile to describe something out of its elementis to say that it is like a fish out of water. Therefore, when a fish climbs a tree, then it is certninly out of its element. Yetcertain species of fish do climb trees. But how can a fish live out of water?

In many of the fresh waters of Southeastern Asia and neighboring islands, as well as in South Africa, are found numerous species of tree-climbing fish. The best known is the climbing perch, about six inches long and reddish-olive in color,widely distributed throughout the Orient and especially abundant in the Ganges Valley.

A modification of its gills enables this fish to retain small quantities of water, sufficient ti keep the gills moist for a considerable time. Thus fortified, like a camel, with a reserve store of water, its large scales and a peculiar construction of its spine and tail enables this perch not only to push itself along for a short distance on land, but also to cling to the bark of a tree and slowly and laboriously move itself forward. It has been known to climb trees for a height of from six to seven feet.

The climbing fish takes to land only when the pool which it inhabits is in danger of drying up. Its travels over land in search of water usually take place during the night or the early morning while the due is still on the ground.

—Charles Doubleyou

A CREED FOR TODAY IN WORDS OF TODAY

By William A. Brown

(1) This is a meaningful world because the living God is at work in it.

(2) We know that God is at work in the world because He is speaking to us in nature, in history, in the institutions of human society, in our own souls, but especially through the living Christ—the story of whose earthly life, sacrificial death and triumphant resurrection has been preserved in the Bible and whose continuing influence is being mediated to us through the Church.

Through this revelation God is telling us some things we need to know about Himself, about ourselves and about our world.

(3) He is telling us about Himself, that He is Christlike, that is, that He is at once uncompromising and tender, at once wise and patient, but above all that He is all-sufficient, able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or even think.

(4) He is telling us about ourselves, that in spite of our limitations and failures, our weakness, our selfishness, our ineffectiveness, our restlessness, it is His purpose to make us over into the kind of person Jesus Christ was in His human life, that is, strong, God-centered, effective, unified.

(5) He is telling us about our world, the part which we can see and science can describe for us, and that larger part that is unseen, of which science can tell us nothing; that in spite of all its mystery and tragedy it is God's world and that He is making it into the kind of place that is fit to be a home for His sons and daughters.

(6) He is telling us further that the agent He has chosen for his transforming work is His Church, not the imperfect institutional approximation which we see today, but the company of men and women who have been made alive by Jesus Christ and are living in His fellowship; those who are still on earth and that larger company who have gone before and who are to come after—what the Creed calls the communion of saints.

(7) So much in general. But God is telling us something in particular. He is telling us, that however often we have failed in the past and however helpless and blameworthy we may feel in the present, there are resources in God which can make us all that He would have us be and that the way to lay hold of these resources is through simple faith that works by love.

(8) What is true of us individuals is true of all of us together. There are resources in God that can make over His church. More than this, and better than this, there are resources in God that can make over our world. And the way to lay hold of these is through faith that works by love.

(9) Finally, how can we be sure we are right when we say of God, "We know that this is His plan for us, for His Church and for our world." Because in the measure that we live by any other gospel we become weak,

ineffective, disorganized, unhappy; in the measure that we live by this Gospel we become strong, effective, unified, happy And what is true of us as individuals is equally true of the church and of the world

If a dull day comes, it gives you time to think out plans to make the next one brighter.

SONG BIRDS

(Hickory Record)

Despite the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson was an invalid, he was blessed with the ability to appreciate the beauties of nature and of life, and consequently he contended, "We should all be as happy as kings"

However, one doesn't have to travel far or search long to find human beings complaining about almost everything under the sun.

Last week it was too cold and this week it has been too hot to suit many of our friends—and strange to say some of those who lament loudest about the heat are the same ones who because of the lateness of Spring, yearned most fervently for the good old Summer time.

However, of all the several and sundry complaints concerning which The Record has ever heard, the most pernicious is that of a Hickory man who is alleged to have been shooting at mocking birds in the vicinity of his home because he says their singing early each morning disturbs his sleep.

It is understood that J. M. Yount, game and bird protector in Catawba county, is making some some investigations concerning this report, and if he finds that any birds have been harmed he is expected to file charges.

The killing of song birds is a crime punishable by fine, and all good citizens should lend their assistance in the strict enforcement of this law.

Few of us will have any patience with persons who are so petulant that the sound of a mocking bird disturbs them. Throughout the ages the songs of birds have had a soothing effect on men, even to the point of possessing sufficient charm to calm the savage beast, like sweet music.

The fellow who is so out of tune with life that the melodies of our warbling feathered friends drive him to the point where he seeks to kill the birds, needs a period of solitary confinement to quiet his ruffled nerves —if a stiff court fine fails to do the trick.

WESLEY AT ALDERSGATE

By Benjamin Lotz

On the evening of May 24, 1738, a carefully dressed man turned into Aldersgate Street. He was young, scarcely thirty-five years of age. From his dress, any who passed him in the street would have declared that he was a priest of the Church of England. If the further facts were known he was a fellow in Lincoln College, and without many and great cares, they would have envied his lot.

If these passersby had read the record of the past day's happenings, they might have realized that all was not well with the soul of John Wesley. He considered himself to be indifferent, dull and sinful. That morning, practising a kind of bibliomancy, he had opened his New Testament and found these words, "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature." Rather than helping him, they seemed to have disconcerted him. Later that morning, he again opened the New Testament and these words faced him, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

The afternoon found him at evensong in St. Paul's Cathedral. The words of the anthem—familiar to him from the Epworth Rectory when Susannah had used them at evening prayer—took on a new meaning. And this was important enough for him to write them down in his journal in the version of the Bishops' Bible.

"Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord,
Lord, hear my voice. O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.
If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss,
O Lord, who may abide it?
But there is mercy with Thee; therefore Thou shalt be feared.
O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy and with Him is plenteous redemption.
And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins."

These words haunted him. They still rang in his ears as his feet unwillingly carried him to the meeting in Aldersgate Street. Peter Boehler had been so confident. A man should really *know* that Jesus Christ is his Saviour. Perhaps here he would find peace and confidence. Wesley has left us few details of this meeting, save that someone was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans.

"O, it is a living, busy, active, mighty thing, this faith, and so impossible for it not to do good works incessantly. It does not ask whether there are good works to do, but, before the question rises, it has already done them, and is already at doing them."

Wesley felt that his heart was strangely warmed. There came into his whole being peace and a quiet satisfaction that he had not felt before. Perhaps his Moravian friend was right. "Preach faith until you

have it then preach it because you have it." The unknown reader continued:

> *"Faith is a living, daring confidence in God's grace, so sure and certain that a man would stake his life on it a thousand times. This confidence in God's grace and knowledge of it make men glad and bold and happy in dealing with God and all His Creatures; and this is the work of the Holy Ghost in faith. Hence a man is ready and glad, without compulsion, to do good to everyone, to suffer everything, in love and praise of God, Who has shown him this grace; and thus is it impossible to separate works from faith, quite as impossible as to separate heat and light from fire."*

That night John Wesley joined a company. Though he never ranked with the greatest of them, his name will in a sense be associated with Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles; Augustine, Bishop of Hippo; Martin Luther, Docter and Professor of Theology, and a countless host of others. This experience opened the door to the trysting place of great souls. "I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation: and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away my sins, even mine and saved me from the law of sin and death."

In the old days, this account of Wesley's experience might have been terminated with a closing paragraph. But in recent years, a closer study of the facts has led many to a quite different conclusion.

It has been asserted that if John Wesley had not made an entry in his diary, he would have forgotten the Aldersgate experience entirely. It was more a mystical experience than a genuine conversion. Wesley was not not an ignorant man, living in gross sinfulness, feeling the wrath that vice and sensuality bring with it, but a cultivated and trained theologian. He had been taught the Scriptures from his earliest years, he had been sent to Oxford, he had taken Holy Orders. As a student in Oxford, he had joined himself with like spirits who were derided as Methodists because they attempted method in the practice of godliness.

As a priest in the Church of England, he had gone to Georgia to convert the Indians, and had shown himself a strict disciplinarian in the ecclesiastical life of the colony. However, we may think about the above facts, it becomes increasingly difficult to place his experience in Aldersgate Street with that along the Damascus Road. Any superficial reader of the early part of the Journal will note May 24, 1738, not as a great peak towering over the plain of ordinary existence, or even the place where the road begins its continuous ascent, but one peak separated from others by recurring valleys of despondency and despair.

It is generally admitted, however, that throughout the year 1738, Wesley became conscious of his mission and of the work that God had given him to do. This period marked a time of deeper meaning of Christian truth and revelation. It meant a difference in his preaching and his religious principles. When he divided his own work into periods, 1738 was the great dividing line.

That same year, Wesley went to Herrnhut to learn Moravian folk and fashions more intimately. When he returned he found that the pulpits of most of the parish churches were closed to him. In 1739, he followed the bold step of Whitefield and began preaching in the open air. Great success attended this venture and, profound psychologist that he was, he often used his father's tombstone at Epworth as his pulpit.

Upwards of fifty years this incessant work continued. He preached twice and thrice a day, he traveled constantly, usually on horseback. He founded societies, opened chapels, examined and commissioned preachers, administered discipline, raised funds for his institutions, and found time to write, edit or translate more than two hundred volumes. He married at forty-eight years, was unhappy, and left no children.

Wesley was a loyal son of the Church of England. In later years he recieved more co-operation than opposition from his Mother Church, though he was not fully understood. He never advised English Methodists to separate. It is true that he ordained Dr. Thomas Coke, like himself a priest in the church, to be the superintendent of the Methodists in America. Charles Wesley was deeply grieved because of it. The bit of verse printed below shows that others felt likewise:

How easy now are Bishops made
At man or woman's whim;
Wesley his hand on Coke hath laid,
But who laid hands on him?

Wesley is quoted as having looked upon the whole world as his parish. In so doing he believed that he and his followers only supplemented the work of the established church. Regardless of the extent of his parish, he never "considered himself the parish priest of the whole world." His genius for organization was too great for that.

The eighteenth century made much of religion as a matter of doctrine and conduct. Wesley found it to be a great experience. This experience was not solitary—perhaps that is the point of departure from the Luthern and Moravain influence—but primarily social. A very simple illustration, formulated by Arnold Lunn, will make this clear.

There is Jane Smith, who works for fifteen hours a day. Neither her master nor her mistress cares much about her in this world or the next. She has been to church, but the portly parson in long robes who has read an essay on the errore of the deists or on the folly or enthusiasm is not interested in her as an individual. One day she meets a Methodist and is persuaded to accompany her to the foundry, and is drawn into the Methodist Society. Jane's heart like John Wesley's at Aldersgate, is strangely warmed, not by doctrines which the Methodists preach, but by the glow of friendship which the Methodist practice.

———o———

"In the months of sun so live that in the months of rain thou shalt still be happy."—Selected.

TEST BROADCAST

By Berta Lee Grafton

Thin silver daggers of rain stabbed unceasingly at the bus windows. Outside, the early spring dusk was a black void, grim and menacing. Inside, where lights defied the gloom, there were the high-pitched voices of children and the mingling odors of gasoline and wet woolens and too many rubber overshoes.

Dana Ladd, seated in front near the driver, stared at the streaming windshield nearest him and wondered, idly, where so many children had come from. There must be at least twenty of them. He had boarded the bus at Carpenter's Corner and had found them there then, already comfortably settled, coats and mittens laid aside, as though they had come from some distance. The girl in the blue raincoat was evidently with them.

Dana could not see her now from where he sat, but he had noticed her when he had first entered, a slender girl with hair like gold under her blue rain hat and a capable alertness in her whole manner. She had her small charges well in hand.

The two remaining adult passengers apparently had nothing to do with the children. The elder lady in black was obviously alone, and obviously nervous as the bus lurched and slewed. The stout man with the leather brief case was making a pretense of sleeping, as though he didn't care whether the bus stayed in the road or made a nose-dive into Black Stream Swamp.

Dana did care. He had business in town—if the bus got him there in time. A cold chill ran over him at the thought, and his palms felt damp and clammy. Another test broadcast, his second and last. If he muffed this one—

A sudden lurch of the bus jerked his thoughts back from the humiliation of that earlier failure. He glanced around, half furtively, as though he expected to find everyone in the bus staring in contempt at the young man who had stumbled away from that microphone, ashamed, confused.

But no one was looking at him.

He noticed then that the pale little girl across the aisle was becoming car-sick. No wonder, with the bus full of foul smells and rocking like a ship at sea. He reached for the window just as the girl in the blue raincoat reached for it. too. Together they shoved it up.

"Thank you," she smiled.

Cool rain pelted in on the child's hot face. There was a refreshing gust of wind and the louder swish of tires on a third-class road.

"I think she'll be all right now." The girl turned to Dana. "I wonder if you'd mind letting me sit here where I can be near her for a few minutes? She isn't very strong."

Dana moved over. "All your family?" he inquired.

"Yes, in a way. We're from St. Theresa's Orphanage. I'm Martha Manscomb, one of the assistant nurses."

Dana waited for more.

"This group is being transferred from St. Theresa's to Briarcliff," Martha Manscomb went on. "They were to have gone this morning on the early bus, but the driver wouldn't take them. Said there might be washouts."

Dana could understand that. This was the sixth consecutive day of rain, and the roads around here were none too good, even in dry weather. Only two busses a day passed through the Black Swamp section, and those two, at least in spring, only at the discretion of the driver. This driver tonight must be new. He was plowing right along.

"I hope he gets us there all in one piece," Martha confided as the bus bounced over a culvert. "Seems to me he's driving pretty fast."

"He has to in order to keep on schedule," Dana reminded her. "We're due in town at eight o'clock." And then he added, out of the worry that nagged at the back of his brain, "I hope we're not late. I have to be on the air at eight fifteen."

"Oh." Her blue eyes widened with interest. "What program?"

"Wonder-Wheat Breakfast Foods."

"The new series!" She seemed to know all about it. "These children love the Wonder-Wheat programs. But I thought that was a morning feature."

"It is," Dana confessed. "This is just a test tonight, made possible by a last minute cancellation of one of the regular evening programs. If it goes over I get the contract for the whole series. If it doesn't—" he spread his hands expressively.

"O, but it will," she encouraged him. "You've had voice tests, of course?"

"Several. And one tryout before."

Pride forbade his telling her the humiliating details of that tryout—how he had dropped his script and tried to ad lib while picking it up again, and how the pages had scattered and his throat had gone dry in sudden panic. For a moment his mind was a total blank. He had stammered, halted, started in again in the wrong place. Then Tom Leach at the controls had cut him off the air and put on a recording.

"Better luck next time, pal." Fred Thayer, advertising manager for Mr. Silverheimer of the Wonder-Wheat concern, had given him a well-meant slap on the back. "We all muff things sometimes. Just forget it."

"What did he say—the boss?" Dana had not at any time dealt directly with the busy Mr. Silverheimer.

"Oh, nothing much. He was in a hurry. One of his many pilanthropic interests I suppose. Doesn't dare to chance the program, of course. I wouldn't worry about it. Perhaps later—"

Dana had understood. Naturally Mr. Silveheimer couldn't take chances with a muddle-headed announcer who went all to pieces at the first sign of trouble. This program—any radio work, for that matter—called for quick thinking, cool self-reliance, resourcefulness in emergency. And he just hadn't measured up.

It had taken courage, later, to go back and ask Fred Thayer for a second chance. But his script was good. He had faith in it. He found himself telling Martha Manscomb about it now.

"*Cap'n Carey and His Crew*," she repeated, smiling. "It sounds properly thrilling. And you say you do all the parts yourself?"

"Every one of them." Dana felt a modest self-confidence welling within him. "I always had a knack for sound effects."

It was his only knack, he thought wryly. He had to turn it into

dollars and cents somehow, but he didn't tell Martha that.

Instead, he told her something of the plot and how he had tried to make it more than just another adventure serial, subtly weaving in the sound morals and ideals that make for the best in American manhood and womanhood. Her sincere interest was balm to his hurt pride. He talked on and on.

"Its wonderful work, isn't it," she applauded finally, "preparing programs that are going to mold the lives of children all over the country. You radio men have a big responsibility."

Dana agreed. His shoulder lifted slightly as if bearing up under the burden of that responsibility, but at the same time a sickening fear swept over him. What if he muffed it this time? He wouldn't drop his script again—of that he was sure—but what if some other emergency, now unforeseen, should come up? Would he lose his nerve again and get rattled and panicky?

He stared worriedly at the dismal slach of rain against the bus windows and the gloom of drenched darkness beyond. Then he looked at Martha and she was smiling confidently at him.

That smile was the last thing he remembered before something struck him a breath-taking blow in the pit of his stomach and everything went black. There was a splintering crash. The bus plunged downward staggered, struck with a jar that seemed to wrench loose every bone in his body.

He found himself hanging over the back of the seat in front of him. That was what had struck him. Ice cold water oozed around his feet.

In a flash he knew where he was. Black Stream bridge, of course. It had been declared unsafe for weeks the spring rains and rising waters had weakened it.

Everything was in complete darkness. Terrified screams filled the bus. Dana reached for Martha. She was gone.

Fearfully he groped for her in the aisle. A moment later she stumbled against him. She had got up front somehow. Her hand grasped his shoulder in a firm, steady grip.

"We're trapped here," she whispered. "The driver says we can't get out. Help me with the children."

She held a flashlight she had borrowed from the driver. Its thin beam revealed the scramble of frightened youngsters, in the aisle, under the seats. Nearly all were crying. There were bloody noses, bumped heads, bruises, cuts from broken glass. And stark terror everywhere.

Martha steadied herself against Dana's arm. She was trembling, but her vioce was even and comanding above the tumult.

"Stay where you are children, all of you. You're all right. Nothing's going to happen. Now I'm coming around and see each one of you, beginning here in front." To Dana she added, "Come with me."

Slowly they made their way up the aisle, comforting, consoling. Martha knew how to deal with her charges.

"There, there, Tessa, you're all right. Nothing's going to hurt you now. Just curl up on the seat here so your feet won't be in the water. There, that's better, isn't it? Judy, you and Eleanor just take hold of hands, like this. Now you're not alone in the dark any more, are you? Teddy, you're not crying over that little bit of a cut? The idea, a big

boy like you. Let's see you be brave now, like Buffalo Bill."

Gradually the tumult subsided. Dana caught the knack and devised ways of distracting the youngsters' attention. The stout man, too, helped. He even seemed to know some of the children by name. Dana noticed in surprise. In an unbelievably short time a semblance of calmness was restored.

Dana and Martha returned to the front of the bus, followed by the stout man who wanted to talk to the driver. Immediately the bus tilted. There was a dizzy, swaying motion. Water sluiced down the aisle. The bus was tipping.

"Get back there, all of you!" the driver barked. "Keep all the weight toward the rear and left side. We're okay so long as we keep still."

The three of them obeyed instantly, and the swaying slackened somewhat. By means of the flashlight they could see glimpses of the threatening chaos outside—splintered timbers, swirling muddy water. They were caught, Dana realized, on one of the rotted piers beneath the bridge. Safe for the moment; but a little unecessary motion, a little shift of balance toward the front of the bus, and there would be no escape from the waters that sucked around them.

Rescue would have to come from without if at all. The very position of the bus made exit from the front practically impossible. The emergency exit at the rear was blocked with slimy piling and splintered planks. The windows had safety bars more than halfway up.

Dana shuddered. He felt Martha standing close to him, as if for protection, but again her voice was clear and steady as she spoke.

"We're all right now, aren't we, children- We're just going to sit right here till somebody comes along. So let's sing something while we wait. Let's all sit very, very still and sing 'Old MacDonald Had A Farm.' "

The song was weak and quavering at first but gradually it gained volume. Martha followed it quickly with another. The bus was steady only so long as they all sat still.

"How about 'The Man with the Mandolin?' That one's fun."

That went a little better. Dana, calling on his almost inexhaustible supply of sound effects, imitated a mandolin and was rewarded with a faint giggle of appreciation from the little girl across the aisle.

The stout man in the meantime, had possessed himself of the flashlight and was attempting to rig a signal at one of the rear windows. Cold apprehension chilled Dana to immobility as he realized the danger that lurked in that direction. Another car hurtling out of the darkness, taking the bridge at a leap, would inevitably send them all plummeting down into those icy waters. Their safety, as well as the safety of others, depended largely on stopping the first car that came along—before it had come too far.

Martha was leading the children in "Little Sir Echo" now. From that they went on to "The Umbrella Man" and "Wishing."

Between songs the silence was loud with the ominous surge of water and the pounding of debris against the side of the bus. Rain dinned in a steady monotone on the roof. Dana, standing in the aisle, could feel the water slowly rising around his ankles.

Martha went on to "Popeye, the Sailor Man."

The singing died down finally. Children who are wet and cold and trapped in the dark cannot long be amused with any one thing. They were getting restless. Two or three were crying again.

Martha touched Dana's arm. "We've got to do something to keep them quiet," she pleaded. "Stories or guessing games or something.

Dana realized suddenly how close she was to the breaking point. From some unsuspecting reserve of strength he summoned the will to carry on for her. His mind raced wildly, struck an idea. Would it work?

He took a chance. "Listen everybody!" He was almost surprised at the well simulated enthusiasm in his voice. "How would you like to hear a story, a thrilling adventure story about two young stowaways on a big boat?"

Ignoring the half-hearted response, he launched at once into what was to have been tonight's test broadcast, the story of *Cap'n Carey and His Crew.*

Sheer desperation drove him on. He had no script. It lay somewhere in the water at his feet. He had no lights, no apparatus for sound, but he knew the story. He had to put it over.

Fear gripped him at first as it had that other time before the microphone. His throat felt dry and tight. Cold perspiration prickled all over him. His heart was a pounding tom-tom. But he forced himself on. This was more than a test broadcast now. It was a matter of life and death—death to all of them, perhaps, if he failed to keep those twenty children amused and quiet until help should come.

Fighting desperately against his own weakness, he tried to shut his mind against the possibilities of failure. He concentrated on the narrative, thankful for his gift of mimicry. He was Abby and Zeb, the stowaways. He was Cap'n Carey, with a Popeye voice that came from his boots He was the Cap'n's pig and the irrepressible cook and the ship's cat.

He put himself so wholeheartedly into the broadcast that he even concluded with the two-minute plug about Wonder-Wheat without thinking. Realizing, he smiled grimly in the darkness. He should have been doing this over the air for the distant ears of one Mr. Silverheimer, whom he had never seen but whose approval meant his bread and butter. And instead—

"What happened then?" two voices asked simultaneously.

Dana knew a brief moment of triumph. They liked it! His program was going over, with this little audience at least. Unhesitatingly he launched into Episode Two.

He was improvising now, but glibly and without confusion. His nerves were under control at last. He felt no panic at the lack of script. Confidence had come to him in the wake of fear and desperation. He talked on and on, sure now that his audience was with him.

He had just reached the climax of this episode when the stout man gave a shout and waved the flashlight. Headlights were approaching the bridge. There was a frightened scream, the screech of brakes hastily applied.

It was only two women in a little coupe, but they could go back and summon aid. "The fire department

from Clark's Corner," the bus driver suggested.

Raising the bus and rescuing its occupants was a matter that required chains and tackles, ladders, axes, ropes, men—and infinite patience. But it was finally accomplished. In due time twenty shivering children and five equally shivering adults stood once more on firm ground. Dana, now that the ordeal was over, felt completely spent.

And discouraged. It was too late now for his test broadcast. He had failed again.

A small hand was tugging at his, with eager insistence. "What happened to Abby and Zeb and the Cap'n after that?" the youngster wanted to know.

The stout man chuckled and patted the child's head. "You'll just have to wait till Wednesday to find that out, Tony. You're two jumps ahead of the rest of the world, you know. You'll have to wait for Mr. Ladd to tell chapters one ane two all over again on the radio so everyone can hear. Then you just listen in to chapter three on Wednesday and I bet you'll find out what happened next."

Dana smiled crookedly. "Don't count too much on it, kid," he advised. Then he added for the stout man's benefit, "That was to have been just a test broadcast tonight. And I muffed it—by not showing up. I won't get another chance."

"Muffed it!" There was staunch contradiction in Martha's tone. She smiled warmly. "I shouldn't call what he did tonight exactly muffing anything, should you, Mr. Silverheimer? I'd call it—meeting a challenge."

"Call it—passing a test," Mr. Silverheimer beamed. "I wonder what possessed me to go out to St. Theresa's and call on you and the kids tonight, Martha. Now I know. It was so I could be present at a preview, shall we say, of one of Wonder-Wheat's best broadcasts. Drop into Fred Thayer's office in the morning, young fellow, and tell him I sent you. He'll talk business with you."

Dana steadied himself weakly against a tree. For the first time in the whole evening his knees began to feel like limp rubber.

WHEN YOU ARE DISPOSED

—To be proud, take another look at your past stupidities.

—To be discouraged, stand at some corner and watch the lame go by.

—To be lonely, try giving out friendship instead of seeking it.

—To be vain, begin counting up your neglected opportunities.

—To be self-righteous, compare yourself with some poor and humble saint.—Selected.

ICELAND–A REMARKABLE NATION

(Selected)

Do you think of little Iceland—in the international spotlight since the German occupation of Denmark, its "mother country"—as a barren and backward land tucked among the icebergs of the Arctic Circle? Many do. But contrary to this impression, Iceland has a livable climate, had trial by jury before England, and has a remarkable progressive people, according to Viljalmur Stefansson, famed explorer, writing in the current Rotarian Magazine.

"It is Iceland and not England which should be called the Mother of Parliaments, for Iceland had a parliamentary government from A. D. 930—one, incidentally, which is still functioning, now in its 1,011 year!" Stefansson's article reports. "If we accept the common premise that prosperity depends on natural resources, then the economic situation of modern Iceland is a near miracle. For the land has fewer natural resources than any of the democracies, but nevertheless has come nearer than any other democracy to abolishing poverty.

"Iceland, a high land in a warm sea, has mountains which capture snow enough to create larger glaciers than any of Europe or of the mainland of Asia. The coldest seaport town of Iceland is not so cold in January as Portland, Maine, and Reykjavik, the capital, is as warm as Philadelphia. It is from almost the sole resources of grazing and fishing that Iceland has abolished poverty. Its percentage of unemployment for several years has been lower than that of France, England, or the United States Unemployment insurance, old-age insurance and similar measures are in force. Iceland is advanced also in the effectiveness of its public health measures. This country which in 1810 had less than one hospital bed for each 10,000 persons now has a free bed for every 110," Stefansson tells Rotarian readers.

An upper and a lower house compose the Althing, or parliament, with theoretic executive power resting in the King of Iceland. Although Iceland was acknowledged a sovereign State in 1918, with the King of Denmark acting as the King of Iceland, this tie was severed on April 10, 1940, when, the Germans having invaded Denmark, the Iceland Parliament declared that because the King of Denmark was a prisoner of a foreign power, he was unable to function as King of Iceland.

"A third or a quarter of the people of the United States, potentially the wealthiest nation in the world. live at lower level (measured in food, clothing, housing, education, medical attention, etc.) than that of perhaps even a single family in Iceland," Stefansson declares. Indeed Iceland is a remarkable little country!

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"God has given us tongues that we may say something pleasant to our fellow-men."—Heine.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The latest report coming from the North Carolina Orthopedic Hispital, Gastonia, informs us that James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, continues to improve.

"Zenobia", a United Artists production, was the feature at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. From the discussion heard among the boys, we are of the opinion that it was thoroughly enjoyed.

Louis Long, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the School, July 16, 1934, visited us last Friday. He now lives in Albemarle. Louis, who is now twenty-two years old, reported that he had served one period of enlistment in the United States Army since leaving the School, and during part of that time was stationed in the Panama Canal Zone.

Clyde Peeler, of Salisbury, nineteen years old, who left the School in 1935, was a recent visitor here. While a boy at this institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 4 group and was employed in the sewing room. Clyde informed us that he had graduated from high school last week and seemed very proud of the fact that he had won a scholarship to either the University of North Carolina or Wake Forest College because of his fine athletic record in high school.

The team from Cannon Plant No. 2, undefeated leaders in the Cabarrus County League, visited the Training School diamond last Saturday afternoon, and succeeded in keeping its record intact, defeating the local lads by the score of 7 to 4.

Andrews started on the firing-line for the school lads and was nicked for nine hits and five runs during the seven innings he worked. Jim Boger pitched the last two frames, yielding four hits and two runs. Andrews struck out three and issued one pass, while Boger also whiffed three visiting hitters. Ragan, who tossed 'em up for plant 2, fanned five and walked one.

The visitors scored once in the first frame on two doubles. In the same inning the School lads chalked up two counters on successive home run smashes by Liner and Johnson. In the fourth inning the Plant 2 boys counted another on a triple and single. They added another in the fifth on two singles and an error. In the sixth, a base on balls, a triple and single produced two more runs for them. A single and a home run put across two more runs for the visitors in the eighth, and in their half of the same frame, the School boys punched out a pair of singles and a triple for a couple of tallies.

Pinner, getting a double and two singles, and Allen, with a triple, double and single, led the Plant 2 boys at bat. Frye connected for a home run. Liner led the School lads with the old war-club, poling out a home run, triple and single, while Dub Johnson ran him a close second, securing a circuit blow and a single. The score:

		R	H	E
Plant 2	1 0 0 1 1 2 0 2 0 —	7	13	0
J. T. S.	2 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 —	4	8	1

Rev. Gilbert Goodman, pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church, Concord, had charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Hebrews 12: 1-10, and in a most interesting message to the boys, he called special attention to part of the first verse, "Let us run with patience the race set before us."

Rev. Mr. Goodman began by stating that racing is a good, healthy exercise and furnishes much fun for those who take part in the sport. The race of the Christian life may be compared to a foot race. Persons in the race must be qualified, they must meet certain requirements. To run the Christian race to a usccessful finish, one must be a true Christian rather than go through life pretending to be one.

In running, continued the speaker, there must first be a beginning. The race is set before the runners, and a start must be made. In the race will be found many barriers to overcome. There are also barriers in the Christian race, and in order to win we shall have to stop and rid ourselves of sin, vain pride, jealousy and anger, for such handicaps will certainly prevent the Christian from coming out ahead at the end of the contest.

After the start is made, the race is run. In an athletic contest, if the runner has stayed up too late at night, smoked too much or dissipated in any way, he may have to drop out. The true Christian cannot quit. He must stay in the race, pressing on to the end, with Christ as his goal.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Goodman stated that in foot races many contestants take part, but only one receives a prize, while at the end of the Christian race, all runners who have had faith in Jesus Christ and have earnestly pressed forward, will receive a reward. All who run diligently to the end, with Christ as their leader, shall win a prize that shall never fade, one which cannot be destroyed or stolen from them—the great reward of eternal life with the Master.

———

J. Carl Henry, of Detroit, Michigan, one of our old boys, spent last Saturday renewing old friendships at the School. He has been married about two years, and we were delighted to meet his charming wife, who accompanied him on this visit.

This young man, better known here as "Pat", left the School in September, 1926, returning to his home in Sylva, where he completed his high school work the following year. He then attended Western Carolina Teachers College for one year.

About twelve years ago, "Pat" went to Detriot, where he obtained employment with the Socony Vacuum Company, Inc., in the refining department, the oil being pumped all the way from the Texas oil fields. It is not difficult to assume that he is making good in his chosen profession, since he is still employed by the same company and has been promoted from time to time.

Those of us among the "old-timers" on the School's staff of employees pleasantly recall "Pat" as a husky, good-natured boy on the carpenter shop force, who would rather play baseball than eat. The instructor in charge of the shop has always maintained that he was one of the very best boys ever to come under his supervision. His natural love for both work and play made him a great

favorite among both the boys and officials of the School. He was a member of our baseball team, playing center field, and was a real batter. He tells us that in addition to performing regular duties in his present position, he has kept up interest in the game, and for quite some time managed a team in one of Detroit's industrial leagues. During his recent brief stay at the School, we noticed him on the local team's bench during the regular Cabarrus County League game played here in the afternoon.

"Pat" is now thirty-two years old and is a fine physical specimen, standing well over the six-foot mark, and the same old friendly spirit was very much in evidence the moment he stepped into The Uplift office. We recall that on a previous visit he seemed unusually proud to make the statement that he had never broken his agreement (made upon leaving the School) to abstain from the use of tobacco or alcholic beverages, and from his present appearance, we feel safe in voicing the opinion that the promise is still unbroken.

It was a real pleasure to see "Pat" again and we hope he and Mrs. Henry will stop in to see us whenever they happen to be in this section of the country.

In last week's issue of The Uplift we mentioned the fact that Mrs. E. E. Peele, of Charlotte, had brought to the Training School library copies of the National Geographic Magazines, covering a period of several years, but failed to note that she brought 72 very good books at the same time, to be added to the collection already in our library. Both the books and magazines were collected and donated by the young people of St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Charlotte, under the leadership of Harry Hewson, prominent in young people's work in that parish. We wish to take this opportunity to thank the young folks of St. Martin's for their expression of kindly interest in our lads in thus furnishing such a generous supply of fine reading material, and at the same time tender our appreciation to Mrs. Peele for delivering same.

When gossip lifts her scornful head,
And would revive old tales long dead;
Lend not your ear to tales absurb;
Make no defence, speak not a word.
Let Silence Speak.
When someone skeaks the voice of sin.
The word of evil with it's din;
Retreat within, it won't be heard,
Recall the good, speak not a word.
Let Silence Speak.
The voice of truth within your breast,
Is far more powerful than the rest;
Just let the still, small voices rejoice,
It will it's mighty message voice.
Let Silence Speak.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending June 16, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Norah J. Green 3
(3) James Hodges 3
(3) Leon Hollofield 3
(3) Edward Johnson 3
(3) Robert Maples 3
(3) Frank May 3
Max McQuaigue 2
(3) Jack Warren 3
(3) Weldon H. Warren 3
(3) J. C. Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 1

(3) William G. Bryant 3
Burman Keller
Clay Mize 2
(2) Leonard Robbins 2
(3) Arlie Scism 3
(3) Edward Warnock 3
(2) Everett Watts 2
(3) William C. Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) James Blocker 3
Jack Cline 2
J. W. Jones
Milton Koontz
Forrest McEntire 2
Donald McFee 2
Richard Parker 2
Oscar Roland
(3) William Shaw 3
Charles Tate

COTTAGE No. 3

(3) Lewis Andrews 3
(3) John Bailey 3
Jewell Barker 2
Earl Barnes 2
Lewis Baker
(2) Richard Baumgarner 2
(3) James Boone 3
Kenneth Conklin 2
Max Evans
Coolidge Green 2
Roscoe Honeycutt 2
Douglas Matthews 2
(3) Harley Matthews 3
William Matthewson 2
Otis McCall 2
Robert Quick
John C. Robertson 2
Wayne Sluder 2
George Shaver
(3) William Sims 3
William T. Smith 2
Harrison Stilwell 2
John Tolley 2
(3) Jerome Wiggins 3
(3) Louis Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Plummer Boyd 2
(3) Paul Briggs 3
Lewis Donaldson 2
(2) Paul Godwin 2
Gilbert Hogan
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 2
(2) John Jackson 2
Hugh Kennedy
(3) Ivan Morrozoff 3
(3) J. W. McRorrie 3
(3) J. C. Nance 3
(3) Henry Raby 3
(3) Melvin Walters 3
(3) Samuel Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Theodore Bowles 3
Junior Bordeaux 2
(2) Collett Cantor 2
Robert Dellinger
(3) Harold Donaldson 3
A. C. Elmore 2
Willlam Gaddy 2
Monroe Flinchum 2
Ray Hamby 2
(2) J. B. Howell 2
Sidney Knighting 2
(2) Everett Lineberry 2
Sam Montgomery
(3) J. C. Rinehardt 3
Donald Smith
Elmer Talbert 2
(3) Hubert Walker 3
(3) Dewey Ware 3

COTTAGE No. 6

Edward Batten 2
Lenoard Jacobs
Winley Jones
Edward Kinion
Eldred Watts
William Wilson

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) John H. Averitte 2
(3) William Beach 3
(3) Donald Earnhardt 3
(2) George Green 2
(3) Richard Halker 3
(2) Raymond Hughes 2
(2) Robert Hampton 2
(3) Robert Lawrence 3
(3) Elmer Maples 3
Arnold McHone 2
Loy Stines
(3) Alex Weathers 3
(3) Joseph Wheeler 3
(2) William R. Young 2

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Cecil Ashley 3
(3) Reid Beheler 3
(3) Jack Hamilton 3
Edward J. Lucas
James Quick

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Holly Atwood 3
Clarence Baker
(3) Mack Bell 3
(3) J. T. Branch 3
(3) Roy Butner 3
Percy Capps
(3) Frank Glover 3
(3) Wilbur Hardin 3
John Hendrix 2
(3) Osper Howell 3
Mark Jones 2
(3) Harold O'Dear 3
Lonnie Roberts 2
Richard Singletary 2
(3) Preston Wilbourne 3
Horace Williams

COTTAGE No. 10

Roy Barnett
(3) Aldine Brown 3
(3) Junius Brewer 3
(3) John Crawford 3
(3) B. C. Elliott 3
(3) Jack Evans 3
(3) John Fausnett 3
(3) J. D. Hildreth 3
(3) Thomas King 3
(3) Rufus Linville 3
Harry Peake
(3) James Penland 3
(2) Weaver Penland 2
Oscar Queen 2
(3) O. D. Talbert 3
(3) Torrence Ware 3
(2) Claude Weldy 2

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) John Benson 3
Harold Bryson 2
(3) William Dixon 3
Julian Merritt 2
(3) Edward Murray 3
(3) Fred Owens 3
(3) Theodore Rector 3
(3) Thomas Turner 3
N. C. Webb

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Jay Brannock 3
(3) William Deaton 3
(3) Frank Johnston 3
(2) James Puckett 2
(3) Howard Sanders 3
(3) William Suites 3
(3) Carl Tyndall 3

COTTAGE No. 13

Frank Cotter
William Griffin 2
(3) Vincent Hawes 3
James Lane 2
Jack Mathis
Jordan McIver 2
(2) Randall D. Peeler 2

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Mack Coggins 3
(3) Robert Deyton 3
(3) Audie Farthing 3
Troy Gilland
(3) William Harding 3
John Hamm 2
(3) Marvin King 3
John Kirkman 2
(3) Feldman Lane 3
(3) Norvell Murphy 3
(3) Charles McCoyle 3
Roy Mumford
John Reep 2
James Roberson 2
J. C. Willis
(2) J. D. Webster 2
(2) Wallace Woody 2
(2) Jones Watson 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Ramond Anderson 3
Jennings Britt 2
William Cantor
Robert Chamberlain
Elree Gaskins
Albert Hayes 2
William T. Hawkins 2
(3) Beamon Heath 3
John Howard
Hardy Lanier
(3) Fred McGlammery 3
Claude Moose 2
(3) J. P. Morgan 3
Eulice Rogers 2
(3) J. P. Sutton 3
Calvin Tessneer 2
William Wood
George Warren

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 2
(3) George Duncan 3
(3) Philip Holmes 3
(3) John T. Lawry 3
(3) Redmond Lawry 3
(3) Thomas Oxendine 3

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THE BIBLE IN THE NEWS

A New York city pastor, having been previously impressed by the frequency, accuracy and apt application of the Biblical quotations in the New York Times editorals appearing during one calendar year and discovered the folling facts:

Four hundred and sixty-six Biblical verse, phrase and allusions appeared in 367 editorials spread over 262 days.

Forty-seven books of the Bible furnished the above: Twenty-five from the Old Testament and 22 from the New Testament.

Twenty-two editoral titles reflected scriptural influence, and four editorials were dedicated exclusively to the English Bible. Some editorials held as many as four references.

"A very present help in time of trouble," appeared six times, and the parable of the Good Samaritan came to the editor's help nine times.

The amazing wealth of scripture used by the editors served to point editorials dealing with sociology, science, education, finance, industry, literature, art, philosophy and philanthropy.

Certainly this classic of English literature is among the (to quote the Times) "fundamental subjects which enlarge the outlook and ripen the judgment above mere technical training."—The Bible in New York.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCOR NO. 26

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

—William Tyler Page.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE GRAND OLD FLAG

Preserve the grand flag of our country,
The flag we should all love so true;
The flag with its soft blended colors,
The red, the white, and the blue.
May its stars ever shine out like diamonds,
Its stripes proclaim, "Unity, Love;"
The whole stay as unstained as the rainbows
As it floats in the heavens above.

Preserve the grand flag of our country,
Our emblem of peace and of right;
Keep it flying, each heart giving homage
As they gaze on its colors so bright.
May it always be an emblem of freedom,
As it floats o'er the land and o'er sea;
The flag of one people, one nation,
One flag that proclaims "Liberty."

Preserve the grand flag of our country,
No north, no south, east, or west;
The flag of the grandest of nations,
The flag true Americans love best.
Constitution and courts mean its safety,
Guaranteeing freedom for me and for you;
Preserve the old flag that we cherish,
"Old Glory"—the red, white and blue.

—J. C. Glassford.

JULY THE FOURTH

This is the month for which children and grown-ups plan to have their good times, the time of times, next to Christmas, the Fourth.

School is over, and children plan, with their parents and friends,

what sort of celebrating they shall do. There will be dreams of fire-crackers, sky-rockets, pink lemonade, merry-go-rounds, in fact everything of a celebrating nature.

For grown-ups there will be more substantial planning, perhaps. It may be a fishing trip, a picnic, or a plan to go to some auditorium to listen to some noted speaker talk on the subject "Patritoism", and hear patriotic airs played by some noted band.

Likely, very few of us give serious thought to why we celebrate the Fourth of July. We forget the significance of the day. Perhaps, we are so engrossed with the planning for the day of celebration, that when the day arrives, we find we have allowed ourselves no time for serious reflections, no time to really take inventory of ourselves, to check up to find out whether we are an asset, or a liability, to our country, our state and community.

No man proves his patriotism by just having a good time, disregarding the rights of others. The person who does prove he is patriotic, is the man who has maintained a standard of conduct to prove his respect for his country, not because of laws, but because he wants to be fair, to play the game of living on the level.

We, on this day of days, let our minds slip back into the high points in the history of our country. There the characters travel: The signing of the Declaration of Independence; Washington at Valley Forge; Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown; The drafting and ratifying of the Constitution of these United States; The Louisiana Purchase by Jefferson; Abraham Lincoln, and the Civil War; The Spanish American War; The World War; and many other historical pictures flash through our mind.

We all take pride in the achievments of our soldiers, statesmen, and the advancement made by our country since its inception. We like to feel that our country excells in every line of endeavor, whether it be in the field of business, music, sport or inventions. We are proud because our country excells in the production of certain farm products, automobiles and other manufactured goods, that it has the largest and highest sky-scrapers, and the largest trees in the world. In fact, we like to think that our country excells in all things.

There are some things we don't like to mention regarding our country. Very few of us like to hear about the faults of our country.

As grand and glorious as our country is, we can improve it, making it more grand and glorious, by educating our people to a sense of loyalty and love of fairness. A system devised whereby all men and women, who want to make an honest living, may have work at a wage sufficient to enable them to live in a decent home, to live properly, and to be able to save for old age. The men and women of our nation, each one, have the responsibility of formulating public opinion for the betterment of our country; to see that unselfish, honest men are elected to office, whose acme in life is to render the most service possible, for the betterment of their fellow-men. Our responsibility is more than voting for proper officials, or fighting for our country, it is the day by day living for our country that will enable us to cast the most influence either for the good or harm of our nation.

We should this Fourth dedicate ourselves to higher ideals, to render worthy service, and to endeavor to reestablish our lives; thereby proving our patriotism in the highest possible degree.

—The Messenger.

* * * * * * * *

LOYAL FRIENDSHIP

Many feel and express themselves to the effect that a true and loyal friend is rare, but in spite of the race in finances, the selfishness of individuals and nations for priority, in the midst of all this unrest there come expressions from individuals of genuine appreciation of old friends. Instead of emphasizing such contacts of loyalty we pass them up as nothing more than what one expects, but where an ingrate appears we publicize the same. For this reason the opinion prevails that the bad over-balances the fine impulses of humanity.

In the life of this institution the experiences have been many and varied, and our estimate is that there are legions of staunch and stable characters who are filled with good works. For instance, in the genesis of this school, the late Mr. Caesar Cone, head of the prominent Cone family, of Greensboro, was closely associated with the work of this institution. The heart-throbs of this man expressed interest in the boy without a chance. Doubtless this interest

was transmitted to a close friend, Mr. Saul F. Dribben, of New York City. The story in a nut-shell is that since the death of Mr. Cone, his friend, Mr. Dribben, communicated with Superintendent Boger and sent contributions of money in memory of his departed friend, Caesar Cone. This money was used to purchase stage curtains for the auditorium of the school building.

We feel that this story is proof that loyal friends continue to walk in our midst. Mr. Dribben continues to keep fresh the memory of his close friend by periodically sending contributions to the Jackson Training School to be used for the benefit and comfort of the boys entrusted to its care, future citizens of the state. Mr. Dribben's love and friendship did not just simply last during the life of his friend, but even after his death this true and lasting friendship evidenced itself in commemorating the noble life of one dear to him. A more lasting devotion none could scarcely conceive.

• • • • • • • •

BIRD SANCTUARY

No place in the state offers a more picturesque setting for a bird sanctuary than the grounds that surround the Jackson Training School. The rugged grounds with the large boulders, the sloping hills and trees of natural forest, present possibilities for one of the most beautiful and restful places to be found in this or any other state of the country.

Perhaps to some it would seem to be a waste of time for the small boys to make bird boxes and place them in the trees, but we feel to the contrary. The undertaking would inspire the boys to appreciate the song birds, besides they would soon learn to love the beauties of nature, at the same time becoming familiar with the different birds. This kind of pastime would be both restful and profitable when off duty. The boys could organize themselves into an Audubon Society and follow in the footsteps of John James Adubon, the great lover and protector of birds of all kinds.

Audubon liked to go out into the quiet of the woods and study the color and shape of the birds and listen to them when singing. Finally he left his home in Louisiana and went to France, and there studied art so he could paint birds, especially those of brilliant col-

oring. He was truly a friend of the birds and in every way inspired a higher appreciation of their value to the fields and the joy, as song birds, they can contribute to any community.

We would rejoice to see the campus filled with bird-boxes, making a safe home for birds.

* * * * * * * *

DEATH ON THE HIGHWAYS

Speed—the killer—kept up its deadly work on North Carolina highways during the first four months of this year, according to figures just compiled by the Highway Safety Division in Raleigh.

Records of the Division show that five out of every six traffic fatalities in the state during the four-months period occurred in rural areas and small towns. To be specific, only 40 of the 231 traffic deaths for the four months occurred in cities of 10,000 population or over, while 191 of the fatalities happened in small towns and out on the open highway.

"It's not where traffic is thickest that the most traffic deaths occur," declared Ronald Hocutt, Director of the Safety Division, "it's where traffic is fastest." "When two cars collide on a congested city street the cars usually suffer damage only and the occupants probably suffer minor injuries, but when two cars breezing along on an open highway collide, a fatality occurs more often than not."

Last year's accident records for North Carolina show that 182 fatalities occurred in 4,026 traffic accidents in cities and towns, while 761 people were killed in 4,131 accidents in rural areas of the state.

Hocutt said speed too fast for existing conditions was the principal factor figuring in the higher ratio of traffic deaths in rural areas.

"Drivers who make a habit of going too fast are the most deadly species of drivers on the road," Hocutt said. "When you have a trip to make, leave sooner, drive slower, and live longer."

RODEO AND RITUALS MARK FOURTH

By Beatrice Warren

More than 7,000 Indians from seven states are on hand for the start of the biggest peace-time powwow of red men in the United States history. They are sleeping on their old campground, these thousands of guests. These men, women and children of twenty-five or more Indian tribes are gathering for the ninth annual all-Indian powwow.

In most places the Fourth of July celebration is merely a one-day program, but in the southwest it is a real celebration. No one-day affair for them. All the entertainment they have figured out and planned in detail takes three full days. Flagstaff, Arizona, has conceived the idea of preserving the tribal dances, games and ceremonies of our southwestern Indians, and the town turns over Independence Day to a powwow staged by the original Americans.

A down-town parade is given at 12:30 each day—two solid miles of Indians in their gala dresses and dancing costumes, bronzed riders on small desert-bred ponies, family groups riding in state in covered wagons.

The afternoons of the three days are devoted mainly to sports, all of the performers being Indians. They are strictly Indian sports, and for cash prizes. Anything that is dear to the heart of a redskin is racing and sports of all kinds.

A varied program is put on, too, some sports that are not found in the white man's category. These include: Fourpole Indian foot race, half mile horse race, Indian squaw tug of war, 100-yard dash for squaws, buck and squaw horse race, quarter mile horse race, quarter mile foot race, watermelon eating contest (and are there plenty of entrants for this contest, since an Indian outdoes a 'cullud gen'-man" on melon eating,) four horse relay, 100 yard dash for men, Indian archery contest, Navajo-Hopi shinny game, stick and stone race.

A contest typically Indian is the Hopi rock race, each team being made up of three runners. One of them tosses a rock the size of a tennis ball with his toes down the course and then it is the job of his teammates and himself to see that the crude football is kept moving, and in the right direction. Only the feet, bare and unprotected by anything, are used to advance the stone to the finish line. The race is held over a two-mile course, and while it would be too strenuous for a white youth, the Indian considers it great fun, and it is no trouble to get a large number of participants for this game. Then there is the chicken pull, a papoose beauty contest, a young girls' beauty contest and other amusements.

The evenings are turned over to tribal dances given in front of the grandstand. Floodlights are installed and amplifers carry to every part of the grandstand the announcement of each event. The Navajos present the Chant at the Water Hole, the Feather dance, the Yabachai; the Hopis give the Flower dance and the Arrow dance and turn and twist in the Buffalo dance, carry-over of the era when the great, shaggy beasts roamed the plains in tens and hundreds of thousands. The Zunis portray the Comanche

Harvest dance, the Deer dance, and the Corn dance. The Piutes present their Bear dance, a dance witnessed by few white men. Through the three evenings other dances include:

Natachina, or Hontezuma, war dance, Yaquis formerly of Mexico.

Ghost dance, Arapahos of the middle west.

Red Ant dance, Navajo of Arizona.

Water Carriers' Song, Zuni girls of New Mexico.

Zia Crow dance, Zia, N. M.

Devil (clown) dance, Tonto Apaches, Arizona.

Rainbow dance, Hopis of Arizona.

War dance, Kiowas of Oklahoma.

Blackbird dance, Zunis.

Fire dance, Navajos.

Deer dance, Yaquis.

Corn grinding dance by Zunis

Sun dance by Navajos.

Dream dance by Plain Indians.

Mud dance by Navajos.

Scalp dance by Arapahos.

Hunchback dance by Navajos.

Batepii dance by Yaquis.

Hoop dance by Hopis.

Feather dance by Kiowas.

Dog soldiers' dance by Plain Indians.

The dances are put on in exactly the same costumes and carried out with the same intense fervor that they are on the reservation. They all have their significance, mostly religious, and those participating, as well as the Indian onlookers, enter keenly into the spirit of each one.

The city of Flagstaff assumes a vivid holiday appearance, and for weeks the merchants and their helpers wear colorful velvet blouses, squaw dresses, silver jewelry, in honor of their copper-skinned guests from the surrounding reservations.

The Indians begin arriving a week before and the city park is filled with bucks, squaws and papooses of a dozen or two tribes and half a hundred clans. The early arrivals explain that they came early to get ahead of the crowd and to stake out what they believed to be the best camping sites for themselves and their friends—and well they might, for there are Indians from every reservation point, some coming hundreds of miles.

There are exhibitions of pottery making, basket weaving, and sand-painting for the education and entertainment of the visitors. An added attraction to all—both home folks and out-of-state people—is the annual free Hopi craftsman exhibit of Hopi arts and crafts at the museum of northern Arizona. This exhibit lasts for six days.

The Indians are Flagstaff's guests from the time of their arrival until the entire show is over, and they take full advantage of such a windfall. Beef and mutton, coffee, sugar, flour, and other staple foods are bought for them in enormous quantities that almost stagger the imagination of a mere housekeeper. The days on the reservation during many moons have been lean. There is now plenty to eat, and no one can believe an Indian appetite until he has beheld it first-hand. It is almost certain that every Indian goes away weighing more than upon his arrival.

The southwest Indian powwow is the finest, most spectacular and most artistic and finished Indian show ever put on in the southwest and has become an eagerly-awaited annual institution.

SCHOOLBOY WRITES ON NEXT TEN YEARS IN CAROLINAS

(Hertford County Herald)

Editor's Note: The following essay entitled "The Next Ten Years in the Rural Carolinas" was written by Charles G. Roebuck, 14-year-old high school sophomore of Colerain, who recited the essay in a declamation contest held recently in Windsor, winning first place. Charles is the son of Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Roebcuk, of Colerain.

I am a citizen of North Carolina, I was born and have lived all my life in the "Old North State." always I have been proud to hear of her accomplishments, her traditions and her glory. Nowhere else has nature given more bountifully of her blessings. From her ocean to her mountains the sun and plentiful rain, fall on land that could well support twice her population. Fish are in her streams, minerals are buried deep in her mountains and she is blessed with a climate that will grow as many different crops as that of the Garden of Eden. Yes, I am proud of the "Old North State." Her natural resources are great.

I was shocked when I read that President Roosevelt had said, "The South is the Nation's No. 1 economic problem." And the Carolinas are a part of the South. Why is the South the Nation's No. 1 economic problem?

Our problems and troubles were not caused by the depression—but they are rooted in a tangle of soil erosion, bad tenant systems and one-crop farming.

We can cure our difficulties only by a vigorous effort of the North Carolinians themselves—by public spirited leadership and careful planning of a great prosperity campaign for the rural Carolinas in the new decade beginning with the year nineteen hundred and forty.

The soil is the backbone of any rural community and the soil of the Carolinas is not nearly as rich as it could and should be. For years Tar Heel Farmers have purchased more fertilizer than the farmers of any other state in the Union. North Carolina uses 1-7 of all the fertilizer used in the United States and spends for it approximately $30,000,000 each year. What does this do but take away the profits of farming and help hold down the prosperity in the rural Carolinas? But in the next decade something about this will have to be done.

You will agree with me that the most important way to reduce the Carolinas' fertilizer bill is to conserve commercial plant food through the use of cover crops, home grown organic matter . More and more will you see fields covered with crops that build up and enrich the soil, for the farmer will come to the place where he shall realize that something must be done to build up and enrich the soil; and when he does come to that place, crops that are of extraordinary quality and quantity now, will be a common thing. This will come to pass within the next ten years.

Right now it is time to begin thinking about the opportunity the Lord offers us every fall to follow his example in making soils rich. Make

the land rich and it will make you rich. Because we have open winters and heavy rain fall, as soon as the land is cleared for cultivated crops all except the most level tracts erode. We must convert these liabilities into assets.

The pressure of population on the land forces hundreds of Carolina farmers to try to support their big families on farms too small to provide a decent living even under the best conditions. It forces thousands of others to till land that is too poor to yield a living. These things in turn force the families to mine the soil instead of preserving it. Desperately in need of money they can think only of today and their need for food. They must eat into the very backbone of the farm that gives them their living—the soil. As long as this vicious circle continues men and soil become poorer together. Almost two thirds of the farmers in the Carolinas are tenants. A third of these tenants move every year in a desperate but vain search for better conditions. Aside from its economic wastefulness, restlessness and instability it is a mockery to Democracy.

Under such conditions the people do not take part in the affairs of the community and even do not enjoy the ordinary rights of citizens. How many of these people attend church, send their children to school regularey or vote?

A recent study by the National Resources Committee showed that in 1935-36 almost two-thirds of the families in the South had incomes of less than $1,250 a year. More than 40 per cent of them had to live on less than $750 a year.

Now what can we do about it? I believe the answer to our troubles can be found, but I'm sure they will not be found until we recognize the facts, and make up our minds to do something about it.

The Federal Government has helped us make a start. It has found a method which involves very little expense to the Treasury. That is the method now employed by the Farm Security Administration in its loan program for low income farm families: Under that program the government is providing the means for a new start for hundreds of farm families, which only a few years ago were on relief, or close to it. They are the families which are unable to make a living because of worn out land, because of farms that were too small, of poor tenant systems of one-crop farming or because of ill health. One by one these families are being helped to eliminate the troubles which were holding them back. The government is finding that with a little credit and a little guidance many of the most hopless failures can succeed. That proves that these people, when properly fed can stack up against any other people in the world.

Look at their record as soldiers. In the World War: Pershing called on the Southern Division to break the Hindenburg line. In the Civil War, Lee found them the best troops that ever fought against overwhelming odds.

Then, too, we must reform our tenancy system. Tenancy, in itself is not always an evil. It cannot be done away with entirely. But, as it exists in the South today it is definitely injurious to land-owners, tenants, and the public. We need a better tenure system—a system that will encourage stability on the land, that will develop in tenants the same love of their land

and desire to protect it that goes with land ownership. There are systems in successful operation, which give that spirit, such as that in England where a large proportion of the farmers live as tenants on the same piece of land for decades and even generations.

We should study these better systems of tenacy and adopt the features in them which prove most effective and most suitable for our people. This part of the program is a state job. It is already being tackled by Arkansas. The Carolinas could well follow Arkansas' example. By organizations such as the Farm Security administration, many farmers, that otherwise wouldn't, will own their farms and be making a more prosperous living before the end of the next ten years.

In one way or another we eventually can solve the distribution problem; but even when we do, Carolina still must face other sources of agricultural income. Much of our cotton and tobacco land must be turned over to grass and livestock, so that our people can produce more of the things they need.

I firmly believe that the Carolinas will never be prosperous until the fields are green in winter. But before we reach that place, we are going to have to learn that the smell of the manure pile is worth more to us than the smell of magnolias.

Farm specialists say that the first essential to food farm management is the production of food for the family. Have enough garden to keep in fresh vegetables. Keep a milk cow to furnish all the milk and butter. Keep enough pigs to furnish meat the year around. Keep enough chickens to furnish plenty of eggs. And last, keep enough feed to keep these animals in first class condition. For the most successful decade in our lives, 1940-50, no foundation stone beats, "food, feed and fertility, first."

The southwide program for "Balanced Prosperity, 1940-50" is a superb idea, several commentators have remarked, but have added, "Is there sufficient driving power for going right ahead and carrying it on to success?" We believe there is, and the driving power is found in the most powerful urge on earth—necessity. The greatest progress men ever made is made when the "Whip of Necessity" is laid upon their bare backs. And so it is with the Carolinas today. The money-crop situation has come to a crisis. The time has come when we must return to livestock.

When the states of the South speak of returning to livestock, those of the west say that we are going into a brand new field, one which belongs to them. But the truth of it is exactly opposite.

The truth of it is that back in 1880 we had a balance of livestock. But when there came a great demand for cotton and tobacco we turned loose of livestock, and temporarily let the North and West almost monopolize livestock and dairying. Instead of blaming us for wanting to return to our share of livestock production, the West should thank us for the profit they made on livestock by our concentration on cotton and tobacco.

Livestock is an essential factor in the mineral-plant-animal cycle; basic to all sound agriculture. Agriculture without livestock is a violation of natural laws, and leads to mining the soil of its fertility.

During the next ten years you will see more and better livestock in the Carolinas. And there will be a balance between livestock and money crops before the end of the next decade.

In this great campaign for prosperity in the rural Carolinas the leadership must come from the rural communities. We must be born again, for where there is no vision, not only the campaign but the people perish.

Don't for a moment get the idea that North Carolinians are satisfied. We are proud of our progress today; but our main thought is of the future. We not only know there is room for improvement, but we are determined to improve; and there will be great improvement within the next ten years.

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THE EVALUATION OF THE WPA PROGRAM

The WPA dinners throughout the country on Monday evening, judging from the one in Johnston county, had a two-fold value. They brought the whole WPA family together allowing the workers to see the goverment efforts to put over a worthwhile work program as a whole and not just their own little segment of the WPA program. And they presented to the sponsoring groups and to the taxpaying public a composite picture of the service the work program is rendering to the community.

There is no doubt that there is an increased efficiency in WPA. As one commentator stated, no one jokes now about WPA. The workers, many of whom were inexperienced in the beginning, have learned to do their work better and they are finding a satisfaction in earning the dollars that are giving to them a better standard of living. The communities, too, are finding out that WPA is providing improvements, even necessities, that but for the government aid would not be possible.

The evolution of WPA involves a series of alphabet combinations. But as we view the program today, we are of the opinion that the government chose the best way to work out of a distressing economic situation. The majority of citizens, we believe, prefer to work for their living than to be on a dole.

—Smithfield Herald.

JOB OPPORTUNITIES IN NORTH CAROLINA

(Stanly News - Press)

A novel and interesting means of advertising North Carolina, R. Mayne Albright, director of the State Employment Service, recently got out the following piece:

"If North Carolina really is the 'Land of Opportunity'," said an out-of-state friend of mine recently, "Why don't you Tar Heels do more boosting?"

"Why," I said, "every true Tar Heel can tell you that the Old North state stretches for nearly 800 paved miles from the birthplace of the nation at Manteo to the famous quarries at Murphy, whose unique marble courthouse is nearer the capitals of seven other states than to its own capital building in Raleigh, which since 1833 has been regarded as one of the most perfect architectural types in America and which stands in the very center of a state whose wonderful mountain ranges include the highest peak in eastern America; whose wonderful lakes include the bluest the greenest, the clearest and the largest inland waters in the entire nation; whose eastern shores are washed by hundreds of miles of the Atlantic ocean and whose wonderful climate, fertile soil, and abundant flora and fauna in mountains, sandhills, and seashore make it the playground of the nation, a variety vacation-land whose myriad charms are rivaled only by its industrial development—which includes the world's largest hosiery mill, world's largest damask mill, world's largest denim mill, world's largest towel mill, underwear factory, paper and pulp, and cigarette and aluminum plants, world's largest tobacco and berry markets, not to mention the oldest state university, the birthplace of aviation, and sundry other wonders of present and historical interest—and—"

"That's all very fine," he interrupted, "but what about Job Opportunities in North Carolina? I know a young fellow who heard so much about job opportunities elsewhere that he left North Carolina and moved to another state."

"That's true," I admitted. "I know him well. He did move to another state, but this is what he said he found:

" 'In the morning I would arise from a Statesville-made bed and a Mebane mattress, throw off Forest City sheets, Elkin blankets, and a Leaksville bedspread, step out on a Tryon rug, open Laurinburg curtains to let in light enough to shave before a North Wilksboro mirror, using a Cliffside wash cloth and a Kannapolis towel. I would open a High Point bureau to get out a set of Winston-Salem underwear, a Kinston shirt, and a Taylorsville tie; sit down on a Thomasville chair with a Roanoke Rapids slip cover to pull on Durham socks and tie Hickory shoe laces. I would then arise to don a Biltmore homespun suit with a Greensboro-made belt, light up a cigarette made in Reidsville with tobacco grown in Wilson and rolled in paper made in Brevard.

" 'After breakfast, smoking a

cigar made in Greensboro, I would meet a farmer—dressed in Charlotte overalls, wearing Newton gloves, driving a Wilson-made wagon filled with paints made in Wilmington, fertilizer made in New Bern, and brooms made at Liberty—who was taking home to his wife a Lexington dress in an Elizabethh City box wrapped in paper made in Canton and tied with twine made in Hickory.

" 'Of course, I wouldn't have you think everything there was made in North Carolina. For insrance, later in the day after a pot of English tea, Russian vodka, or Scotch whiskey, I would cross a yard covered by an Ohio mortgage to get in a Detroit Ford filled with Texas gasoline, ask an Irish cop the way to a Greek restaurant to watch a Mexican girl do a Cuban rhumba by a Harlem swing band. For dinner, I would have Italian spaghetti, Spanish omelette, Hungarian goulash, or Mexican chile con carne, with French fried potatoes, Hawaiian pineapple, and coffee packed in Brazil.

" 'Back home again I would put on Chinese silk pajamas, read a few verses from a Bible printed in England, say a prayer written in Jerusalem, jump back in the High Point bed, and spend the rest of the night fighting the fleas and mosquitoes—the only native products in the whole state.'

"So he moved back to North Carolina!"

JUST A FRIEND

As I wearily wander along life's road,
  Through the myriad phases of care;
Let me find on the way as I plod along
  Just a friend who is loyal and square.
As I struggle along on the road through life,
  Over hill, over mountain or bluff;
Let me find just a friend who will stick to me,
  When the going is rugged and rough.
When my roadway is smooth and all's clear ahead,
  There's no danger my footsteps will swerve;
But the hand of a friend is the thing I need
  When I'm rounding a treacherous curve.
I could go on my way with my head held high,
  Meeting nothing I could not surmount;
If I just had a friend who would cling to me,
  When he knew I was down for the count!

—E. J. Carrol

AFFECTIONS AND INTELLECT

(Baptist Standard)

He who cultivates his intellect and neglects his affections is not a wise man. Poetry is always more important and enduring than prose because it is the language of the affections and emotions. The head is important but the heart is essential to a human way of living.

No commandment of the ten is the greatest commandment. This world is not living, primarily, by the Ten Commandments. It never has lived by them and never will. There is a greater commandment than all of them combined. As long as men disregard that one commandment they will keep any one of the ten only when they think it promotes their personal interest. That commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy might."—Deut. 6:5; Math. 22:37.

Any nation which magnifies education in science and philosophy above the proper training of the affections will become a cruel nation and a menace to other nations to the degree of its power. For this reason all education should include the affections and emotions.

The second commandment in great importance is not in the Ten Commandments but in Lev. 19:18: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Also, Math. 22:39; Mark 12:31

Jesus said that on these two commandments hang all the law and all that God's prophets taught.

It is perfectly easy to see that of the ten commandments the four which set forth man's duty to God will be obeyed if men obey the "first and great commandment" and love the Lord their God with all their hearts, all their souls and all their might. A man who loves God so will not want another God, nor make an idol nor take the name of God in vain. Such a man would want to spend the Sabbath in meditating upon the excellencies of the God he loves with all his heart, all his soul and all his might.

It is also easy to see that any man who loves his neighbor as well as he loves himself will obey the other six commandments. "Neighbor" means any person on earth besides yourself. If a boy or girl, man or woman, loved father and mother as well as self it would be natural to honor such parents. No one would kill another if he loved that one as he loves himself. No one would invade and debauch the home of one he or she loves as well as self. No one would steal the property of one he loves as he loves himself. No one would go on the witness stand and falsely swear away the life or liberty of one he loves as himself. Nor would anybody who loved another as he loves himself covet that beloved person's property, good name or anything belonging to him.

The condition of the heart determines continually obedience or disobedience to any or one or all of the Ten Commandments. It determines and controls constantly obedience or disobedience to "all" the laws of God or men. Instead of instructing the intellect so continually, those who would make the world a fit place in which to live should strive, as life's main activity, to get people's hearts

right, to get them full to overflowing with love for God and for every human being on earth.

Missionaries should emphasize heart training all over the earth. It is vastly more important than any church doctrine, however important that doctrine may be. We will do most good by putting time and emphasis on training hearts.

Don't take chances when you drive.

Drinking drivers are dangerous drivers. If you drink, don't drive, for safety's sake.

More than 12,000 pedestrians were killed in this country last year.

It is estimated that speed was responsible for more than 8,000 traffic fatalities in the United States last year.

Eight hundred and ten children were killed in this country last year while playing in the street.

Accidents records show that 1,210,200 persons were injured in motor vehicle accidents in the country last year.

Defective brakes were responsible for 670 highway fatalities in this country in 1939.

Eighty-five per cent of last year's traffic fatalities occurred in clear weather.

Glaring headlights caused 180 fatal accidents in the United States last year.

More than 225,000 children under 15 years of age were injured in traffic accidents last year.

Twenty people were killed in railroad crossing accidents in North Carolina during the first four months of 1940.

A total of 6,397 drivers' licenses have been suspended in this state since 1935 for causes ranging from speeding to illegal transportation of liquor..

It's dangerous to lose your patience or your temper when you are behind a steering wheel.

Bicycle fatalities for the first four months of this year in North Carolina were somewhat behind those for the same period last year.

One hundred and ten motorists in this state were arrested last month for failing to stop before entering a highway from a side road.

The Highway Safety Division suspends drivers' licenses for three reported traffic violations of a minor nature.

Unsafe speed causes nine out of ten automobile accident deaths, records of the Highway Safety Division show.

An average of six or more pedestrians a week are killed on North Carolina streets and highway.

CALL THE NEXT WITNESS!

By Bruce L. Middaugh

Ye shall be witnesses unto me.—Acts 1: 8.

The main business of Christians during those tremendous years when the gospel was winning its way against the might of pagan Rome was that of acting as witnesses for Christ. Jesus explicitly declared to his followers, in his final interview with them as recorded in the first chapter of Acts, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me." So seriously did they take this charge that when they met to choose a successor to Judas they carefully chose him from among those who had seen and heard, that he might be a witness along with the eleven.

I sat one day in a circle of farmers around a country farmhouse pump and heard an unlettered man make this eloquent remark when a certain doctor was under discussion: "Well, he certainly did a lot for me!" He was ready to testify, from his own experience. Jesus healed a man congenitally blind. When the man ventured to tell what had happened to him, the learned scholars began to scoff. "What do you know about religion?" they asked in derision and tried to overwhelm him with their philosophy. But his answer was clear and simple: "About these things I don't know much. But this one thing I do know that, whereas I was blind, now I see." There is no argument against a fact. While preaching has its place, and learned professors can help us by expounding the Bible text and explaining the Christian doctrines, the greatest strength of the Christian movement in its struggle with a hostile world has always been the existence of millions of humble people who are Christ's witnesses. Their continual testimony, springing direct from personal experience, is the unanswerable argument.

The first and most obvious way to testify for Christ is simply by letting oneself be known as a Christian. When a young man stands at the altar of the church, and publicly takes the vows of membership, he is making answer in vivid fashion to a skeptical world which wonders, "Is there anyone who really feels that Christ has the answer?" Some of us feel that we cannot do very much for Christ, but we can do that much. We can stand up and be counted, testifying that here is yet another human being who finds life's true meaning in Jesus. In a world where so many people take the opposite side, that is no small service to render. The lines are being drawn, and every individual is being counted on one side or the other. We are all witnesses, whether witnesses to our faith in Christ or to our unwillingness to declare any such faith.

Secondly, our everyday actions are bits of testimony. We have laughed about the man who said to his neighbor, "So you are troubled with hay fever? You must try this remedy. I've been a great sufferer from hay fever myself for over twenty-five years, and I've never used anything but this!" But too many of us live lives that recommend Christ in the same left-handed fashion. A Christian man comes to work some morning wrapped in gloom, grouchy and touchy as a dog with a bone, and thereby

testifies to the world that Christ has no remedy for a bad disposition. His testimony is false, but the world does not know that, and someone who has been wondering if perhaps Christ might have the answer to his problem turns away discouraged. The average church member does not realize with what keen interest the man in the street watches to see what effect church going has on a man. When one who professes to be a Christian habitually neglects public worship or private prayer, the outsider takes that as the testimony of a well-informed witness to the effect that worship and prayer are of no great value. Depending on such testimony, more than one thirsting soul has given up the quest before he started. It is a fearful responsibility, to have hindered by our witness one who might have found his way to Christ.

But there is a third way in which we are privileged to be witnesses for the Master, a way which is useless without the first two, but which, when it builds on them as its foundation, is marvelously fruitful. It is the way of straightforward speaking of our faith and experience.—

TURNING TO THE WORD

The American Bible Society held its 124th annual meeting recently in New York City. From a study of its annually increasing circulation of the Scriptures one would deduce that people are more and more turning to the Bible, this book which speaks in so many languages and penetrates the farthest corners of the earth. Many a man who never read the book before is beginning to hear in its unchanging accents what at last he finds to be the positive answer to his own and the world's despair.

The American Bible Society has faced this man before—from the start it has faced him. The man without the Book has symbolized the appalling need that brought the Society into being one hundred and twenty-four years ago. His plight it was that established the Society's first Foreign Agency in 1836 and the work for the blind a year earlier. It is his wondering, half-distrustful look that keeps translators' and revisers' lamps burning far into the night, and the feet of the messengers of peace trudging over the highways and byways of forty countries to bring the glad tidings of One who saves unto the uttermost.

The man without the Book—there are hundreds of millions who have never even heard of the Book. But where the man without the Book has heard of it, his one-time scorn is not so evident today; his indifference is giving way to the spirit of inquiry and his troubled soul is a bit more disposed to wonder if here, after all, in this book he may have spurned before, is not the answer to the deepest questions he has ever asked himself.—Selected.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

By D. O. Thompson

Donald Fergusson entered the tiny bedroom, shut the door behind him and stared around as if struck with a fresh realization of the sordid dinginess of the little room.

Perhaps is was contrast that made the realization so vivid just then, for it was Maytime outside—May in the fresh greeness of the treetops; in the lilacs, deep and purple;May in the blue of the sky above. But the interior of the little room was dark; dark in spite of that outside brightness—dark, dingy and sordid.

For one moment, as he stared around the ugly brown-paper walls, Donald Fergusson was tempted to turn, swing out the door, bang it behind him, leap down the stairs, hurry down to the depot and catch that last train back to Mintee, his little home town. It would be cool there now, cool enough for a game of tennis after supper; in their own garden his mother would be watering the flowers, and the lilacs would be fragrant in the long May twilight.

With a laugh, Donald dismissed the vivid little picture from his mind. "You're not in Mintee, old chap," he told himself as he poured the water from the broken-spouted pitcher into the basin; "you're in the city making money for your mother in the little town back home, and even if you hate boarding houses and brown-papered bedrooms and long, dull hours in the office, and longer, duller evenings with no one to talk to, why, you've got to make good; you've got to make good for the sake of your mother!"

He splashed the refreshing cool water over his face and head, drying it vigorously on the hard rough towel. He was whistling now; quite obviously it was a forced whistle, but it was cheerful, a gay little air that rang merrily in the dim room. Quite suddenly he was interrupted "Hey, mister!" A voice hailed him from the direction of his window, 'Hey there, you ain't th' only guy what can whistle!"

In two quick steps, Donald was at his window. Five feet away was another window—a narrow slit in a high, red brick wall. Through this opening a pair of bright black eyes met his gaily. "And who may you be?" Donald questioned, just because he could think of nothing better to say.

"Ham!" the shrill, small boy voice told him shortly. "Ham's my name, an' I can whistle too." Suiting his words to action, he pursed his mouth, and then, with a backward glance into the dim depths behind him, he whispered shrilly, "Here she comes!" and disappeared from view.

Donald lingered about the window for a few minutes, hoping the merry black eyes and the gay little voice would reappear. There had been something companionable—friendly—about the greeting, something which made the brown-papered room seem suddenly less lonely and ugly.

For a long time after he had taken this room in Mrs. Lane's boarding house, he had wondered about that building next door—a tall, red brick, a silent sort of a building. And then one Saturday afternoon he had seen a group of little boys in the square courtyard at the back, and had questioned his landlady about them.

"That," she jerked her thumb expressively over her shoulder, indicating the red brick building—"that's Central Boy's Home. They pick up boys off the streets and boys from the slums." It had been quite evident from Mrs. Lane's tone of voice that she liked neither boys off the streets, nor boys from the slums, nor boys from anywhere at all.

"And do they live there all the time?"Donald had questioned.

"Till they get someone what wants them." Mrs. Lane, though out from old London a long time now, still scattered a plentitude of h's. "That're hall 'omeless little horphans; they hadopt them hoff into families. HI'm sure," and Mrs. Lane's double chin had shaken with the intensity of her feelings, "hI'm sure hI hain't ha-goin' to take none hoff their'ands for them!"

"And now," Donald was deciding as he waited at the window of his own small room, hoping to see the merry black eyes again, "evidently this is one of the 'omeless boys waiting for a 'ome!"

The next evening, when he came in from the office, Donald whistled again, at the window this time, a compelling little whistle, and was rather surprised at his own delight when a sound faintly resembling an escaping steam pipe responded below the next window, followed by the black eyes. "Hello, mister," the small boy greeted him, "here's me again."

It was the beginning of an odd little friendship between the man—not so much more than a big, overgrown boy himself—and the little 'omeless lad of the red brick house next door. And it was Ham himself who invited Donald over into the courtyard one Saturday afternoon. "You could get in through the alleyway," he explained eagerly. "We're goin' to play baseball, and we'd let you be umpire if you'd come." z

Evidently it was a bribe. And so Donald "got in" by way of the alleyway, and was unanimously and shrilly proclaimed as umpire in the ensuing game of baseball.

And that's how it all began

For, after that Saturday afternoon, Donald would return from the office to the stuffy, ugly, little bedroom with a feeling of elation and expectancy, for he had the permission of the matron of the Central Boys' Home now to go over into the red brick house or courtyard as often as he liked. And inside those four walls, and in the courtyard at the back, Donald Fergusson was promoted into something of a hero. Was he not older than they, a man from the outside world? Did he not "catch" and "bat' with amazing swiftness and sureness of aim? Did he not demonstrate, one unforgettable night, that he could stand on his head? Oh was he not, in their words, "a regular fellow"!

And so, because of the welcome and companionship of those small boys living next door, a little of the loneliness and homesickness melted from the heart of Donald Fergusson.

He wrote of those boys to his mother, delighted at her typical reply: "Don't get hit with that ball, Donald, little boys sometimes throw so hard; I never did like that murderous game of baseball!"

Donald was looking forward to the Fourth of July now; it meant a brief holiday down home; he even checked off the days with a red pencil on his calendar, smiling a little at his own childishness in doing so.

And then, one evening in June, a

warm evening at the close of a breathless, thunder-threatening day, they were all out in the courtyard, the small boys themselves too warm and languid for their usual games and romp.

It was Ham who slid his small hand ingratiatingly into Donald's big one: "What's us," the little boy asked, "what's us all goin' to do on the Fourth?"

There was silence as they stared at Donald—a silence curiously expectant and eager, broken at last by a lad generally known as "Little Ted." "Will you—will you do something with us?"

Donald was suddenly acutely conscious that the attack was planned, that the question had been under previous discussion. He held back his ready answer that he was going back home. "We'll see," he said, and, with that non-comittal answer, they were forced to be content. Only Ham flung out a hesitating little suggestion as Donald went back up the alleyway. "It'd be kinda fun, you know, firecrackers 'n' things!"

Late that night, Donald Fergusson wrote a letter—a letter that carried him into the small hours of the morning before it was finished. In that letter he explained his sudden decision to his mother: "I can't leave the wee chaps to their own devices for the holiday," he wrote. "If you could only see them, you wouldn't want your son to play deserter. They've had so little fun, so little but rebuffs and hardships, that I want to make this Fourth something they'll remember."

For a moment just then a sudden temptation enveloped him to tear that letter into shreds. After all, that brief little holiday at home would mean so much: there would be tennis on the lawn of the manse back in Mintee, and lemonade afterwards in the shade of the great oak trees; there would be his mother's pride in displaying the garden—almost he could hear her voice: "And look, Donald, our sweetpeas, aren't they lovely?" And there would be berrying parties, and last, but not least, the glorious, free-for-all Fourth of July picnic along the Moonshee River.

Reluctantly the boy in the little brown bedroom pushed back those vividly tempting pictures. It would be a sacrifice, of course, to give it all up, but his mother would understand.

And, after the manner of mothers, she did understand. With amazing promptness her reply to that letter came back. "Stay and give those little lads something fine to remember," she wrote. "After all, most of them haven't any home pictures in their little memories now, and you have. Some of them will just have blanks, you know, and others, memories that were better forgotten!" It was her own beautiful, sympathetic way of putting it. Donald smiled as he laid the letter carefully with the pile in the left-hand corner of his dresser drawer, and then, turning, ran down the stairs across to the red brick house. He had reserved telling them of his decision until hearing from his mother, and now he wanted them to know at once.

"We'll do something on the Fourth," he promised them; "I don't know just what, but something interesting!"

Ham gave a knowing little nudge in the vicinity of his ribs. "Firecrackers 'n' things," he whispered.

But Donald, with the slogan before his eyes of "A safe and sane Fourth," shook his head and told them of that

picture which had been published in one of the papers—of the angels in heaven sorrowfully busy with tiny gold crowns ready for the new little earth-angels who would come up to heaven on the Fourth of July. "So many little earth-children," Donald explained, "get burned to death playing with fire-crackers, and the angels have to get the little gold crowns ready for them."

They were subdued by this into a silent awe. "I dunno's I'd want to wear a crown, even if 'twas gold," Ham remarked thoughtfully.

"An' I don't want to be even a angel, neither, just yit," little Ted added, "but what can we do if we don't have fireworks?"

'Oh, something," Donald told them with more assurance in his tone than he felt in his heart.

It was a letter from his mother that gave him the suggestion: "Why not give your laddies a picnic, Donald?"

He jumped up and repeated it joyously to the four brown walls of the tiny bedroom: "A picnic, of course, a picnic!"

And then, just because of his own boy spirit, he ran impulsively into the courtyard, where the small boys were just preparing to go in for the night. "We'll have a picnic," he told them, "a picnic on the Fourth!"

A silence surprised him, an inquiring, awe-struck, round-eyed silence, which Jimmy Gold seemed to understand, for he broke it with an explanation, "A picnic," he volunteered to that silent little group, "is where you go out somewhere with lots of grub. Then you sit down and eat it."

But in the light of that promise, Donald found that there were certain difficulties to be faced and overcome. A picnic! Vivid little pictures flashed into his mind of himself marshalling all those little boys of the Central Boys' Home into crowded street cars, of losing them, of frantic, unvailing searchings.

He went in at last to talk with the matron in the red brick house next door. A sensible woman she proved to be, laughing a little at his seriousness over it all, evidently amused at the idea, and then, as she realized what it might mean to the boys, trying to think of ways and means to carry it into execution.

"Perhaps," she suggested at last, "perhaps the best way would be to get some help from the board of directors. There's a meeting in half an hour as it happens; perhaps you could come in and present it before them."

He started to tell her that he couldn't make a speech. That he had never made a speech in his life, never

But Donald Fergusson, to his own silent astonishment, did make that speech. His ears were very pink, his face very red and his hair, which he rumbled with his fingers every few minutes, stood erect in funny, stiff little bristles. But just because of that overwhelming desire in his heart to make this group of men and women see the necessity for this picnic, unexpected words answered the demand. Donald even waxed eloquent. "We sing about our 'Land of the Free," he told them, "and that's just what I want to let these boys feel—the freedom of open spaces for one whole day."

Somehow that appeal went straight to the hearts of them all, and the results were immediate—promises of cars, chaffeurs and provisions for the "Glorious Fourth."

Donald told the boys about it that night, just enough to leave them wide-eyed, incredulous with surprise. "We're going to our picnic in automobiles," he told them triumphantly.

The "Glorious Fourth" dawned as clear and as bright and as blue as it is possible for only the Fourth of July to be.

And that picnic—surely there was never such a picnic before—never, at least, in the memories of those small inmates of the Central Boys' Home. There was the intoxicating joy of riding in those motors with the slap of wind on their cheeks; there was the wide, unbounded freedom of the picnic ground; there was rolling down the green grass hills, running up and rolling down, again and again and again. There was the discovery of a creek, in which, as Ham pointed out, there must be hundreds of "fishes 'n' things." There was that wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten lunch, and there was a game of baseball in which Donald laid down certain rules which they had never heard before. "Always cheer a home run, even if it isn't your own side," he told them.

They cheered, of course, although the efforts of the losing side were noticeably and lamentably feeble.

It was over at last, even as all good things come to an end. The boys were tired as they climbed into the motors—tired, but radiantly happy with the memory of that day to remain forever of burnished brightness against the drab background of their little lives.

And Donald smiled as he listened to their eager voices. "Say, Sam did you see me catch that fish?" and "Jimmy crickets, didn't you fellers yell when I made that home run!"

Yes, Donald was deciding silently, his mother had been right; it was worth anything to give these little lads a day like this, worth any sacrifice. "And, after all," he realized suddenly, "even if I did miss going home for the 'Fourth,' I have enjoyed all this." As if in answer to his thoughts, Ham slipped his hand under his arm. "I jes 'love the 'Fourth," he said.

"So do I," little Ted agreed. "I wish it was the 'Fourth every day. It was swell."

"Swell," Ham echoed, and added softly, "and so are you, Mr. Fergusson."

And then, on Donald's suggestion, the voices of these young Americans rang out, a trail of song in the soft July dusk:

"Oh, say, does the Star-Spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.—George Eliot.

INSTITUTION NOTES

John Deaton, age 16, of High Point, who left the School in January, 1940, called on us the other day. He reported that he was working for the Freeman Engineering Company in that city, and was getting along very well.

The dental office in the school building is being renovated in preparation for installing new dental equipment. And additional door is being cut, new composition flooring laid and the interior re-painted. When this work is completed we will have a really up-to date dental office.

The first tomatoes of the season were gathered this week and issued to our seventeen cottage kitchens. While only a few tomatoes were given to each cottage at this time, the appearance of the fields would indicate that there will be a most generous supply gathered in the near future.

"Stand Up and Fight", a Metro-Goldwyn Mayer production, starring Wallace Beery and Robert Taylor, was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. One of "Our Gang" comedies was shown at the same time. The boys thoroughly enjoyed both parts of the program.

Mr. W. W. Stack, manager of McClellan's Store, Salisbury, recently sent fourteen pounds of caramels to the School. The candy was delivered by Lee McBride, a former member of the printing class, now working for the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette, who was spending part of his vacation with relatives in Salisbury. This candy was divided among a group of boys who had had their tonsils removed, a few boys in the infirmary, the printing department boys, and those in Cottage No. 6 and in the seventh grade. This was a very fine gesture on the part of Mr. Stack and we wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for his kind thought for the lads at Jackson Training School.

Bezola Poteat, who was the second boy to be committed to the School, coming here in 1909 and being permitted to leave three years later, stopped in to see Superintendent Boger one day last week. He is now forty-one years old and lives in Lancaster, S. C., where he is employed as loom fixer in the Springs Cotton Mill. He is married and has two children, a girl and boy, age nine and fourteen years, respectively. This young man stated that he had not been into any kind of trouble since leaving the School. He also said that he and his family were members of the Presbyterian Church and attended services regularly. In a brief conservation with Mr. Boger, he seemed very grateful for what the School had done for him, saying that he had never regretted his stay here.

In last Saturday's Cabarrus County League game played on the local diamond, between Harrisburg and the Training School, the former nosed out a victory in the ninth inning by the score of 5 to 4. Jim Boger twirled a fine game for the local lads,

allowing eight hits and fanning eight, but errors proved his downfall, three of the visitor' runs being the result of costly errors. Lawing, the Harrisburg pitcher, struck out seven and walked five, two of the latter resulting in runs.

Bill Harris led the Harrisburg boys at bat, getting a double and two singles. Furr, with a double and single was the only other visiting batter to secure more than one hit. Boger and Liner, with two singles each, headed the Training School hitters.

The School boys had a number of chances to mark up runs but failed to score because of poor base runing. The score:

		R	H	E
Harrisburg	10000101 2	5	8	1
J. T. S.	00000000 4 0	4	6	3

Two-base hits: Owens, Shoe, B. Harris, Furr. Struck out: by Boger 8; by Lawing 7. Base on balls: off Boger 2; off Lawing 5. Umpire—Crooks.

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was held under the supervision of our old friend, Gene Davis, of Charlotte, in the absence of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, who was scheduled to have charge. He was accompanied by Rev. John Harbison, a missionary, of Colombia, South America; Rev. Thomas C. Moody, of Rochester, N. Y., a former missionary to Africa; and Rev. Edward Hancox, secretary of the World Wide Crusade headquarters in Charlotte. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, Gene and the three ministers formed a quartette and rendered a selection, after which Gene sang a solo in his usual fine style. He then led the boys in singing some choruses he had taught them on previous visits.

Rev. Mr. Harbison, native of Ireland, and for the past six years a missionary in South America, was the speaker of the afternoon. In an interesting message to the boys he selected as his text the ninth verse of the 119th Psalm—"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word."

He stated that up until about thirteen years ago he had been living for pleasure. God had a small part of his life, but not all of it, and he began to feel that what he was living for was not satisfying; he had been living for material things and had not given a thought to spiritual things. In 1927 he said that he started a life of service to God, which gave him the greatest satisfaction that had ever come into his life.

In the Psalm just read, said the speaker, comes this question, "How shall a young man cleanse his way?" and the answer is plain—"By taking heed thereto according to thy word." In Matthew, Jesus said, "Enter ye in at the straight gate." The broad way is the way of sin wherein men walk who live for pleasure only, and it cannot lead in any direction but to destruction. The narrow way is the right way and will lead us to eternal life. We may choose which of these ways we are going to follow. It is necessary that we make the choice to follow the one or the other. There is no middle way.

Rev. Mr. Harbison concluded by telling the boys that the Word of God is full of warnings as to which path to follow, and there is no excuse for the sinner for not taking heed. The Bible is the chart which will direct us on the sea of life, and

if we will only follow the course as directed in this chart, we cannot fail to go right.

———o———

THE WONDERFUL LOOM

I sit at a wonderful loom today,
Which my Father has given to me;
Its warp no other can lay,
Nor changed may its colors be.

For the colors chose, God only knows
How many of each is needed.
Of the white, that symbol of beauty that grows,
Or the black where succor is pleaded.
Black speaks of darkness and the terrors of night,
And lonely hearts enshrouded;
White is the symbol of all things bright,
When the sky is all unclouded.

Back and forth this shuttle must play,
To carry its binding thread;
Its color alone, choose that I may—
And I have chosen the red.
Love from the heart flows and to the heart goes,
And lends us the strength to win.
The seeds of beauty and art it sows,
And atones for every sin.

So I must ponder and evolve a plan,
To weave our fabric fair,
As a loving gift from God to man,
And trust it to His care.
The black in the background, mostly concealed,
In the center the most of the white;
Beauty in both, if it can be revealed,
With happiness always in sight.

With loops, white and red, I must scatter it over,
With petals of the rose and a vine;
The light we will soften, the black partly cover,
To perfect this dream of mine.
The loom is our order, God-given and blest,
And the warp is made of us all;
And each weaver toiling with zest,
Obedient to God's call.

Love is the only tie that binds,
And fear is our greatest foe,
May love round our hearts its meshes entwine,
As our shuttle flies to and fro.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending June 23, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Drye
(4) James Hodges 4
(4) Leon Hollifield 4
(4) Edward Johnson 4
(4) Robert Maples 4
(4) Frank May 4
(2) Mack McQuaigue 3
Charles Simpson
(4) Jack Warren 4
(4) W. H. Warren 4
(4) J. C. Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Browning 2
Everett Case
Charles Cole
Howard Cox 3
Eugene Edwards
Porter Holder
Carl Hooker 2
Horace Journigan 2
(2) Burman Keller 2
(2) Clay Mize 3
H. C. Pope 2
(4) Arlie Scism 4
(4) Edward Warnock 4
(3) Everett Watts 3
(4) William C. Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 2

Bennie Austin 3
(4) James Blocker 4
John D. Davis 2
(3) Donald McFee 3
Nick Rochester 3
(4) William Shaw 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(4) Lewis Andrews 4
(2) Earl Barnes 3
(3) Richard Baumgarner 3
Grover Beaver
(4) John Bailey 4
(2) Lewis Baker 2
Clyde Barnwell 3
(2) Coolidge Green 3
(4) Harley Matthews 4
(2) John C. Robertson 3
(2) George Shaver 2
(4) William Sims 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Plummer Boyd 3
(4) Paul Briggs 4
(3) Paul Godwin 3
(3) Hoyt Hollifield 3
(3) John Jackson 3
(2) Hugh Kennedy 2
(4) Ivan Morrozoff 4
(4) Melvin Walters 4

COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Theodore Bowles 4
(2) Junior Bordeaux 3
(3) Collett Cantor 3
(4) Harold Donaldson 4
(2) A. C. Elmore 3
(2) Monroe Flinchum 3
(2) William Gaddy 3
(2) Sidney Knighting 3
Ivey Lunsford
Herbert McGee
(4) J. C. Reinhardt 4
Currie Singletary 2
(2) Elmer Talbert 3
Fred Tolbert 3
Edward Thomasson
(4) Hubert Walker 4
(4) Dewey Ware 4
Henry Ziegler 3

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) John H. Averitte 3
Cleasper Beasley 2
(4) William Beach 4
Carl Breece 2
Paul Dockery 3
(4) Donald Earnhardt 4
(3) George Green 3
Roy Helms 2
(3) Robert Hampton 3
(4) Richard Halker 4
Lyman Johnson
J. C. Long

(4) Robert Lawrence 4
Charles McGowan 2
(4) Elmer Maples 4
(2) Arnold McHone 3
Ernest Overcash 2
Carl Ray 2
(4) Alex Weathers 4
(4) Joseph Wheeler 4
Edd Woody 2
(3) William R. Young 3

COTTAGE No. 8

(4) Cecil Ashley 4
(4) Reid Beheler 4
Martin Crump 2
Samuel Everidge
(4) Jack Hamilton 4
John Ingram
(2) Edward J. Lucas 2
(2) James Quick 2
John Tolbert 3
Frank Workman

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Holly Atwood 4
(4) J. T. Branch 4
(4) Roy Butner 4
Craig Chappell
George Gaddy 2
Robert Gaines 3
(4) Frank Glover 4
(4) Wilbur Hardin 4
(2) Mark Jones 3
Daniel Kilpatrick 2
McCree Mabe
Lloyd Mullis 2
(4) Harold O'Dear 4
James Ruff 2
Thomas Sands 2
L. B. Sawyer 2
(2) Richard Singletary 3
(4) Preston Wilbourne 4

COTTAGE No. 10

(4) Aldine Brown 4
(4) James Brewer 4
(4) John Crawford 4
(4) B. C. Elliott 4
James M. Hare
(4) J. D. Hildreth 4
(4) James Penland 4
(2) Oscar Queen 3
Walter Sexton
Edward Stutts 2
(4) O. D. Talbert 4
(3) Charles Weldy 3

COTTAGE No. 11

(4) John Benson 4
(2) Harold Bryson 3
(4) William Dixon 4
William Furches 2
Ralph Fisher
Earl Hildreth 3
Peter Jones
Everett Morris 3
(2) Jullian Merritt 3
(4) Edward Murray 4
(4) Fred Owens 4
(4) Theodore Rector 4
(2) N. C. Webb 2

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond 3
(4) Jay Brannock 4
William Broadwell 3
William C. Davis 3
(4) William Deaton 4
Howard Devlin 3
Max Eaker 3
Woodrow Hager 3
Hubert Holloway 2
Richard Honeycutt 3
(4) Frank Johnston 4
Tillman Lyles 3
Clarence Mayton 2
James Mondie 3
(3) James Puckett 3
Robah Sink 3
Ralph Sorrells 2
George Tolson 3
(4) Carl Tyndall 4
J. R. Whitman 2
Eugene Watts 3

COTTAGE No. 13

(4) James Brewer 4
(2) William Griffin 3
(4) Vincent Hawes 4
(2) James Lane 3
(2) Jordan McIver 3
(3) Randall D. Peeler 3
Marshall White

COTTAGE No. 14

John Baker 2
John Church
(4) Mack Coggins 4
(4) Robert Deyton 4
(4) Audie Farthing 4
Henry Glover
(2) Troy Gilland 2
(4) William Harding 4
(2) John Hamm 3

(4) Marvin King 4
(2) John Kirkman 3
(4) Charles McCoyle 4
(2) Roy Mumford 2
Henry McGraw 2
John Robbins 3
(2) James Roberson 3
Charles Steepleton 2
(3) Wallace Woody 3
(3) Jones Watson 3
Jack West

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Raymond Anderson 4
Ray Bayne
(2) Jennings Britt 3
Howard Bobbitt 2
(2) William Cantor 2
Wade Cline
Sidney Delbridge
(2) Elree Gaskins 2
(4) Beamon Heath 4
(2) Albert Hayes 3
(2) William Hawkins 3
(2) John Howard 2
(2) Hardy Lanier 2
Oakley Lunsford 2
(4) Fred McGlammery 4
(2) Claude Moose 3
(2) Eulice Rogers 3
(4) J. P. Sutton 4
(2) Calvin Tessneer 3
(2) George Warren 2
Arvell Ward
(2) William Woods 2

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Raymond Brooks 3
(4) Philip Holmes 4
(4) John T. Lawry 4
Earl Oxendine 2
(4) Thomas Oxendine 4
William Williams
Thomas Wilson

---o---

GOD, MAKE ME KIND

God, make me kind. Whatever task is set me
This, more than all, is what I ask to be:
Give me enough humanity to let me
Bring to the world what it has brought to me.
Let all the hardness from my heart be driven,
Take every thought of malice from my mind,
Teach me the way to give as I am given.
God, make me kind.

God, show how to make my life worth living,
Open my eyes that I may always see
How others are forbearing and forgiving;
God, make me kind, as they have been to me.
Help me to leave the bitter word unspoken,
Let me return the friendliness I find,
Grant me the strength to keep this rule unbroken:
God, make me kind.

—Hadyn Wood.

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Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 6, 1940 NO. 27

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STRUGGLING SOULS

God made all souls!
Painted them purple, scarlet, white or pink.
We are but partly responsible
For what we say or think.
And all mean well
In their own willful way,
So, Heaven help all struggling souls today,
To find contentment, and embrace the right;
Yes, may the Heavenly windows shed them
light.

—Rev. Edward James Irvine, D. D.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE MASTER RHYTHM

I stood in my garden one June night.
Alone I looked upon its loveliness.
Though silken-veiled, the moon's soft, hazy light
Showed every flower—the color of its dress.
A roving night breeze dropped a light caress.

Milk-white and faintly rose the daisies gleamed.
And pointing toward the stars one iris blue.
Mid fairer ones a dusky pansy beamed,
The lemon lilies caught the fragrant dew.
A rapturous joy and poignant pain I knew.

The green-tipped branches of the pine tree brushed
My cheek. Complainingly a sleepy bird
Cheeped twice; resentful I was near—then hushed.
The wind high in the clouds no more was heard.
In that deep, star-like silence my soul stirred.

I felt the pulse of earth, its throbbing beat,
The rhythm of a seed—its blossoming.
An egg, a bird, the dawn and dusk. Complete
This master rhythm whence all rhythms spring.
I heard the Voice that makes a poem sing.

—Gertrude Shisler Dupper.

VOCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED IN CABARRUS COUNTY SCHOOLS

Cabarrus County Schools offer many opportunities for training in Vocational subjects. Four of the schools of the county: Mount Pleasant, Bethel, Harrisburg and Odell, have Vocational Agriculture in their curricula. In these schools, two hundred seventy-five

boys are enrolled for this training.

The program of work in these several schools is outlined by the Vocational teacher and school officials, after a careful survey has been made by the Vocational teacher showing the type of farming that is carried on in each of the communities. The work is then carried out through all day classes with boys and evening classes with the adults. In coordination with the class work, each boy is required to conduct an experiment at home, of his own choice, under the supervision of his teacher. These experiments may be with live-stock, growing cotton, corn, wheat, or any other worthwhile farm project.

The following is an example of an experiment conducted by a boy enrolled in one of the vocational departments of the schools in Cabarrus County. This boy was living in a poultry section and was studying livestock, to which study he gave the major part of his time. He selected a project consisting of fifty laying hens. His work started during the fall term of 1939, at which time he took over the care and management of the poultry flock. He built his own poultry house under the supervision of his instructor. He did his own buying of feed and marketed his product himself. He borrowed the money from his father to buy his flocks and to construct his poultry house. At the end of the year, his records showed that he had made a clear profit sufficient to pay his father, with a small amount left over.

This experiment was undertaken in order to show the actual value in dollars and cents of the work being done by the high school class in agriculture. It was an effort to bring home to the people of the community a realization of the facts that their future welfare depends upon their intelligent methods of farming. In addition, of course, it served to impress upon the mind of the student the practical value of his school work.

Evening classes for the adults of the community are arranged in a schedule so that they meet twice each week, for a period of ten weeks. These classes have instruction in legumes for soil building, formulas for fertilization, formulas for dairy feeding, pure seed qualities, and methods for marketing crops, etc.

There has been much interest manifested in the Young Tar Heel Farm Organization in Cabarrus County. This organization is com-

posed of boys who are members of the Agriculture classes. They meet once a week. In their meetings, they discuss ways in which they may improve farm conditions in their community. Not only do they discuss ways of improvement, but as a group, they are conducting experiments to improve conditions, such as promoting evening socials and conducting chapel exercises.

Each year the boys spend one week with their teacher at White Lake, which is a resort owned and operated by the Young Tar Heel Farmers of North Carolina. It is the only one in the United States owned and operated by the organization.

Four of the schools of the county offer George-Deen Home Economics. In these four schools: Hartsell, Harrisburg, Winecoff and Mount Pleasant, there are enrolled two hundred and eighty girls. In these schools regular Home Economics classes are offered, plus home experiments. Each girl enrolled is required to carry some experiment, at home in Homemaking, under the supervision of her teacher.

The following is an example of an ezperiment carried on in the home by a girl in one of the Home Economics classes in the schools of Cabarrus County.

After a conference with her teacher, this girl decided that she wanted to improve the living room at her home. A careful study of the room, as to size and location, was made by the girl and her instructor. The color scheme was then decided upon for painting and refinishing the room. After a complete outline had been made by the girl and approved by her instructor, the work began. The girl was required to make all purchases of the materils, under the direction of her teacher, and a complete itemized statement of all girl was required to make all purchases of the materials, under the self in painting and refinishing of all furniture; making curtains, slip covers, and completely re-arranged the room. This job, when completed, had to be approved by her instructor, and a complete record of all work, materials and cost was filed in the records of the Home Economics Department of her school.

This project gives to the student the practical side of homemaking and beautification as well as impressing the scientific study of her course in Home Economics in her school.

They, too, have an organization in Homemaking, as the boys have.

They also spend one week each summer at White Lake or some other resort with their teacher.

It is hoped that in the next few years, we will be able to offer Vocational Agriculture and George-Deen Home Economics in all of the rural schools of Cabarrus County.—C. A. F.

• • • • • • • • •

COLORFUL EVENTS

Two counties of Western North Carolina, Burke and Buncombe, have emphasized the natural beauties of the mountains, the Mimosa and Rhododendron festivals, the first in Morganton and the last named in Asheville, which was the 13th annual Rhododendron Festival held in Asheville. Just at this season the mountains are ablaze with the colorful Rhododendron, and thousands of tourists trek their way annually to see the glory and beauty of this part of the Old North State. The same tourists come not only to see the flowering shrubs, but to enjoy the cooling breezes of the "Land of the Sky" made famous by the authoress, Frances Tierna Fisher, who with her facile pen, gave great publicity to the wildness, beauty and grandeur that is said to be comparable to the scenic beauty of Switzerland.

On account of the unrest and upheaval in the warring countries of Europe the tourists who usually go abroad will this year spend their vacations in some part of the United States and thereby become better acquainted with the values of their own states. It has already been predicted that sea-shores and mountain resorts will be crowded to their capacities, and after summing up or measuring the future by past events there is every reason to feel the forecast will come true.

To know one's own country inspires a finer appreciation of home and the things that contribute to its beauty and comfort. The Old North State offers attractions both in scenic beauty and a delightful climate equal of any country.

The two counties, Buncombe and Burke, show they believe in the old adage, "seeing is knowing," by displaying in colorful pageantry the natural beauties of the mountains of North Carolina, and giving wide publicity to the same. They have set a precedent worthy of notice by other communities and counties.

A PLEA FOR SAFETY ON HIGHWAYS

The Director of the Highway Safety Division continues to emphasize the necessity of being careful when driving on the highways and streets. When we are conscious of the safety of our fellowman we are to ride the highways without personal injury.

This time Director Ronald Hocutt makes a plea to joy riders that on the Fourth of July that the day be celebrated in the manner that it should be. On making this day a holiday and not a "horror-day." On the Fourth of July last year nine people were killed either on the streets or highways of North Carolina. Interested in safeguarding the lives of travellers on the public highways this plea is made:

"Each year America chooses the Fourth of July to stage a jamboree of carelessness. This mass slaughter on Independence Day can be stopped if every one of us uses caution and common sense. The things that cause these tragedies are things we can cantrol—haste, selfishness, thoughtlessness, the desire to show off. I call upon the people of North Carolina to join in a new Declaration of Independence—independence from annual tribute of many lives needlessly sacrificed.

"Life is cheap today on the battlefield of Europe, but it is still precious in North Carolina. To all who next week plan holiday trips to the mountains, to the beaches or elsewhere, the Highway Safety Division addresses this earnest plea: Put safety first on the Fourth."

N. C. PIONEER STATE IN BIRTH CONTROL

By Frank B. Gilbreth.

The South is preaching birth control on Tobacco road and Mill Village alley.

Leader in the movement is the North Carolina board of health, which already has established clinics in 57 of the state's 100 counties. At the clinics, indigent married women may receive advice on how to avoid having babies.

Since March 15, 1937, when North Carolina became the first state in the union to enter officially the birth control business, thousands of women have been given instructions. Nobody knows, of course, exactly how many births have been prevented, but North Carolina health officials say there have been "considerably fewer" babies born in homes where poverty, ignorance, and disease are constant companion.

One aim of birth control as expressed by the state board of health, is to take out of production submarginal parents who produce below normal children.

Before pioneering in its "planned parenthood" campaign, the state board made a study to determine why North Carolina had one of the highest infant and maternal death rates. The answer seemed to be twofold:

1. Because of poverty and ignorance, approximately one-fourth of the babies born each year in the state came into the world without the aid of a physician

2. Women whose health had been broken by too many births kept right on having children. Don Wharton, writing in the Atlantic Monthly on the state's program, recently figured that if the remainder of the nation multiplied as do North Carolinians, 700,000 more Americans would be born annually.

One way to attack the problem was to provide more medical attention for prospective mothers. This is being done in 185 clinics scattered through the state. Another way was birth control—particularly for women who were physically unfit to become mothers.

In 1936, the year before the program was launched, the chances that a North Carolina baby would die before he became a year old were 68.4 in 1,000. Last year, the chances were 58.5 in 1,000.

In 1936, the chances that a North Carolina woman would die as a result of childbirth were seven in 1,000. Last year, there were 4.8 in 1,000.

Paradoxically, the program has not reduced the number of annual births—in fact, births have increased slightly since 1936. But health officials attribute the increase to a larger population and "better placing of babies." By "better placing" they mean that the standard of parenthood has been raised.

Actually, they assert, fewer babies are being brought into the world by midwives in disease-in fested rooms along Tobacco road and Mill Village alley.

Birth control is packed with po-

litical dynamite. North Carolina started its birth control work without publicity. No special law was passed; no special appropriation was made.

The head of the state division of preventive medicine, Dr. George M. Cooper, simply informed county health officers that he believed "planned parenthood" was a public health problem. And the officers opened clinics.

When it became generally known that the state was teaching birth control, some strong opposition was expressed. But by that time the clinics had become permanent parts of the various county health organization, and the state board firmly stood its ground.

Dr. Cooper's action was backed by the state health officer, Dr. Carl V. Reynolds.

The precise stand of the board of health on birth control was made public for the first time recently by Dr. Cooper, in a paper read before a section of the North Carolina Medical society. He said this:

"The board has never admitted that poverty alone should be a bar to the birth and raising of a reasonable number of children.

"The board has, however, discouraged promiscous breeding when ....this has been damaging to the whole state.

"We are interested only in trying legitimately to prevent futher births among women who are bad material risks, both for themselves and for their babies."

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CHID CULTURE

(A Lecture to Certain Grown-Ups)

We spend much time studying how to cultivate flowers, mushrooms, etc. But, for child culture, we sometimes cuff the erring child (on whom depends future barbarism or civilization, peace or war) alongside of the ear, to vent out own uncurbed temper. Yet, this child may be another Edison or Joan of Arc in embryo. Does it run or jump, creating a nuisance to your jaded nerves? (frayed through your own unnatural, intemperate living in an artificial machine-environment.) The child is normal and natural. You have lost the gift of playing, with the perfect abandonment of childhood. You are full of tobacco smoke, aspirin tablets, Cola, over-boiled coffee (or tea, strong as lye) or snuff. You have become a nervous wreck, who could do nothing better with your spare time than to study truth at the feet of a little child.

—Dr. Edward James Irvine.

COMPULSORY TRAINING

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

economic resource that it has. Training for the youth of America in these fields would not only lead to a prepared civilian population, ready for any emergency, but such training would, we believe, inculcate in the youth of America a new sense of their responsibility to the Government, a better understanding of the duties of citizenship, and would strengthen the national morale.

It has been argued by pacifists since the beginning of time that strong national defense and military preparedness inevitably lead nations into wars that they might otherwise have avoided. While theoretically this may be true, as no unprepared nation can wage any sort of a war, the time has come when the desire to remain neutral is no guarantee of peace, and for a democratic nation to survive it must prove itself as efficient, resourceful, and loyal as any country forced into submission by a dictator.

President Roosevelt has disclosed a plan on which he is working that would inaugurate government service for all young Americans, both boys and girls.

It is understood that the plan would call for one year of training in government service, either military service, training in industrial production, or in conservation of resources.

Under present world conditions, it has become apparent that every nation that is to survive independently, must be prepared from every standpoint to meet any and every emergency that may arise. It has long been the accepted belief that voluntary military training is a decided asset to every boy, but compulsory traning has been avoided in this country because of the implication of lack of freedom.

No less important than the army and defense program of any country is its organization for production and its ability to use to the utmost every

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The world is a whispering gallery which sends back the echo of our own voices. It is a mirror which reflects the face that looks into it. If we laugh, it laughs back; if we frown, it rereflects a frown. Happiness is the reaction of our mental attitude and our acts upon others. It is what they fling back to us that makes us happy or miserable. The door between us and heaven or happiness cannot be open when the door between us and our fellow men is closed.—Selected.

THINKING

(Selected)

A man's thinking governs his progress. If his thinking is aimless and disconnected, his gains will be mere luck and he will lack a retaining grip on these gains.

If you think you are going to be happy or successful, thinking so is the first step toward accomplishing the end. The next step is to follow up your thoughts and achieve your goal. Every great action was first a theory. They laughed at Columbus, Fulton, Stephenson, Westinghouse, Edison, Morse. But they didn't laugh after the things those men dreamed about and thought about, had come true. Thinking gives nourishment to the soul. Your thinking cannot always be perfect. It is sure to be wrong at times. All the more reason why you should pile up your thoughts; all the more reason for concentrating; all the more reason for not giving up. Thoughts are eternal things. Every one that is worth while immediately is welded to the whole thought of all time. Think yourself a leader, and you are bound to have the elements of a leader born into you. Think yourself a success. and you are never going to fail completely. Our thinking is more powerful than any of us ever dreams or imagines. And one of the unfortunate conditions in this world is that there are those who are all the time doing much of our own thinking for us; so that we are in part slaves to better selves than we are.

There is nothing that so withers the soul as a life without a purpose. A large number of our sad failures melt away, like the mist before the hot sun, the minute that we set ourselves to a particular task and work into it. If we were asked how to succeed, we would immediately reply: Have something useful in your mind to do—and then do it! No matter how much we gain in material things or how much we owe, we are, in the last analysis, merely tenants. And the test of our stewardship is whether we remain faithful and true to the divine concept of man. History is a record of human crumbling into dust. But what these humans accomplished, remains as the immortal inspiration to all mankind.

William Knox in his great poem, asks why the spirit of mortal should be proud. We should bathe our hearts in humility, and see in the larger good of life the supreme reason why we should set ourselves to some particular task, and complete it. The time is so short at the longest—"the mere waft of a breath." Time for regrets is but a waste of time. Why should we be jealous of another's triumph? Why should we take the time to find fault? God picks men as the skilled mechanic picks tools —the best for the job. Have a plan. Make it very definite. And BUILD something from it.

INSOMNIA

By Samuel A. Adland, M. D.

It is not the purpose of this brief discussion to outline an apothhecaries' list of drugs with their therapeutic values for the patients so that they may more intelligently request medication for their insomnia, but instead, to outline some of the causes of sleeplessness with suggestions as to the alleviation of this distressing symptom without the use of medicines. The causes of insomnia are countless, varying from an unkind word to a serious bodily illness. Most particularly in an institution for the tuberculous is nocturnal rest essential, and it constitutes a major measure in the treatment of the disease. Shakespeare once referred to sleep as "the chief nourisher in life's feast," and the inability to obtain satisfactory and refreshing sleep is a serious loss.

Unlike poets, poor sleepers are made, not born, and most of them are self-made. Frequently it is artifact, and the penalty of ignorance. The rich endowment of sleep is squandered by many, and when they realize their recklessness and loss, they seek a physician and childishly request something to make them sleep.

For the purpose of determining the proper treatment, it is necessary to divide insomnia broadly into two distinct classes, insomnia springing from purely physical causes, and insomnia derived from mental, or emotional causes. The first has its origin in physical pain and discomfort, the other is born of grief, cares, expectations, anxieties, preoccupation and all violent perturbations of the mind. Insomnia in one form or another accompanies nearly every disorder of health, but it occurs also in individuals who are entirely well.

The physician confronted with a case of insomnia invariably begins to seek the cause, that is, he looks upon insomnia as a symptom. There are drugs that put one to sleep, and they have to be used, but it is not by use of them that insomnia is properly combated. When a person ceases to sleep adequately or refreshingly, the human machine is out of order and before it will run smoothly and efficiently, it must be readjusted, repaired. If sleeplessness has as the underlying causative agent such conditions as troublesome cough, expectoration, shortness of breath, pain, gastrointestinal disturbances, headaches and various other discomforting factors, it becomes far more important to treat these conditions in order to insure sleep than to treat the symptom and neglect the cause. Insomnia cannot be cured with drugs, it can be cured only by adopting the right attitude toward it, by removing its causes. To compel sleep by opiates or sedatives is not to cure sleeplessness. It is idle to attempt to cure insomnia by taking drugs the most striking effect of which is to produce it. Not only is it unsuccessful, but it may become a habit whose indulgence may impair health.

We know that pain relieving medications promote sleep. So also will drugs, relieving whatever distressing conditions exist, promote sleep. The physician who is most earnest in his efforts to overcome insomnia

in others is the last person to minimize their value. Frequently the chief object of administering a hypnotic is to enable the patient to do without it. Artificial rest may be supplied for several nights, and subequently, the body being refreshed, should be able to obtain sleep without continued therapeutic aid. But one must keep in mind that the system becomes accustomed to drugs, and as time goes on larger doses are required in order to obtain sleep. Some poor sleepers have great difficulty in getting to sleep. If they are permitted to prolong their slumbers into morning, there are usually no ill consequences, but as duty compels them to rise at a stated time, many of them suffer from the effects of a curtailed sleep. It is in this class particularly in whom fear of not getting to sleep and distressing impotent efforts to secure sleep combine to exhaust the victim's strength and energy.

Insomnia is a symptom, it attacks man when his bank balance has fallen too low or his blood pressure has risen too high; it smites a girl when her lover is faithless or her hemoglobin inadequate. Whatever the cause, each must be carefully investigated and the proper therapy instituted. La Fontaine, the wise French poet who moralized in jest and philosophized in comedy, knew the relationship of worry to sleep. The poem of the financier and the shoemaker illustrates a case which today, with the uncontrolled desire to attain riches quickly, is legion. The man is one of those whose pre-occupations revolve around the uneven graph of the stock exchange reports, whose days are spent in constant fear of a fluctuation the wrong way, and whose sleepless nighhts are haunted with visions of his treasures being robbed. His neighbor, the poor shoemaker, sings at his bench from early dawn and prevents the rich man from enjoying a few minutes of undisturbed slumber that sometimes come to him at that time. He gives the shoemaker a part of his fortune and automatically enjoyes peace and silence, while the shoemaker loses his song in fear of theft of loss. Finally he returns the money and in exchange demands his songs, his poverty and his work back.

When thought occupies the mind of an indivdual and he cannot dislodge it, he remains awake. The harder he tries to stop thinking, the more dominate thought becomes. The more we struggle against this insomnia, that is, the more we impose our will power, the worse it gets. It is unfortunate for mankind that De Quincey and Coleridge took opium, but more unfortunate that they told about it or let it be known. The fear of sleeplessness must be banished and mental tranquility restored. Sleep is an endowment like charm or a good disposition. It can be improved by cultivation and effort, or it can be shattered. Sleep is a habit so deeply ingrained that it can be reformed easily if we apply ourselves with system and perseverance. As Brunton remarked, "Insomnia is a bad habit and may become permanent if we do not break it."

In treating a case of insomnia, therefore, we should always seek for the underlying and persistent stimulus which is responsible for keeping the organism awake. The stimulus may be easily localized pain or discomfort, or an intangible one, which is felt

as an alteration in the emotional or effective state. In either case we aim at relieving the hidden cause of the sleeplessness to insure a more permanent and healthful sleep habit.

BANKS AT HIGH PEAK

Bankers in North Carolina are no longer "in the dog house." Why?

Because after the banking holiday in March, 1933, they carried on a magnificent offensive to rebuild the capital structure of their institutions to the point where they would fully meet the requirements of sound banking and demand the respect of the public, and, as a result, all of the banks in North Carolna that applied were admitted as members of the federal deposit insurance corporation.

This offensive on the part of the bankers has been kept up until now they are in a position to serve the people of North Carolina, banking-wise in every respect—and they are even advertising for loans and asking for them by personal solicitation. It appears now that by the end of the year the surplus fund of all the state banks in North Carolina will equal, or exceed, the common capital, which will make North Carolina an"honor roll" state.

North Carolina now has 305 state banks and branches and 48 national banks and branches, making a total of 353 banking units. These are sufficient to take care of all the banking needs of the state. Bank stock is now a good investment. It is hard to buy and is considered good collateral for a loan in another bank.

It appears now that the total bank resources of North Carolina, including state commercial, state industrial and national banks, will reach an all-time "high" as of December 31, 1939.

The growth of our banks indicates that North Carolina is again a prosperous state.—Gurney P. Hood.

A GOOD NEIGHBOR

By Florence E. Norton

A long time ago a little six-year-old girl was taking a drive with her father. They came to a very poor town. The people lived in shanties that were ugly and dirty. There were no places for the children to play.

"When I am a grown-up lady," the little girl whispered to her father, "I am going to live in a big house right next door to poor people and the children can play in my yard."

The little girl was Jane Addams. When she grew up she lived, just as she said she would, in a big house in a very poor neighborhood and the children came to have good times there.

When Jane Addams was a young woman she found a friend, Ellen Starr. Her friend became as interested in Jane Addams' plan as she was herself anr she helped her to get started. They found an old house that had once been a beautiful mansion and rented part of it for $30 a month. It had been built by a man named Hull, so they called it Hull House. They had the ceilings and the walls plastered, and they repapered the rooms. They had the woodwork repainted and the floors polished. They hung good pictures on the walls and put beautiful furniture in the rooms. Hull House began to look like a home.

There were many foreigners in the neighborhood of Hull House and all were very, very poor. The men and the women worked long hours in factories for very little pay. The children played in the streets for the rooms in the tenement houses were very small and crowded. Sometimes a whole family, father and mother and six children, lived in one tiny room.

At first, the people did not visit Hull House when Jane Addams invited them. They couldn't understand why two women would come to live in a neighborhood like theirs, so they didn't quite trust them. After a while a few came and then more and more. They were beginning to find out that Jane Addams only wanted to be a good neighbor. Then mothers brought their babies to be cared for while they worked all day in the factory. They came for help when they were sick or in trouble. On cold days the children came to play and read. At night the older folks came to read and talk and study.

Soon Jane Addams' friendly house was known to people in many countries. They called it Hull House, but the Italian women in the neighborhood had a better word for it. They called it *la casa di Dio,* which means the house of God.

"Friendship cheers like a sunbeam; charms like a good story; inspires like a brave leader; binds like a golden chain; guides like a heavenly vision."—Hills.

THE BEST NEGRO LEADERS

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

An outstanding negro whom we know and esteem highly for his fine character and sane leadership among his own people casually remarked, "The best leaders among the negroes are in the South." Knowing this man's good sense and genuine sincerity, this remark set us to thinking about the significance of it all.

Why should this declaration not be preeminently true? The sensible negroes endowed for leadership, being to the manner born in the South, come into an inheritance that can be gained nowhere else in this Republic. They know first hand the black man and the white man from childhood all the way along through the years, and they are able to discriminate between the low and the mean in both races. The best elements in both races in the South esteem and have a genuine love for each other and are willing to cooperate for human betterment. Instead of theorizing about reforms and dealing in the abstract about man both are ready to face the facts and deal in the concrete with all the difficult race adjustments. This is most essential for the real leaders. As we heard Dr. Albion Small, of Chicago, University once say on class as he was discussing the problems of Reconstruction in the South: "I thought then all we had to do was to go down there, give orders and settle the question; but I have learned since that the people on the ground must work out their own problems."

The real leaders among the negroes who can direct their own people and also secure the respect and aid of the leaders among the white must come out of the life lived among both races. Fortunately, we have an ever increasing number of such men and women all over the South who are able to direct the destiny of Negro America. They win the love and respect of the white and remain in close touch with their own people.

Booker T. Washington became a Moses to his people and an outstanding guide for all men because he was ever loyal to the negro, North and South, and also fair in his dealings with the white man in both sections. The attention of royalty did not turn his head and the money of the rich did not lead to fawning. His life being well rooted in the South where he had learned at first hand the devilish white man the low down and lazy negro enabled him to know the loyalty of the southern gentleman and the nobility of the southern negro of these southern parallels where the negro has to work out his destiny among his people of both races. For every industrious and selfrespecting negro shares in the love and respect of all decent and sensible white men and women. In the midst of such people real leaders among the negroes do come to maturity. This was made manifest as leaders from all sections came together at Atlantic City, striving to do the best they could for the welfare of humanity. Fortunately, any fool Yankee or fool Southerner who was present in the General Conference kept silent.

YOUR PERSONALITY

(Indian School Journal)

Have you ever stopped to think just what makes people like you, and seem interested in the things you do? The thought might have been in your mind sometime or other but just what it really is you don't quite understand. This character trait that helps you to get along with people is called personality. Some don't quite know the clear meaning of this term and others have learned. Webster defines this word as the quality or state of being personal, or of being a person. That which constitutes distinction of person; individuality. But there are other definitions which may help you to understand. Some think that personality is what you are, not only as you know yourself but as others know you and what you are capable of making yourself. It may be a general effect of your character, ideals, and appearances as reflected in your attitudes and the way you take to people. You will readily see that if personality includes all this it really must play a large part in our lives. Personality is thought to be three-fourths one's equipment for success and happiness. You may wonder what else goes to make up a good personality. It includes charm and ability, good habits and good traits.

It is not nature, but what you make of nature. When you see some one who is his own self and succeeds in being liked, then you've seen a good personality. This thing known as personality sells you and makes friends that will stick by you. Others will like you and be for you. The next question in your mind may be, just how do you achieve a good personality. Does it just come about? A good personality can be developed by constant checking and trying for an ideal. Be yourself. A copy-cat has no personality. When you are being your true self, it is the outer expression of your inner self—what you really are.

With all these thoughts in mind, is there any wonder that a good personality is an asset to the human race.

It is a foregone conclusion that a great many people would make a far greater progress in the pursuit of happiness if they would not try so many detours to dodge work. Work is as much of a necessity to man as eating and drinking. It is a talisman to guard one against oneself.—Selected.

ROBESON COUNTY INDIANS MAKE FORWARD STRIDES

(Charlotte Observer)

"Scuffletown" is no more. The name "Scuffletown" used to be applied to that section of central Robeson county, near the town of Pembroke, occupied chieftly by the Indians. The new North Carolina Guidebook says that Pembroke itself was formerly Robeson citizens the "Scuffletown" known by that name. But to most area was much less clearly defined.

If a stranger passed through and inquired for "Scuffletown," he was always told it was a few miles on down the road. If the traveller kept on he would soon find himself in Red Springs, Rowland, Maxton, or Lumberton, depending on the direction he was travelling, and he was never exactly sure when he had entered or passed the limits of "Scuffletown."

The term "Scuffletown,, is thought by some to be a corruption of old English Scoville Town. This thought, together with the fact that some of the Indians have the same family names as the members of White's Lost Colony, has been advanced by those who believe the blood of the survivors of that lost English colony still flows in the veins of the Robeson county Indians.

Wherever the name "Scuffeltown" came from the average Robeson county citizen, not being given to tracing names to their historical origin, usually connected the name with the thought that he might have to scuffle to get out of those swamps and back woods once he got in. As a matter of fact, citizens who knew the Indians well had no such fear. If they tended to their own business, harm seldom befell sober, well meaning white citizens who passed through. White women and children were never harmed, we are told, even during the days of the noted Indian outlaw gang which threw terror into the lives of eastern Carolinians, soon after the War Between the States. Henry Berry Lowry, leader of the gang, has been traditionaly referred to by citizens of the as the Robin Hood of Robeson.

Whatever misgiving there were about the Indian section a few years ago, no such feeling exists today. As someone said the other day, "Old Man Pemoroke has washed his face and combed his hair."

One who has not passed through that section in five or six years would hardly know the place. Not only in the thriving little town of Pembroke itself but all along the country side, noticeable improvements have been made. Log cabins and unpainted shacks are giving way to neatly painted farm houses. The little unpainted churches are giving way to more substantial places of worship, and one room schools have become sturdy brick structures of which any community might well be proud.

The Indians themselves have built the churches, the county and state have provided the schools and the Farm Security Administration has been instrumental in the improvement of farms and homes.

If Henry Berry Lowry is still alive in some neighboring state—as some people thing he is—he is a very old

man. At any rate, perhaps Henry Berry's ghost passes through the community sometimes, on an occasional visit. If he should come paddling up the Lumbee some bright moonlight night he would of necessity have to bring a guide or he wouldn't know when his former haunts had been reached.

One of the State's main paved highways (Route 14) crosses the river on a concrete bridge at old Harpers Ferry and along the road near the river's banks where small stumpy fields used to be are well arranged gardens with a variety of vegetables, enclosed with modern wire fencing. Where "piny woods rooters" or "razorback" hogs ran at large, or were confined back of the house in small pens of pine poles, spotted Poland-Chinas or Durocs now graze in fields of rye or are seen feeding from modern self-feeders. And where occasional scrub cattle once fed in the reed breaks, white faced beef cattle and better grade milk cows now feed in well-fenced pastures.

It wouldn't be strictly accurate to say that these improvements are to be found on every farm. Some poorly-kept farms still remain, but these only serve to emphasize, by comparison, the progress which has been made.

Nor would it be accurate to leave the impression that only in recent years have there been successful Indian farmers in that section. Some of the most successful farmers in the county have been Indains and some of the thriftier were often referred to during the recent economic depression as good examples of what can be accomplished if a farmer grows his food and feed and does his own work.

It might also be pointed out that if the successful families were in the minority that fact should not be charged up alone to the Indians. Was it not 20 years after the Civil war before they had any schools? Only in the last few years, comparatively speaking, has anything been done by the county and state to improve the social and econimic condition of these people.

Separate schools were first provided for the Indians in 1885 and the Indian State Normal college was established by the State in 1887.

The college trains teachers for Indian schools, has a high school department and a three-year college course. There is also in the town of Pembroke a large graded school: and a new modern high school has just been completed, with the benefit of P. W. A. funds. There are also in various parts of the county 23 other schools for Indians, five of which have high school departments. An average of 4,657 Indian children attended Indian schools in the county last year. They were taught by 143 teachers and 22 buses were used for transporting those living at a distance from school.

State legislation, some 30 years ago, provided for the organization of drainage districts. As a result of this legislation, bonds were issued by the landowners and three large canals were dug which added considerably to drainage facilities in the Indian section.

The Indian population in Robeson county is now about 15,000, having increased fourfold in the past 50 years. A portion of these are scattered as tenants and small owners in various parts of the

county, but most of them live in and around the town of Pembroke.

Recently educational work started by the county and state has been agumented in a practical way by the Federal government. The Farm Security administration, U. S. Department of Agriculture, has set up a demonstration farm project to help Indian tenants become owners and to teach them better farming methods.

For a long time the agricultural colleges and the Extension Service have been preaching better farming methods. If you want to succeed, you should do this and do that, they said. The proposals were good but the financial outlay to get started to doing these things was so great most small farmers, especially tenants, were never quite able to put the proposals into practice. On the area purchased by the government in Robeson county, known as Pembroke Farms, the Farm Security Adminstration is giving 76 families a chance to buy farms and to try out these latest approved methods, adequately financed and properly supervised.

Each farmmer starts off with good land, properly drained, a comfortable house to live in, good barns and shelters and sanitary conveniences, which he pays for in yearly installments, over a period of 40 years at an interest rate of 3 per cent. In addition he gets 2-to5 year loans, at 5 per cent interest, to buy work-stock and farming equipment, good seed, high grade brooding stock, cows, hogs, chickens, fencing for pastures, and other goods for successful farm operation.

The farms average about 65 acres each and are not altogether different from the Tenant-Purchase farms which the same agency is helping tenants to buy under the terms of the Bankhead-Jones Farm Tenant act. The Tenant Purchase farms are bought here and there in the county, while the farms on the Pembroke Project are located in one general area and provide better opportunity for experiments in community development.

These farms for the Robeson Indians are similar to experimental projects set up, some for White farmers and some for Negro farmers, in other sections of the state.

C. B. Faris of Raleigh, assistant regional director in charge of these experimental projects. points out that the credit and advice given the homesteaders is not for the purpose of promoting a highly specialized type of farming, but is for the purpose of enabling these families to work out and follow a long range live-at-home farm plan and to produce sufficient cash crops to meet their credit instalments and finally become independant farm owners.

"I had been on the place I moved from nine years before I came here and could have had the same place for another year," said John Bunyan Locklear, one of the Indian homesteaders at Pembroke Farms. "They were good folks to work for. So you might know I thought I was bettering myself by coming here. I feel the portion I used to have to pay my landlord will more than take care of the payments I will have to make to buy my farm."

Locklear's farm and improvements, including a 5-room house, stock barn, smokehouse, poultry house, tobacco barn and pasture fence, cost $4,500, and his paymemnts amount to $196 a year.

"The man I used to work for ro-

tated his crops in a 2-year rotation," Locklear said, "while here we have a 3-year rotation. Another thing, there I was helping to build up the other fellow's land."

The Locklear family plants 14 acres in corn, seven and one-half acres in cotton, three and one-half in tobacco, two in wheat, two in oats, an acre in garden, an acre in potatoes, and three acres in cultivated pasture. They have a good milk cow, two good brood sows and a number of shoats.

Asked to point out the difference in the supervision at Pembroke Farms and the supervision he got working as a tenant, Locklear said this: "When Mr. Green (H. C. Green is the community Manager) came out here this morning the first place he went was to my pig lot. My old boss would have gone to the cotton patch or the tobacco barn."

"Then we might take the garden," Locklear added, "we've always had a garden. But, you see, we have twice as much garden here. Mr. Green and Mrs. Wallace wanted us to have more vegetables to can." (Mrs. Irma Wallace is Mr. Green's associate in charge of home management work.)

Community Manager Green, farm bred, State college trained with several years experience as a teacher of vocational agriculture, had this to say:

"What we need in eastern Carolina is more balanced farming. Most of these families before they came here, have been having very good success in growing tobacco and cotton, but not in livestock, hogs. and chickens and gardens. They simply haven't been paying enough attention to these items which are so essential to the success of family-sized farms.

"It is a well known fact that eastern Carolina farmers are not producing anything like the chickens, eggs, butter, meat and lard—just to mention a few—that is cconsumed here. Cold storage eggs and chickens are shipped in by the car load every year. On Pembroke Farms we are not simply telling the farmers they should grow these things, we are helping them to put these things in their farm plans and giving them a chance to prove to themselves that they can grow these essentials. We don't know how long it's going to take but we're 'going to fight it out on this line' if it takes a dozen winters. We realize it takes time to form new habits and adopt new practices, but our families show an amazing interest in learning to do new things.

Last year all families on the project raised their own wheat—from two to ten acres per family. They raised their own meat and had some to sell. Each family has at least one or two good brood sows.

This year the families are also supplementing tobacco, cotton and field crops with pure bred chickens. They are learning to raise chickens the modern way. Some have electric brooders, others use brick furnaces and flue type brooders. Most of the families now have 50 to 300 blood tested, baby chicks. By fall they should have nice flocks of pure bred hens.

"Our program is being set up in such a way that all subsistence needs to be taken care of, with a surplus of such things as hogs, poultry and eggs for sale," Mr. Green pointed out.

"Our policy is to raise as nearly all the food and feed crops as possible and to buy things which can't be

produced—such as sugar, coffee and clothes—from the proceeds of surplus hogs, chickens and eggs," he said.

These Indian folk also are learning to sew and weave. They hope to make many of their own clothes and weave their own spreads and blankets, with perhaps a surplus to sell. For the past eight weeks Mrs. Wallace has been attending a special course in weaving at Bishopville, South Carolina, preparatory to starting special insrutctions in that important art.

Like Mr. Green, Mrs. Wallace is also a very industrious person. Her work in helping the Indian women to improve their home work is looked upon as a long range, adult education program. She is ever on the alert to give the best she has not only to the families, but to the entire community.

Her work covers everything which will make for a happier and healthier home. It includes gardening, sewing, the family budget, cooking, canning, and preserving, dietetics, hygiene and sanitation. In the latter she is ably assisted by the community nurse, Miss Velma Lowry, who was educated at the Pembroke Normal and Philadelphia General Hospital.

Another important person in the field of practical education is Eustice N. Barden, Farm Managament man, born "with the plow handles in his hands" and reared on a Robeson county farm, Barden had carried away about all the 4-H Club prizes one farm boy could expect to win and was already one of the best practial farmers in the county when he went to State College for his degree in tecchnial agriculture and farm management.

While the major portion of the Pembroke Farms area has been cut up into family-sized farms, and occupied by individual owners, one large plantation, known as the Red Banks Farm, containing some 1700 acres, has been kept undivided and is being operated by 15 Indian families as a cooperative, or modern plantation. This large farm affords an experiment in large-scale producction. Families living on this part of the project are able to have the advantage of such heavy machinery as tractors and combines and to profit by the use of modern large-scale farming methods.

General farming and stock raising is practiced. At the present time the 15 "Cooperative" farmers have 35 brood sows, four purebred boars, and 100 pigs: and they have recently purchased a foundation herd of 16 purebred white-faced cattle.

Who are these people? Are they descendants of White's Lost Colony of those brave English settlers who were first to live on our eastern shores? Are they a remnant from some unknown Indian tribe? Have they come down to us from the noted Pirate Bonet and members of his or other bold pirate bands? Or, are they a combination of these groups?

Loyalty to their friends and other dominant traits undoubtedly indicate an Indian origin, but ethnologists and genealogists have yet to find an answer to all these questions. Perhaps some day more adequate information will be uncovered and the Bureau of American Ethnology will then hand down some definite decision; but for the present it is perhaps enough to know them—as the N. C. Legislature has enacted—simply as "The Indians of Robeson County."

INSTITUTION NOTES

The barber shop was a very busy place during the past week. Under the direction of Mr. W. W. Johnson, the youngsters in that department have given all the boys a neat haircut, greatly improving their appearance.

Mr. H. B. Robertson, of Kannapolis, recently called at the office and left a number of games for the use of the boys. This was a very kindly thought on the part of Mr. Robertson, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank him for his interest in our boys.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Webber, of Pueblo, Colorado, called at The Uplift office last Saturday afternoon. While they have been living in the West for quite a number of years, both are natives of North Carolina, Mr. Webber having been born in Morganton and his wife in Salisbury. They were on their way back from the New York World's Fair, and stopped at the School for a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske, members of our staff, whom they entertained last year when the latter couple made a Western trip.

The office force has been troubled with lack of sufficient light for some time. In order to overcome this handicap, new lights, of the modern florescent type have been installed. They shed a soft light, as near natural daylight as can be artifically produced. We believe this improvement will relieve much eye-strain and will be of great benefit to those employed in the offices.

From The Uplift office we can hear the steady "klank-klank" of the strawbaler, chugging of tractor motors and the humming of the thresher, which is evidence that the farm forces are starting on the task of threshing the 1940 crop of oats and other small grain. From a passer-by we learned that more than six hundred bushels were threshed on Monday, after getting the machinery set up and in operation. We are informed that a nice crop of oats, consisting of several thousand bushels, will be obtained, but are not making any guess as to the actual amount.

David York, of Lumberton, one of our old boys, who left the School, February 11, 1924, was a visitor here last Monday. While a lad here, David was a member of the Cottage No. 6 group, was employed on the barn and tractor forces, and for several months was chauffeur of the School car, making daily trips to Concord for the afternoon mail and to run other errands.

Upon leaving the institution he went to assist his brother on a farm near Aberdeen, where he stayed one year; he then spent two years on a farm in Georgia; his next place of employment was in Rockingham, where he spent two years as sheet metal worker and roofer's helpers; he next went to Durham, working there as a roofer for one year; spent another year at the same kind of work in Memphis, Tenn.; for the next year he again took up farming near Aberdeen; for the past ten years David has been employed as roofer in Lumberton. From this informa-

tion one may readily see that David has been a steady worker since leaving the School, and he reports that he has been getting along very well. He was married in 1928 and has two children, a girl and boy, aged ten and eight years, respectively. His family and two other children accompanied him on this visit to the School. They were returning from a week-end trip to the mountains.

David is now thirty-three years old. From his record as a worker and judging by appearances, one may safely assume that he has developed into a good, substantial citizen. He was delighted to see the friends of boyhood days among the workers at the School, and did not hesitate to express his appreciation for the training received here, stating that his only regret was that he was not able to stay here longer and get the benefit of further training.

The tonsil clinic at the Training School is now a thing of the past and the fifty-four boys who were operated upon during the three days, June 11th, 12th, and 13th, have completely recovered and entered into their regular activities about the School. The interruption and disorder that is caused by such a number of boys being taken from their regular duties is much more complicated than one would suspect. The extra duties imposed upon the laundry force was quite an item. During the three days' clinic this department was called upon for considerable extra work, consisting of the laundering of 101 napkins, 100 pillow cases, 272 sheets, 84 spreads, 443 towels and 137 nightshirts, all of which had to be taken care of in addition to the regular laundry work. The printing office had to do without the services of its chief linotype operator for a period of fourteen days. Possibly the dairy suffered most as several boys from that department were out the same length of time. In this group were also several house boys, which handicapped the work of food preparation and attending to the household duties. We are very glad to report that all the lads are back on the job and that things are again operating smoothly in all branches of the School's activities.

The standing of the clubs in the Cabarrus County League, including games played June 29, is as follows:

	W	L	Pct.
Plant 2	11	1	.917
Jackson Park	9	3	.750
Petheltown	9	3	.750
J. T. S.	6	6	.500
Harrisburg	5	7	.417
Allen School	4	8	.333
Midland	3	8	.273
Poplar Tent	0	11	.000

The Midland team visited the local ball orchard last Saturday afternoon and the Training School boys won out in the tenth inning by the score of 11 to 10. The School lads pounded the offerings of T. Hartsell and McCoy, visiting pitchers, for a total of sixteen hits, including two doubles, two triples and a home run. Jim Boger started on the mound for the School but retired in favor of Andrews in the eighth inning, after having been in a collision with a Midland base-runner, receiving a badly cut lip. Andrews was the winning pitcher. The visitors secured ten hits off these two "chunkers."

Owens, third-baseman, headed the

School hitters, getting a triple, double and two singles in six trips to the plate; O'Dear got a home run and two singles; Liner cracked out a triple and a pair of singles; Simpson hit a double and single. For the Midland lads, E. Hough with a triple and single, and Hill with two singles, were the only ones to connect for more than one safety .

The Midland boys scored twice in the first inning on a walk, stolen base, an error and a three-ply smash. In their half of the same frame, the School boys marked up four counters on two passes, a triple and two doubles.

Midland added another in the second inning on a triple and single.

The local boys scored three more in the third inning on five successive hits—a triple and four singles.

In the seventh inning, an error and two singles produced two runs for Midland.

The visitors added four more in the eighth inning on an error, triple, double and single. In the School's half of the same frame, the boys scored once on errors.

The local lads tied the count at nine all in the ninth inning on a single, a stolen base and an error, the catcher throwing wildly to center field in an attempt to catch the runner, the latter continuing to the plate.

In the tenth inning, the first Midland batter up was safe at second on an error, then, after two men were retired, scored on an error by the local left fielder.

In the School's half of the tenth frame, the boys proceeded to put the old ball game on ice. The first batter was retired via the strike-out route. The next hitter, Owens, singled to left, bringing up Harold O'Dear, catcher, who promptly brought hostilities to a close by slapping the old hoss-hide far over the left field embankment for a home run. The score:

		R	H	E
Midland	2 1 0 0 0 0 2 4 0 1	10	10	3
J. T. S.	4 0 3 0 0 0 0 1 1 2	11	16	5

Two-base hits: Johnson, Simpson, E. Hough, T. Hartsell. Three-base hits: Liner, Owens, E. Hough, Connell. Home run: O'Dear. Stolen bases: T. Hartsell, Liner. Struck out: by Boger 3; by Hartsell 3; by McCoy 6. Base on balls: off Boger 1; off Hartsell 4; off McCoy 1. Winning pitcher: Andrews. Losing pitcher: McCoy. Umpire—Russell.

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by Rev. F. Crossley Morgan, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord. He was accompanied by Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, a prominent textile executive, and Mr. C. F. Ritchie, one of Concord's leading merchants, both of whom are widely known because of their religious activities in Cabarrus county.

After the boys had sung a number of their favorite hymns and, led by Forrest McEntire, of Cottage No. 2, recited the 15th Psalm, Mr. Barnhardt made a beautiful and impressive prayer, following which he introduced Dr. Morgan as the speaker of the afternoon.

For the Scripture Lesson, Dr. Morgan read Mark 6:1-13, and in a most interesting message to the boys, called special attention to part of the third verse, "Is this the carpenter?" When we talk about Jesus, said the speaker, we immediately think of him as a great preacher, a great

teacher and a great healer, of which there is not a shadow of doubt, but there was another side of his life upon earth—that of his early life in a small village—of which we know very little.

Dr. Morgan told the boys that he liked to think of Jesus as he worked at a carpenter's bench in a small town. For the first thirty years of his life, the Master lived in the home at Nazareth, working in his father's shop. It is a good thing to remind ourselves that Jesus was a hard-working man, one who realized the true value of manual labor. A good vision to get of Jesus is that at the break of dawn, he was ready with his tools to make all sorts of things which went into the day's work of a carpenter at that time. His father, Joseph, died, we are told, when Christ was about eighteen years of age, so probably for about twelve years he was responsible for the care of his mother and other children in the family. It is a fine thought to picture him as a man who knew what it was to get up early in the morning, and by the sweat of his brow, care for himself and other members of the family.

The speaker then asked the question, Why did God allow His son, Jesus, to be a carpenter for thirty years, and what could he, as a carpenter, learn that would be of value in his future work? He gave two answers to this question: First, one thing a carpenter certainly learns is how much can lie hidden in a thing. He pictured a man hauling a great log to the shop, and the young carpenter, Jesus, beginning to work that lumber up, seeing all around him things he had made. He knew that all those things had once lain hidden in a big log.

Dr. Morgan then showed the boys a stick of wood he had brought with him. It was just an ordinary hickory stick, certainly not much to see. He next showed them a wooden chain, on the end of which was a small cage containing a ball. This, said he, had been carved out of just such a stick of wood he had been holding a moment before. A Boy Scout had carved it and given it to him several years before. This Scout saw the possibilities hidden in the stick and got out a fine piece of work.

The lesson which Jesus had learned in the carpenter shop, that of seeing something of value in a log, was one of his most valuable assets when he began his ministry. As a preacher, he was able to see something good in men that others could not see. He looked at them with the calculating eye of a carpenter and saw great possibilities. In the selection of his disciples he used this method. Simon Peter, for instance, was weak in many ways. He was always making blunders. With all his outward faults, Jesus saw great strength in him. He told him that he would be the rock upon which he would build his church. After many months of patience, he finally got the good out of Peter.

Dr. Morgan's second reason why God allowed His son to be a carpenter was that another thing this greatest of all carpenters must have learned was that the very finest things were always made from the hardest wood. This lesson also stood him in good stead when he became a preacher. In the case of Saul of Tarsus, we see a man of the hardest type. In his ruthless persecution of Christians he coldly resorted to most in-

humane treatment, even going so far as to torture and put them to death. Jesus looked upon him with the eye of a carpenter and saw material for a fine character. Out of this hard-hearted human being developed the Apostle Paul, a great Christian missionary and a preacher, second only to the Master. Thus we see another reason why God caused His son to spend so many years in a carpenter shop.

In conclusion, Dr. Morgan told the boys that Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth, looks behind all our weaknesses and sees good in us. He has unlimited patience and will take time to get out things hidden in us. Christ welcomes "the hardest nut to crack," as that is where he get his best material.

We were delighted to have Dr. Morgan with us on this occasion. In his introductory remarks, Mr. Barnhardt stated that he was one of the best preachers and Bible students in this country. From the excellent manner in which he presented his message to the boys and the way they responded, following every word with the closest attention, we are quite willing to agree with him. Both the boys and officials are eagerly awaiting another opportunity to hear Dr. Morgan at the School.

———o———

SANDY'S ESCAPE FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION

(A Short Short Story)

"Sandy" MacDonald (a twelve-year-old red-haired boy) was on the ninth floor of an apartment house, when a high-pressure salesman knocked at the door. The salesman had a new kind of window-cleaning brush, which sold for $1.00. Now, one dollar was all the money that Sandy had to his name, so he did not care to part with it. However, when the persistent salesman demonstrated by standing outside of the lad's windows, cleaning them, while rocking dangerously to and fro on the narrow window-sills, Sandy's chicken heart asserted itself, and he was just preparing to pay this door-button ringer his last dollar bill, when with a start he fell out of bed, and woke up. Hastily disentangling his pants from the floor-lamp beside his bed, he searched his pockets, and there was his dollar (which had been given to him by his parents for being good) safe and sound. "My, what a narrow escape" said Sandy.

—Dr. Edward James Irvine.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending June 30, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) William Drye 2
Noah J. Green 4
(5) James Hodges 5
(5) Leon Hollifield 5
(5) Edward Johnson 5
(5) Robert Maples 5
(5) Frank May 5
(3) Mack McQuaigue 4
(5) Jack Warren 5
(5) Welden H. Warren 5
(5) Jack Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 1

William G. Bryant 4
(2) Charles Browning 3
(2) Charles Cole 2
John Davis
(2) Eugene Edwards 2
(2) Carl Hooker 3
(2) Horace Journigan 3
(3) Clay Mize 4
(2) H. C. Pope 3
(5) Arlie Scism 5
(5) Edward Warnock 5
(4) Everett Watts 4
(5) William C. Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Bennie Austin 4
(5) James Blocker 5
Jack Cline 3
George Cooke
Julian T. Hooks
J. W. Jones 2
Robert Keith 3
Forrest McEntire 3
(4) Donald McFee 4
Oscar Roland 2
(5) William Shaw 5
Raymond Sprinkle
James C. Stone
Newman Tate 2
Arna Wallace 3
Clarence Wright 2

COTTAGE No. 3

(5) Lewis Andrews 5
(5) John Bailey 5
(3) Lewis Baker 3
(3) Earl Barnes 4
(2) Clyde Barnwell 4
(4) Richard Baumgarner 4
(2) Grover Beaver 2
James Boone 4
Kenneth Conklin 3
Jack Crotts 3
Max Evans 2
(3) Coolidge Green 4
Bruce Hawkins 2
Roscoe Honeycutt 3
Douglas Matthews 3
(5) Harley Matthews 5
William Matthewson 3
Otis McCall 3
Robert Quick 2
(3) John C. Robertson 4
Wayne Sluder 3
(3) George Shaver 3
(5) William Sims 5
William T. Smith 3
Harrison Stilwell 3
John Tolley 3
Jerome Wiggins 4
Louis Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(4) Plummer Boyd 4
(5) Paul Briggs 5
Quentin Crittenton
Lewis Donaldson 3
(4) Paul Godwin 4
(4) Hoyt Hollifield 4
Oakley Walker
(5) Melvin Walters 5

COTTAGE No. 5

(5) Theodore Bowles 5
(4) Collett Cantor 4
(5) Harold Donaldson 5
(3) A. C. Elmore 4
(3) Monroe Flinchum 4
Ray Hamby 3
Charles Hayes
(3) Sidney Knighting 4
(2) Ivey Lunsford 2
(2) Herbert McGee 2
(5) J. C. Reinhardt 5

(3) Elmer Talbert 4
(2) Fred Tolbert 4
(5) Hubert Walker 5
(5) Dewey Ware 5

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson
Robert Dunning
Columbus Hamilton 2
Leo Hamilton
Harry Lewis

COTTAGE No. 7

(4) John H. Averitte 4
(2) Cleasper Beasley 3
(2) Carl Breece 3
(2) Paul Dockery 4
(5) Donald Earnhardt 5
(4) George Green 4
(5) Richard Halker 5
(2) Roy Helms 3
(4) Robert Hampton 4
(2) Lyman Johnson 2
(5) Robert Lawrence 5
(2) Charles McGowan 3
(5) Elmer Maples 5
(3) Arnold McHone 4
(2) Carl Ray 3
(5) Joseph Wheeler 5
(2) Edd Woody 3

COTTAGE No. 8

(5) Cecil Ashley 5
(5) Reid Beheler 5
(2) Martin Crump 3
(2) Sam Everidge 2
(5) Jack Hamilton 5
(2) John Ingram 2
Otis Kilpatrick
(3) Edward J. Lucas 3
Joseph Linville
(2) John Tolbert 4
Walker Warr
(2) Frank Workman 2
(3) James Quick 3

COTTAGE No. 9

(5) Holly Atwood 5
Clarence Baker 2
Mack Bell 4
(5) J. T. Branch 5
(5) Roy Butner 5
Percy Capps 2
(5) Frank Glover 5
(5) Wilbur Hardin 5
Osper Howell 4
(3) Mark Jones 4
(5) Harold O'Dear 5
(3) Richard Singletary 4

COTTAGE No. 10

(5) Junius Brewer 5
(2) James M. Hare 2
Thomas King 4
Harry Peaker 2
(5) James Penland 5
Carl Speer
(5) O. D. Talbert 5
(4) Charles Weldy 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(5) John Benson 5
(3) Harold Bryson 4
(5) William Dixon 5
(2) William Furches 3
(2) Ralph Fisher 2
(2) Earl Hildreth 4
Fred Jones
(2) Peter Jones 2
(3) Julian Merritt 4
(5) Edward Murray 5
(5) Fred Owens 5
(5) Theodore Rector 5
Thomas Turner 4
(3) N. C. Webb 3

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Odell Almond 4
Ernest Brewer 3
(5) Jay Brannock 5
(2) William Broadwell 4
(2) William C. Davis 4
(5) William Deaton 5
(2) Howard Devlin 4
(2) Max Eaker 4
(2) Woodrow Hager 4
Joseph Hall 3
(2) Hubert Holloway 3
(2) Richard Honeycutt 4
(5) Frank Johnston 5
(2) Tillman Lyles 4
(2) Clarence Mayton 3
(2) James Mondie 4
(4) James Puckett 4
(2) Robah Sink 4
(2) Ralph Sorrells 3
William Suites 4
(2) George Tolson 4
(5) Carl Tyndall 5
(2) J. R. Whitman 3
(2) Eugene Watts 4

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) William Griffin 4
(5) Vincent Hawes 5
(3) James Lane 4

(3) Jordan McIver 4
Jesse Owens
(4) Randall D. Peeler 4
Joseph White
(2) Marshall White 2

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews 3
(2) John Baker 3
(2) John Church 2
(5) Mack Coggins 5
(5) Robert Deyton 5
Henry Ennis 3
(5) Audie Farthing 5
(2) Henry Glover 2
(3) Troy Gilland 3
(5) William Harding 5
(3) John Hamm 4
(3) John Kirkman 4
(5) Marvin King 5
Feldman Lane 3
(3) Roy Mumford 3
Norvell Murphy 4
(5) Charles McCoyle 5
(2) Henry McGraw 3
(2) John Robbins 4
(3) James Roberson 4
(2) Charles Steepleton 3
(4) Wallace Woody 4
(4) Jones Watson 4
(2) Jack West 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(5) Raymond Anderson 5
(2) Ray Bayne 2
(2) Howard Bobbitt 3
Jennings Britt 4
(3) William Cantor 3
(2) Sidney Delbridge 2
(3) Albert Hayes 4
(5) Beamon Heath 5
(3) William Hawkins 4
(3) Hardy Lanier 3
(2) Oakley Lunsford 3
J. P. Morgan 4
(5) Fred McGlammery 5
(3) Eulice Rogers 4
(5) J. P. Sutton 5
(3) Calvin Tessneer 4
(2) Arvell Ward 2
(3) George Warren 3
(2) William Woods 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Duncan 4
(5) Philip Holmes 5
(5) John T. Lawry 5
Harvey Ledford
(2) Earl Oxendine 3
(5) Thomas Oxendine 5
(2) Thomas Wilson 2

EARTH IS ENOUGH

We men of earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise—we have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The stairs into the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for doors—
No other marble for floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every-day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mould and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

—Edwin Markham.

TRAINS NOS. 29-30
TRAINS NOS. 35-36

between WASHINGTON • CHARLOTTE • ATLANTA

YOU WILL LIKE the deep individual chairs cushioned with latex rubber . . . the attractive modern interior decorations . . . the electrically-operated drinking water fountain . . . the special seat lighting . . . the extensive baggage racks . . . ladies' lounge and men's smoking rooms with latest lavatory facilities . . . and many other features assuring personal comfort.

Ride these Modern Coaches at the first opportunity

LOW ONE WAY and ROUND TRIP COACH FARES

"We favor adequate preparedness for National Defense and recommend enlistment in the U. S. Army to eligible young men."

R. H. Graham
Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

JUL 13 1940
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UNIT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 13, 1940 NO. 28

PEACE

When I see a far hill
  Resting in the sun,
It says to me, "Here lies Peace;
  Come, here strife is done."

When I've climbed that far hill
  Where repose shall dwell,
Other hillsides beckon me:
  Tales of peace they tell.

Some day I'll stop seeking
  Hillsides far apart,
When I learn that peace abides
  Only in my heart.

—Edna Becker.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WHO IS UNCLE SAM?

You ask me who is Uncle Sam.
I modestly reply, I am.
These hungry urchins meanly dressed,
These mothers all, in East or West,
These traffic cops along the street,
These rushing crowds on eager feet,
These thousands caught in fortune's jam—
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

All farmers working in the field,
All bankers making dollars yield,
All miners climbing from the mine,
All boot-blacks calling for your shine,
All lawyers pleading at the bar,
All doctors rushing by in car,
All dealers measuring gill and gram—
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

The pioneers on lands and sea,
Unnumbered millions yet to be;
Of noble men who work and plan
To build and guard their native land;
Who daily do their civic share
Unflinchingly and unaware
Of those who praise or those who sham—
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

—Francis G. Blair.

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A NOBLE CAUSE

No appeal touches the heart of mankind more keenly than the outstretched hand of childhood asking for help. The citizenship of the United States, with heart and money, understanding conditions in the war stricken countries has responded to the call,

therefore, innumerable homes have been opened to the refugee children. The way seems hard, but God in His wise dispensation of all things points to America, as a safe refuge, for His little ones during the very darkest hour of their young lives.

Doubtless in numerous instances some will never see home or loved ones again, but in the face of all sorrow coming to this country it is all for the best—they are protected from the ravages and horrors of war. The placement of these refugees is not conducted in a haphazard manner. First, the Children's Bureau of the United States takes charge, and then through the Board of Charties of each state the refugees are placed. This plan assures that each placement is investigated and the child's security is assured.

This fine piece of humanitarian work brings to mind the Master's words "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." This noble cause carries an appeal and when once the children of war stricken Europe are in our midst other American doors will spring open and myriads of other refugees will be welcomed to the shores of the greatest country of the world—United States of America.

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SOCIAL SERVICE NOW ASSUMES BIG PROPORTIONS

There was a time when people talked in church or other meetings concerning Social Service that people looked askance, having a certain sympathy for the misguided zeal of the ones who endorsed Social Service as a vital part of the Church's work as well as the community's. "Them days have done and gone by".

During the last week in June in Grand Rapids, Mich., there gathered around 3500 men and women representing some 66 societies of welfare, uplift and character building, at least 45 of these being national organizations, with either the name American or National as a prefix to their names. In appearance, in manner and in ability these delagates would match with any profession or vocation to be found in our country. Most of the Social Agencies now require a college degree, some of them special degrees, with graduate training, similar to the interne work of a young doctor. They

seemed to be a people extremely happy in their work and everlastingly in earnest.

Some impressions gathered were as follows, aside from the very high type of personnel represented there; (a) The Government thought enough of this gathering to have Madame Secretary Perkins as one of the principal speakers. Her talk was more of a sermon, and a searching one, than a mere address, demanding that the child would get nowhere unless more attention was given to his soul,—mere bodily and intellectual care being insufficient. (b) While there were many clergy there, as religious workers the Salvation Army predominated. The Church must see to it that Social Service work must be Christian Social Service. The community's soul must be nurtured as its mind and body are cared for. (c) The friendly spirit at all gatherings was inspiring. One took for granted that every other person was interested in the welfare and uplift of his fellow man, and hence were sisters and brothers in a common job to be accomplished. (d) The variety of human endeavor to benefit man and to meet his needs is amazing. But God must be put into all of it, if it is to shape man and nurture him rightly.—I. H. H.

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BOUNCING COINS

We were impressed by an editorial in a recent issue of the "Virginia Industrial School News," and are passing it on to our boys as an incentive to do their very best to develop into men of true worth. The article follows:

"Take two coins that look exactly alike. One is genuine, the other is counterfeit. How can you tell them apart? The secret service men tell us we should throw them on a table. The coin that doesn't bounce is counterfeit. The coin that bounces is the real thing.

"Life tests men in the same way—by their bounce. The men who do not possess real worth, quit, while men of value bounce. Lincoln was defeated many times, yet always bounced back and finally bounced into the White House. Edison failed many times in his effort to invent the incandescent lamp, yet he always bounced back

and tried again—and finally he won. In the Hall of Accomplishment you'll find inscribed the names of men who bounced.

"Emerson wrote, 'What you are, thunders so loudly that I can't hear what you say'. The counterfeit coin looks like the genuine, but it isn't. It won't bounce. A man may talk and look like a winner, but the way he actually lives is the test that counts. Meeting the hard knocks, defeats and set-backs of life is the supreme test of character and worth. Be a man with a bounce!"

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CHILDREN IN STREETS

A plea to North Carolina parents to drill into their children the dangers of running into the street or highway was voiced this week by Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety division.

Noting that a May traffic fatality report showed an increase in child pedestrian deaths in this State and also that several children were killed in traffic accidents on North Carolina streets and highways the first two weeks of June, the safety director said:

"The fact that ten or more children in our state have died in the past thirty days as a result of playing in the street or running into the street or highway should point a lesson to every mother and father in North Carolina.

"Children are not as well acquainted with traffic hazards as their parents are, and it is the duty and responsibility of parents to pass on to their children the benefits of their knowledge and experience in coping with traffic.

"And not only must parents impress upon their children the danger of playing in the street or running into the street or highway, but they must go farther and provide safe places for their children to play away from traffic.

"Our children deserve every protection we can afford them. Let's all work together to stop this slaughter of the innocent on our streets and highways."

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The 68th Annual Convention of the North Carolina Press Association convened just lately in Hendersonville, N. C., one of the

beauty spots of Western North Carolina. This place with its natural beauty offers a climate unsurpassed in offering a delightful climate to those seeking a haven of perfect rest. The echoes from this gathering of the editors of the state are that this convention was one of the best in every point of interest ever held. With the combined elements of natural beauty, climate and superb hospitality the convention passed off without the least friction. The selection of the new North Carolina Press Association president, Editor L. C. Gifford of the Hickory Daily Record was approved by the newspaper association of the Old North State.

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A tidal wave of applications for American citizenship has set in since the recent voiced threat to imposed strict registration, fingerprinting and other restrictions on resident aliens. Within two days recently in the Bronx county courts 2,500 resident aliens sought citizenship. This rush for American citizenship is just a suggestions of what is taking place in other communities that offered attractions in the land of opportunities.

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Among the many things that we did not have ten years ago a few of the most widely known are streamline trains, television, transoceanic passenger air service, glass building blocks, synthetic hosiery replacing silk, and a specific cure for pneumonia.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

NEW PARK IN STANLY COUNTY

(Selected)

Near to Charlotte is the new Morrow Mountain State Park in Stanly county which was dedicated and formally opened Saturday. This park is located in the beautiful Uwharrie mountians which border on the banks of the Yadkin and Pee Dee river. Morrow Mountain, where the park is located, is near Albemarle and is one of the highest of these low mountains, and from it one gets a most wonderful view of this valley.

Leading citizens of Stanly county who know the beauty of the range, have for years tried to interest the people of that section and the state in making it a park. Their dreams have come true and now thousands will go and see this natural beauty. Most of those who have never been on Morrow Mountain have little idea of the beauty one can see. Only those who have been there know of this beauty and they all are loud in praise of the location of the park.

When Mr. A. C. Huneycutt was active in the North Carolina Press Association, he was always asking the newspaper people to hold a meeting in Albemarle so that they could see this mountain, and he continuously bragged about its beauty. Many of the newspaper people have seen it, but the whole association has never been there for a meeting.

The *Stanly News and Press*, of Albemarle, had this to say in reference to Mr. Huneycutt's experience with his desires:

"A. C. Huneycutt who has long believed that there is no prettier spot in North Carolina than the Uwharrie Mountains in Stanly county used to get a lot of kidding about his mountain."

"At one press association meeting, Mr. Huneycutt invited the group to meet next year at Albemarle, telling them that the Uwharrie Mountains would be one of the attractions. However, the group decided to go to Wrightsville Beach. Then one cruel gentleman of the press got up. 'Mr. Huneycutt, I suggest that you hire a two-ton truck and bring your mountain down to Wrightsville,' he said."

Nature's beauty can not be transported from one place to another. You must visit Morrow Mountain Park to see the beauty of this Uwharrie range. It is so near to Charlotte and Mecklenburg county that many people will drive over and see its beauty in the days to come.

A long face and a broad mind are rarely found under the same hat.

GOD'S STANDARD FOR THE HOME

(Baptist Messenger)

When God made Adam out of the dust and breathed into his body the breath of life, he became a living soul. Before his Maker he stood innocent and unspotted.

But with all his glory and power and pleasure Adam was solitary, and Jehovah saw it "was not good for man to be alone." Woman was therefore created, the last and finest workmanship of the hand Divine—; she was brought to man and there in the sinless Garden they united in holy wedlock. Upon the pure and happy primal pair was bestowed the divine blessing and they were commanded to found a worthy race, subdue the earth into utility, and rule the world for God. Thus God established the home as the unit of society. Centuries before there was a state, or a school, or a church, there were homes instituted by God as places where men and women should live together in love and happiness, where children should be born and reared and go out in their turn to establish homes.

Thus according to God's plan was the human race to be propagated and civilization to be developed.

God's laws for the home are very clearly given in his Word. His standard requires that there shall be one man and one woman in each home. Marriage is permanent, sacred relationship instituted by God and not to be broken by man.

Parents are expected to give their children love, care and the training necessary for their fullest development, to fit them for the best possible living.

In the Old Testament, parents were commanded to teach the words of the Lord to their children, "speaking of them when thou sittest in thine houses, or when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down or when thou riseth up."

In the New Testament, Paul gives us a picture of the domestic life to the spirit-filled believers: "Children obey your parents." Now obedience is almost a thing of the past—with all this modern teaching. Again, Paul wrote: "Ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." I did not find one word in this chapter as to what mothers are supposed to do—but in the preceding chapter, I read: "Wives submit yourselves to your husbands." Do you see a bit of obedience there? "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it." Surely then the Bible teaches there should be love and co-operation in the home.

Many enemies threaten the home today—poverty, disease, lack of Christian atmosphere, no family altar, little religious training—little or no missionary literature.

Many parents are becoming lax in their discipline. In their fear of becoming old fashioned, they are permitting their children to do things that are questionable, if not absolutely dangerous.

What we need is to get back to God's standard for a Christian home.

We need to exalt the sacredness of the marriage tie. We need to make our homes truly Christian—where the Bible is read daily—where prayer is

a natural daily occurrence—where the whole family attends church together, and news of the Kingdom of God is a natural part of the conversation, where the family income is tithed and God's laws of health and conduct are respected.

Picture with me a large white farmhouse—with beautiful grounds well-kept, a white picket fence. A stranger came walking along the dusty road, opened the gate, walked up the path and knocked on the door.

The farmer's wife herself answered the door. She expected to see friends but it was a stranger standing there. He asked, "Does Jesus live here?" She was preplexed, dumbfounded, astonished—and did not answer. Again he asked, "Does Jesus live here?" Still there was no answer. She looked at him in perplexity—and the third time he asked, "Does Jesus live here?"

Then he turned and walked away. The woman went to the barn where her husband was working to tell him of her strange visitor.

He blustered and floundered around and said, "Well did you tell him we were church members?"

"No that wasn't what he asked," she replied.

"Well, did you tell him I'm a deacon and you're a member of the Women's Missionary Society?"

But she said, "No, that wasn't what he asked."

Together they searched their hearts and decided they had just been play-at being Christians—but with God's help they would henceforth live so they could say—"Yes, Jesus lives here." As you cross the threshold of your home this evening, ask yourself the question, "Does Jesus live here?"

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ON THE PASSING OF THE "LITTLE COLONEL"

Sleep peacefully, "Little Colonel" under the stone,
Soon you'll awaken where bugles are blown;
Where the kind and the brave on the march fall in line
In a gala procession, eternal, divine.
*Dexter Fellows will greet you on Heaven's high hill,
And you'll ride on the back of great Buffalo Bill!
A child's fairy-land waits in Heaven for thee,
And you'll rest upon mighty old Barnum's knee,
While the white-tops forever shall loom in your view
Amid Paradise-season's sunshine and dew!

Dr. Edward James Irvine.

NOTE—The "Little Colonel" was a small crippled boy who was very fond of the circus, and died in a hospital in Florida, near the winter quarters of one of the large circus companies. His name was Lionel Jones. (*) Dexter Fellows was a friend of the lad's who passed away shortly after the "Little Colonel" died. The show people lovingly bestowed this title on the little boy, and when he died, they all contributed money with which to build a memorial to him. This little poem was written by Dr. Irvine in 1937.

THE CROSS AS A WITNESS OF CHRIST

Jacob Tanner, in Lutheran Herald

There is the closest relation between suffering for Christ and witnessing for Christ. That relation constitutes one of the fundamental laws of the spiritual life. Christ linked the two together as cause and effect when calling Paul.

'He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before Gentiles and kings, show him how many things he must suffer for my name's sake" (Acts 9:15,16).

Paul's sufferings for Christ were not an incidental part of his work. The marks of Jesus, branded on the body of the apostle, were not only a badge of the genuineness of his apostleship, but they were also the fire by which this spiritual Levite was purified for an even closer fellowship with the Lord that he for all ages might be the witness of the saving power of Jesus Christ.

Flogged and still joyful, tortured and still singing, persecuted and still happy, cursed and still blessing, traveling from suffering to where more sufferers are waiting, this chosen vessel became the witness of the ages of the abundant life in Christ, overflowing with power and joy.

What was true in the case of Paul is true in the life of all God's children. However insignificant we are, however inconspicuous the believer is in the eyes of the world, we are all chosen vessels to show forth the excellencies of Him who called us out of darkness into His marvelous light.

As God's children we have one mission, one task, and that is to make our living Savior known to a dying world. And not in words only, "The kingdom of God is not in word but in power" (1 Cor. 4:20).

We suffer from too much wordliness and too little power. If we had known more of the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ our testimony would have made a stronger impact.

We have too little experience of how the world crucifies those who have turned their backs upon its lust and taken the cross of Christ. And we may well ask, What is the reason? Is our faith words without power, activity without holiness, preaching without the mind of Christ?

Romantic knights of good fellowship, ecclesiastical promoters sermonizing spellbinders and wordlings claiming discipleship of Him whose way of life is under the cross, are not witnesses for the Christ whose law of life is that I must decease in order that He may increase. Not knowing the comfort of the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort in their own afflictions, they do not know how to comfort those who are in affliction. Having suffered no hardship with the gospel according to the power of God, their own hearts are not on fire for Christ and the saving of souls. Sounding brass and clanging cymbals—God have mercy on us all.

God give us more power and joy in our witnessing. But then we must take up the cross of Christ in the full spirit of surrender. When we too join the company that rejoices and is exceedingly glad when persecuted for righteousness' sake, when we too pray for those that falsely say all manner

of evil against us, when we too experience the unmixed joy that is beyond pleasure and pain, then we too have become witnesses for Christ by the grace of God.

"UNCLE SAM"

In the outskirts of the pretty little hilltop village of Mason, New Hampshire, stands today a quaint old cottage with its tiny, many-paned windows. There was born in the early days of our nation a lad by the name of Samuel Wilson, and there was spent the boyhood of a man whose physical likeness and characteristics were to symbolize the United States.

Hardly out of his teens, young Wilson sought "greener fields," and set his face westward, two hundred miles afoot over rough country, to Troy, New York. There he engaged in the the meat business. Because of his geniality, his kindliness, and his uprightness, the sobriquet "Uncle Sam" was popularly attributed to him.

During the War of 1812, Wilson associated himself with Elbert Anderson, a government contractor, and shipped large quantities of meat and other commodities from Troy to the American forces stationed in various places in the North. These shipments were marked, "E. A. U. S.," the initials of Anderson and the consignee, the United States Government.

The soldiers from Troy knew that the goods so marked were handled by Samuel Wilson, their "Uncle Sam," and jokingly spoke of the meat as "Uncle Sam's beef." This expression was quickly adopted by their fellow-soldiers, and was used by them to designate all property belonging to the United States Government as "Uncle Sam's."

The appellation has become widely used by Americans and by foreigners as symbolic of the United States. At first the symbol was a stocky figure with a kindly face, patterned after the likeness of Samuel Wilson, clad in apparel of striped trousers, high hat, and flowing coattails, similar to the civilian costume of 1812. Along about 1880, some years after the death of Abraham Lincoln, the national cartoon of "Uncle Sam" was elongated into a figure of a tall, spare old gentleman, fashioned after the gaunt, inured Lincoln.—Sunshine Magazine.

BOOM IN SHARK-FISHING

By Charles Doubleyou

An enormous increase is noted in shark fishing in California waters. In 1937, the catch totaled a mere 906,000 pounds. In 1938 it had jumped to 7,501,000 pounds. The reason? The increased market for shark-liver oil, valued, like cod-liver oil, for its vitamin content.

But the oil of its liver is not the sole reason for the pursuit and capture of this ferocious sea animal, for the shark is responsible for an industry of considerable importance. A high grade waterproof leather for footwear is made from its hide. The heads are converted into glue, while the flesh is used as food and as fertilizer.

Here in the United States, where fish of a much finer flavor are abundant and inexpensive, the flesh of the shark has not come into general use. But the preparation of certain species of shark flesh for human consumption is nevertheless a considerable industry. Salted shark flesh is exported particularly to China and parts of Africa. In especial favor among the Chinese gourmets is a soup made from dried sharks' fins. All excess of shark flesh is converted into fertilizer. The shark is scaleless, but covered with a rough, horny skin, and this, known commercially as shagreen, is used instead of sandpaper for polishing wood of a fine grain.

A myth must be destroyed about the shark. Of the 150 species found in all parts of the ocean, although sharks are most prevalent in warm regions, only a few species are of the dangerous man-killing kind. The great majority of sharks are harmless.

In size they range from the small dogfish, scarcely a foot in length, to the whale shark, often over fifty feet long. Next in size is the basking shark, found chiefly in the Arctic Ocean, and deriving its name from the fact that it is fond of basking in the sun on the surface of the water.

One of the best known of the species—the white shark—is a man-killer. This shark infests tropic seas and at times skirts the southern coast of the United States. The blue shark, named from its color, is another of the man-eating species.

A peculiar feature of the shark is its elongated snout protruding over its mouth. This forces the shark to turn nearly on its back when biting its victim. Some species of shark possess several rows of long sharp teeth, all but one of which are folded back over its jaws. And we can envy one fact about them: as each tooth wears out, another one takes its place.

The shark is not only a rapid swimmer, but a tireless swimmer. It will follow a vessel for days at a time in order to salvage the food and waste thrown off. That, apparently, is merely to obtain a change of diet, for the shark's main food is smaller fish of all kinds. Shark incur considerable damage to the food-fish supply, often following their prey into fishing nets and invariably tearing the nets while making their exit. For catching the shark itself, no mere ordinary net suffices. It is snared into huge tarred affairs, 600 yards long.

In addition to the shark industry along the California coast and off British Columbia, there is considerable shark fishing on the Florida and Gulf Coasts and sbout the Virgin Islands. The Norwegians, too, have long specialized in shark fishing.

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WAR A SCOURGE

The human race is bent on the point of not learning the most valuable lessons. People are set against learning the value of law. The average man does not believe that God has a divine moral government with laws and rewards and punishments. People push God out and do as they please.

The more important a lesson the more determined human beings are to learn it. The most deadly diseases result from people refusing to learn or obey certain physical laws. It takes a scourge to wake them up. It is precisely the same way with social scourges. War is always the result of disobeying, disregarding and despising the person and government of God. War is a scourge that should wake people up to the right kind of living. The one peace table needed in this world is the place of making peace with God, and patriotic peace terms to secure obedience to the laws of God. Wicked, self-willed, violators of God's laws will have wars. There is no hope for peace among outlaws against the divine government.

God is not a weakling. His Word is not accidental. He is good to men and has revealed enough of His laws to make mankind peaceable and prosperous, if they would exercise their freedom of choice to obey Him instead of being outlaws. But they choose disobedience and inevitably reap its results. The entire scourge of war and all other scourges result inevitably from mankind's insane choice of disobedience of God's laws.

This world should be filled with the gospel message. Every home should be a Christian home. Every child should be taught God's laws from the Bible and the unwavering, continual authority of God should be planted in every child. The Sabbath should be planted in every child. The Sabbath should be used for its real purpose, religious education, and all should learn that rewards and punishments are not accidental, but sure. The whole world should learn that the Great Commission is the best, most far-reaching, most beneficent command ever given to the human race.—The Baptist Standard.

FUN IS BASHFUL, TOO

By Ann Louise Brown

The afternon before a party, Sara thought miserably, was almost as bad as the party itself. There was no fun in discussing what you were going to wear if nobody would see you anyway, or what games you were going to play if you didn't play any of them, or who was going to be there if none of the guests would probably pay the slightest attention to you. So Sara listened to the gay, excited chatter of the six other girls gathered in Doris Leslie's pink and white room, and wished with all her heart that she, too were expecting to have a marvelous time that evening.

"Er—uh—there's just one thing I think I'd better tell you!" Doris bit her knuckle, as though she didn't know quite well how to break the news. "Mrs. Sherman's nephew is visiting her this week end and mother made me ask him to the party tonight. I never dreamed that he would accept, but—he did!"

"Mrs. Sherman's nephew!" From five throats came a wail of dismay.

"Not that frightful fellow your brother Ted went to prep school with?" demanded Martha Park.

Doris nodded her blonde head in dismal confirmation. "He's never visited her before, and why he had to pick this week end I don't know. But anyway, the nephew will be among those present, and at last we'll see Ted's pet aversion in person."

"What's the matter with him?" Maudie Taylor's family had moved to Richland only a few months before, and her dark brows raised inquiringly.

"Oh, my poor ignorant friend!" Doris clutched her forehead in mock anguish. "Unfortunately, the nephew's name is John Lester, and at prep school it seems the boys did everything according to the alphabet, even to rooming together. Well, of course, Lester and Leslie came right together and Ted was stuck with this lad for practically two years and he almost went mad. That's one of the reasons why Ted went to the state university instead of Pulliam College—so he could get away from John."

Maude still looked puzzled so Denise Philbrick took up the story. "The only time John ever lifted his nose from a text book was to ask Ted to be quiet, so he could study. Ted couldn't even bring any friends to their room, because John abhorred strangers, and of course everyone was a stranger to him since he didn't try to make friends. He'd have nervous twitters if Ted left his things lying around. Talk about a prissy! What'll we do with him tonight, Doris?"

"Well Ted's coming home for the week end, maybe he'll be an angel and take him off our hands," Doris replied. "But he won't be here until late and in the meantime—." Sara found that Doris was looking straight at her. "I sort of thought maybe Sara might come to the rescue. You see, Sara, you like to read a lot, and you're smarter than the rest of us, and you don't care much for parties anyway. Probably you and he'll get on famously together, and. . .," her voice trailed away uncertainly.

Hurt pride and resentment surged up in Sara's heart. So Doris thought they'd get on famously together, because they were both dull and tire-

some. She might as well have said it, since that, of course, was what she meant.

"Do my best!" Sara strove to keep her voice nonchalant as she jerked on her green plaid jacket and crammed her beret over her brown curls. "I must be dashing along. See you tonight."

As soon as the front door closed behind her, Sara let the smile slide from her lips. Not one of the other girls would have premitted the nephew to be pushed off on her at the party, but shy, nondescript little Sara Hollister was expected to spend the whole evening trying to entertain a postive blight! What if she did have a perfectly perfect new yellow chiffon to wear? What if her sister-in-law, were going to fix her hair in a new way that she'd learned? The evening was ruined before it had begun.

With indifferent eyes she watched Jean deftly arrange her hair in clusters of curls. "Now we'll perch this blue velvet bow on top of your head," Jean announced, "and there you are! You look just too ador—. Why Sara. what's the matter?"

The tears which she had been blinking back began to trickle down Sara's cheeks, and between gulps she poured out the whole story of Mrs. Sherman's nephew.

"Stop that crying at once," Jean commanded sternly, "And go douse your face with cold water, so it won't look blotchy, and then listen to me. The only thing wrong with that boy is bashfulness. All this studying is just a defense mechanism, as the psychologists say. He pretends to be absorbed in his books because he's afraid to meet people. You may be sorry for yourself, but the one I'm sorry for is the nephew!"

She met Sara's startled brown eyes and continued quickly, "Why Sara, he's ten times more bashful than you are, so he must be dreading this party ten times more. It won't be easy for him when he arrives, either, if Doris has prepared everyone to think he's utterly impossible. Haven't you an ounce of pity for him?"

Sara looked doubtful, and Jean went on to paint the picture of a miserable young man, pacing the floor of his room, panic stricken at the thought of meeting numerous strange boys and girls, watching the clock tick its way toward his approaching ordeal. By the time she had finished Sara's ready sympathy had been won.

"I suppose I could try to be especially friendly toward him," she said slowly. "After all, I didn't expect to have much fun tonight anyway. I never do at parties. I could ask him about Pulliam, since I'll be going there next year. If you really think he feels so badly—."

"That's the spirit!" Jean cried approvingly. Hooray for Sara! That boy will bless you forever, if I'm not mistaken. Now why don't you and your mother stroll over to Mrs. Sherman's with some jam or something, and then you and the nephew can go to Doris' together. He'd feel a lot better if he could arrive with someone."

Half an hour later, when Mrs Sherman gestured toward the tall young man beside her and said, "This is my nephew," Sara stared in surprise. In no way did he resemble the person she'd conjured up in her mind's eye. His straight, broad shoulders didn't look as if they could have been hunched continually over textbooks, and the

deep tan on his face showed that he must spend a good deal of time out-of-doors, although that was an odd place to study. Only his glasses gave him an academic look.

He acknowledged the introductions pleasantly enough, but the distressed expression in his blue eyes and the faint frown on his forehead showed that he wasn't looking forward to the evening. Sara's heart warmed toward him. His obvious unhappiness made her resolve to be even kinder than she'd intended.

"It's a lovely evening," she said brightly, as they set off down the walk.

"Wonderful," he answered tersely, and the topic of weather dropped. Sara's brow puckered. He was going to be difficult.

"Are you enjoying your visit with your aunt?" she asked next.

"I didn't come here to enjoy myself," he replied grimly. "I wanted to get away from all the interruptions of school and put in three days good, solid studying for some exams that are coming up."

"Oh, I'm sure you'll have no trouble with them," Sara encouraged. "I suppose you've been studying diligently all semester."

"Well, I've been having a little trouble with my eyes and I couldn't do much reading," he confided. "However, they're vastly improved and I'm going to discard these spectacles next month, thank goodness. But I fell behind in my work because of that." He took the glasses off and put them in his pocket.

Conversation, thought Sara gratefully, wasn't going to be too hard, after all, and she said quickly, "I suppose you strained your eyes studying so much, didn't you?"

"I hardly think so," he smiled faintly. "It was more the result of being hit by a tennis ball when I wasn't looking."

At once Sara visualized him, ambling along absorbed in contemplating Chaucer or the Einstein theory or something equally deep, never knowing that he was within miles of a tennis court. "What a shame!" she murmured, and once again they walked in silence, while Sara racked her brain for a new subject to introduce.

She had just decided to begin on Pulliam College when he said apologetically, "I'm afraid I'm sort of dull this evening. I can't help but feel that I ought to be studying instead of going to a party, but my aunt insisted."

"Oh, I understand just how you feel," Sara declared, with such emphasis that he looked down at her inquiringly, and Sara decided immediately that the time had come to put him at ease. "I'm terribly bashful myself, and I know what it's like to stand around at parties with nobody paying any attention to you, and you don't know how to get into the games or the conversation. I always come home vowing I'll never go to another."

The nephew appeared to have some difficulty in finding a reply. "I—I guess there's nothing worse than being shy," he stammered.

"I suppose I don't have to tell you anything about the agonies of shyness," Sara went on. "That's why I'm here. My sister-in-law, Jean, said, "Well, Sara, if you're dreading the party, imagine that poor nephew of Mrs. Sherman's. He's probably terrified!"

The boy blinked in astonishment. "Whatever in the world made her think that?" he demanded.

"Oh, I told her about you," Sara an-

swered. "Jean made me realize that I was the only person who could appreciate how you were feeling, and that it was up to me to help you out"

He uttered a strange sound that started off like a chuckle and wound up as a cough. "Good of you to take me under your wing," he choked. "You are going to bolster me up, as it were?"

Sara nodded happily. "It's not so bad being left out of things if you can be left out with someone else. Don't think I'm doing you a favor. I'm delighted to have someone to talk to at the party. By the way, would you mind if I called you "John?"

"John!" he exclaimed, and emitted his curious cough again. "I begin to—I mean, no—no, not at all, if you'd like to."

Then, as they rounded the corner, Sara stopped short and gestured toward a brightly lighted house. "We're almost there. Now, chin up! And remember that the longest party can't last forever!"

With exaggerated bravado her companion threw back his shoulders, and to the tune of "Pomp and Circumstance" hummed under his breath, they marched to the Leslies' front door.

From the expressions on the faces of Doris and the other girls when she presented "Mrs. Sherman's nephew" Sara could see that they were as amazed as she had been by the appearance of Ted Lester's erstwhile thorn-in-the-flesh. "I've heard so much about you," said Doris cordially, with a mischievous glance toward her other guests. "You won't mind if we call you 'John' right away ,will you?"

Again a fleeting smile appeared. "Why, no. As a matter of fact I've always rather liked the name."

Sara saw Doris exchange another glance with Denise and Maudie, which said plainly, "Wouldn't you know he'd say something like that?"

One by one the guests were brought up to meet Mrs. Sherman's nephew, then went away to form laughing, chattering groups about the room, and Sara abandoned the feeble hope that someone might include them in the fun. "Come on;" she said abruptly. If she had to entertain Mrs Sherman's impossible nephew all evening, she certainly wasn't going to have everyone watching them with amused pity.

Obediently the nephew followed her into the Leslie's small, book-lined study, and immediately busied himself prodding the fireplace into activity. When he had stirred up a cheery blaze he sat down opposite her and said, "I've always loved an open fire. Why, when I was a Boy Scout—."

Sara pricked up her ears at this unexpected, out-doors-y side of his nature and she plied him with questions. He sounded as though he must have been quite an average small boy, and she began to wonder if Ted Leslie had grossly exaggerated his roommate's faults.

From childhood anecdotes they progressed to their current what-I-am-going - to - do - when - I'm - through - school ambitions. Sara was a bit disappointed to learn that he intended to be anything as dull as a chemist sounded, but she made a few polite inquiries and then sat back, spellbound. Laboratories and test tubes and formulas became as exciting as a jungle safari under his enthusiastic tongue and she hoped earnestly that she could remember all he said.

To her delight he considered her desire to become an architect equally

impressive. In fact, they had quite a heated argument over the relative merits of brick and frame houses, which ended up by their agreeing with each other, and the arguement would have begun all over again if Sara hadn't laughed.

"In spite of a small difference of opinion, we seem to be getting on famously, and a smile flickered at the corners of Sara's lips because that was so exactly what Doris had said. Only he wasn't tiresome and boring at all, and apparently he didn't find her so either. "I didn't know bashful people were such good conversationalists," he teased.

"Oh, it's only because I know you're bashful, too," Sara answered quickly. "That's why I told you I was. It puts us at ease with each other."

He nodded gravely, then said, "Much as I'm enjoying myself, don't you think we'd better be getting back to the party? They'll be wondering where we are, won't they?"

"I hardly think so," Sara assured him dryly. "I usually make myself scarce at a party, and nobody has missed me yet."

The nephew surveyed her curiously. "You mean that you always run off and hide?"

"Well, it's better than staying and trying to look as though sitting by yourself in some obscure corner were just too jolly!" Sara defended herself. "The rest of them may have a wonderful time at parties, but I certainly don't."

"And yet you said that the reason that we got on so well together was because you knew that I was shy, and that put you at your ease." The nephew regarded her with a quizzical expression.

"What's that got to do with having fun at a party?" questioned Sara, puzzled.

"But don't you see, Sara, that fun is a bashful little creature, too?" he replied. "Fun never comes seeking you out; you have to go half way to meet it. Often you even have to make it yourself. That's the only difference between you and the rest. They come to a party wanting to have fun and expecting to have fun and ready to do their part toward having fun. You never arrive with that attitude, do you?"

Sara knit her brows, trying to see what he meant underneath his whimsy. "No, I suppose I wait for the fun to come to me, and it doesn't. But I have had fun talking to you."

"That's exactly it," he cried enthusiastically. "You thought I was bashful, so you went out of your way to encourage me. That's what you must do with fun. Just as an experiment, let's both walk into that living room as if we expected to have the best time we'd ever had."

Slowly Sara got to her feet, the frown still lingering on her forehead, and the nephew said reprovingly, "Your expression is all wrong, Sara. If you really expect to have a wonderful time you'd be laughing. So laugh!"

"Laugh!" echoed Sara. "You mean just start in and laugh?"

Apparently that was just what he did mean, and Sara, feeling sillier than she ever had before, forced herself to giggle feebly. "Harder!" he commanded, and Sara desperately strove to achieve a regular guffaw. Suddenly, when they were half way across the hall, the nephew threw back his head and began to chuckle, and Sara discovered that she was

laughing in earnest now, because the thought of two people spliting their sides over nothing at all was decidely ridiculous. When she brushed the tears of mirth from her eyes they were in the living room and she noticed, to her dismay, that everyone was staring at them. In fact, several of the boys and girls were drifting toward them.

"What's the joke?" demanded Art Prior, who had never directly addressed Sara before during their three and-a-half high school years.

Sara threw a helpless glance at her companion and he replied easily, "Oh, nothing!" and began to chuckle again. It was easier to laugh, too, than try to think of an explanation for their mirth so Sara resumed her giggling. The nephew had what probably should have been described as an infectious laugh, and one by one the crowd joined him, a little uncertain at first, then with added volume.

"Pertty good, considering that we started from scratch," the nephew muttered in Sara's ear. "I've seen that done in front of an audience and it always goes over. Now it's your turn to think of a stunt for us to do."

Never had Sara dreamed that she would be capable of thinking up a "stunt," but from some pre-kindergarden recess of her mind she recalled "Peas Porridge Hot," and with a dogged determination not to fail the nephew, she slowly began the chant. To her utter, incredulous delight, two or three couples joined in, and the next second everyone was merrily bellowing out the verse and the room was a jumble of flying hands. It was worth stinging palms and a hoarse throat just to be a part of the crowd.

Then Doris proposed they play "Indications," which turned out to be charades with a few new rules, and to Sara's amazement Art Prior, president of the student body, and Dick Ryan, captain of the baseball team, had quite a discussion as to whose side Sara was to join.

"My gracious, this is the first time anybody even cared whether I played or not," she murmured to the nephew. He shook his head as though he couldn't fathom her sudden popularity, and didn't mention that probably never before at a party had Sara's cheeks been flushed with excitement, or her eyes sparkling with joy, or her hair becomingly disheveled.

From that they progressed to ping pong and Twenty Questions, Chinker-Chek and anagrams, and Sara confessed to the nephew that she'd begun to regret those other parties, during which she'd stayed in the library. "But of course, I'd never have come in here if it hadn't been for you," she added.

"Just proves what I said," he returned. "You have to go after fun; it won't ferret you out. Wonder what's next on the program?"

They never found out, for at that moment into the driveway swung a car, its horn tooting a noisy halloo, and by the time everyone reached the hall the front door was flung open and there stood Ted Leslie, crying, "Bring on the food! I'm starved!"

As soon as the hubbub of greeting had subsided Doris announced with an impish twinkle, "We have a special added attraction for you, Teddy. Mrs. Sherman's nephew's visiting her and I asked him to the party." She gestured toward the boy beside Sara. "You remember John Lester, your old schoolmate?"

"Certainly I remember John Lester," Ted replied, and to everyone's bewilderment he extended a cordial hand

and said, "You must be Bart. Nice to meet socially before we start tackling each other next fall. From what I hear you'll probably be All American before you finish at Pulliam."

"Sheer flattery," the nephew grinned. "Our coach says you're the man to look out for."

"Bart! Football! All-American!" Doris gasped. "What are you talking about, Teddy?"

"I'm talking about this young Lochinvar who's come out of the west—California, wasn't it, Bart?—to put Pulliam's football team on the map," Ted replied. "He's John Lester's cousin."

"But you said your name was John!" came from Doris and Sara in aghast chorus.

"No! You're wrong!" the nephew retorted. "If you'll recall, you each asked if I minded if you called me John. Well, John is a good, plain, upright sort of name, and if you girls wanted to call me that I saw no reason to object."

"But you must have known we thought you were—." Sara broke off and dashed for the kitchen, tears of mortification stinging in her eyes. Telling him how she sympathized with him! Confiding in him! Being nice to him! She laid her scorching cheek against the cool wall and wondered if she'd ever live long enough to forget how ridiculous she'd been.

From the living room there came a burst of laughter, and as Sara raised her head she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror over the sink.

"You'll have to admit John—or Bart, was right," she addressed her reflection. "There's no fun to be had out here; it's all in the living room. If you weren't such a goose you'd go in there and laugh with the rest of them over the mistake. You certainly don't want the nephew to think you're too stupid to profit by the lesson he taught you, do you? Well, then, come on!"

As she turned the door swung open and Sara gazed into the nephew's contrite eyes. "I was just coming back," she said almost guiltily. "You see, I realize that you were right about fun, even though you should be ashamed of yourself for deceiving me."

"Oh, Sara, when I finally realized you'd gotten us cousins mixed it was too late to tell you," the nephew protested. "You'd have gone right into your shell and never come out, and I—I wanted to be friends. Please won't you pretend I'm still shy, so we can have fun again?"

For a second Sara looked doubtful, but the sight of his anxious face made her relent. "All right," she agreed gaily. "We'll call ourselves The Bashful Club—you, me, and fun!"

And once again, laughing at their own private joke, they entered the living room and joined the others.

Happiness cannot be found by looking for it. But it has a way of slipping quietly into our heart when we are hunting happiness for others.—Exchange.

FISHY FACTS

By John V. Hicks

Most of us, at some time or another, have had to stand by and listen to a "fish story." A friend of ours has been fishing, and with both arms extended to their utmost he recounts his adventures with "the one that got away."

We listen to his little flight of fancy with an inward smile, dismissing it as harmlessly fictitious. But there are some queer quirks in the fish world itself which lead us to believe that truth is indeed even stranger than fiction.

Fish that build nests, fish that sit on their eggs like birds, fish that go to the saw-mill, fish that crawl overland on their fins, fish with two sets of eyes and fish with no eyes at all. Does it sound fishy? Well, this time it's true.

The double-eye fish is a tropical American one. It swims close to the surface of the water, with the upper eyes just protruding. The lower ones remain submurged and cover the underwater territory.

In contrast to this strangely useful asrangement, there are certain deep sea fish with no eyes. They live close to the ocean floor, and no light ever reaches them. Fish without eyes are also to be found in fresh water—in deep subterranean caves in Kentucky.

Mr. Stickleback is the nest builder. He gathers bits of fibre and weaves them into a fabric with his mouth. If any of the pieces are light enough to be in danger of floating away, he fetches a mouthful of sand with which to weigh them down. When the nest is ready he coats it with his own brand of homemade cement, and then burrows a hole so that the female stickleback may pass through and deposit her eggs.

The male stickleback, so named from the sharp spines he carries on his back, is really a remarkable little fellow. He not only keeps watch over the eggs, guarding them from marauders many times his size, but after they are hatched he looks after the youngsters expertly. They are a rather unruly lot, with absolutely no sense of danger, and he frequently carries them back home in his mouth in much the same manner as a mother cat carries her kittens to safety in a different place.

The handsome family of "chromids" are found in the tropics of this continent, as well as in Africa. Here again the male fish builds a nest, but he goes one better than the stickleback by sitting on the eggs until they are hatched.

The homely old catfish, with his ugly whiskers, has an adventurous streak in his makeup. One member of the catfish family, known as the mud cat, makes a practice of creeping into hallow logs. Sometimes, unfortunately, he is unable to get out again, and he has been known to come to light after a log has gone through the saw-mill.

The common perch has a cousin in India who frequently has to go and hunt his own water. When his stream or pond runs dry, he climbs up the bank and sets out overland looking for another. This "climbing perch" is equipped with two remarkable devices. One is a set of tough under-fins with

which to crawl along the ground, and the other is a special water tank inside the mouth which enables him to keep his gills moist for breathing.

Now that we have our fish walking, it isn't more than a step or so to climbing a ladder. And sure enough, up pops a well-known specimen who will do the trick for us. It is a story that never loses interest, even though repeated often.

Everyone knows the romantic story of the salmon. How the young fishes rush down-river to the sea, and then, months later, begin to long for the old river home. Back they go, fighting the current, leaping over obstacles—even conquering waterfalls—in their determination to get back to the head of their native river and lay their eggs there.

A salmon can leap six or eight feet out of the water with ease. But where the ascent is likely to be particularly difficult, people often build salmon ladders for the fish to use. These are made either of wood or stone, rather more like a very gradual staircase than an upright ladder. The salmon are expert climbers, and readily take advantage of this bit of encouragement. They are so strong that they need rest only for a moment as they go springing from side to side up the steps.

So next time somebody tries a "fish story" on you, cap it with the true story of a fish.

AMERICA

"To me America is definitely more than an aggregate of 130,000,000 people; to me America is all that the submerged races of the world wish to be and cannot; to me America is the concrete realization of what the ages have hoped for and labored for.

"It is a definition. It is a creed. It is a challenge. God built a continent of glory and filled it with soft rolling prairies and pillared it with thundering mountains. He studded it with soft flowing fountains and traced it with long winding streams. He graced it with deep shadowed forests and filled them with song.

"Then he called unto a thousand peoples and summoned the bravest among them. They came from the ends of the earth, each bearing a gift and a hope. The glory of adventure was in their eyes and the glory of hope within their souls. And out of the labor of men and the bounty of earth, out of the prayers of men and the hopes of the world; God fashioned a nation in love, blessed it with a purpose sublime, and called it 'America!' "—Christian Advocate.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Charles Davis, of Concord, called at The Uplift office the other day. Although his visit was brief, our friend Charlie made himself pretty solid with the boys in the printing department by treating them to refreshing drinks, they all agreeing that he was a regular fellow.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Shuford, of Brevard, visited the School on Friday of last week. Mr. Shuford, whose father is sheriff of Transylvania county, brought a boy for admission to the School. While here, he and his wife, accompanied by Superintendent Boger, visited the various departments of the institution.

—o—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending June 30, 1940, as follows:

First Grade—George Tolson, highest general average and most improvement; Second Grade—Arnold McHone and James Mondie, best in letter writing; Third Grade—Arlie Scism, highest average, and Paul Dockery, best worker; Fourth Grade—Robert Bryson, John Deaton, Woodrow Hager and Frank Glover, highest general average; Fifth Grade—J. P. Sutton, most improvement in arithmetic; Sixth Grade—Gilbert Hogan and O. D. Talbert, best in science test; Seventh Grade—Joseph Wheeler, best in civic test.

—o—

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. After Making the opening prayer and leading the boys in reading responsively Proverbs 2: 13-26, he presented Mr. George Naff, a student at Emory University, as the speaker of the afternoon.

At the beginning of his remarks, Mr. Naff told the boys they should be very careful in choosing their friends. He pointed out that experts in various line, photography, art, literature, architecture, etc., look at things, each one from a different angle. While they are all experts, they think only of one thing, each in his own particular line.

It is far different when it comes to choosing friends, said Mr. Naff, Whether we are conscious of it or not, we are constantly looking at other people, trying to do the same things we see them doing, therefore, it is necessary that we be very careful in selecting our friends. We should try to emulate those who are doing the right kind of things.

Mr. Naff then stated that while it was very important that we look other people over carefully, it was far more important for us to size up ourselves. Many folks think of themselves and make up their minds that they are really good, and sometimes they are rudely awakened upon realizing their shortcomings. We should be able to look at ourselves and tell what we really are.

The speaker continued by saying that when God looks down upon us, He looks through all decorations, right into our hearts, and sees what we are, and expects us to do the same thing for ourselves.

Mr. Naff then told the story of a boy of his acquaintance who went

through grammar school, high school and college, determined to make his letter in football. He was very small in stature, quite tall and weighed but 125 pounds. He had his heart set on winning his letter, and each year when the call for candidates was issued by the coach, he was among the first to respond. Being so tall and light, his appearance evoked much ridicule from the other players, but the little fellow made up his mind not to pay any attention to their jokes. In his sophomore year at high school, his efforts were rewarded, and he made the team. He played center and made more tackles than any other player on the team. The same thing happened when he went to college. This little fellow, in sizing himself up, did not try to kid himself that he weighed 150 pounds instead of 125, but resolved to make the best possible use of his 125 pounds.

In conclusion, Mr. Naff made the statement that if any boy really wants to be somebody and do something worthwhile, he can do it. All he needs to do is to remember that God has given us certain talents and asks us to do our best at all times, and if we will only let our lives be guided by that plan, success is ours.

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY"

F. Donald Phillips, superior court judge, has honored a petition of Rowan county citizens declaring that "Sunday automobile races are a common and public nuisance." An injunction was issued forbidding the races to be held on Sunday at Maple Grove, and cited the operators to appear before his court at Asheboro on June 26 to show cause why the restraining order should not be made permanent. Judge Phillips has sensed the opinion of the God-fearing people of the community affected and brings to mind the injunction to "Remember the Sabbath Day." There are often many arguments favoring all sports for Sunday recreation, but to our mind the Law of the Almighty has been violated to an extreme and the Sunday crowds that gather about these places of festivities could better serve their country and community by more moderate diversions. The Enterprise does not approve Sunday sports, picture shows, baseball, etc., any more than it does automobile races.

—Mooresville Enterprise.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—JUNE

(NOTE: The figure following name indicates the number of times boy has been on the Honor Roll since January 1, 1940.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Cecil Ashley 6
Mack Bell 6
Aldine Duggins 4
Robert Hampton 4
J. W. Jones 4
Marshall Pace 4
Jack Reeves 2
George Tolson 6
Floyd Williams 4
J. C. Willis 3

—B—

Roy Barnett 3
Leonard Dawn 5
Olin Langford 4
Max Newsome 3
Charles Steepleton 2
John Reep 4
David Wiliams 3

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Velda Denning 3
Hardy Lanier 5
Harold O'Dear 4
Wallace Woody 4

—B—

J. C. Allen 3
John Bailey 3
Paul Godwin 3
Peter Jones 3
Milton Koontz 4
Alfred Lamb 6
John Maples 3
Arnold McHone 4
John Whitaker 4

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Raymond Anderson 4
William Jerrell 4
Burman Keller 4
Hugh Kennedy 6
Arlie Scism 4
William T. Smith 6
Edd Woody 6

—B—

Paul Dockery 3
Ralph Fisher
Robert Gaines 2
Lacy Green 3
James Johnson
Richard Starnes 2
J. R. Whitman 2
Joseph Woody 5

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Bryson 5
William Deaton 4
Frank Glover 3
Woodrow Hager 4
Horace Journigan 2
Woodrow Wilson 4

—B—

Jay Brannock 5
Howard Devlin
William Goins 3
Osper Howell 3
Samuel Kirksey 4
Mark Jones 2
Thomas King 2
William Lowe
Franklin Lyles 3
Ronald Washam 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Ray Hamby 4
Vincent Hawes 5
William Padrick 4
Eulice Rogers 3
J. P. Sutton 4

—B—

Homer Bass 3
Edward Batten 2
Ray Bayne 4
Columbus Hamilton 4
Edward Johnson 5
Edward Murray 3
Theodore Rector 3
John Tolbert 3
Hubert Walker 4
Dewey Ware 3

Jack West 3
J. C. Wilson 2

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Harold Donaldson 2
George Duncan 2
Gilbert Hogan
Jack Mathis 3
Douglas Matthews 3
Brown Stanley 4

—B—

Lewis Andrews 3
Bennie Austin 2
John H. Averitte
Harold Bryson 2
Jack Cline 3
Lewis Donaldson 3
Donald Earnhardt 2
Henry Ennis 2
Max Evans 3
Samuel Everidge
William Furches 3
Henry Glover 2
Porter Holder 5
Lyman Johnson
Frank Johnston 2
Joseph Linville
Roberts Maples 5
Clay Mize
Claude Moose 2
Calvin McCoyle 2
J. W. McRorrie 3
James Quick
John Robbins
Ralph Sorrells 4
O. D. Talbert 5
Arvel Ward 3
Marshall White
Preston Wilbourne 2
William Wood 3

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 3
John Kirkman 2
Floyd Lane 3
Charles McGowan
Thomas Oxendine 3
John C. Robertson 4
Edward Warnock 3
Henry Ziegler

—B—

Richard Baumgarner 2
Wade Cline 3
Frank Cotter 5
Wilbur Hardin 4
James M. Hare
Bruce Link 4
Thomas Wilson

———o———

PEACE

Redeeming Lord, Who bade the tempest cease
And all the wildly-tossing waves be still,
Let now Thy voice be heard above the shrill
And awful storms that on the world increase,
And over lovely, peaceful lands release
The searing lighting striking low to kill
Defenceless men and human blood to spill,
We need Thy voice to speak the world of peace.
The world awaits again with eager ear
And eyes that search the blackness of the night
Thy voice across this waste of darkness dear,
Thy presence as a bright and shining light.
And let the warring world obey Thy will.
Rebuke once more this tempest: "Peace, be still;"
And let the warring world obey Thy will.

—John D. M. Brown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending July 7, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) William Drye 3
(2) Noah J. Green 5
(6) James Hodges 6
(6) Leon Hollifield 6
(6) Edward Johnson 6
(6) Robert Maples 6
(6) Frank May 6
(4) Mack McQuaigue 5
(6) Jack Warren 6
(6) Welden H. Warren 6
(6) J. C. Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 1

Everett Case 2
(3) Charles Cole 3
Howard Cox 4
Ralph Harris
Porter Holder 2
(3) Carl Hooker 4
Burman Keller 3
(4) Clay Mize 5
(6) Arlie Scism 6
(6) Edward Warnock 6
(5) Everett Watts 5

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) Bennie Austin 5
John D. Davis 3
(2) Forest McEntire 4
(5) Donald McFee 5
Nick Rochester 4
(6) William Shaw 6
Arna Wallace 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(6) Lewis Andrews 6
(4) Earl Barnes 5
(3) Clyde Barnwell 5
(2) Bruce Hawkins 3
(2) Douglas Matthews 4
(2) William Matthewson 4
(4) John C. Robertson 5
(4) George Shaver 4
(6) William Sims 6
(2) William T. Smith 4
(2) Harrison Stilwell 4
(2) John Tolley 4
(2) Jerome Wiggins 5

COTTAGE No. 4

(5) Plummer Boyd 5
(6) Paul Briggs 6
(2) Quentin Crittenton 2
(2) Lewis Donaldson 4
Arthur Edmondson 2
(5) Paul Godwin 5
Gilbert Hogan 2
Ivan Morrozoff 5
J. W. McRorrie 4
J. C. Nance 4
(2) Oakley Walker 2
(6) Melvin Walters 6
Richard Wiggins
Samuel Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 5

(6) Theodore Bowles 6
(5) Collett Cantor 5
(6) Harold Donaldson 6
(4) Monroe Flinchum 5
(2) Ray Hamby 4
(2) Charles Hayes 2
(4) Sidney Knighting 5
James Massey 3
Herbert McGee 3
(6) J. C. Reinhardt 6
Richard Starnes

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 2
Fletcher Castlebury 2
(2) Robert Dunning 2
Winley Jones 2
(2) Harry Lewis 2
John Maples 2
Melvin Stines
Joseph Tucker 2
William Wilson 2
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) Carl Breece 4
(3) Paul Dockery 5
(6) Donald Earnhardt 6
(5) George Green 5
J. B. Hensley 2
(3) Roy Helms 4
Raymond Hughes 3

(5) Robert Hampton 5
(6) Richard Halker 6
(3) Lyman Johnson 3
(6) Robert Lawrence 6
(3) Charles McGowan 4
(6) Elmer Maples 6
(4) Arnold McHone 5
Ernest Overcash 3
Marshall Pace 2
(3) Carl Ray 4
(6) Joseph Wheeler 6
(3) Edd Woody 4
William R. Young 4

COTTAGE No. 8

(6) Reid Beheler 6
(6) Jack Hamilton 6
(4) Edward J. Lucas 4
(4) James Quick 4
(3) Frank Workman 3

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Mack Bell 5
(6) Roy Butner 6
David Cunningham
James Davis
George Gaddy 3
(6) Frank Glover 6
(6) Wilbur Hardin 6
(2) Osper Howell 5
(4) Mark Jones 5
Daniel Kilpatrick 3
Alfred Lamb
(6) Harold O'Dear 6
Lonnie Roberts 3
Thomas Sands 3
Preston Wilbourne 5

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

(6) John Benson 6
(4) Harold Bryson 5
(3) Ralph Fisher 3
Robert Goldsmith 3
(3) Peter Jones 3
Fred Jones 2
(6) Fred Owens 6
(6) Theodore Rector 6
(2) Thomas Turner 5
(4) N. C. Webb 4

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Odell Almond 5
(2) Ernest Brewer 4
(6) Jay Brannock 6
(3) William Broadwell 5
(3) William Davis 5
(6) William Deaton 6
Treley Frankum
(3) Woodrow Hager 5
(3) Hubert Holloway 4
(3) Richard Honeycutt 5
(6) Frank Johnston 6
(3) Tillman Lyles 5
(3) Clarence Mayton 4
(3) James Mondie 5
(5) James Puckett 5
Howard Sanders 4
Charles Simpson
(3) Robah Sink 5
Brice Thomas 2
(3) George Tolson 5
(6) Carl Tyndall 6
(3) J. R. Whitman 4
(3) Eugene Watts 5

COTTAGE No. 13

Wilson Bailiff
(6) James Brewer 6
Frank Cotter 2
Charles Gaddy
William Goins
Merritt Gibson
(4) William Griffin 5
(6) Vincent Hawes 6
(4) James Lane 5
Jack Mathis 2
(4) Jordan McIver 5
Melvin Roland
(3) Marshall White 3

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Raymond Andrews 4
(3) John Baker 4
(3) John Church 3
(6) Mack Coggins 6
(6) Robert Deyton 6
(6) Audie Farthing 6
(3) Henry Glover 3
(4) Troy Gilland 4
(6) William Harding 6
(4) John Hamm 5
(4) John Kirkman 5
(6) Marvin King 6
(2) Feldman Lane 5
(2) Norvell Murphy 5
(3) Henry McGraw 4
(3) John Robbins 5
John Reep 3
(3) Charles Steepleton 4
J. D. Webster 3
(5) Wallace Woody 5
(5) Jones Watson 5
(3) Jack West 3

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Jennings Britt 5
(4) Albert Hayes 5
(6) Beamon Heath 6
(6) Fred McGlammery 6
(6) J. P. Sutton 6
(4) Calvin Tessneer 5

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) George Duncan 5
(6) Philip Holmes 6
Redmond Lawry 4
(6) John T. Lawry 6
(3) Earl Oxendine 4
Wiliam Williams 2
(3) Thomas Wilson 3

THIS IS BAD

It is disagreeable to face the fact but our present day youngster who enters into the world of business, has a belief that is distasteful to us, though there are those oldsters who agree with the youth. According to a recent poll, there is found that 80 per cent of our American youth figures that knowing the right people is more important than in doing a job well. They believe, 80 per cent of them, that it isn't their ability that will win for them but the importance of the people they know will give them what they seek. This is a question that has been discussed and unfortunately the solution has been in favor of "knowing the right people." In other words, it is the amount of pull that you have. The poll of opinion regarding this matter was not taken of the views of the older heads but we are fearful that the percentage would be high on the same side. How many times you have seen a chap well-fitted for a position give way to a less capable boy because of matters of political indebtedness, relationship, or money backing. We are sure that there is still opportunity for the boy who can go from the bottom to the top, for success has not gone with the wind and ability is not lost in the modern survival. We must not encourage our children to believe this about influence over true worth, of pull over push. That would be to admit defeat for our youth and would signify throwing up our hands in resignation against fate.—Selected.

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R. H. Graham
Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII COL NO. 29

(Orange County)

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IN MY GARDEN

When God gave me life, He planted a seed
In my heart which He wanted to grow.
He nurtured it well and watered it with love,
And is watching to see how it will grow.
Have I tended it well with goodness and love,
And guarded that seed in my heart?
Have I sheltered it from that un-Christian life
Which crowds out that seed from my heart?
God knows my weakness and grants me His grace
Each day with the coming of dawn.
He helps me and shows me the way I should take
To help that seed be born.
So I'll strive with my might to do what is right
And help that seed along.

—Mildred Kuhnle.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

YOUR JOB

Wherever you're working—in office or shop,
  And however far you may be from the top—
And though you may think you're just treading the mill,
  Don't ever belittle the job that you fill;
For however little your job may appear—
  You're just as important as some little gear
That meshes with others in some big machine,
  That helps keep it going—though never is seen.

They could do without you—we'll have to admit—
  But business keeps on, when the big fellows quit!
And always remember, my lad, if you can,
  The job's more important—(oh yes)—than the man!
So if it's your hope to stay off the shelf,
  Think more of your job than you do of yourself.

Your job is important—don't think it is not—
  So try hard to give it the best that you've got!
And don't think ever you're of little account—
  Remember, you're part of the total amount.
If they didn't need you, you wouldn't be there—
  So, always, my lad, keep your chin in the air.
A digger of ditches, mechanic, or clerk—
  Think well of your company, yourself, and your work!

—Author Unknown.

—o—

MEETING OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The July meeting of the Board of Trustees of Stonewall Jackson Training School, held on July 11th, was splendidly attended, only one member being absent. Those present were: Chairman L. T. Hartsell, L. D. Coltrane and A. R. Howard, Concord; Herman Cone, Greensboro; Paul C. Whitlock, Charlotte; O. C. Bruton, Mt. Gilead; Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham; Mrs. R. O. Everett, Durham;

Mrs. W. C. Hammer, Asheboro; and Mrs. George E. Marshall, Mt. Airy.

The regular routine of activities for the past three months was reviewed. Attention was called to the improvements made recently in the Superintendent's office, infirmary and library, also the gift of handsome stage curtains for the auditorium. The proposed budget for the coming biennium was seriously reviewed and approved. This meeting was one of the best in attendance and all discussion were most harmonious.

* * * * * * * *

NO PLACE

North Carolina is one of the most forward looking states in the Union so far as child welfare is concerned and yet there is one class of dependent childhood that is completely unprovided for. The child with an intelligence quotient of from 65 to 75 has no place to go and no provision has been made for it. That is the child who is too dull to acquire a grammar school education. No orphanage will accept him and the state has made no provision whatever for him. There is no telling how many of these children there are in the state. Some of them are not dependent at all. They are members of self-supporting families and attend school only to repeat grade after grade. But there are many who are dependent and utterly neglected. We do not blame the orphanages for their refusual to accept these mentally deficient children but we have no praise for Christian orphanages for it. If Christianity means helping the most dependent, then it should reach this class. These are among the most needy and certainly the most neglected group in the state. The feeble minded are cared for at Caswell and elsewhere; the incorrigible have a place at one of our training schools; the bright orphahn can find a home in one of the orphanges of the state but no one cares for or has made the least provision for the good, law-abiding, dull child. We have an idea that the Christian orphanages cannot hide behind the statement that "we have no provision for that type" much longer. These dull children are the unloved, uncared for, unwanted children and no provision has been made for them. These things ought not to be.—Charity and Children.

PREPAREDNESS

The most discussed subject today, pro and con, is preparedness. The significance of the term means adequate army and navy forces to meet emergencies in case of invasion of our nation by an enemy. All wise-thinking people who love and honor the Stars and Stripes, the symbol of liberty, are thoroughly in accord with the program submitted by our leaders for the defense of our country.

Conditions in the war-stricken countries of Europe have made our people conscious of the need of adequate defense in navy, army and armaments, so there is every assurance the government will make our nation secure from foreign invasion.

There are other sources of preparedness to be considered if our program of national defense is complete. Conservation should be the watchword of every home. Every housewife should be thrifty enough to conserve the fruits, vegetables and other products of the soil so as to supply a well-filled store room. We have been so accustomed to living in the land of plenty until people have departed from the old system of canning, preserving, pickling, curing meats and doing many other things that will aid materially in keeping the wolf from the door during emergencies. This country is truly a land "flowing with milk and honey" and there will never be a shortage of food if each home has a well-stocked larder.

A complete program of preparedness means the co-operation of the people at large, a conservation of food stuff, as well as adequate army and navy made possible by the government for defense.

* * * * * * * *

RELIGION THE MOTHER OF EDUCATION

This article taken from "Charity & Children" tells the value of Christian religion taught in the churches, homes and schools of all grades. This contribution was written by R. E. Bell in "News and Views:"

Religion is the mother of higher education in America. "In the development of education the church has been the John the Baptist. The great education movements and the development

of colleges and universities began through the direct influence of the ministry. Harvard, Yale, Notre Dame, Brown, Chicago, Temple, the University of Southern California, and a multitude of smaller colleges and academies were the direct products of the churches." Religion promotes education, because it awakens the soul and arouses holy ambitions to be something worthy and render the largest possible service to humanity. Since religion is the mother of education it should not be divorced from it in later progress.

The two most important factors in education are atmosphere and contact with dynamic and inspiring personalities. It is the atmosphere and not the house that makes a home. The little Christian schools where the chief emphasis is on character and the maintenance of a warm Christian atmosphere have furnished the most useful and outstanding leaders in all the fields of human activity. According to their number, preachers homes have furnished 28 times as many leaders as any other group of people. This is true because preachers' children are reared in an atmosphere of faith and sacrifice for human welfare. A second important factor in education is contact with dynamic and inspiring personalities. That is why God created the family and provided for children's long and intimate contact with their parents. Intimate contact with a godly father and mother meant more to me than the house in which I lived or the things my parents taught me. Acquaintance with Brooks and Tanner and Mullins was worth more to me than all else I learned at Baylor and Southern Seminary.

"It should never be forgotten that the small college rather than the great university is the backbone of higher education in the United States. The work done in the two types of institutions overlaps broadly, but neither entirely covers the field of the other in fitting the student for life, rather than for the job that is but part of life, the small college still stands without a rival." The little Christian college gives strong moral reinforcement to our young people during the plastic formative periods of their lives. Morals constitute the danger point of all men. Moral failure is at the bottom of nearly all failure. History and reason prove that the small Christian colleges offer the best possible training for character, leadership and successful Christian living.

A FINE EXAMPLE

The American Legion, Federal Post No. 7, of Portland, Oregon, wants "to make the American Flag an active member of every household—and office staff—throughout the land." They have even settled on a standard "ultra-brilliant banner of silk," 7 x 9 inches, mounted on a shining brass staff 18 inches high, set in a three-tiered circular base which bears on a copper plate the legends —"God Bless America," and "The Flag of the Three Americans: you, me and the other fellow." Post No. 7 has begun the commendation of the plan by the presentation of flags locally, but they are hoping the idea may be adopted nationally. The miners of Mocanaqua Colliery near Wilkes-Barre have adopted a different patriotic approach. By order of the UMWA (CIO), Local 1157, a foreman has been appointed to see that every one of the 1,500 miners employed at the colliery shall salute the flag each morning as he goes to work. As a demonstration it has its merits, perhaps, especially in a group of whom a large number have an alien background to overcome; but, even at that persuasion is always better than orders.

—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

RED CROSS WORKERS

The women, as usual, are measuring up to the needs of the times. There are in the United States countless chapters of the Red Cross. A total of 350,000 women from units of the American Red Cross are now knitting or doing some kind of service for the 5,000,000 refugee children of Europe. It takes the innate motherly feeling to dry the tear-dimmed eyes of childhood, and nourish in every way the suffering little ones until the dawn of a brighter day breaks for the refugee children of war-torn Europe, who need to be comforted.

THE GENTLE ART OF BATHING

By Lois Snelling

Nowadays the average person considers it just as essential to take a daily bath as it is to comb his hair or put on his shoes; but it was not ever thus. Prior to the year 1842 nobody in America took baths as we know them today, for two reasons. One was that they were considered harmful to the health, and the other was that there was not a bathtub in the country. In that year a Cincinnati man, Adam Thompson, made a business trip to England. While there he had the thrilling experience of bathing in a real tub. He was so pleased with the operation that he resolved to have a tub installed in his own home. When the installation was at last completed Mr. Thompson pumped water into an upper tank by hand, heated it by placing a coil in the kitchen chimney, and gave a party. His friends came to help him celebrate the occasion, and each of the gentlemen guests tried out the new tub. They were as excited over the adventure as their host had been in England.

This party, and the bathtub in whose honor it was given, created a national sensation. Everybody was talking about it, including the doctors. The medical profession declared that the innovation was a menace to health. It would surely bring on numerous dire ailments, such as rheumatic fever and inflammation of the lungs. In Baltimore a tax was placed on bathtubs, so heavy that few people cared to pay it. In staid old Boston a law was passed forbidding anyone taking a bath except by order of a physician. Nevertheless, bathtub enthusiasts persisted in America and today, thanks to the ingenuity and enterprise of our plumbers, the United States leads the world in bathing facilities.

The present-day bather performs his ablutions as a matter of sanitation, but with the originators of the bath it was a religious rite. We find innumerable references to bathing, both in historical records and mythical lore, and the purification of the body seems always to have symbolized moral cleanliness. In the Scriptures we find this significance again and again. Though we take our bath primarily for the purpose of keeping our body clean no one can doubt the uplift that physical cleanliness imparts to the spirit.

It may be interesting to the mothers of little boys (little boys having long ago acquired the reputation of being constitutionally opposed to washing) to know that the Hebrew term "bath," as used in compound proper names such as Bathsheba, means "daughter"—never "son."

The ancient Greeks had bathtubs and used them to cleanse themselves for religious ceremonials, such as sacrifice, reception of oracles, marriage, and so forth. We learn that in Athens in 500 B. C. there were baths open to the public, where a small fee was charged; more exclusive establishments where the charge was higher, baths in the private homes of the rich; and those in connection with the gymnasia. The Athenians appear to have been acquainted with the various kinds of baths—the vap-

or, hot, plunge, and douche baths that preceded the cold bath.

Though the baths of the Greeks were an important element in the lives of the people, they never reached the state of importance or splender of construction that those of Rome acquired. For a long while the public baths were the only ones in use in Rome. Every city and town had its bath which was divided into two sections, one for the men and one for the women. In the fourth century A. D., the city of Rome alone had more than 800 baths which were open to the public. It was a Roman who first conceived the idea of building a bathroom over the basement filled with hot air. His discovery resulted in the development of a system of hot-air chambers beneath the floor and along the walls of the bathroom, which gave it an even, warm temperature. The Roman procedure of bathing at one of the elaborate public places was somewhat as follows: After undressing in an outer room (the apodyterium), one entered another chamber (the elaeothesium) to be anointed with oil. He then proceeded to a spacious court where exercises of various kinds were indulged in. His exercises finished, he went through the tepidarium into the calidarium, where he was given a sweat bath. He then passed to the frigidarium for a cold plunge, returned to the calidarium for another sweat, and after being oiled and thoroughly rubbed down by the attendant was ready to resume his clothing. Today we consider our bath a very private function, but in ancient Rome women of high respectability, as well as men, bathed in company with each other.

The barbarian invasions of the sixth century destroyed the magnificent baths of Rome, but there are still numerous ruins to show us what they were. The Romans also established their baths in England, for at Bath in Somersetshire ruins were discovered in 1775. Bath, with its splendid springs, has long been a favorite resort of fashionable society, and it was doubtless just as popular in the days of the Caesars.

After the fall of Rome, Roman traditions and customs were continued in the Byzantine Empire. Thus, the Roman's bathroom was carried into the East and adopted by the Mohammedans. Our modern Turkish bath is an adaptation of the procedure followed by the early Arabs.

In England, France and Germany public baths were long unknown. During the Crusades to the Holy Land Europeans first became acquainted with the system of baths used by the Orientals. Upon their return home they also established public baths. It was not until the eighteenth century that sea-bathing and the use of mineral water for baths was practiced in these countries.

In old Russia it must have taken a sturdy physique to survive a bath such as was ordinarily indulged in there. The bather entered a small chamber with broad benches running around the sides. Undressing, he lay down on one of the benches, and an attendant produced a dense steam by throwing water upon red hot stones. This steam soon enveloped the bather and threw him into a sweat. The thermometer would sometimes rise as high as 140 degree F, and sweating in this intense heat, the bather would have cold water poured over him at intervals. Then he was rubbed with soap and a brush, fol-

lowed by a flogging with softened birch twigs. Next he was washed with tepid water, then had cold water dashed over him. Often a bather would go direct from the sweat bath and roll himself in a snowdrift.

No matter when your birthday was, you will begin to grow old only when you begin to let go of life.—Exchange.

CHRISTIAN HOMES AND THE MODERN WORLD

(Baptist Messenger.)

There have been many changes in the world since some of us were childern. We were nearly grown before we saw an electric light, a telephone, or a typewriter; there were no automobiles, nor radios, nor airplanes. We had in those days no electric refrigerators nor even ordinary refrigerators except cold springs or wells. We have these days many conveniences and comforts of which our fathers and mothers never dreamed.

But there are some things that have not changed, have not gone out of date. Old-fashioned industry, integrity, and honesty have not gone out of date, nor have they been superseded by modern inventions. Nothing can take the place of a Christian home with devout parents and obedient children. No social or economic programs can solve the problems of this generation. We must get back to the fundamental things of life, to love, virtue, godliness, honesty, industry, reverence, scriptural discipline, and neighborly co-operation.

Paul wrote some words concerning the home which are as applicable now as they were centuries ago: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother (which is the first commandment with promise), that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord." "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." "...instructing us, to the intent that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly and righteously and godly in this present world."

MOSSES AND MOSSES

By Doris Gale

Mosses are often seen but little understood, and perhaps this is partly because some mosses are not really mosses. Perhaps this is also partly due to the fact we do not have to cultivate these plants, and what comes easily is sometimes carelessly unappreciated!

Both the true mosses and the air plants sometimes called Spanish moss are very valuable, to nature as well as to industry. The most familiar form of moss is composed of tiny leaves clustered about a stem. This true moss has no flowers, whereas the Spanish moss is actually a flowering plant. The designation for Spanish moss, air plant, derives from the fact that it gets all of its food from the air. So that, though air plants grow on trees as mistletoe and others of its family do, air plants are different in that they do not feed on the trees at all. Orchids are air plants and are thus closely related to Spanish moss. Air plants must grow on trees, or on rocks, because they have no roots to dig in the soil, but true mosses will send out roots from any part of the plant that is kept dark and damp. These roots will even grow from a detached leaf, causing new moss plants to come forth.

One of the oldest and hardiest of plants, mosses have almost unlimited powers of multiplication, reproducing both by seed and vegetatively. They are founded in every climate, but grow best in warm, damp places; for though they stop growing if completely dried out, they spring back to life when moistened again.

Among their quietly performed and hardly ever noticed duties, mosses furnish soil for other plants, protect more delicately rooted plants from cold, and in certain swampy places they grow into very thick layers, the bottom of which turns to peat and may be used as fuel. They are one of the principal foods of Arctic reindeer, as well as a source of certain medicines in the Orient. In mountain regions, thick moss beds have been known to soak up rain and thus prevent floods occurring after sudden storms; while in dry weather they help supply streams through periods of drought.

Spanish moss (air plant) is the product of a regular industry in the southern part of the United States. For fifty years fishermen and subsistence farmers have earned a good supplementary income by harvesting this plant. They usually gather the moss during slow seasons in their regular work, and after curing it (by piling, wetting, and drying), they sell it to operators of moss gins. Here it is cleaned, ginned, and packed into bales of approximately one hundred and fifty pounds each. The finished moss is then sold to manufacturers of upholstery, mattresses, and other such products. Spanish moss is particularly valuable for this purpose because of its tough central fibers.

Thus, there are mosses and mosses; but all have their useful place in life and we may well appreciate the fact that the supply of all kinds is so generous!

YOUNG PEOPLE LISTEN TO THIS

(Zions Herald)

John Keats lived just twenty-six years, yet his poetry will live forever, much of it equal to that of Shakespeare.

Franz Schubert died at thirty-one. In those thirty-one years he wrote more than 110 musical compositions, more than 600 of them lyric songs.

Here is a boy so ugly and ridiculously clothed that he was tormented by his schoolmates. He spent his time reading to forget his misery. At eighteen he worked as a bricklayer. But he finally won the acclaim and esteem of England. He was honored by Queen Elizabeth and decorated by King James. His name was Ben Jonson, and he was one of the most brilliant playwrights England ever produced.

Here is a morbid, sensitive son of a poor preacher. He was regarded as a stupid blockhead in the village school. When he finally got a degree from college, he was the lowest on the list. He was rejected for the ministry. He tried teaching, but failed. He tried law with the same result. He borrowed a suit of clothes to take an examination as a hospital mate, failed, and pawned his clothes. He lived in garrets, failing at everything he tried. Only one thing he wanted to do—write. This he did and rose above the handicaps of illness, poverty, and obscurity to high rank among the greatest writers of all time. His name was Oliver Goldsmith.

What a glorious heritage you have to inspire you on your quest! These young men faced the giant of the Past who tried to make them goose-step to the status quo. Instead of being grasshoppers, they set their eyes toward the stars and said, with Deborah, "O my soul, carry on with strength."

The world today is waiting for people out of step—men who dare think, men who refuse to be grasshoppers, men who dare stand on their own feet.

The world said, "The earth is ruled by the mighty." But a young Galilean said, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Jesus was told to get in step with orthodoxy. But he taught different from the rabbis. He lived in an empire of power, possessions, and pleasure, but he said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." So they organized a mob and crucified him—a young man of thirty-three. What happened? Empires were lifted off their hinges. The course of human history was changed. New standards of life were established. No man has influenced history as has Jesus.

There are people who fail because they are afraid to make a beginning; who go to bed tired because they spend the day looking for an easy job; who cannot tell what they think about everything until they see what the morning paper has to say about it.

Since when has youth demanded security? Youth has always cried for opportunity, for the chance to prove itself.

The land of Canaan stretches be-

fore you, but if you want it, you will have to work harder, live more austerely, accept more disciplines, learn greater self-control, and make far greater demands upon yourselves than any generation has ever done before.

———o———

Religious is not a way of looking at certain things, but a certain way of looking at all things.

———o———

FROM FEET TO WINGS

(Selected)

Among the ancient Greeks was a proverb in two words, Know Thyself, or look upon yourself as if to study something else without any prejudice.

We sometimes hear man called a biped, because he has two feet; and with these two feet he was first content to travel about upon the earth.

Then he wanted four feet, and tamed the horse or camel or even the elephant to carry him on four instead of two feet.

Then some one invented the wheel, and he would harness his horse to a cart or chariot and ride in more comfort than on horseback.

It was a great day when he found that he could ride on wheels without a horse, and the bicycle was invented.

But his power would sometimes give out and he turned to using gasoline to furnish energy and we had the automobile. It was not only wheels under him but a roof over him. He was encased like the armadilla and

But he was still not content He could go forth in all kinds of weather. looked up at the birds and saw them soar above the fields and have no need of roads nor bridges but could float over rivers mountains, even oceans, and so the airplane was invented.

Biped, quadruped, wheels such is the story of man's seeking after rapid transportion.

It looks like progress, and so is in speed; but when gas furnishes energy there is some danger that the energy that sped the Indian along so swiftly and silently in his moccasins may be lost.

When we see men walking around a field and knocking a little ball with a club, we wonder why they so delight in such a pastime game; but it may be a return to the use of the feet as a biped, just an old instinct made into a game because man needed to use his feet.

Even the Indian had his game of Lacrosse, to make play of running. Our baseball game and tennis and even horseshoes, all call for man to be a biped again and return to primitive energy through play.

"TRAVEL AMERICA" THIS YEAR

(News-Herald)

President Roosevelt, backing up the program of the United States Travel Bureau, gives official endorsement to the "Travel America" idea for this year. The advice is particularly appropriate at this time. With Europe and Asia torn by wars and conflicts, making it advisable, in the case of many countries imperative, that Americans confine their travels to the Western Hemisphere, doubtless there will be an increase in travel not only in the United States but in both the North and time. With Europe and Asia torn by wars and conflicts, making it advisable, in the case of many countries imperative, that Americans confine their travels to the Western Hemisphere, doubtless there will be an increase in travel not only in the United States but in both the North and South American continents. In addition there is a rising national income in this country and travel costs are very much cheaper. A widespread advertising campaign conducted by the American Association of Railways features "9000 miles for $90." This will doubtless have a special appeal to the "average" American, who enjoys travel and has a limited income.

Principal objectives of Summer travel will be likely the World's Fairs at New York and San Francisco. These fairs can be made in one's own automobile, on a bus, or by rail. The routes lead North to the Great Lakes, or South to the Gulf of Mexico. Those who have not seen it will not want to miss the greatest natural wonder in the world, and it is the Grand Canyon of Arizona. The Rockies are crossed en route to California. The boosters of that state guarantee "a big, cool vacation," with ten thousand sights, including old Missions, Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The Golden Gate Exposition is at San Francisco which is one of the solid and beautiful cities of America, and everyone longs to visit it sometime. One naturally follows the highways into Oregon, and up Mount Hood to the million dollar lodge that the New Deal built. Up the coast from Portland to Seattle and Mount Ranier are top-attractions.

Here in our own State is the Great Smoky Mountain Park, scores of monutain resorts, the completed links of the Skyline drive—and, to go East, Manteo, always alluring, will have again this year the magnificient pageant "The Lost Colony," which no North Carolinian should miss seeing.

Washington, capitol of the Nation is unfailingly interesting, and many will include a stop there in a trip to the New York World's Fair. Nearby is include a stop there in a trip to the New York World's Fair. Nearby is the greastest restoration that the country has ever witnessed, at Williamsburg; and Jamestown, Virginia, where the first English gained a footholt in 1607. St. Augustines, Florida, the South and the Missisippi were of prior discovery. New England has charmed visitors in its wooded hills and on its coast, and with it twenty-five hundred lakes and five thousand rivers and streams. Plymouth, Boston, Concord and Lexington add a great

deal to the limitless attractions of these sections.

Then there's Niagara Falls, which every American should see sometime during his life, and Canada offers limitless pleasures and sightseeing for the vacationist or tourist.

Doesn't the "Travel America" idea, with just a sketchy outline of what it can mean, make you want to pack your bags and get started?

There is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as simple truth.—Selected.

TOO MANY ATTRACTIONS FOR YOUTH

Charles Eason, Jr.

Lack of home training was assigned by Judge John J. Burney for the delinquency of many youths of this nation, when he charged the Dare County Grand Jury recently. Judge Burney cited figures showing that most of the crime these days is committed by young white men, between the ages of 16 and 20, and 60 per cent of the crime in this state is by white men, while 20 years ago, 60 per cent of the crime was by negroes, and by older men.

Temptations are much greater these days, Judge Burney said, recalling that in his youth a boy had to work on the farm all week, being so tired when night came that he had to go to bed, and he was lucky if he could ride about on an old plow horse on Sunday. Now it is quite different, when most any young fellow can get in a car and go a long way from home, and in trying to keep up with other fellows, some of them begin getting into trouble by stealing gas, then by holding up stores.

Judge Burney called attention of the grand jury to operators of tourist cabins, and cited their attention to the law requiring all operators of such cabins to maintain a register for a record of guests and the car license number. He also told them to present anyone who was operating such cabins without having first obtained a permit from the Boarrd of Commissioners.

Judge Burney conducted his court with speed and efficiency, refusing to allow any delay on the part of lawyers. He insisted on bringing to trial a case which has been buffeted about from term to term for a period of 15 years.

CHRISTIAN LIVING

By Nannie Sigmon

The cultivating of a fine and noble Christian life involves steps which can, to a certain extent, be compared with those taken in the preparation and care of a flower garden. The primary difference lies in the results of the efforts, involved. The results of the factors manifested in preparing the Christian life endure forever, whereas, the results of the labors used to cultivate the garden are temporary.

God, Who gives to man the seeds of the flowers, has also given to us much greater seed—His Holy Word. Just as new seeds are produced each year, thus preventing the many varieties from becoming extinct, so He has provided means whereby His inspired Word has been preserved and handed down from generation to generation until the present day. He promises us that His Word shall never pass away.

The Word is sown in the hearts of all those who willingly hear it. In order for the divine seed to sprout and take effect upon the person's life, his heart must be well prepared to recieve it. The person must be willing to submit himself to the effect that the Word might have upon his life. The seed, that is, the Word, sown within the heart of man, will then begin to grow. As it grows, it it will cause many Christian virtues to spring forth within the Christian's life.

Some of these Christian virtues are love, kindness, truthfulness, honesty, loyalty, helpfulness, and many others of equal importance. But among these fine traits of Christian character will often be found other traits wholly undesirable. Some are the traits of hatred, unkindness, dishonesty, disloyalty, greed, selfishness, and many others. Just as weeds must be removed from among growing flowers, so these undesirable characteristics must be exterminated from Christian living..

Several factors are necessary to render this undertaking successful. We must have patience—patience to bear the trials and tasks placed upon us for Christ's sake, and patience to develop within our lives the higher and nobler characteristics of Christian living. Perseveance and practice are also necessary in order to overcome the evil thoughts and desires that creep into the hearts and lives of men. But, above all, we must have faith in God. We must trust in Him for divine help and strength. It is only through faith in Him and complete submission to His will that we can hope to overcome and subdue the many evil traits of character, and to acquire those which are so well pleasing in the sight of God.

As we grow in strength of Christian character, our lives will become more beautiful—more abundant. As a result of trusting God and living in Christ and Christ in us, we can look forward to the great reward for having lived and trusted in Him—the Crown of life—Life that shall have no end. The greatest beauty of the received the reward for their efforts in full bloom. But the beauty of Christian living shall far surpass that of the garden when those who have have gathered in that blessed, holy

realm. When the saved ones have gathered in that beautiful land where Jesus shall reign supreme; when Satan and all evil powers have been overcome and only righteousness shall prevail; then we shall all rejoice in the beauty of Christ and His kingdom!

"You can't be mean and happy any more than an orange can be sweet and sour."

THERE IS SUCH A THING AS UNSELFISHNESS

(The Baptist Courier)

Since the beginning of the war, and before, those who would influence American opinion seem to think that we are impelled only by motives of self-interest. It's our business to protect and save ourselves. What happens to the rest of the world is not our responsibility, at least not if it costs us anything. Only when it is manifestly to our own interest and safety should we do anything about what's happening in the world. That's about the sum total of our leaders, and would be leaders, are saying to us In their opinion the American people are controlled by the motive of self-interest. Appeal to any other motive is irrational and visionary. Is that true? Arn't there any Christian in the land? Altruism is an essential characteristic of Christianity. The good of others, the good of the world, devotion to the ideals of the Kingdom of God, such things make a more powerful appeal to Christians than their own selfish interests. Christian people have a notion that there is something very much more important for them to do than to save their own skins. It's time somebody protested against this irritational and ignorant misjudging of the American people. Surely there is a great body of our people who are greatly concerned for the rest of the world and want to do something about it even if it did cost them several patches of skin.

Altruism is not irritational. Self-interest is not always—nor seldom—rational or intelligent. Altruism is not only Christian, it is profoundly natural. It is in the constitution of things. It is selfishness that has gone awry. It is self-interest that has upset the natural order of things. It is self-interest that has upset the world today and will contiue to upset it until men have sense enough to forget their narrow individual and national selfish interests in a rational concern for the good of all.

After all "we are members of one body." Our individual and local and national welfare is bound up in the world's welfare. The only way we are ever going to"save our own skins" is to save the world first.

GIRL WHO CRAWLED PAST SHERMAN'S LINES SEES THE CIVIL WAR

By Thad G. Stem, Jr.

The following story recently appeared in The Durham Morning Herald under an Oxford dateline. It was written by Thad G. Stem, Jr., who interviewed Mrs. Dora Kirkman of Smithfield when she recently made a visit to Oxford and saw "Gone With The Wind." The story is reprinted here, through the permission and courtesy of the Durham Herald.—Smithfield Herald.

Seventy-five years ago, a 10-year-old girl crawled through Sherman's vast lines at Bentonville (N. C.) in quest of an attendant for her stricken brother. She wormed her way undauntedly through the mud and mire by crusty, bewhiskered sentinels and under the bellies of the very horses that Sherman's men rode. In Indian fashion she wiggled her way through all the blue-clad host. It was truly an epochal trip this little girl made. And just this week she made another trip which she ranks of equal eventfulness. The little girl was Dora Hood, and now, 75 years later, as Mrs. Dora Hood Kirkman, a little old lady in lace and satin, she made a trip to Oxford to see "Gone With The Wind." After all these years, she saw through movie counter-parts, the characters she knew so vividly in '65.

Mrs. Kirkman witnessed and participated in the last battle of that war of Johnstons, Lees, Shermans, Rhetts, and Scarlettes. She declares that the war scenes which the movie depicts are so startling and vividly real that she thought she was actually at Bentonville again. The picture opened the floodgates of her fertile and retentive mind and she takes one back through the long corridor of time to Bentonville, the hub around which the last major battle of the war was fought.

Her experiences coincide perfectly with those which confronted the O'Haras. First she remembers of hearing that the Yankees were coming, and she tells you of the mad scramble to hide all valuables.

She says that in her father's house there was an unceiled room. So her father placed his entire store of meat in that enclosure and then had it ceiled. The weather was warm, and every time the Yankees came, the Hoods were terrified lest the meat should get too hot and the grease would drop through the ceiling. The silver was buried in the woods, and what few valuables the Negroes possessed were cached away with them. The Hoods decided that if the Negroes' possessions were stored with the family's the Negroes would not be so easily tempted to disclose the hiding place.

Mr. Hood, the father of our 10-year-old scout, was a prosperous carriage manufacturer, and rich slave owners from all over the state came to Bentonville to purchase his wares. And the first column of Sherman's invading army fired the carriage factory and it was quickly razed by the flames. Mr. Hood was the owner of many fine horses, and he hurried them away to the woods in a vain effort to save them. This explains his absence

from home at the time his little daughter had to make her precarious trek through the enemy army.

All in all, there were some 120,000 soldiers in and around Bentonville. Sherman's entire force, just completing its devastating swing up from Georgia, was on side of Bentonville, and Johnston's army, a mere remnant, stood on the opposite side of the village. "Johnston's scarecrows," they were aptly called, and those who weren't bald were beardless. Skirmishers from two armies met before the Hood house, and little Dora, peeping through a curtain crack, watched the initial encounter. The gray army fell back, dug in like moles, and threw up breastworks. The lines were so arranged that the Hood house and the other dwellings in the village were directly in the line of fire. The Hood darkies dug a deep hole under the house, placed mattresses there, and the family moved in. It was then that Dora Hood's brother became deathly ill. As we have mentioned, Mr. Hood was away attempting to hide his horses. By this time, the streets of Bentonville had become the apex of the battle, and the Union army by a succession of movements extended its line up into the streets of the village. The neighbor whom Dora sought lived at the opposite end of town, and Sherman's advance line interspersed her and the little girl. But she slipped through the lines successfully—only to learn that the neighbor whom she sought had relinquished her home and fled. Halfway back home, Dora was spotted and picked up by a Federal cavalryman. He ascertained her mission, placed her on the saddle with him, and carried her home. He examined the stricken brother and called in a Union surgeon to attend him.

But the Good Samaritan and all his breed were soon transformed into a body of fighting men, and the interlude of mercy was soon erased by the booming of cannon, a cloud of smoke, and the clash of steel against steel. Do you remember the hospital scenes in "Gone With The Wind?" Mrs. Kirkman says they are so reminiscent of what she saw that she had to rub her eyes shake her head, and look around at the other patrons before she remembered that she was witnessing a photoplay, not the real thing all over again.

After the battle began, the Hood lawn was immediately converted into an improvised hospital to which the Confederate wounded were brought. Their terrible crys of pain resounded throughout the country side. So heart-rending and soul disturbing were they that Mrs. Hood still hears the piercing moans through the haze of 75 years. There were no nurses and only a handful of doctors. There was no anesthetic, and an attendant would hold the wounded soldier while a doctor amputated an arm or leg. And the hastily and crudely severed members were thrown into a huge pile on the Hood lawn. Dora Hood's mother made large pots of soup, and this was fed to the mutilated men by little Dora herself. Her mother found some old magazines and Dora read from these to those soldiers who requested it.

For the major part, the battle was a dogfall, The Hood house and the village of Bentonville lying between the paws of the two belligerents. There was considerable yo-yoing of the battle lines, but always the Hood house was in the line of fire. One

night during the scrap, a rider came up to the house, was assisted from his horse by two soldiers, and came slowly into the living room. His face and his uniform were covered with dirt and dust, and his boots were spattered with the mud and clay of Johnston county. His face was gaunt with worry and anxiety and his lips were pressed into a grimace of pain. He favored an old wound, and it was a repercussion of this, coupled with fatigue, which sent him to the Hood house for rest and care. He was Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate chieftian who commanded what was known as the Army of the West.

He had valiantly fought Sherman from Tennessee to Georgia and up through the Carolinas. He had contested his adversary every step of the way. Now his line was thinning rapidly and was soon to run out, spent under its own efforts, at the Bennett place. Never did a little girl receive a visitor more proudly or serve him more industriously than Dora Hood did General Johnston.

Finally Johnston fell back, and as the Blue army surged through Bentonville, the Hoods resumed their underground habitation. The plunderers set to work and looted, sacked and burned all the houses in the village. That is, they burned all save one down to the ground. Mrs. Kirkman tells you with a quiver that some Yankees rode up to her house, and ordered the family to vacate the underground quarters saying the house would be fired. And fired it was; but when one side was set the Negroes would extinguish it. Then the soldiers would start on the other side, but by the time they moved the darkies would have put out one fire and were ready for the other one. And so it was through the zeal and diligence of the family slaves that the Hood house was saved. The house was saved but all the furniture and furnishings were carried away. The meat was never found, miracle of miracles, since the grease didn't run through the ceiling. But we will bet it was a crisp brown, what with the warm weather and the fire toasted it.

If you add 75 to 10 you get 85. And though Dora is not quite a little girl now, she retains the youthful zest and vitality she knew when she stealthily deployed through Bill Sherman's lines. It is only occasionally that her alert mind lets the present go and drifts back to the "sixties." She is one with the present, and thinks as optimistically of the future as a political candidate.

Of the two eras, she thinks this is the better. And unlike most of her fellow octogenarians, she is much more concerned over what Hitler is going to do than she is over what So-and-so did three quarters of a century ago. The light of retrospect is but one of the many candles in her mind. True, it burns brightly but the shadows of its flame do not pass over the radiant glow of the present and the future.

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"You can't help a man uphill without getting closer to the top yourself."

HELEN KELLER PITIES THE REAL UNSEEING

By Kathryn Cravens

Helen Keller was sixty years old last month. Her birthday is a paradoxical milestone, for, as she has said, she "began to live" fifty-three yeears ago when "Teacher" Anne Sullivan Macy came to the dark soundlessness of her inarticulate childhood bringing the gradual gifts of understanding, learning and speech.

For only the first twenty months of all the three score years did she see the color and form of things and hear the sounds that beat upon the rest of us. Yet, stone deaf and stone blind before she was two, that hopelessly handicapped little girl has grown up to learn to pity us who have the use of our ears and our eyes. We are the unfulfilled, the unseeing and the insensitive ones—not she. Helen Keller is sure that fullness of living does not depend upon the possession of even the key senses of sight and hearing.

It is other people—not Miss Keller—who insist upon emphasizing those facts of her life which have become common knowledge. There has not been a time in all her active life when she has been allowed to take her conquest of darkness and silence for granted.

"I used to feel saddened about my handicaps," she told me the other day at her home near Westport, Conn. "Not about the handicaps themselves, but other people's reactions to them—their assumption that I could not appreciate the things they knew. The blind have to overcome a sort of blindness in the imagination of other people, who cannot see that we who lack physical sight still can be both happy and useful."

When I arrived for lunch Miss Keller had just come in from a tour of her flourishing shrubs and flowers. They are chosen for fragrance so that Miss Keller may "see' them through their perfume. She inspects them every morning in the company of one or all of her six dogs. While she was changing from riding slacks and boots in her bedrooom upstairs, Miss Polly Tompson, her dark-eyed secretary-companion, had brought me into the huge living room. It is furnished in rose and yellow, with notes of blue and pale green in the chintz curtains. Helga, the Great Dane, was a sleek statue of alert repose on one side of the fireplace; on the other stood a brass-studded mahogany chest, inscribed in gold letters: "To Miss Helen Keller With Admiration, Affectionate Regards, Best Wishes From the Citizens of Keijo, Chosen, July 14, 1937."

Miss Keller came briskly into the room after decending the stairs unaided. Her hand was extended—not for guidance but in the exuberantly cordial way of greeting she has. She wore light blue, accenting the blue of her eyes. Slimmer, she looked less tired than when I first saw her, before her illness three years ago. That miracle of a voice, which she herself has never heard, spoke my name and made me welcome. Her fingertips touched my face and hair lightly.

"I remember how you look!" she

exclaimed pleasedly. Her hand found a pendant at my throat and she smiled. "Jade—I'm so glad. That's for happiness."

Standing by one of the broad windows facing the sunswept lawn and drive, she said: "I'm so happy at seeing that my trees and shrubs —so pitifully crippled when you were here last—are gloriously alive again."

I had lunch with Miss Keller one bleak day last March, following an ice storm that had wrecked her grounds. On that day she said:"I could weep at seeing the trees all broken and twisted from the storm."

I was ashamed out of the unconscious complacency that afflicts us who possess normal sight and hearing. Miss Keller's perception of the visible restoration of her rhododendrons, lilacs and azaleas was more acute than my own. We spoke of the skillful surgery which had redeemed their vitality. Almost before my words were uttered they were interpreted by Miss Thompson's racing, articulate fingers on Miss Keller's supersensitive palm.

There was time before lunch for me to see some of the fifteen rooms of the new Colonial-type house. It is white and rambling, with dark green shutters, and stands on a hill at the end of a birch-lined road.

Miss Keller planned her own bedroom, which is furnished in mahogany and has pale blue walls and yellow curtains. (She "feels" blue is the color of peace; yellow is "life itself, like the sun.")

Miss Thompson's quarters are off the bearroom, and the study is lined with books in Braille. Miss Keller's desk in the center of the room is piled with Braille manuscripts. Near it is a typewriter, containing that day a half-finished letter single spaced. Miss Keller's memory is so powerful, so faultless, that she can leave the typewriter and go back hours later to begin exactly where she left off, without having to be told the words at which she stopped. She types for long stretches and does not like to be disturbed. A buzzer in her desk is connected with the rest of the rooms so that Miss Thompson or the servants can ring from downstairs. Miss Keller "hears" the vibration and goes down, alone, to a meal or to the visitor who has summoned her.

In the living room again, Herbert Hass—gardener, chauffeur and friend of the family, who translates typed or printed pages into Braille for Miss Keller—joined us, and spoke of Miss Keller's skill at games.

"You should see the way she beats me at checkers," he laughed. "I'm not really a bad player, but I can't remember when I have won a game against Helen. She knows—heavens knows how!—when I haven't played, and says, 'Your move, Herbert.' If she could see—well, there wouldn't be any point in sitting down at the checker board."

Lunch was served in the eighteenth-century dining room. At the table, Miss Keleer's motions were as unnoticeable as those of any well-bred person. A barely perceptible, almost incredibly swift groping of fiingers enables her to find a muffin and lift it to her mouth without a crumb dropped, and the tools of eating serve their functions more unobtrusively with her than with many a polite dinerout possessed of all his senses.

She spoke of the war which, as a convinced pacifist, she abominates. "I cannot be resigned to this horror,

this barbarism. Hitler? A man only half sane, who will destroy himself eventually and the other leaders with him. But why talk of him? It is the sane, the gentle people who matter, who are important to progress. Their lives are being snuffed out—as we talk. But one thing I believe—in spite of lunacy upon the earth, there is more good than evil in the world. If there weren't, the human race would have been extinct long ago.

She leaned forward, speaking rapidly: "War," she insisted, "is a form of blindness much more difficult to cure than mere lack of eyesight."

Miss Keller says that the present state of the world so depresses her that she "sees only happy movies and plays lately." With Miss Thompson she attended a matinee performance of *"The Man Who Came to Dinner,"* for which Alexander Woolcott had sent her tickets. She "saw" the action and "heard" the dialogue through the finger-tip language she shares with Miss Thompson.

Music she "hears" more directly. It is her passion, one of the strong sustaining forces of her life. Heifitz and Godowsky have played for her privately, and her radio is equipped with a resonant board on which she rests her finger tips to enjoy concerts.

"The music of different instruments is lovely to my touch," she told me—"the harp, the cornet, the oboe, the viola, the violin in all its singing moods, and the triumphant harmony of all in a chorus of stirring vibrations!" But swing music disturbs her. It is not pleasant to her touch.

"When it goes on very long," Miss Keller explained, "I have a wild impulse to flee from something sinister that is about to spring upon me. I suppose it wakes primal emotions—shadow memories—figures of the jungle. It is the cry of dumb souls not yet able to speak." * * * She shuddered a little.

Her hands reach out as she talks, as if she felt she were not communicating her ideas fast enough and wanted to speed them on their way. I thought, as I listened and watched those miraculous hands, of the ending of one of her books in which she paid tribute to her first teacher and almost lifelong companion, Mrs. Macy. After Mrs. Macy came into her life and slowly liberated her young intelligence imprisoned in its almost impenetrable fortress of silence and darkness, Miss Keller writes, "I stretched out my hands in quest of life."

To me, her hands seem far more truly to be giving than seeking. She has never been imitative of even her greatest friends, nor would it occur to her to follow in fashionable footsteps. In politics she has leaned to the left since youth, and her whole attitude toward stuffiness and timidity of thought is summed up in her reaction to the burning of her books in Germany in 1933.

"They honored me," she told me with calm satisfaction, "for they burned my books in the company of the very greatest. Unwittingly, they paid me a high literary compliment."

One of the first workers for woman suffrage in this country, Miss Keller is still a feminist. She has written and lectured for striking workmen and joined their parades and carried their banners. Single-handed, she raised $1,000,000 for the American Foundation for the Blind. She appeared in vaudeville to raise a fund for Mrs. Macy. She has helped the blind in America and even in Japan, in specific ways and in general, by

demonstrating the truth of what she had told me.

"Physical blindness is a handicap, of course. But it is not by far the worst disability to which mankind is subject. I have not lied to myself to make life supportable—I have slmply lived! If those with normal ears and eyes could develop all their senses, all their sensitivities, they would understand each other and the world a great deal better."

She told me the story of Mark Twain's argument with Finley Peter Dunne, the creator of Mr. Dooley. Mr. Dunne had commented that life must be very dull indeed for Miss Keller "with every day the same and every night the same as day." Mark Twain assured him he was mistaken.

"Blindness is an exciting business!" Mark Twain told him. "If you don't believe it, get up some dark night on the wrong side of your bed when the house is on fire and try to find the door."

"I find life an exciteing business," she went on, "and most exciting when it is lived for others. If the blind put their hand in God's, they find their way through the dark more surely than those who see but have not faith or purpose."

A person with normal sight and hearing may well feel humble, even ashamed, in the face of Helen Keller's accomplishments and spirit. As I prepared to end my visit with her I groped for some simple phrase or symbol to summarize the significance I had seen so clearly in her life and attitudes. She herself supplied it.

"Sometimes our kind of blind can lead the other kind," she said. You've read the newspaper item about the blind man who volunteered his services to teach Londoners how to get around the city in a blackout." And with that suggestive question she smiled her good-bye to me.

Helen Keller has spent her life in such leading. It is the people who can see that stumble the most.

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The Baptists and Methodists seem to have converted Justice Heriot Clarkson to the use of robes by the Supreme Court of North Carolina. We let Justice Clarkson tell how it all came about in the following story which we clip from the News and Observer. It appears that the Baptists were the last straw that broke the camel's back. Listen to the Judge: "For years I held out against robes although they have always been used in my church," said Justice Clarkson, who is an Episcopalian. "When the Methodists began to have vested choirs, I weakened and when the Baptists put their choirs in robes, I surrendered entirely."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

LIBERTY AT STAKE!

By Dr. Charles Stelzle

To most of us liberty is a priceless heritage. We have glorified in our freedom, but some of us have forgotten the price with which our freedom was purchased. We have enjoyed liberty as though it were a gift which carried with it no obligation, and we have been reckless spendthrifts of our inheritance.

It seems a great bore to stand when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner," forgetting that it represents that for which "our fathers died... land of the pilgrim's pride," whereas we should feel like jumping to our feet and waving our arms, with tears in our eyes, because of what "Old Glory" means to us. This may seem a bit hysterical, but the whole world is on the verge of a great catastrophe which may vastly affect our own country.

While we have been enjoying liberty without discipline, the people of the totalitarian countries have been subjected to discipline without liberty. They have been systematically hardened for brutal combat while we have been softened through indifferent, self-indulgence and sheer laziness. The virtues which dominated the fathers of our country, who through great sacriffice won for us the freedom and liberty which we still enjoy, have been replaced by sophistication and wise-cracking, and we are permitting crackpots and irresponsible agitators to insult our constitution and ridicule our form of government.

We have supinely accepted teachers of subversive doctrines from abroad, viewed with indulgence leaders of movements who frankly declared that they are trying to create class hatred and race prejudice in our midst, and condoned politicians who are too spineless to protest against those who are boldly laying the foundations for our destruction. The same tactics indulged in the countries which they hold up as idealistic would send them to a concentration camp or before a firing squad.

When such enemies of our country flaunt their contempt in our faces, the time has come for every loyal American to stand up in his wrath and speak out as a loyal citizen, particularly as we are now confronting forces which threaten our future as a Republic of free men and women.

We have not attained the full glory which lies inherent in our system of government, although we believe that we already have the best form of government in the world. But we must vigorously oppose those whose sole purpose is our destruction and humiliation, lest we be subjected to the rule of those who are opposed to the principles of freedom and liberty which were bought at so great a price, and which have made America the haven for the oppressed of other nations.

"We are never so ridiculous from the qualities we have as from those we affect to have."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Major R. P. Larkins, commandant at Oak Ridge Military Institute, called at The Uplift office last Monday. Accompained by Superintendent Boger, he visited the various departments at the School.

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The task of threshing the season's crop of small grain has been completed, and the report comes to this office that the following quantity of grain has been realized from this activity: 4,339 bushels of oats, 247 bushels of wheat and 65 bushels of rye.

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Mr. Hugh Dowdy and Miss Miriam Anderson, members of the staff of employees at Grandfather Orphanage, located near Banner Elk, visited the School last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Dowdy is supervisor of boys and Miss Anderson holds a similar position with the older girls at the Western North Carolina institution. While here they looked over the vocational departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building and other places of interest.

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Our farm forces have just about completed what is known in farm parlance as "laying' by" a field of 130 acres of corn, which means that the cultivation of that crop is through for the season. Just as plain observers, rather than technical experts, we would say that this years's corn crop looks very promising, when judged by its size and healthy color. Our farm manager says it has been damaged some by extremely dry weather, but it looks good to us.

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Many records are being broken at the Training School, but possibly the most unusual one in some time was the large number of boys allowed to leave the institution on conditional release on Thursday and Friday of last week. In these two days, forty boys were thus released. The going and placement of all these lads had been approved by welfare officials of the counties to which they returned. Most of them were of working age, that is, sixteen years or older, and they will enter into various occupational activities, while the others will attend school. We are very happy to have had this number of boys to begin life anew.

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James Patterson, formerly a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and of the printing class, who left the School, August 3, 1936, called on friends here one day last week. Upon returning to his home in Kings Mountain, James worked in a cotton mill for several months. He then worked as auto mechanic in garages in Kings Mountain and Gastonia for about two and one-half years. For the past eight months he has been living in Cherryville, where he is employed as mechanic in a garage and does some truck driving, the same company, the Carolina Freight Carriers, operating a transfer business. James, who is now twenty-two years old, has developed into a very nice young man. He seemed very glad to meet old friends among members of the School's staff of workers, and stated that he thought the training received here had been a great help to him.

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Rev. W. H. Goodman, pastor of the

First Presbyterian Church, Kannapolis, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the ninth chapter II Samuel, and in an inspirational message to the boys on rendering service to others, called special attention to the first verse: "And David said, Is there yet any that are left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

Rev. Mr. Goodman briefly commented on David's life, from the time he was a shepherd boy until he became king. He told how, as a lad, he visited his brothers in King Saul's army, which was fighting the Philistines. A giant leader of the enemy, Goliath by name, was hurling threats at the Israelites, and there was not one among them who dared give him battle. The little shepherd boy, David, secured permission to meet Goliath and went out and slew him.

For this brave deed the people hailed him as a hero. His popularity aroused the jealousy of King Saul, but he took him to dwell in his household. Between Saul's son, Jonathan, and David there developed the greatest friendship ever known among men. As David's popularity became greater, the king's jealousy grew so intense that he plotted to kill him. Jonathan's love for David had acquired such strength that he warned him that his father was going to take his life, and begged him to make his escape. After Jonathan and David entered into a covenant that their friendship should endure as long as both should live, the latter departed.

For a long time King Saul sought David from one hiding-place to another, but he never succeeded in destroying him. The Lord was with David and kept him from harm.

Eventually, the Philistines overwhelmed the army of King Saul, destroying thousands, even putting to death his son, Jonathan. When Saul heard the news, he begged one of his servants to kill him by thrusting his sword through him. This servant, an armour-bearer, refused to do as the king commanded, so Saul took a sword and killed himself by falling upon it.

In conclusion the speaker pointed out that David began his reign by rendering service. He showed that he had no enmity toward the former King Saul, for, because of his love for his young friend, Jonathan, he signified his willingness to help the heirs of Saul if there were any who needed assistance. While this man had plotted his destruction, David was willing to forgive for his friend's sake, and held forth a helping hand to the needy.

Rev. Mr. Goodman, as usual, brought the boys a splendid message in a manner in which they could easily grasp its meaning. There was quite a number present on this occasion, among both boys and officers, who recalled a wonderful lesson pointed out by him here several years ago, the subject of which was: "I Sat Where They Sat." We are always glad to have him with us and trust he may find it convenient to visit the School again at an early date.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending July 14, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) William Drye 4
(7) Edward Johnson 7
(7) Robert Maples 7
(7) Frank May 7
(5) Mack McQuaigue 6
(7) Jack Warren 7
(7) Weldon H. Warren 7
(7) J. C. Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 1

Albert Chunn
(4) Charles Cole 4
John Davis 2
Eugene Edwards 3
(2) Ralph Harris 2
(2) Porter Holder 3
(2) Burman Keller 4
(5) Clay Mize 6
H. C. Pope 4
(7) Arlie Scism 7
(7) Edward Warnock 7
William C. Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 2

(4) Bennie Austin 6
James Blocker 6
Charles Chapman
Joseph Christine
Jack Cline 4
(2) John D. Davis 4
Robert Keith 4
Floyd Lane
(3) Forrest McEntire 5
(6) Donald McFee 6
William Padrick
Richard Parker 3
(2) Nick Rochester 5
Charles Smith
James C. Stone 2
Peter Tuttle
(2) Arna Wallace 5
Clarence Wright 3

COTTAGE No. 3

(7) Lewis Andrews 7
John Bailey 6
Lewis Baker 4
(5) Earl Barnes 6
(4) Clyde Barnwell 6
James Boone 5
Kenneth Conklin 4
Max Evans 3
Coolidge Green 5
(3) Bruce Hawkins 4
Roscoe Honeycutt 4
Harley Matthews 6
(3) William Matthewson 5
Otis McCall 4
Wayne Sluder 4
(5) George Shaver 5
(7) William Sims 7
(3) William T. Smith 5
(3) Harrison Stilwell 5
(3) John Tolley 5
(3) Jerome Wiggins 6
Louis Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 4

(6) Plummer Boyd 6
(3) Quentin Crittenton 3
(2) Arthur Edmondson 3
(6) Paul Godwin 6
Hugh Kennedy 3
(2) Ivan Morrozoff 6
(2) J. W. McRorrie 5
(2) J. C. Nance 5
Robert Simpson
(3) Oakley Walker 3
(7) Melvin Walters 7

COTTAGE No. 5

(7) Theodore Bowles 7
(5) Monroe Flinchum 6
(3) Charles Hayes 3
Ivey Lunsford 3
(2) Herbert McGee 4
Sam Montgomery 2
Donald Smith 2
Hubert Walker 6

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Robert Bryson 3
Leonard Dawn 2
(3) Robert Dunning 3
Leo Hamilton 2
Carl Ward 2
(2) William Wilson 3

(2) Woodrow Wilson 2
George Wilhite
James C. Wiggins
Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE No. 7

Cleasper Beasley 4
(4) Carl Breece 5
(4) Paul Dockery 6
(7) Donald Earnhardt 7
(7) Richard Halker 7
(4) Roy Helms 5
Vernon Harding
(4) Lyman Johnson 4
(5) Arnold McHone 6
Alex Weathers 5

COTTAGE No. 8

(7) Reid Beheler 7
(7) Jack Hamilton 7
John Ingram 3
(5) James Quick 5
(4) Frank Workman 4

COTTAGE No. 9

Holly Atwood 6
Clarence Baker 3
(3) Mack Bell 6
J. T. Branch 6
(2) David Cunningham 2
(2) George Gaddy 4
Robert Gaines 4
(7) Frank Glover 7
(7) Wilbur Hardin 7
(3) Osper Howell 6
(5) Mark Jones 6
(7) Harold O'Dear 7
James Ruff 3
(2) Thomas Sands 4
Richard Singletary 5

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 6
Thomas King 5
Harry Peake 3
O. D. Talbert 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(7) John Benson 7
(5) Harold Bryson 6
William Furches 4
(4) Ralph Fisher 4
(2) Robert Goldsmith 4
Earl Hildreth 5
(2) Fred Jones 3
Julian Merritt 5
(7) Fred Owens 7

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Odell Almond 6
(3) Ernest Brewer 5
(4) William Broadwell 6
(7) William Deaton 7
(2) Treley Frankum 2
(4) Woodrow Hager 6
Joseph Hall 4
(4) Hubert Holloway 5
(7) Frank Johnston 7
(4) Tillman Lyles 6
(4) Clarence Mayton 5
(4) James Mondie 6
(4) James Puckett 6
(2) Howard Sanders 5
(2) Charles Simpson 2
(4) Robah Sink 6
William Suites 5
(4) George Tolson 6
J. R. Whitman 5
(4) Eugene Watts 6

COTTAGE No. 13

(7) James Brewer 7
(2) William Goins 2
(2) Meritt Gibson 2
(5) William Griffin 6
(7) Vincent Hawes 7
(5) James Lane 6
William Lowe
(2) Jack Mathis 3
Douglas Mabry 2
Jordan McIver 6
Randall D. Peeler 5
(2) Melvin Roland 2
(4) Marshall White 4

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Raymond Andrews 5
(4) John Church 4
(7) Mack Coggins 7
(7) Robert Deyton 7
(7) Audie Farthing 7
(4) Henry Glover 4
(7) William Harding 7
(5) John Hamm 6
(7) Marvin King 7
(3) Feldman Lane 6
(3) Norvell Murphy 6
(4) Henry McGraw 5
(4) John Robbins 6
(2) John Reep 4
James Roberson 5
(4) Charles Steepleton 5
(2) J. D. Webster 4
(6) Wallace Woody 6
(6) Jones Watson 6
(4) Jack West 4

COTTAGE No. 15

Ray Bayne 3
(3) Jennings Britt 6
William Cantor 4
Robert Chamberlain 2
Wade Cline 2
Sidney Delbridge 3
Aldine Duggins
Elree Gaskins 3
(5) Albert Hayes 6
(7) Beamon Heath 7
William Hawkins 5
Dallas Holder
Hardy Lanier 4
Oakley Lunsford 4
J. P. Morgan 5
Claude Moose 4
(7) Fred McGlammery 7
Clarence McLemore
Eulice Rogers 5
Brown Stanley 2
(7) J. P. Sutton 7
(5) Calvin Tessneer 6
George Warren 4
Arvel Ward 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 4
(3) George Duncan 6
(7) John T. Lawry 7
(2) Redmond Lawry 5
Harvey Ledford 2
(4) Earl Oxendine 5
(4) Thomas Wilson 4

———o———

WAY TO UTOPIA

Nations go to war nowadays not merely for the love of democracy or some other ideological system, but to increase or preserve their standard of living.

In the light of such a war motive, some facts dug up by Farm Research, a non-profit organization with headquarters at Washington, D. C., are quite interesting.

It is estimated that in the World War, the cost of killing a man in battle amounted to the staggering sum of $15,000. Farm Research points out that less than one-half of one per cent of the families in the United States receive an income of $15,000. In fact, one-third of the families in the country live on less than $750 a year.

If the $15,000 were applied to peace-time uses, it would be sufficient to convert three farm tenant families to full owner status. It would wipe off the mortgage debt from an average of five farms.

Warring nations could achieve Utopia if their war expenditures were turned into peaceful channels for the welfare of economic groups denied opportunity to achieve decent living.

—Smithfield Herald.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII ULY 27, 1940 NO. 30

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VICTORY IN DEFEAT

Defeat may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out.
When the great oak is straining in the wind,
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighhty rapture. Sorrows come
To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

—Edwin Markham.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

SAVING—GIVING

A blind girl approached her minister and placed a sizeable sum of money in his hand for missions. The minister looked at it and, turning to the girl, said, "I fear you cannot afford to give that much." "Oh yes, I can," said the girl, "for I can work as well in the dark as in the light. You know the girls who can see have to buy the candles so that they may have light to work by. I save money on candles, for they do me no good. The money I am bringing you is what I have saved on candles, and I want it to go to those who do not have all the blessings I do."

And so it is with those often who have least to be thankful for. They do not think so much of what they do not have as losses. On the contrary, they never fail to count all the blessings they have.

One of the happiest men I know is a blind man who often goes to his place of business on the subway train I use to reach my office. He does not want those who accompany him to pity him. He sees more behind dark and blind eyes than they do with seeing ones. His conversation is sprightly; he knows what is going on in the world, and he enjoys life to the nth degree. He is a man who gives himself, and I have no doubt he gives of his substance as he is able. He does not pity himself, but he takes a lively interest in all who have to undergo any misfortune.—The Lutheran.

———o———

THE SWIMMING-POOL A JOY

During the extreme hot weather the boys of this institution are enjoying the swimming-pool to the fullest extent. Not only are the boys taking to the pool, but almost the entire personnel takes daily swims. We are informed that one of the officers, who tips the scales at nearly two hundred, who never had the opportunity to indulge in such recreation, can now swim like a duck.

It is amazing, so comes the report, how quickly these youngsters have learned to swim. There was some apprehension when the pool was first opened as to the safety of the boys, but this feeling no longer exists upon the part of Superintendent Boger, for both

officers and boys are fully capable of caring for one another. There is joy written in the face of every boy when the period for swimming is announced.

With some who have to make a living and not contribute toward developing life, there are small returns—perhaps a large bank savings, but when contributions are made to save a life there is an enrichment of the soul. All the compensation expected from the gift of the swimming-pool to this institution is the salvaging of human souls, with the hope of returning to the state a citizenship that will prove an asset to any community.

The most popular place on the campus of the Jackson Training School at this time, when the weather is sizzling hot, is the handsome Cone Swimming-Pool.

If the goal of the majority of people were to make a life instead of a living there would be less bickering and warring in the land. In fact, this old world would be a haven of rest if more generosity were expressed in word and deed among people of all lands.

* * * * * * * *

CONTINUES THE BEST SELLER

In the face of all opposition, a disregard for the fine influence of the church and the hardening effects of the war from all reports it is significant there is a great demand for the Gospel. The American Bible Society reports a distribution of over 7,000,000 volumes of the Scripture, an increase of five per cent over 1938. In Latin America this society could not meet by fifty per cent the requests made for the Bible. This shows a rapid expansion of evangelistic work in these countries. The good news is broadcasted that in these lands "Bible training schools" are widely distributed and supported. Therefore, these institutions call for many Bibles and New Testaments.

Besides, religion is on the up-grade in the large institutions of this nation. At Cornell University, Sunday services in the chapel are so well attended that the officials of this particular institution have approved plans to enlarge the building so as to accommodate those who attend. About 1,200 students, including Protestants, Catholics and Jews alike actively engaged in this movement for religious or spiritual enrichment of the souls of our young people.

That means the dawn of new day for spreading the Gospel. The surest and only way to build fine character is through the lessons taught in the Word of God. There is more in life than mental culture and housing students in the buildings of superb architecture with the best equipment. To teach the youth of the land of any class or creed without a proper interpretation of the Scriptures, under spiritual leadership, the time spent is futile.

* * * * * * * *

ESSENTIALS TO PERMANENT PEACE

At a time when Europe is fighting a bloody war and the United States is embarking on a vast defense program President Roosevelt has named disarmament as one of five essentials to permanent world peace.

At a press conference recently he listed the following as objectives which he said must be realized before a permanent peace could be assured:

1. Freedom from fear so people will not be afraid of being bombed from the air or attacked by another nation. That, he said, means removal of weapons which cause fear of disarmament.

2. Freedom of information. He said that it meant not freedom of press alone but freedom of every means of distributing information and without it there could not be a staple world.

3. Freedom of religion. Under democracies, the President said, this freedom has been maintained fairly well but not in countries living under other systems of government.

4. Freedom of expression. A person should be free to voice his opinion, the President said, so long as he does not advocate overthrow of his government.

5. Freedom from want. That must be accomplished, Mr. Roosevelt said, by removal of cultural and commercial barriers between nations.—Morganton News-Herald.

* * * * * * * *

A FINE EXAMPLE

At a recent meeting of the school board of the city schools, Charlotte, there was a discussion of the need of greater attention

to the teaching of patriotism in the schools. A decision was reached to carry out programs of respect to the flag which will inspire allegiance to our country.

Superintendent H. P. Harding emphasized that repeating oaths of allegiance and saluting the flag are only lip service, if there is not a fundmental understanding of democracy. As a result of this meeting of the school board the Stars and Stripes will be displayed in all class rooms, and daily periods of respect to our symbol by repeating allegiance to the country will be observed. This is a fine precedent, and most worthy of all school officials throughout the state.

Too frequently in times of peace people take for granted that all is well, and overlook entirely the liberties which they enjoy.

* * * * * * * *

THE POLICEMAN IS A FRIEND

Good advice to parents is given by Frank Smith, chief of police of Oklahoma City. He urges them to counsel young folks that a policeman is their friend and helper in time of need. It is unfortunate, says the Christian Science Monitor, that some grown-ups try to frighten children into behaving by telling them a policeman will take them away.

The responsibility of the officer as an enforcer of the law may be perfectly well understood without making him a person to be avoided. Many boys are correctly being assured that so long as they are engaged in legitimate activities the man in uniform is their defender, the Monitor points out. Through police boys' clubs in many cities thousands of youngsters are getting acquainted with patrolmen and detectives and are learning something about how order is maintained. The boy who has made a friend of one of these officers, the Monitor concludes, is not apt to be seriously tempted toward any misstep that would forfeit that confidence.

* * * * * * * *

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

The following, taken from the Sunshine Magazine, gives reference to men who used their time advantageously, neither did

they scorn a menial task, but took any kind of work offered, rendering efficient service in every instance. Success awaits anyone if the opportunity presented is accepted. Read:

"Years ago a young man found that no one in Chicago wanted to pay him for his services. So, though financially his condition was critical, he decided to give his services free to Hull House. Today this man is vice-president of one of the three larger motor car companies.

"Years ago another young man was paid for pushing a hand truck on the San Francisco docks. The labels on the goods he handled provoked his curiosity. He decided that in his spare time he would learn what he could about these products, and the countries from which they came. One thing led to another, and he soon knew so much about foreign trade that they took him off his truck and started him to fame and fortune.

"Another young man worked for a railroad. He spent his spare time in the lobby of a leading hotel, where he made friends with lumbermen and ranchers of wealth. Then he studied banking, and those lumbermen and ranchers backed him in the banking business.

"This key to success is used by almost every successful person, and is before all who attend school, where the best students are those who do not confine their studies to school hours, but work after hours to improve their standing. It's what we do in our spare time, and without pay, that convinces the leaders we truly wish to serve, and are entitled to something higher.

"Work eight hours, play eight hours, sleep eight hours. That is the formula for a good average man. There is noting on earth the matter with it except that it is not good enough to carry off honors. Elbert Hubbard was right: 'He who never does more than he is paid for, never gets paid for more than he does.' Those who are going places, and doing things, do so in their spare time."

* * * * * * * *

In France, July 14th, Bastile Day was once celebrated in a manner similar to our own Independence Day. Lafayette has always been the center of attention on that day. The change made by the war now in progress in Europe will doubtless wipe out all memory of Bastile Day.

THERE WERE PIRATES LONG AGO, BLACKBEARD WAS BUT ONE

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

Robert Lurten, captain of the merchantman Nicholson, did not like the looks of a strange, heavily gunned ship which entered the Virginia capes on April 28, 1700, and approached his anchorage in Lynnhaven Bay. When it had come within hailing distance, he shouted a demand for its name and from whence it came.

"Out of the sea, you dogs?" came the answering hail from Capt. Louis Guittar, of the French pirate ship La Paix, followed by a demand that the Nicholson strike her colors.

But Lurten had no intention of surrendering without a struggle his ship, valued at 2,000 pounds, and its cargo of 700 hogshead of tobacco. Despite a broadside from the pirate, he slipped his cable and battled for two hours before he was forced to capitulate.

Far from being an unusual incident, pirate forays into Virginia waters were quite frequent occurrences over a good part of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, according to Lloyd Haynes Williams, in his "Pirates of Colonial Virginia." As far back as 1667, Governor Berkeley had written that the seas were "so full of pirates that it was impossible for any ship to go home in safety," but Williams, a native of Norfolk and now a Williamsburg citizen, holds that the first serious invasion of Virginia waters was in 1682, when a pirate crew sailed up the York and plundered two homes at Gloucester Point.

The small settlements that had been established in Virginia at that time were scattered, and exposed to attack by water. Defenses were inadequate, as fortifications were of little avail against the sea raiders, and on at least one occasion a guard vessel maintained in Virginia waters proved no match for a pirate. Not only did pirates, for a considerable period, prey upon shipping within the Virginia capes, but at times made their headquarters at isolated points along the Chesapeake, and more than one famous buccaneer fitted out an expedition in this section for a cruise that took him plundering along the Spanish Main and around the Horn into the Pacific.

Traces of these ancient pirate rendezvous are visible today at several points along the Chesapeake, notably the "Pirates' Fort," sometimes known as "Blackbeard's Den," an artificial island in Lake Joyce, near Lynnhaven Inlet.

The foray of the La Paix into Lynnhaven Bay in 1700, and the capture of the Nicholson, was to have immediate consequences which did much to abate the evil. Guittar, the pirate leader, had been informed that there was no British naval vessel in the Chesapeake, but such was not the case. The man-o'-war Shoreham, Capt. William Passenger, was even then lying in the mouth of the James. A small sailing boat, whose captain had witnessed the plundering of the Nicholson as he came down the Chesapeake, carried word to Passenger, who immediately got under way to do battle with the raider.

Contrary winds delayed the meeting until next morning, but when the Shoreham arrived within a half-mile of the La Paix, the pirate ship was ready to do battle, decks having been cleared, and some of unwieldy plunder from it captives jettisoned. The battle raged throughout the day, the two vessels lying within pistol-shots, battering each other with their guns. Both suffered great damage, but the pirate had the worst of the encounter, and finally struck its colors.

Aboard the La Paix, 25 of the pirate crew were dead, as many wounded, while 14 of the latter died next day. Four persons aboard the Shoreham were killed, including Peter Heyman, collector of customs for the lower district of the James, who had boarded the Shoreman to be present at the battle. More than 100 pirates were taken prisoner, and were landed in Elizabeth City County and placed under guard of the militia.

But, even in defeat, the pirates had won a very considerable concession. As the fight began to go against them, some of the crew had laid a train of powder to the ship's magazine, with the intention blowing up the ship, rather than surrender. Some of the prisoners aboard interceded and persuaded the pirates to refrain from destroying the ship, themselves with it, and offered to go aboard the Shoreham and obtain a promise of quarter. Several of them jumped overboard and swam to the English ship, and obtained a promise of quarter for the pirates under the seal of Governor Nicholson, who had boarded the Shoreham at Hampton. Three pirates who had been aboard a prize of the La Paix, and therefore did not come under the amnesty, were tried in Elizabeth City County and sentenced to death. They escaped from jail in Princess Anne County while awaiting execution, but were apprehended on the Eastern Shore and returned; and the death sentences were carried out.

The slaying of the pirate Blackbeard, and the capture of his men by the expedition under Lieutenant Maynard of the Royal Navy, sent out by Governor Spotswood in 1718, was another crushing blow to piratical operations on the coast, although their depredations continued intermittently through the century. Lloyd Haynes Williams found in the course of his researches only one instance when the famous buccaneer cruised north to the Virginia capes, but his depredations upon shipping which cleared from these waters had been serious.

Although the piratical career of Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard, lasted but two years, his picturesque appearance and personality, and wanton acts of cruelty and destruction, have given his name a large place in the chronicles of the pirates of this coast.

"Edward Teach was known as Blackbeard," says Williams, because like a frightful meteor, covered his of a heavy, coal black beard which, whole face, and frightened America more than any comet that has appeared there in a long time.' This phenomenal growth of hair, reaching up to his eyes and extending down to his waist, he usually twisted into small tails which he bound with ribbons and then twisted about his ear. When going into action, he wore a sling over his shoulders with three braces of pistols hanging in holsters. He then stuck lighted matches under his hat ,which, 'appearing on each side

of his face, his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether a figure that imagination can not from an idea of a fury from hell to look more frightful.'"

Blackbeard usually made his headquarters in North Carolina waters, where he appeared to be immune from interference, due both to the fact that there was no sufficient force in that colony to oppose him, and because of a certain amount of collusion between him and colony officials. Determined to put an end to his depredations, Governor Spotswood commissioned Lieutenant Maynard to attack the pirate in his lair, and with two sloops under his command and with pilots familiar with North Carolina waters aboard, Maynard set out on his task.

Blackbeard had word of his coming, but scorned to flee. The two met at Ocracoke inlet, on November 22, 1718, and the resultant battle is depicted vividly by Sir Frederick Treves, in his "Cradle of the Deep." Wrote he:

"Maynard sailed slowly nearer, with his canvas hanging slack, for the wind was very light. . . . Teach, surrounded by his sullen and villainous gang, shrieked out the chorus of a sea song as the sloop drew near, and pelted her deck with grenades.

"At this moment the two vessels touched, whereupon Teach and his crew, with hideous yells and a great gleam of cutlass blades, leaped upon the ship's deck. They leaped through the smoke with which the ship was still smothered, and out of the cloud the awful figure of the buccaneer emerged making for Maynard. At the same time, the men hidden in the sloop scrambled up from the hold, and the riot of the fight began.

"As Teach and Maynard met, they both fired at each other point blank. The lieutenant dodged, but the robber was hit in the face and blood was soon dripping from his beard. There was no time to fumble with pistols now. So they fought with cutlasses. Teach, spitting the blood from his mouth, swore that he would hack Maynard's soul from his body; but his opponent was too adept with the sword to be easily disposed of. It was a fearful duel; a trial of the robber's immense strength against the other's deftness.

"They chased each other about the deck, stumbling across dead bodies, knocking down snarling men, who, clutched together, were fighting with knives. Ever through the mirk could be seen the buccaneer's grinning teeth and evil eyes; ever above the hubbub and scuffling noise, his war cry. Both were wounded, both breathless.

"At last, Maynard, in defending himself from a terrific blow, had his sword broken off at the hilt. Now was the pirate's chance. He aimed a slash at Maynard. It fell short and only hacked a few fingers off, for, as the blow fell, one of the sloop's men brought his cutlass down on the back of the buccaneer's neck, making a horrible wound that might have been done with an executioner's ax. Teach turned upon him, and cut him down to the deck.

"From the moment, the current of the fight changed. The deck was slippery with blood. Teach slipped off his shoes so as to get a better hold on the planks. Half a dozen of the sloop's men were against him now. He stood with his back to the bulwarks, a scarcely human figure. He had received 25 wounds, five of

which were from bullets. Blood was streaming from his hairy chest. Blood-clots dangled from his fantastic beard, in place of the bows of ribbons. The muscles of his neck having been cut through, his head fell forward hideously, but there was still a defiant smile on his lips.

"At last, he drew a pistol and was cocking it at arm's length, but before the trigger was drawn, before a man touched him, his beast-like eyeslids closed and he fell back on the railing dead."

Maynard's victory was complete. Blackbeard and nine of his men lay dead, the nine remaining members of his crew, all wounded, were prisoners. Maynard, himself, had lost 12 dead and 22 wounded. One of his first acts was to cut off the head of the pirate chief, and hang it upon the bowsprit of his sloop, where it hung as a symbol of victory as he sailed back into Virginia waters. But before returning, he had gone to Bath, Teach's North Carolina headquarters, and had taken into custody several members of Blackbeard's crew who had not been present at the battle.

Returning to Williamsburg, Maynard lodged 15 pirates in jail, from which they were taken for trial in March 1719. Thirteen of the number were convicted and were hanged from gibbets or trees along the Capitol Landing road, long afterwards known as "Gallows road."

HE DIDN'T WANT PRAISE

Among the green hills of Vermont, in the farmhouse, where, by the light of an oil lamp, Calvin Coolidge took the oath of office which made him the 30th President of the United States, there hangs a framed letter. The letter bears the signature of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., son of the President, who died while his father was in the White House. Here is an inspiring letter written by a boy still in his teens, which should be read by all boys everywhere:

Someone had written to Calvin, Jr., calling him "the first boy of the land." In his reply, the son of the President in substance said: "I have earned no right to be called 'the first boy of the land'. My father deserves all the credit. I deserve and want no recognition until I have earned it by my own actions."

One takes off his hat to any boy who refuses to bask in the reflected glory of a father's wealth or greatness—who jumps into the arena of life and says, "I'll stand on my own feet. I'll fight my own fight. I want no credit for the deeds of other men—judge me by my own." America needs more boys like that.—Selected.

A CREATOR OF TRUE FOLK ART

By Julia W. Wolfe

About forty years ago every American doctor who could afford one had in his waiting room a piece of sculpture by John Rogers. The one generally seen was "Weighing the Baby," but there were two others popular with doctors: "The Charity Patient" and "Fetching the Doctor."

Currier and Ives and John Rogers were three Americans, who made art popular in the United States in the nineteenth century. What Currier and Ives did in prints, Rogers tried to do in sculpture. They lived and worked over a long period of years and portrayed a panorama of events, customs and manners of dress of an age that has gone. Antique dealers tell us that recently there has been a demand for Rogers' pieces and that in some instances they bring high prices.

John Rogers was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1829. His father was John Rogers—a desendant of John Rogers, one of the early presidents of Harvard.

When John was a young boy his family moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, but young John was sent back to Massachusetts to be educated. He attended the Roxbury Latin School, but at the age of sixteen he went to work in a drygoods store in Boston.

It was here that he got a glimpse of art. He decided that he wanted to study modeling, but ill health forced him to give up his work in the store and he went on a sailing vessel to Spain where he saw many wonders of the art world. When he returned ot America, he met a man who taught him something of modeling in clay. Money was necessary before he could spend all his time at this work, so he took a position at the famous Amoskeag Machine Shop in Manchester, New Hampshire.

While in Manchester he used to spend his evenings modeling figures in clay. He worked by the light of a candle that he had arranged above his modeling board. He had to go to work at five in the morning and got through at seven in the evening, yet he spent hours each night at what he liked best. Here he spent seven years earning his living and spending all his spare time with his clay. He finally decided to exhibit some of his little figures at the New Hampshire State Fair. His show was one of the most popular events of the fair. Even then Rogers modeled well and always carved the iris when modeling the eyes of his figures. This gave them a lifelike vitality which many more famous sculptors missed. He continued this practiced all through his career.

In 1855 he left Manchester to take charge of a machine shop in Hannibal, Missouri. This was an important job for so young a man, but it lasted only a few months because of a national business depression in the year 1856. However, he had saved enough money to finance a course of study in Italy and Paris.

Upon his return to America, Rogers took a position in Chicago as a draftsman in the office of the city surveyor. As yet his time had not come to do the thing he most wanted, but it was to come shortly.

While he was in Chicago a large charity fair was held in 1859. To the

committee Rogers gave a small clay group which he called "The Checker Players." The little group changed the whole course of his life, because it was the group that brought him his first real notice as a sculptor. This group was put up on raffle and brought the sum of seventy-five dillars. The newspapers mentioned Rogers and his clever modeling, and now, at the age of thirty, he was on the road to success.

Rogers started work on another group that was to make him even better known. He was an ardent abolitionist and it was the time when the question of slavery was in the mind of every American. With true skill Rogers made a group of a Negro family being sold at auction. He called it "The Slave Mart." He put the group in his trunk and went to New York, believing that he could make his groups in some material so that they could be sold in quantities at a moderate price.

He took a studio at 599 Broadway and got an Italian artisan to help him cast his figures. Here he made some plaster casts of "The Slave Mart" and hired a Negro to sell them on the streets. Although Rogers feared that the subject was one that might cause dissention, he was such an ardent abolitionist himself that he hoped his group would have appeal.

It did, and he sold many of them. The indorsement of his work by Henry Ward Beecher was of great assistance to Rogers because Beecher was then at the height of his fame.

One of the first things that Rogers did when he started his work in New York was to patent each group as he made it. The name "John Rogers, New York," with the date was usually stamped in the plaster cast made from his models. In this way he protected his ideas and designs. This patent is a great help today to those who collect Rogers groups.

By 1820 Rogers was employing about twenty men in his studio. Later he had as many as sixty men at work for him. As his work progressed, he realized that his models would have to be made in bronze in order to keep them sharp so that many clay groups could be made from the original. The bronze models were made by a French bronze worker.

Very soon "Rogers' groups" were in great demand. By the close of the Civil War Rogers was a sculptor of natoinal fame. He appealed to average people because they understood his works. He made many subjects that dealt with slavery and war, and it is believed that between 1860 and 1890 one hundred thousand Roger groups were sold. Nearly every bride got at least one for a wedding gift. These were usually displayed proudly on the "parlor marbletop table."

The New York Historical Society has one of the largest and finest collections of these "groups" in existence. Some of them are really beautiful. There is one that is particularly appealing. It is called "The Council of War" and shows the beloved Lincoln scanning a report, while standing on either side of him are General Grant and Secretary Stanton. The features of the three men are distinct and lifelike. Rogers' knowledge of people and animals was amazing and a study of one of his groups will surprise anyone who has never examined one before. The group showing Rip Van Winkle is also particularly good.

Rogers' fame spread abroad and to Canada and his groups were sold by jewelers and stationers. Ill health compelled him to retire from business in 1893 and he passed away at his home in New Canaan, Connecticut, in 1904, He had led a busy and happy life, and had done his work well. He left an honest kind of folk art for the people of his day and for the years to come. He was indeed a sculptor to the American people.

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Success is only worth having if it is to crown a worthy effort which has helped, and not injured humanity.—Selected.

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DON'T GO AROUND THE BLOCK

By Cecil G. Osborne

An acquaintance of mine, when he was a boy, was given an awkward, half-grown pup named Major. Major used to accompany him on his evening paper route. One day a mongrel rushed from a porch and attacked Major. The fight that ensued left Major a very battered dog.

The next evening, as the boy and his dog came to the block where the mongrel lived, Major stopped, put his tail between his legs and went around the block, meeting his master at the next corner. This procedure he repeated daily for six months.

Major grew into a husky brindle bull but still avoided the mongrel's neighborhood. One day the boy hit on a solution as they came to the corner where Major always left him, he tied a rope around the dog's neck and dragged him past the house where the mongrel lived. The mongrel rushed out and the two dogs fought, but it was all over in three minutes. Major gave the other dog the beating of his life.

Now came the crisis. The next evening they arrived at the corner where Major usually had turned off. Major, without a glance to the right or left trotted proudly at his master's side, apparently not expecting trouble but ready for it if it should come.

How many times have you evaded some old problem that you thought had defeated you? No difficulty ever is solved by going around the block. Meet the thing face to face or forever lose your self-respect.

A business man of sixty confided that on the occasion of his first public address he had forgotten his speech and fled from the banquet hall in shame and confusion. He never tried to speak in public again. The bully had whipped him, and for thirty years he had circled the block rather than fight.

Call out all of your old defeats and fears. Take them on one at a time, look them in the eye and do battle. It is better to lose a skirmish or two than to spend the balance of your life circling the block to avoid facing enemies that can be whipped.

BELLMASTERS FIND HAVENS IN AMERICA

(Charlotte Observer)

The pioneer exponent in America of a unique form of democratic music is for the ninth consecutive year delighting thousands of summer visitors to the campus of Duke university. He is Anton Brees, Flemish-American bellmaster who introduced the art of carillon-playing in this country in 1924, having learned it in his native Antwerp, from which he is now barred by Nazi arms.

This unique art, which flourished in the Low Countries of Europe for about four hundred years, is achieving an ever-widening popularity in the new world, another evidence that music, most democratic of the arts, has moved its world center to America. With the Low Countries, traditional home of this "highest form of democratic music," in the hands of a power with little regard for either art or democracy, many observers believe that America may soon become the home of the world's leading carillons and carillonneurs.

Most Americans are unfamiliar with the carillon, for it is only during the last fifteen years that professional carillonneurs have practiced their art in this country. Yet, already the United States (which twenty-five years ago, according to William Gorham Rice, the country's leading writer on bell music, had only two carillons worthy of the name) has one-fifth of the 200-odd good bell-instruments in the world.

Belgium and Holland, who together lost more than fifty carillon to military invaders between 1755 and 1914, have probably lost additional dozens in recent weeks. The usual practice of conquering armies has been to convert bells into cannon.

Since Abel, son of Adam, fashioned the first crude sheep-bell 'according to apocryphal legend) to make shepherding less arduous, bells have sounded many a significant note in mankind's history. At the ringing of the Sicilian vespers on the third day of Easter, 1282, 8,000 French were murdered in cold blood under the direction of John of Procida. On August 24, (St. Bartholomew's Day), 1571, bells gave the signal for the massacre of some 100,000 Huguenots throughout France.

Centuries before Bell-founder Paul Revere broke the midnight slumbers of Middlesex minute-men in 1776, bells had called men to arms throughout Europe, especially in Flanders and The Netherlands. "A toll for danger, a peal for victory" were the medieval predecessors of present-day air-raid and all-clear signals. In fact, military defense explains the origin of the Low Countries' "singing towers."

Loftiest of musical instruments, the carillon is played in the Low Countries by burghers who are often facetiously referred to as holders of the highest of municipal offices, for the carillonneur is just as much a city official as the mayor or chief of police. The carillon is also known as the largest and weightiest of musical instruments, many sets of bells totalling more than 35 tons.

Carillonneurs and others devoted to carillon music, however, are not impressed by such descriptions. To them the celestial, spiritual quality of bell music is its great attraction. Most music, they point out, is intended for the listener indoors, in the home or concert hall. The music of the carillon is for the out-of-doors, and is best heard and enjoyed in a natural setting. (Radio stations in America have frequently broadcast carillon recitals in recent years; a North Carolina station broadcasts recitals each Sunday afternoon during the summer).

The late Royal Academician W. W. Starmer has called this "the highest form of democratic music," because it represents "the people's expression in music. The singing tower gives its music freely, openly and for all conditions of people.

Concerning the carillon and the function of the bellmaster, Anton Brees, America's pioneer carillonneur, has written:

"May for all times the carillonneur approach his office as Heraut (Herald) . . . in a spirit of dignified humility, imbued with the feeling that not he produces the Song, but that he is only the passing earthly instrument who can help make . . . (the) Singing Tower a force of inspiration and a Standard-Bearer of Truth in Beauty. Only idealism and a love for the carillon can inspire the bells to deliver their message and create a deep communion between the spirits of those who listen and the spirit of the Symbolic Singer crowning the Sanctuary."

This view of the bellmaster as one whose function is not unrelated to that of the imam calling the faithful to prayer from atop a Moslem minaret is one that is traditional among carillonneurs; their purpose is more to inspire than to entertain.

Carillon music is essentially democratic, often religious. Simple melodies and folk tunes are most often heard. There is little music composed especially for the bells, though bells have inspired composers and poets since ancient time. ("The Bells of St. Mary's" is a favorite wtih audiences and carillonneurs in America.)

A true definition of carillon is not usually found in dictionaries, and the instrument is commonly confused with chimes. Strictly, a chime or set of chimes (like a "ring" or "peal") is a set of bells generally not more than an octave (eight notes)' attuned to intervals of the diatonic (full tone only) scale, with sometimes a few additional half tones.

The carillon is attuned to the chromatic (complete) scale, and no carillon worthy of the name has less than about 25 notes. The chimer stands and pulls levers, one at a time, while the carillonneur uses both hands and both feet, sometimes all at once. In comparison with the music of the carillon, chiming is like the one-finger playing of a beginner beside the music of a ten-finger pianist or organist.

The bells of a carillon are arranged in rows and tiers according to size and are connected by wires with a keyboard having about the same arrangement as that of a single-manual pipe organ but resembling more nearly the levers in a railway-yard switchtower. Before this peg-and-pedal console sits the carillonneur—but he doesn't just sit. The keyboard measures six-or seven feet from end to end, and the bellmaster is kept busy sliding up and down the

bench to strike the right pegs and the right pedals at the right time.

The bells are hung "dead" or stationary, and the clappers are brought to the bells (usually on the inside but sometimes outside) by means of levers and wires connecting with the keyboard. The clapper when "silent" or dead" is only an inch or two from the bell, for in carillon-playing only a small part of the bell's potential volume of sound is desired.

Carillons are judged not by the number of bells they contain but by the number of octaves in the chromatic scale which are covered. Two octaves are considered requisite. Few carillons in America have more than four chromatic octaves, although those at New York's Riverside Church and the University of Chicago chapel each cover six octaves; each has 72 bells. The Bok carillon at Lake Wales, Florida, while having 71 bells, covers only four and one-half octaves. The lowest semi-tone bell is ommitted and the highest 18 notes are duplicated to avoid the airy sound of small bells. This use of several bells for one note in the upper register is common in carillon construction.

(A modern American-made carillon for White Suplhur Springs, Fla. —now to be heard at the New York world's fair—is constructed of metal tubes, three of which are struck simultaneously for each note. Thus, according to the manufacturer, there is assured greater volume, greater carrying power, greater richness of tone. The tubula "bells" are made of drawn metal, instead of cast metal. There is no clear indication that this new departure will revolutionize carillon construction.)

Newspaper maps with which American readers have become increasingly familiar in recent weeks bear the names of places quite well known to carillonneurs and devotees of carillon music, for the Low Countries (and Belgium particularly constitute the traditional national home of the instrument. It follows naturally that the world's leading bellmasters should have been developed in Belgium and Holland, and that some of them should follow some of the best bells to America.

This they have been doing since 1914 when Anton Brees, Laureate of the Royal Flemish conservatorium and son of the carillonneur who served the City of Antwerp for more than 50 years, came to this country for his first recitals. Now in the United States are perhaps ten bellmasters born or trained in the Low Countries, chiefly at the Belgian carillon school at Mechlin (Malines); others may be expected soon if the number of carillons here continues to increase as it has during the last decade.

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Success is attained not by lying awake at night, but by staying awake in the daytime.—Selected.

THE CHURCH'S MUSIC

By Yost Brandt

The music in our Church is a heritage of two thousand years, yes, of even more, as we trace it back in the church of antiquity to the days when Moses victoriously led the children of Israel through the parted waters of the Red Sea, and to the days when the famous harpist of Israel first sang the immortal words of "The Shepherd's Psalm," still so precious to every true worshiper.

Congregational participation in the service was virtually put under the ban when the Council of Laodicea, some time between 343 and 381, decreed: "Besides the appointed singers, who mount the ambo (large pulpit) and sing from the book, others shall not sing in the church." This remains to this day the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, which by the very spirit of the liturgy and the development of musical pratice has, with now and then an exception, reduced the congregation to silence. By employing the Latin language in all parts of the eucharistic service, and permitting hymns in the vernacular only in the Vesper Service, it has continued unfavorable to popular hymnody. To Luther congregational singing both symbolized and realized the principle of direct access of the believer to the Father, and thereby exemplified the whole spirit of the worship of the church. Thus restraint of self-expression was removed and an outburst of song followed in the wake of the Reformation. This singing was in the language of the people; not that Luther despised the use of Latin. On the contrary, he declared that he was willing that the people should sing not only in Latin and German, but also in Hebrew and Greek, if they were able. He himself turned hymn writer. Speaking of Luther's lyrics, Dickinson says: "No other poems of their class by any single man have exercised so great an influence and received so great admiration." The musical world is richer for the chorale, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," which the poet Heine called "The Marseillaise of the Reformation," and which Frederick the Great called "God Almighty's Grenadier March."

Dating back possibly to two hundred years before Christ, the organ is possibly one of the most ancient of wind instruments. Pan's Pipes, a series of reeds or tubes bound together and blown like a set of whistles by the mouth of the player, is the earliest possible prototype. To a barber of Alexandria, Ctesibius by name, who lived about 284 to 246 B. C. belongs the distinction of inventing the organ. This organ was called the hydraulus, because water pumped into tanks furnished the air which caused the pipes, attached to the top of an inverted hollow base, to produce their sound. Perforated metal sliders under the pipes were pulled back and forth by the player. There was no keyboard until a much later date, and comparatively few pipes. This machine caused great admiration and was consecrated in the temple of Venus.

The first organ in Germany was a gift to Charles the Great, about A. D. 811. By A. D. 944 there were

organs in the cities of Erfurt, Magdeburg and Halberstadt. Instead of keys there were levers, sometimes a yard long. These levers had to be pressed by sheer brute strength. Says one writer: "We can imagine the organists, all picked men for their physique, darting madly to and fro at the keyboard, attacking a key with all the force of their bodies gathered together into their thickly gloved hands, while a toiling, moiling crowd of blowers behind treaded away for dear life to keep the windchest full, amid the frightful din of heaving timber mechanism creaking and groaning like a fourdecker in a heavy sea." No wonder the organ player was called "orgel schlaeger" (organ pounder).

The Halberstadt organ of 1361 had three keyboards and twenty bellows blown by ten men, but had only twenty-two keys. In the fifteenth century came the short keys and pedals. By 1712 the swell-box came into use. In 1832 pneumatic action was introduced, and in 1851 came the electrified action.

Foremost among the giants of the organ is the composer-organist, Johann Sebastian Bach, whose fame as an organist spread throughout Germany, and who in his magnificent organ works attained a superiority over all other composers who either preceded or succeeded him.

To the organist is consigned a post of no little importance in the services of the church. It requires talent skill, consecration to fill this office; and of these the requirement of consecration, is in a way, of extreme importance. Since all music in the services is to serve to bring the believer and his Maker into closer soul communion, to make for direct access to the heavenly Father, it requires a believing heart and a devout soul on the part of that person who selects, rehearses, and presents the music.

GLASS MAKERS CHEERFUL

Among the American industries that have profited by the hostilities in Europe is that of glass making.

While Europe was at peace Czechoslovakia, Austria, Belgium and France sold a great deal of glassware in the United States. Germany now occupies the glass-making territory of all these countries, and the only remaining foreign country that can send any volume of glass here is Japan.

As a result glass plants in this country are expanding and glass workers are getting more jobs. The United States is a great user of glass and since most of the foreign sources have been eliminated by the war, the domestic industry appears to be facing an unusually active period in order to supply the demand.—Selected.

THIS CANADA OF OURS

By Douglas Conrad

The Dominion of Canada is a decidedly different country in the year 1940 from what it was when the first Dominion Day was celebrated in 1867. Then it comprised only the four provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario, with a small population. The western part of the country was almost unknown. Today these western plains have been populated, and have become the greatest wheat producing lands in the world. Canada now consists of nine provinces and the district of Yukon, with a population of twelve million people, acknowledging allegiance to one king and one empire. The Dominion Day should be a time of great national joy and thanksgiving.

In this Canada of ours there are vast natural resources, many of which have as yet been untapped. Its mines, agricultural lands, its fishing grounds, its manufacturing areas, have brought Canada to the forefront of the producing nations of the world. Canadians believe that they have the finest country in the world, and they would greatly desire to live in peace so that they may develop the great resources of their nation. However, when their freedom and liberty are at stake they proclaim themselves ready to make great sacrifices to fight long and well, in order that liberty and freedom may not be lost. They realize that their country is a vast storehouse and that there are many countries that would like to have that storehouse for themselves. But Canadians are determined that no country shall abuse this storehouse for selfish gains. It must be administered by Canadians and its produce used for the betterment of mankind, and not for the selfish dictates of those who would rule the world by force and hate.

In Canada there is freedom, and every Canadian worthy of the name believes in that freedom. He would not want to live under a government where freedom of speech and liberty of action were denied him. Under such conditions he would be unable to breathe, and would suffocate.

Because of this freedom every person in Canada has equal opportunities. The lowliest can rise to the highest position in the land, that of Prime Minister, if he has the abilities and the talents to strive for that office. Every child can go to school and be treated the same as every other child here. Canadians do not believe in class distinctions. In business life men and women compete in equal degree, and the measure of success depends upon the abilities which the person has and not upon the fact that he or she may belong to a certain class of society. That is freedom that we as freedom loving people must have, and that is the freedom for which we will give our all, if that should be required.

Some of the great leaders of the nation, in its business life, its political life ,its educational life, its religious life, have come from very humble homes. They were able to attain unto their exalted position because Canada is a free country, with equal opportunities for all. Their greatness was not determined by the fact that they came from a particular

class of society. They had learned the lesson that true greatness comes from lowly living and humble hearts. It is because there have been men and women like that in Canada, that she has had a voice in the affairs of the world, and her voice is listened to with respect and admiration.

Because Canada loves freedom, she has always treasured the Christian religion. That does not mean that every individual in the country is a Christian, but it does mean that Canadian people as a whole realize that the hope of the world is in Christianity, and not in any man-made doctrines. People are free to worship in their own way, and no one church has power over any other church or group.

The church is not persecuted, and each and every person can go to his respective house of worship on the Lord's Day and worship as he desires, without thought of hindrance from anyone. Many times we do not appreciate this freedom of worship as we should, and that is evidenced by the large numbers who absent themselves from the worship of God in His house. Because we have freedom we are ready to take much for granted and forget our duties and responsibilities. Only as a country becomes a Christian nation, not only in name, but also in fact, will it be able to survive amid all the troubles and strife of the world of today. Only as Christian people practice their Christianity and do not forget the power of prayer and a life of communion and fellowship with the living Christ, will the country of which they are a part really become a Christian nation and be an example of right and justice to all the other nations of the world. Canada has the chance to become such a nation, and we hope and pray that as on this 1st of July, 1940, we celebrate another Dominion Day, the hearts of all the people of this vast country may be moved to prayer to Almighty God that we may become such a nation and show real world leadership.

As we celebrate the birthday of our nation, our thoughts also turn to that great neighbor to the south of us, who also celebrates her birthday within a few days of our own. Her ideals, her hopes, her aspirations are identified with ours. Freedom and liberty have been purchased and won ,and are also her proud possession. For more than 125 years these two nations have lived alongside one another with an unfortified border of over three thousand miles, with no thought of going to war against each other, an object lesson that the whole world might well copy. As our American cousins celebrate their Independence Day, we, in Canada, salute the United States of America and hope and pray that the freedom and liberty and justice which both nations enjoy may never depart from off the face of the earth.

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The longer on this earth we live and weigh the various qualities of men, the more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty of plain devotedness to duty.—James Russell Lowell.

THE GEORGE ROGERS CLARK MEMORIAL

Florence M. Taylor

In old Vincennes, on a knoll overlooking the historic Wabash River, stands Indiana's beautiful memorial to George Rogers Clark. It commemorates the winning of the Northwest by Colonel Clark and his frontiersmen during the American Revolution, an achievement which opened the way west to the Pacific.

Historians are agreed that the conquest of the West was of paramount importance and hardly less significant than the conduct of the war along the Atlantic seaboard. Although the armies were small, the fighting was far more desperate.

Securing the West laid the foundation for the Louisiana Purchase and later acquisition of territory to Mexico and the Pacific which was essential in the building of the nation. This territorial expansion to include vast areas of fertile lands provided the financially exhausted states their one basis of public credit, saving them from bankruptcy and continued dependence on France.

The outstanding figure in the western conquest was George Rogers Clark. He was an adventurous Virginia lad, born November 19, 1752, on a tract adjoining ground where lived young Thomas Jefferson and his parents. That these two should be comtemporaries as well as neighbors was a striking coincidence, since both were instrumental in extending the nation far into the west.

Clark made his way into the Kentucky country at an early age. Frontiersmen quickly recognized beneath the exterior of this daring, high-spirited young man, a firmness of character and superior intelligence. At twenty-three he became a leader in charge of military affairs of the state.

The war with England was in its second year. Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, stationed at Detroit, was the British commander in the west. Rewarding the Indians with muskets, presents and gold, he incited them to raid settlements in Kentucky. These raids were organized at Vincennes on the Wabash in Indiana, and Cahokia and Kaskaskia on the Mississippi in Illinois—posts the British had obtained through the treaty with France in 1763.

The situation became desperate. Conceiving the idea of carrying the war to the British, Clark received permission from Governor Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and a group of other influential citizens to organize a small army and attack these posts. He was made Lieutenant colonel and directed to raise a force of three hundred and fifty men. The capturing of Kaskasgia and Cahokia was first accomplished. The troublesome red-skins were awed into submission and courteous treatment of the French inhabitants won their loyalty to the continental government.

In Detroit, Hamilton learned of the turn of events and set out with an army to Vincennes to strengthen fortifications at Fort Sackville. His plans were to organize an expedition the following spring to crush Clark;

a victory which would open the way to attack Washington's army from the west.

Word of this came to Clark, who realized it meant sure disaster. There was only one course,—a swift, surprise attack on Fort Sackville before the British troops arrived from Detroit. This was almost a herculean task for it meant an eighteen day march in February, through a beating rain that swelled the rivers and little streams out of their banks. But Clark with a handful of about one hundred and seventy stout-hearted men, started out. The rains began on the ninth day and the remainder of the march was one of extreme hardship, through ice and water at times too deep for a foothold. The end of the journey found the valiant but exhausted little band without food or fire. Indians furnished buffalo meat, the first nourishment in four days.

Under cover of the night, the men surrounded the fort and began firing. The British attempted to resist the attack but Clark's riflemen with deadly accuracy, prevented the portholes from being opened, and February 25, 1779 the British unconditionally surrendered.

In addition to the memorial building the memorial area of over fourteen acres at Vincennes comprises the approach of the wonderful new Lincoln bridge spanning the Wabash, the river wall and surrounding landscaped grounds. The expanse of closely cut emerald green grass between the bridge approach and the memorial building is the site of old Fort Sackville. It was at this fording point years later that Lincoln's family crossed the Wabash on their way to their new home in Illinois.

Climbing broad flights of gleaming white steps we approach the magnificent stone memorial structure. Eleven stone columns, thirty-nine feet high and six feet four inches in diameter, surround the rotunda in Greek Doric architecture. As we stroll under these great columns circling the building, the view of charming, romantic Vincennes is far reaching. On one side are the banks of the Wabash—the blue green waters mirroring the impressive white shrine, while on the other can be seen the site where Maurice Thompson is said to have written "Alice of Old Vincennes." An old cathedral built in 1824 adjoins the memorial grounds and holds a wealth of interest for the historical minded.

Exquisite carving on the bronze entrance gates of the memorial structure depicts the progress of man in the western country,—the Indian with his trusty tomahawk, the frontiersman and his rifle, the removal of his wife and son to the new country on horseback, Uncle Sam granting permission to the forntiersmen to settle, and the rapid mode of transportation —the locomotive, over the door is carved the first grain in Indiana, a full grained ear of corn.

Entering, the beauty of the interior is breathtaking. The walls of the tall ceilinged rotunda are panneled with murals in delicate, exquisite coloring, and in the center majestically stands the statue of George Rogers Clark.

High on the walls near the dome, the following inscription is carved; "Great Things Have Been Effected By A Few Men Well Conducted. Our Cause Is Great And Our Country Will Be Grateful."

Above the door is a huge carving by John Kisisliki and twelve assis-

tants. The work was done here and represents the commissioning of Clark to go to the Northwest Territory to conquer it from the British and give it to Virginia. The men portrayed are Mason, Jefferson, Wythe, Governor Patrick Henry, Clark, the secretary, and Benjamin Harrison. This act took place in Virginia.

The murals, eight in all, are twenty-eight by sixteen feet in size and were painted on linen imported from France where it was woven. They are the work of Ezra Winter from the National Academy of New York and in the graceful and decorative arrangement he has caught the spirit of this brave little band of soldiers in their campaign against the British.

First is shown Clark leading a band of stalwart Kentucky and Tennesee settlers through great green Kentucky forests in the Ohio valley in 1770. The second portrays the council in which Clark obtained the neutrality of the Indians at Cahakia in Illinois in 1778. This mural glows with the bronze color of the redskins as they sit upon the ground listening to Clark. The mural depicting the march of Clark's heroic little band of men through the bleak wilderness and the icy waters of the Wabash in 1779 pictures the struggle and hardships encountered. Opposite the entrance is the mural portraying Clark's courageous attack on the highly barricaded Fort Sackville at Vincennes where the British flag hangs high. The next shows Clark's amazing victory,—Henry Hamilton, British commander of the Northwest marching out of Fort Cackville and surrendering to General George Rogers Clark, February 25, 1779.

Another mural represents Winthrop Sargent, Secretary to the Northwest Territory, reading the ordinance of 1787 Marietta, Ohio, as part of the ceremony of July 16, 1788 at which Governor Arthur St. Clair organized the territory, the first in the United States. Here three-cornered hats and long trim coats of the colonists mingle with the rough deerskin garb of the frontiersmen. Finally is depicted the United States taking possession of the upper part of the Louisiana purchase at St. Louis. Louisiana was a Spanish province during the War of the Revolution. It was in the possession of France from 1800 to 1803 when it was sold to the United States. This opened the way to the Gulf and to the Pacific, and was a momentous, brilliant ceremony in which the flags of three nations were used.

In the center of the rotunda stands the bronze statue of Colonel Clark. Nine feet two inches high, stalwart and ruggedness of this man of vision. Hermon A. MacNeil was about three and one-half years in completing the work of the statue. The marble in the pedestal is from Italy. It rests on a bronze plaque in the marble floor on which a wreath of oak leaves is carved. Here one reads the following inscription; "If A Country Is Not Worth Protecting, It is Not Worth Claiming."

A seat built in around the circling wall beneath the murals is of marble which came from France.

As rest here, leisurely enjoying the quiet and beauty of the interior, we contemplate with pride the courage, and foresight of George Rogers Clark, whose efforts played such an important part in our nation's history.

A KING'S FAVORITE

By Ruth I. Simon

Almost all of us know a wildflower of our wet meadows and swamps which has royal connections. The very dignity and stateliness of its bearing seem to tell us that, although it is glad to share its beauty with all of us, still it is conscious of the fact that long ago a pious, crusading French King chose a member of its family for his royal emblem. At that time the fleur-de-lis was probably called fluer-de-Louis, so closely was it connected with the Kiing. In all probability it was a pure white variety which was so honored, but always we associate France and royalty with any and all of the more than eight hundred varieties. Ruskin strikingly described the regal bearing when he wrote, "The fleur-de-lis, which is the flower of chivalry, has a sword for its leaf and a lily for its heart."

The family name reaches further back than France, for we may trace it to the Greek goddess Iris. When we know that Iris was the goddess of the rainbow, we at once learn the appropriateness of the name. But to show that this flower belongs to all of us we call it the flag; the wild variety is the blue flag.

In North America we find it growing freely in wet places from Manitoba to Florida and Arkansas, the blooming season extending from May until July. The Indians knew nothing about royal emblems, but they did know that the roots of this swamp-loving flower gave them a remedy for stomach trouble. Our practical chemists care nothing about the family history but find in the flower a blue coloring which is useful as a test for acids and alkalies.

The wild fleur-de-lis has its courtiers and admirers as well as its most carefully cultivated cousins in our gardens. These courtiers are the bees for whom it prepares a royal feast of sweet nectar. The size of its blossoms and their blue color, a favorite with the bees, first attracts them. The nectar feast is an abundant and delicious one, and for it they pay the only price asked by their flower host. They carry pollen from one blossom to another and thus assure cross fertilization, so essential to the perpetuation of the species.

If we wish to study flower parts and their interesting formations we should not begin with the fleur-de-lis. There are few blossoms more complicated. To the botanist they offer unusual interest. If we do not analyze we can admire the gracefully curving outer petal-like parts, the erect inner divisions, the delicate bearding on one of the divisions, and the variegation of yellow, white and green against the violet-blue of the background. The leaves which seem to stand guard are long and sword-like. Surely our wild fleur-de-lis in its stately beauty is a flower worthy of royalty. In its classical beauty it is an iris, flower of Grecian culture, and in its democratic mode of life it is just a blue flower which belongs to all of us.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Walker and his cannery force have been pickling cucumbers for the past few days. They expect to begin canning kraut soon.

—o—

For several days during the past week, Old Sol has really been "bearing down," the thermometer hovering around the 100 mark both day and night.

—o—

Norman Smith, of the Receiving Cottage, was taken to his home some time ago, where he underwent an operation for hernia. He recovered rapidly and returned to the School last week.

—o—

The extreme dry weather and bean beetle have completely destroyed our crop of early string beans. Those of a later planting seem to have escaped serious damage and give promise of a fair crop.

—o—

Mr. G. T. Rothgeb, state engineer with the Budget Bureau, Raleigh, called at the School one day last week. The purpose of his visit was to plan some improvements in the laundry boiler room.

—o—

The carpenters and painters have completed the renovation of the dental office in the school building. A new rubber tile floor has been laid and the interior painted, making a room very attractive in appearance.

—o—

Howard Atkins, twenty-eight years old, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who left the School, January 18, 1931, paid us a brief visit one day last week. For some time he has been employed as truck driver, and while passing through with a load of vegetables, stopped in for a brief chat with old friends among members of the staff.

—o—

Robert Cooper, a former member of the Cottage No. 2 group, was a recent visitor here. Robert was allowed to leave the School, August 3, 1929. During the time he has been away from us, he has served several years in the United States Army. He is now operating a Gulf service station in Kannapolis and reports that he is getting along very well.

—o—

Last Sunday afternoon the boys enjoyed the first watermelon feast of the season. These melons were not the product of our own patch, but were purchased from a South Carolina grower. However, we are expecting to gather both melons and cantaloupes soon. The prospects for the latter seem to be exceptionally good at present, but part of the watermelon crop has been seriously damaged by disease. We hope to gather quite a number of melons, although not as many as were anticipated.

—o—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have made a number of portable slatted potato bins, which have been placed in the basement of the school building. These have been filled with Irish potatoes, about 1,000 bushels having been gathered to date, with the harvesting of this crop not yet completed. These bins are an experiment at the School, having been made for the purpose of trying to save the potatoes better than

the old custom of placing them on the ground. So far they are keeping well and drying out much better.

—o—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the First Psalm, and in his message to the boys, pointed out the many valuable lessons contained therein.

He first called attention to the opening sentence, "Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly," which he defined as meaning the man who goes through life and does not seek evil companions nor follow the way Satan would have him go. That man, said he, will surely delight in complying with God's laws. There is a vast difference between the man who keeps the law because he really desires to do right and the one who obeys the lay because he fears the punishment his offenses might bring upon him.

The quotation, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water," was explained thus: Sometimes we see the weather so dry that the leaves on trees and other plants in most places, dry up and fall to the ground. Then if we should go to the riverside, we see there fine trees in the very healthiest condition. While in other sections the vegetation dies, the tree by the water absorbs life-giving moisture and is green and beautiful, despite the dry weather. So it is with a man whose life is rooted in God. His life is a beautiful example for us to follow and he is happy.

The speaker then said it was up to us to decide whether our lives should be like that of a brush-pile or a sturdy tree. A brush-pile is nothing more than a heap of broken branches, a worthless heap, while all parts of a tree are united into a thing of great beauty. The brush-pile kind of folks go aimlessly through life, with no purpose, just drifting along with the crowd. That type of person really has no life. Theirs is just an unhappy existence.

The tree-like man, continued the speaker, is one who directs his activities toward a definite goal, taking all experiences, both good and bad, and finds that through them life is made really worthwhile through the power of God. When a man is living for God, he has power to do one of two things. He must choose from life's experiences those things which will make a Christian life or follow the worldly path which leads to destruction. When tempted we should always ask ourselves this question, "Would Jesus want me to do this or that thing?"

Rev. Mr. Kelleymeyer then pointed out that in the case of the Apostle Paul, life in the spirit of Christ transformed him into one of the world's greatest Christian teachers, where once the word of God meant very little to him. From a persecutor of those who followed Christ he was changed into a man whose ability to salvage lost souls was second only to that of the Master himself.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys never to lose sight of the fact that a godly man is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose life becomes a permanent, growing, beautiful, useful example to others. He not only saves himself, but may be the means of keeping some of his

fellow travelers along the pathway of life from falling into evil ways.

—o—

In a Cabarrus County League game played on the local diamond Thursday afternoon of last week, Petheltown defeated the School team by the score of 3 to 2. Due to the fact that the visitors were late in making their appearance, the game was called at the end of the seventh inning by agreement.

Jim Boger was on the mound for the School lads and hurled a good game, allowing the visitors but six hits. Two of the runs scored by Petheltown were earned, the other being the result of a walk and a two base hit. Browning, visiting pitcher, although touched for nine hits, kept the blows well scattered, except in the seventh inning when the School boys chalked up two tallies.

In the first frame Petheltown counted once when, with one out, Seamon walked and went all the way around to the plate on Hudson's long double. Three singles and a stolen base resulted in their other two runs in the fourth inning.

Staging a last inning rally the School lads put across two runs in the seventh. Hodges and Rochester singled and both scored when Sam Everidge poled out a triple. But for some poor base-running Sam should have scored the tying run on Simpson's infield out, but was thrown out at the plate. The score:

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	0 0 0 0 0 0 2	2	9	0
Petheltown	1 0 0 2 0 0 x	3	6	0

Runs batted in: Everidge 2, Wyatt 2, Hudson. Two-base hits: Seamon, Hudson. Stolen bases: Seamon, Daniels, Crisps. Struck out: by Boger 4; by Browning 4. Base on balls: off Boger 2; off Browning 1.

The Jackson Park team invaded the local ball yard last Saturday afternoon, where the Training School boys had little trouble in defeating them by the score of 11 to 6.

Andrews, who was on the firing-line for the local lads for eight innings, was in fine form, holding the visitors to five widely-scattered hits. The five runs scored during his stay on the mound were unearned, coming as the result of errors and free tickets to first base. Having a good lead, he retired in favor of Liske, who hurled the last inning, the Jackson Park boys chalking up another unearned tally.

The Training School lads fattened their batting averages in this contest, banging out fourteen safe hits, including three doubles. Dub Johnson led the attack with three singles out of four trips to the plate; Poole had three for five; Boger, Simpson, O'Dear and Andrews secured two bingles each. Jarvis, the Jackson Park shortstop, who secured two singles, was the only visiting batter to connect for more than one hit. The score:

		R	H	E
Jackson Park	0 0 0 2 1 1 0 1 1	6	6	3
J. T. S.	1 0 0 3 5 1 1 0 x	11	14	6

Two-base hits: Andrews, Poole, O'Dear. Stolen bases: Rochester, Johnson, Query, H. Nesbitt, Boger, Poole, Lemmons. Double plays: Simpson and Boger; Simpson, Boger and Johnson. Struck out: by Andrews 5; by H. Nesbitt 4. Base off balls: off Andrews 5; off H. Nesbitt 2; off Liske 1. Winning pitcher: Andrews. Losing pitcher: H. Nesbitt.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending July 21, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Noah J. Green 6
(8) Edward Johnson 8
(8) Jack Warren 8
(8) Weldon H. Warren 8
(8) J. C. Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 1

William Blackman
(2) Albert Chunn 2
(2) H. C. Pope 5
(8) Edward Warnock 8
Everett Watts
(2) William C. Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 2

(5) Bennie Austin 7
(2) Jack Cline 5
(3) John D. Davis 5
(2) Peter Tuttle 2

COTTAGE No. 3

(8) Lewis Andrews 8
(6) Earl Barnes 7
Grover Beaver 3
(2) James Boone 6
(5) Clyde Barnwell 7
(2) Max Evans 4
(6) George Shaver 6
(8) William Sims 8
(4) Harrison Stilwell 6
(4) John Tolley 6
(4) Jerome Wiggins 7
(2) Louis Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 3
(7) Plummer Boyd 7
(3) Arthur Edmondson 4
(7) Paul Godwin 7
Gilbert Hogan 3
John Jackson 4
(2) Hugh Kennedy 4
(3) Ivan Morrozoff 7
(3) J. W. McRorrie 6
(3) J. C. Nance 6
George Newman
(4) Oakley Walker 4
(8) Melvin Walters 8

COTTAGE No. 5

(8) Theodore Bowles 8
Collett Cantor 6
(6) Monroe Flinchum 7
(2) Ivey Lunsford 4
(3) Herbert McGee 5
J. C. Reinhardt 7
Elmer Talbert 5
Fred Tolbert 5
(2) Hubert Walker 7
Dewey Ware 6

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Leonard Dawn 3
(2) Leo Hamilton 3
Harry Lewis 3
John Maples 3
Durwood Martin

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte 5
(5) Carl Breece 6
(5) Paul Dockery 7
(8) Donald Earnhardt 8
George Green 6
(8) Richard Halker 8
(5) Roy Helms 6
J. B. Hensley 3
Raymond Hughes 4
(2) Vernon Harding 2
(5) Lyman Johnson 5
J. C. Long 2
Robert Lawrence 7
Elmer Maples 7
(6) Arnold McHone 7
Carl Ray 5
(2) Alex Weathers 6
Loy Stines 2

COTTAGE No. 8

(8) Reid Beheler 8
Sidney Hackney
Edward Hammond
(8) Jack Hamilton 8
(2) John Ingram 4
(6) James Quick 6
(5) Frank Workman 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Holly Atwood 7

(2) Clarence Baker 4
(2) J. T. Branch 7
Percy Capps 3
Craig Chappell 2
(3) David Cunningham 3
(2) Robert Gaines 5
(8) Frank Glover 8
(8) Wilbur Hardin 8
(4) Osper Howell 7
(6) Mark Jones 7
Daniel Kilpatrick 4
Alfred Lamb 2
Lloyd Mullis 3
(8) Harold O'Dear 8
(3) Thomas Sands 5

COTTAGE No. 10

James Eury
Jack Hainey
James Hodges 7
(2) Thomas King 6
(2) Harry Peake 4
Carl Speer 2
(2) O. D. Talbert 7

COTTAGE No. 11

(8) John Benson 8
(6) Harold Bryson 7
(5) Ralph Fisher 5
(3) Robert Goldsmith 5
(2) Earl Hildreth 6
(8) Fred Owens 8

COTTAGE No. 12

(5) Odell Almond 7
(5) William Broadwell 7
(8) William Deaton 8
(3) Treley Frankum 3
(5) Hubert Holloway 6
(5) Tillman Lyles 7
(5) James Mondie 7
(3) Charles Simpson 3
(5) George Tolson 7
Carl Tyndall 7
(2) J. R. Whitman 6
Eugene Watts 7

COTTAGE No. 13

(8) James Brewer 8
Wilson Bailiff 2
(6) William Griffin 7
(8) Vincent Hawes 8
(6) James Lane 7
(3) Jack Mathis 4
(2) Douglas Mabry 3
John Murdock
(2) Jordan McIver 7
(2) Randall Peeler 6
(3) Melvin Roland 3
(5) Marshall White 5

COTTAGE No. 14

(4) Raymond Andrews 6
John Baker 5
(8) Mack Coggins 8
(8) Robert Deyton 8
Henry Ennis 4
(8) Audie Farthing 8
(5) Henry Glover 5
Troy Gilland 5
(8) William Harding 8
(4) Norvell Murphy 7
Roy Mumford 4
(5) Henry McGraw 6
(5) John Robbins 7
(3) John Reep 5
(2) James Roberson 6
J. C. Willis 2
(7) Wallace Woody 7

COTTAGE No. 15

Raymond Anderson 6

INDIAN COTTAGE

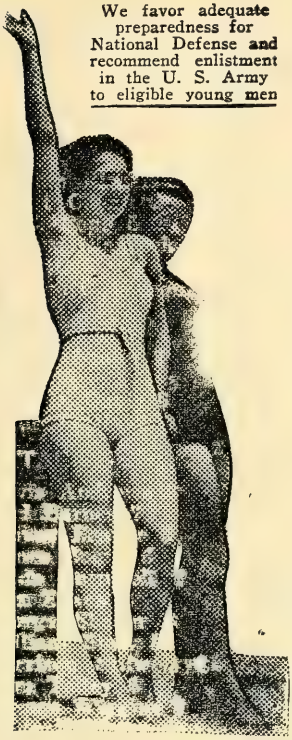
(4) George Duncan 7
(8) John T. Lawry 8
(5) Earl Oxendine 6
(5) Thomas Wilson 5

———o———

Never let an opportunity pass to say a kind and encouraging word to or about somebody. Praise good work done, regardless of who did it. If criticism is needed, criticize helpfully, never spitefully.—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

We favor adequate preparedness for National Defense and recommend enlistment in the U. S. Army to eligible young men



Seashore Excursion

NORFOLK, VA.

JULY 26 and 27, 1940

$3.00 ROUND TRIP FARE

Round Trip Tickets on sale for all regular trains (except Trains No. 37 and 38), July 26 and 27, final limit returning Monday Night, July 29, 1940

Round Trip Fare $3.00 from all stations on Southern Railway System in North and South Carolina as shown below:

Blacksburg, S. C. to Danville, Va.
Blacksburg, S. C. to Marion, N. C.
Asheville, N. C. to Salisbury, N. C.
Charlotte, N. C. to Taylorsville, N. C.
Barber, N. C. to Winston-Salem, N. C.
Hillsboro, N. C. to North Wilkesboro, N. C.
Charlotte, N. C. to Columbia, S. C.
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Tickets Good in Coaches Only
No Baggage Checked—No Stop-Overs
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GOOD FISHING

AUG 5 1940

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONC (Or ge County) NO. 31

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EDUCATION

Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It means, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and above all, by example.—John Ruskin.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

The farmer and a former neighbor were reminiscing about mutual friends of their younger days, and the name of one with whom both had grown up was mentioned. "He certainly has climbed high in the world since we three were schoolmates," one said. "Yes," replied the other, "but he is not happy. What he found on the upper levels was disappointing. The maxim by which he expressed his objectives in living was one familiar among us farmers—'The best apples are always at the top of the tree.' It is unreliable if contentment is desired."

That conversation came to mind recently when we looked at a tree from which all the fruit had been picked except some that had grown on branches farthest from the ground. "Those cherries look fine," the owner said as he interpreted our expression of inquiry, "but they are not worth the risk involved in picking them. One need fall only once to have a serious injury; and futhermore, the branches that could be safely reached supplied all that we needed to eat and preserve. The birds can have the rest." Seeing that we were not yet convinced of the correctness of his attitude, he added: "The idea of the superiority of what is hardest to get does not always prove true. Distance deceives in fruits as in persons. The difficulty in reaching a situation rather than the actual value of what is obtained on arrival often distorts one's judgment."—Selected.

———o———

"OH! ISN'T IT HOT?"

The above caption is the salutation of one friend to another as they pass on the streets. Again, the weather is much discussed, but nothing can be done about it as usual. Never before have we experienced such a long wave of intense heat that from all reports has stretched over an extensive area of the country. For the past ten days the heat wave has held the thermometer over 100 degrees, and some days it has reached 103 degrees.

Not so many casualities have been reported, but young and old, we have observed, walked about with a great deal of deliberation. In fact the heat was the occasion, or cause, of inertia. Doubtless

this hot wave, July of 1940, will be recorded by the weather bureau as one of the longest and hottest ever experienced in this country.

It is opportune to say that the intense heat made the personnel of this institution realize to the fullest extent the value of the swimming-pool. One of the activities of the school is a dip in the pool. And there is joy written in the face of each boy after he takes a swim.

Superintendent Boger realizes and highly appreciates the health giving qualities of this fine recreation.

The swimming-pool here offers to the boys a finer opportunity for recreation than is available for the use of other communities in and around Concord. This pool is built on plans that gives every one an assurance that the water is pure and free from any contamination. Not a finer gift or more far-reaching one has ever been given to the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * *

HELPFUL INFORMATION

County officials and officials of the cities and towns in Cabarrus County have just received several guidebooks and brochures of immediate and practical import to them in their capacities as local governing officials. This information, coming from Albert Coates, Chapel Hill, director of the Institute of Government, makes it possible for individuals to know the laws relative to revenue arising from business of all kinds. Among those received are:

(1) The July-August issue of Popular Government, containing articles dealing with budget-making, necessary expense, and special purposes under the three titles: "Budget-Making Time is Here Again", "Tax for Necessary Expense Takes No Vote, But What Is Necessary?", and "General Tax Limited to 15 Cents but What About Special Purposes?"

(2) Four guidebooks on the Levy and Collection of Privilege License Taxes, discussing Schedule B of the 1939 Revenue Act. The first deals with chain stores and laundries; the second, with coin-operated amusement, music, weighing, vending and slot machines; the third, with peddlers and itinerant merchants; the

fourth, with city license taxes on motor vehicles, together with other miscellaneous provisions of the Privilege License Tax.

(3) Guidebook Supplements to The Listing and Assessing of Property for County and City Taxes in North Carolina, and to The Collection and Foreclosure of County and City Property Taxes in North Carolina—two booklets designed to be used in connection with basic guidebooks of the same titles already in the hands of city and county officials.

(4) Courses of Instruction—a booklet outlining services offered by the Institute of Government to officials, teachers and citizens, including courses on Criminal Law, Tax and Finance Administration, Legal and Governmental Aspects of Public Works, Public Health, Welfare and Relief Administration, City, County and State Government and Federal-State-Local Relationships.

Any official in Cabarrus County who has not received his copy of either of those guidebooks is invited to write to the Institute of Government at Chapel Hill.

* * * * * * * *

A VACATION DAY

America is vacation-conscious. Custom has built up the acceptance of the demand for vacations as legitimate, justified, and necessary. To those who think, there is general approval of a vacation day or week or month. The incessant drive of the employer and the employed is too taxing to be endured without some intervals of let-up, some time off, some freedom from duty.

But to plan for a vacation day and then to use it profitably is a test for skill that but few of us have acquired. Usually we go too far, do too much, rest too little, recreate scarcely at all—the drive of a vacation period is probably as intense as the drive of the most exacting work.

Maybe in this day when the schools and colleges are introducing all sorts of courses for study and training, it would not be surprising to hear of a course on Vacation Procedure. Surely most of us need such a course, but it probably would cost more than we have to spend on a vacation. It is not uncommon to hear people speak of resting up after their vacation. No doubt they are speak-

ing truthfully, though anomalously. Some welcome a vacation; others take it as a routine custom. Some go because they must; others because they want to. Some spend too much; others, too little. Some plan for a vacation long in advance; others plan as they go. Where shall we go? What shall we do? Who is (are) to go with us?—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

PRESERVING HISTORY

After the lapse of 3,176 years, the crypt lately sealed at Oglethorpe University, containing history of past and present, will be opened. There will be present people curious to know its contents, for we will always have those who seek to reveal the secrets of the past.

Oglethorpe University's "crypt of civilization," containing a "record of present-day life," was sealed in granite (May 25), barely in time to catch a full picture of that civilization. The date set for its re-opening is A. D. 8113, that year being estimated as equidistant from 1940 with the first recorded date of history. The crypt contains speeches and messages from noted personages of the present, micro-films of 640,000 pages of world literature, magazines —movie and otherwise—the metal plates of newsprint, cosmetics, seeds (this to test the oft-repeated stories of vital seeds found in Egyptian tombs) and other modern articles. What kind of a world will look upon this crypt, if it be opened 6,173 years hence? The hope with which the crypt was sealed was that its opening might find a world committed to absolute peace. The real answer to that rests in the minds and hearts of men today.

* * * * * * * *

On July 24, 1847, a date now commemorated as Pioneer Day, the first Mormon settlers arrived at the newly-chosen site, on the shores of Great Salt Lake, Utah. Through differences of opinion and persecution this migration from Ohio and Illinois took place. At this date there can be but one verdict as to the work of the Mormons in Utah. Here, if ever, the prophecy of Isaiah (35:1) was fulfilled: "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." There remains

to be seen today a beautiful city, fine community, a productive country, where peace and harmony continues to reign.

After the much persecutions of the Mormons throughout the west, they were finally lead to Salt Lake City, Utah, by Brigham Young, one of the disciples of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Religion. In modern architecture of granduer and beauty, Salt Lake City is the equal to any city of the entire United States. These people are thrifty and progressive and most loyal to their form of worship.

* * * * * * * *

From one exchange we learn that the people engage in dropping cats and dogs on the highways and streets as a mean of disposing of them. This is most cruel to the dumb animals and unkind to the people who are the victims of such a practice.

A certain lady who lives on the highway tells the story that one week six cats and two stray dogs presented a problem when they came to her front door. They were guant and had a most appealing look for help. The kitties she fed and placed them in the barn where they served special duty of keeping down an army of rats but the dogs presented a problem. She could neither give them away or drop them on the highway so that they could not find their way back to their adopted home.

The moral to this story is that if people were humanly kind these dumb animals should be killed and not thrown about the community to starve.

* * * * * * * *

Pericles, Athenian, born Fifth Century B. C., states in his writings, "We believe in laws that would promote the interest of all classes rather than any special class." He further states, "What you praise in my life belongs partly to good fortune, and is at best, common to me with many others; but the thing of which I am proudest is that no Athenian has ever put on mourning on my account." This ancient citizen of the old country gives the expressions of real democracy.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION FOCUSED EYES ON THE NAVY

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

The Jamestown Exposition, held on the grounds that now are those of the Norfolk Naval Operating Base, was one of the great undertakings of the past half century.

While the exposition failed to attract the millions of visitors its promoters had expected, it helped materially to turn the eyes of the nation towards Norfolk and its immediate neighborhood.

The exposition was a failure, but many persons are of the opinion that had there been no Jamestown Exposition there probably would have been no Norfolk Naval Operating Base. This base is the largest naval establishment of its kind in the United States and one of the largest in the world.

The gates of the Jamestown Exposition had hardly been closed before steps were being taken to have the Navy acquire the land for a naval base. By the time the World War was in full swing, the Base also was ready to service every ship in the United States fleet with ammunition and supplies of every description.

It was a newspaper man who first put in motion the idea of holding an exposition to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the landing of the first English settlers on Jamestown Island.

James M. Thompson, editor and owner of the Norfolk Dispatch, wrote the first editorial advocating the holding of an exposition in Norfolk. The editorial stirred public interest to such an extent that there were meetings of citizens at which the proposal was strongly endorsed.

The late Representative Harry L. Maynard, of Portsmouth, offered a bill in Congress securing Government aid and endorsement of the idea. Senator Thomas S. Martin gave the matter his approval and that meant that so far as political support was concerned, the enterprise could be assured of that kind of aid from all over Virginia and the nation too.

The late Alvah H. Martin, then clerk of the courts of Norfolk County, a member of the Republican National Committee and a man of powerful influence in both Republican and Democratic ranks, threw his influence to the proposal. Mr. Martin was elected first vice president of the exposition company and later was chosen governor of transportation, director general of the exposition and chairman of the receivers of the exposition company named late in the year 1907.

The exposition opened in April, 1907, and closed in November. Many reasons were advanced for its failure. One was that it was opened too soon, before the buildings had been completed. Another was that those in charge of publicity failed to make proper provisions for the great body of newspaper men that came here for the opening day.

Almost every paper of any consequence in the United States and many in London, France, Italy, Mexico, Germany and Canada, sent one or more

representatives here for the opening day. President Theodore Roosevelt was on hand to push the button that would start the exposition machinery in motion.

When the great army of news men arrived here, there was no committee on hand to greet them. Little or no arrangement had been made for transporting them from Norfolk proper to the Exposition Grounds. No plans had been made to feed them. There was no organized set-up for making it easy for them to obtain information. They appeared to be left to their own resources.

The exposition being far from completed, the reporters took occasion to play up that fact in the stories they sent back to their respective papers.

The New York Herald was one of the most bitter in its criticism. Its correspondent described the unfinished condition of many buildings and said little of those completed. One paragraph in his story read:

"President Roosevelt pushed the button that was to have started the exposition machinery in motion. He pushed the button, but the machinery failed to start. The machinery was not ready to start."

The adverse newspaper publicity sealed the fate of the entire enterpise, despite the fact that the officers tried very hard to explain that things would be running smoothly in a very short time.

It was the opinion of Norfolk newspaper men that had the visiting members of the press been shown the customary consideration, they would have overlooked the fact that some of the buildings were not complete and would have devoted most of their reports to the beautiful spot on which the exposition was located; historic Hampton Roads where more than a hundred naval ships representing all nations, rode at anchor.

From the standpoint of the naval show alone, the Jamestown Exposition probably was the greatest of its kind the world has ever known.

Not even the New York World's Fair, the Chicago World's Fair or the San Francisco World's Fair have produced anything like the naval show put on in Hampton Roads during the Jamestown Exposition.

There were anchored in Hampton Roads at the time, not one, but as many as an entire division of warships from France, England, Spain, Germany, Italy, Japan, Chile, Turkey, Russia, Brazil. The entire Atlantic Fleet was there. In those days there was no United States Fleet. The largest armada under the American flag was the Atlantic Fleet, a portion of which was known as the White Squadron. On this subject Charles Russell Keiley, author of the work, says:

"Exactly six months to a day after the approval by the Governor of the charter creating the Jamestown Exposition Company, General Lee became its president. Had this period been utilized to effect a permanent organization and to solicit subscriptions to the company's stock, pursuing the work with the same vigor and intelligence that later was found imperatively necessary, four years and six months from September, 1902, until April, 1907, could have been given to construction work—a period ample for every requirement.

"This conclusion is predicated upon the inference that congressional aid might have been secured proportionately earlier; and if such had been the case the exposition would easily

have been finished on time or even before the date set for the opening."

Harry St. George Tucker, LL. D., a noted lawyer and speaker and who later was elected to Congress from his home district in Virginia, was elected president of the exposition company succeeding General Lee, Alvah H. Martin was elected first vice president; S. Gordon Cummings, second vice president; W. E. Barrett, third vice president; Joseph Bryan, fourth vice president; Judge Theodore S. Garnett, sixth vice president; Barton Myers former mayor, was chosen as auditor and governor of ways and means, Nathaniel Beaman, also former mayor, was named treasurer; Theodore J. Wool, general counsel; O. D. Batchelor, general counsel; Gwynn T. Sheppard, secretary; Dr. R. L. Payne, medical director.

One of the strong men behind the exposition idea was United States Senator John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg. He was one of the great orators of the Senate and was known affectionately as the "Lame Lion of Lynchburg." He walked with a slight limp and whenever he arose in the Senate to speak his supporters and opponents made way for him as he walked to a prominent place on the floor. He wore his hair unusually long and members of the press gave him his nickname.

The exposition opened on April 26, before an immense throng. President Roosevelt arrived aboard the presidential yacht Mayflower. As soon as the vessel rounded Old Point and came in sight of the great fleet of American and foreign warships at anchor in Hampton Roads, the great guns began saluting.

Probably never before in all history had the Chief Executive of any nation been greeted with such a noisy welcome as that extended President Theodore Roosevelt on this memorable occasion.

The warships were anchored in three lines and there were more than 100 ships in all. Each ship boomed a salute of 21 guns for the President of the United States.

In the big fleet were the Brazilian cruisers Tamoyo and Barroso and the the battleship Riachuelo; British cruisers Roxburgh, Hampshire, Argle and Good Hope; German cruiser Roon and Bremen; Austro-Hungarian cruisers Sanki Sanki Georg and Aspern; Chilean cruiser Zenteno; Argentine cruiser Sarmiento; 16 American battleships, Kearsarge, Missouri, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia, Maine, Illinois, Louisiana, Connecticut, Alabama, Kentucky, Ohio, Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana; cruisers, St. Louis, Washington, Tennessee, Denver and Cleveland; torpedo boats, Stringham, DeLong, Blakely, Stockton and Wilkes; destroyers, Hopkins, Hull, Stewart, Truxtun, Whipple, Worden; auxiliary cruisers Arethusa and Glacier, and as permanent station ships, the cruiser Brooklyn, battleship Texas, monitor Miantonomah, and the old monitor Canonicus, a relic of the Civil War.

There were a number of other warships from France and Italy and the United States whose names are not available. The naval show was the greatest ever held in the United States except at the naval rendezvous held in Hampton Roads in 1892 when 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus was observed.

President Roosevelt arrived at Discovery Landing at 11:30 a. m. and was met there by Honorable St.

George Tucker, president of the exposition company, and a committee composed of Rear Admiral Harrington, Major General Grant and all officials of the exposition company.

Escorted by a squad of the Twelfth United States Cavalry, the President was driven to the reviewing stand on Lee's parade where he delivered his address.

The entire distance from the pier to the scene of the days' ceremonies was walled by companies of coast artillery from Fort Monroe and detachments of the Twenty-third United States Infantry. The Rt. Rev. Alfred Magil Randolph, Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of Southern Virginia, delivered the invocation.

Among the distinguished persons attending the opening day ceremonies was Adm. Robley D. Evans, one of the most popular high officers the United States Navy has ever known. He was a hero to all Americans and was popularly known as "Fighting Bob" Evans. Other distinguished naval and governmental office from abroad were Rear Adm. Sir George Neville, of the British Royal Navy; Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, ambassador from China; Baron Hengelmuller Von Hengervar, ambassador from Austro-Hungary; Baron Speck Von Sternberg, ambassador from Germany; Baron Del Planches, ambassador from Italy; Viscount Siuzo Aoki, Ambassador from Japan; His Royal Highness di Savoia, Duke D'Abuzzi of Italy; the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British ambassador.

William J. Bryan, twice candidate for President of the United states on the Democratic ticket and Secretary of State in the administration of President Woodrow Wilson, spoke at the exposition Tennessee Day.

The first president of the exposition was Henry Schmelz, a prominent banker of Newport News. He declined to serve on the advice of his physician. The director then elected Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, a nephew of the great Robert E. Lee and a former Governor of Virginia.

He was elected in 1902 and served until April 29, 1905, when he died. His death was universally regretted and proved a blow to the exposition company and its officials.

In a book entitled "The Jamestown Exposition," the death of General Lee is given as one of the reasons for the failure of the inter-Union was represented at the exposition personally by citizens and by the erection of buildings. The Georgia State House was one of the show places on the grounds and there were buildings erected by New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, West Virginia, Maine Delaware and other States.

The most shocking disaster of the exposition cast a gloom over the festivities. A launch from the battleship Minnesota returning to the ship from the exposition grounds, fouled a tow line extending from a tug to a barge, was sunk and all aboard were drowned.

The victims of this horrible tragedy were mostly midshipmen. They were Phillip H. Field, Colorado, class of 1906; William Hollister, North Carolina, class of 1906; Franklin Porteous Holcomb, Delaware, class of 1907; Herbert Leander Holden, Wisconsin, class of 1907, and Walter Carl Ulrich, Wisconsin, class of 1907; Henry Clay Myrfin, Jr., Ohio, class of 1907. Others drowned were Robert H. Dodson, seaman, Jesse Conn, coal passer; Frank

R. Plumer, ordinary seaman; Horley L. Van Dorne, seaman, and George W. Westphal, fireman.

North Carolina Day was observed August 15 and the principal address was made by Governor Glenn. He was the guest of honor at a reception given by the North Carolina Society of Norfolk and at second reception sponsored by Governor Swanson of Virginia. One of the largest crowds seen on the grounds on any day during the exposition was present for North Carolina Day.

F. D. Winston, Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina, replying to an address of welcome by Mr. Tucker, said:

"If a man lives in North Carolina 25 years, he is thereby qualified to be Governor of any State or mayor of Norfolk. If to the 25 years of residence in North Carolina, you add 25 years in Tennessee, there is no limit to the power of such a man. Only three ever did this and each became President of the United States—Jackson, Polk and Johnson."

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STARCH FROM POTATOES

It has been estimated that from 300 to 500 bushels of sweet potatoes per acre of the variety best suited for making starch can be produced, and that there is money in them even as low as 25 and 30 cents a bushel. This information comes from some of the best informed sources on starch from sweet potatoes. There is a big experimental plant at Laurl, Miss., and all the information from that point is that there ought to be a big future in this business. Think of the added income that would come to farmers of this section from large crops of sweet potatoes. And in this industry, the entire crop can be used, large, small, culls, roots, and all. The residue or by-product, potato pulp is said to be as fine a food for stock as beet pulp.

It would be a good thing for local agricultural and Chamber of Commerce authorities to be looking further into this matter of starch from sweet potatoes. It seems to offer wonderful possibilities for a more diversified agriculture. A sweet potato crop is one of the most easily raised and one of the cheapest crops grown.—Gastonia Gazette.

SOMERSET PLANTATION TELLS OF PAST GLORIES

(Dare County Times)

Some seven miles from Columbia is Creswell, a beautiful little town in Washington County, and seven miles back inland along a straight and narrow road overshadowed by magnificent old oaks, some of them more than 100 years old, overlooking the beautiful waters of a large inland lake, sits the ancient old farmhouse of Somerset, once the magnificent estate of Josiah Collins and his tribe who dominated that region for more than 100 years. The great Somerset estate is something that every citizen of this section should visit. It is well worth the small cost of traveling from any point in Eastern North Carolina in order that one may observe the Colonial magnificence and the splendor amid which those aristocrats of other days lived. Some 25,000 acres of land were granted in the old Somerset estate which became the Josiah Collins plantation. 1,000 acres of this land were cleared by slave labor. Immense canals were dug leading to the Scuppernong River for a length of seven miles and of sufficent size to permit barges to traverse them. The canals served a double purpose in that they admitted of navigation and transportation of crops and supplies and likewise admitted the waters of Lake Phelps to descend from a higher level into the ditches that watered the immense rice fields of the plantation.

It seems so out of place to drive an automobile along this beautiful and quiet old dusty plain with its huge trees and its calm canal waters beside it and its fields stretching away in almost endless distance. When one remembers that three score and ten years ago hundreds of slaves were singing in its fields, overseers rode across it on horseback and occasionally the master of the plantation with his women folks in his carriage would drive down the long lane to Church or to the village.

The immense old farmhouse built of hand-hewn timber grown on the estate, cut and fashioned by slaves who lived thereon, on a foundation of brick that were brought from England 150 years ago, with its spacious, airy and well lighted rooms that have resounded to the tread of many happy and prosperous generations, with its huge brick fireplaces, and it long and graceful stairways, its windows that reach from the floor to ceiling, wide upper and lower porches commanding a view of many miles of broad waters and where the finest summer breezes made life an endless song, is truly something to marvel at.

All about the grounds stand gigantic cypress trees 80 to 90 feet in height, as well as elms and the entire yard, both front and back and on the side where it slopes down to the lake front, is heavily carpeted with greenest grass.

Stretching out from the rear of the mansion are various outbuildings with their huge fireplaces, homes of the large retinue of servants who waited on the master and his family. Here were the dwellings of the overseers, the house maids, the but-

ler, and other men servants. Some of the buildings have long since been destroyed by fire, but practically all of them remain in splendid condition, which at small outlay could be restored to their former interesting grandeur.

It is not difficult to see in retrospect an imaginary picture of life as it was lived on the immense plantation 75 or more years ago. There was little need for money in those days. The plantation was sufficient unto itself. It produced immense quantities of rice, cotton, corn, potatoes, flax and all manner of grain, as well as cattle, hogs, horses and fowl. The woods of the forests abounded with every native variety of game, birds and animals so that with the least effort the master or the servant who went afield with flint lock musket or who set his snares at night, was always amply rewarded with all the game he might desire, not only for the able but for their furs and skins and feathers, which all found a useful place in the life of this great mansion.

In those days such an estate was almost a country unto itself. The master made his own laws by which he ruled his hundreds of slaves.

As one approaches the home site there looms at the road side a gigantic barn with a partial brick foundation, four stories in height, its huge frame and beams and posts hewed out of the timbers from the nearby woods, put together with wooden pegs, and as strong and solid as on the day it was built many years before the Civil War.

Imagine the end of the harvest season when the grain had been stored in the barn. The slaves were then put to work chopping wood for the huge fireplaces to warm the family through the winter, to make rails, to split shingles and boards. There was something doing the year around. When they were not producing crops, they were manufacturing wood products. Never a worry to cross their minds concerning the morrow, no thought about where the next meal was coming from, and clothing was constantly in the making. When the weather was bad they worked indoors carding and spinning and weaving cloth. The barns of this imense plantation were much the same as a great warehouse on some harbor front today. The small vessels of the region could be towed up the entire length of the canal and there loaded with grain and shingles which were sometimes carried to the various ports on the sounds and rivers, such as Edenton, Elizabeth City, Norfolk and even to the West Indies. The ships would return from the West Indies loaded with things for which the plantation harvest had been exchanged. Practically everything that was needed which they could not raise on the plantation could be obtained in exchange for something that was raised there. In the winter months the roads were so bad that very little traveling went in and out from the plantation.

The children were taught and educated at home by imported English tutors who lived at Somerset the year 'round, and once having grown to manhood or womanhood at Somerset, one should have been a quite polished or cultured lady or gentleman.

ATTENTION

(Boy's Industrial School Journal)

On the drill ground we are familar with the command, AT-TEN-TION. And at the word we are to give our whole selves to what we are to do. The company may have been "at ease," but now it is in perfect order and ready for the next command.

Not only on the drill ground but in many other places must we be called to attention. Work in the school-room demands the most careful attention. And the boy who can command himself to give as strict attention to his lessons as is given by a company on the drill ground is the boy who is likely to succeed.

Sometimes we are spoken to and we ask to have the words repeated; but often we could recall the words if we could concentrate our minds on recalling them. We may get in the habit of asking others to repeat what they said, and fail to give attention to what is said feeling that we can ask to have it repeated. This is a most harmful habit. "Things done by halves are never done right. There is a good rule in the Bible. Whatsoever thy hand fineth to do, do it with thy might.

There have been many improvements in machines, but the human brain is about the same as when Julius Caesar ruled in Rome, and men drove ox carts down the hills of Italy to haul the beautiful marble for statues and buildings. Like that ancient marble unchanged through the ages, so is the human brain, and each of us has the same kind of machine of the mind, though they may differ in ability.

We memorize just as did school boys three thousand years ago. Some writers give three steps for memory work. Intensity, frequency and recency.

When we give close attention we repeat what we have to learn, we have the second step, frequency, and for young persons, that which has happened the same day, or near the time, is recency. And perhaps the most important step is intensity. The blind person who has a book read for him is apt to remember well because that may be the only time the book will be read in his hearing.

There are in the human brain millions of tiny cells with the main stem like a tree trunk and numerous branches like those from a tree.

We do not know just how these little dendrites or trees of the brain do their work. We might think of them as intertwining their branches or as little electric discharges as lighting passes from cloud to cloud or to the earth, but it is a much slower force than the electricity that lights our lamps.

We might think of the person without education or training as having a brain in which the dendrites were like neglected shrubberry or trees, and the educated or trained brain would be more like an orchard of fruit trees or a lawn with beautiful arranged plants.

Education may come from books, or patient use of skill in working according to plans or in schools, which are groups working in the same end and more like team work in games.

One great blessing of education of training is that the more you know, the easier it is to know still more. It is like the snowball that gets larger every time it rolls over.

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You can always tell when a man's a fool
By his chatter and his way;

You can always know when a man is wise
By the things he does not say.

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OUR FORESTS MAY BE A SOURCE OF INCOME

(Smithfield Herald)

It took a flood in 1916 to impress upon North Carolina the importance of conserving its forests. The legislature, following the disastrous waters that swept away trees, crops, buildings, and roads, tightened up on its conservation laws, reorganize its forest service, and put on a campaign of education in fire protection and reforestation. Mill owners were not allowed to cut over timber lands ruthlessly with no regard for what might be the future results to the land and to future timber growth.

This education is still going on, not only in North Carolina but in the South, and one of the educational agencies is the Southern Pulpwood Conservation Association of Atlanta which has for its specific objective the development of the South's timber resources of both landowner and industry. Naturally the association is interested in the pulpwood industry and since only a portion of the pulpwood used by this industry comes from company-owned lands, it is to the benefit of the industry that good forestry practices be extended to millions of other acres. Selective cutting is advocated as the most desirable method of cutting, but when this is not done, the association urges the leaving of from four to six seed trees per acre for reforesting the cut over area. In order that these trees be not cut down thoughtlessly, the association is experimenting with the use of 800,000 tags made of weather resistent cardboard bearing "Seed tree. Left to reforest this land for future income. Please do not cut."

That Johnston county is abreast of the times in its forest conservation program is indicated by the fact that a full-time county forest warden is employed whose duty it is to prevent forest fires, the greatest menace to forest growth, and to promote through reforestation the growth of more timber as a money crop. Agricultural leaders recognize the importance of turning to other crops than cotton and tobacco for cash income, and trees are one of those "other crops" that can be profitable in Johnston.

PRESIDENT W. P. FEW AT BOSTON UNIVERSITY

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The commencement speaker this year at Boston University was Dr. William Preston Few, president of Duke University, who chose for his theme, "Concerning the Public Duties of Educated Men."

Zions Herald in its story of this commencement, when President Marsh awarded 1458 degrees in courses and in addition 14 honorary degrees, made copious use of President Few's address from which we quote the following closing paragraphs which were addressed particularly to the graduating class:

"To count in the day to which you go you must be heroes as well as idealists. I could wish that all of you, and all American youth like you, might today hear loudly ringing in your ears this call to the heroes and idealists. Heroes because you have the power to stand in any crisis and at all costs; and idealists because you seek the widest good and love the widest joy.

"It is not the business of colleges to indoctrinate their students, but all American colleges should be dedicated to country as well as to causes and to humanity, should provide a high leadership of ideas and ideals in the service of the Republic. Men and women rightly educated by these colleges will make substantial contributions not only to sound thinking and sound conduct upon which a great republic may be built, but they will be contributing to that also which must be ever-present in the consciousness of any democracy if it is to endure—a reasonable ground for belief in itself and in its destiny. We still judge a man's wisdom by his hope. We need now to be reassured by the hopefulness of the wise. The final duty of educated men, especially of educated young men, is to bring hope and forward looking thoughts.

"On the coins of old Spain there was a device in which the shield of Castile and Leon was supported by the pillars of Hercules, which marked the limit of the Old World. But the motto spoke of no limit. 'Plus Ultra,' it ran—there is more beyond, and what that more might be no man could know. So forth they went in search of El Dorado and the fountains of eternal youth; and they found —America. 'Plus Ultra' seems the best motto for the America of today. What is just ahead of us no man can know, but if enough enlightened and high-minded youth, heroes and idealists, can be sent forth with courage and hope to go beyond the limits of past experience in search of a new El Dorado, we may expect to find, not in some sweet golden clime of the imagination, not in some far western island that lies beyond the dim horizon of the keenest-visioned seer, but here in our own time and country—we may expect to find a greater America."

TOMATO, ONCE A LOVE APPLE

By John H. Jollief

The tomato has a long and honorable history, even though misunderstood for centuries. It originated in Peru and was used as food by the Peruvians, Mexicans, and others, for centuries before being introduced to North America and Europe. Even then the "love apple", as it was called, was considered poisonous, and was grown merely as an ornament or a plant curiosity.

It appears somewhat strange that a plant could be grown for centuries before its fine qualities were really discovered. Just when and how and by whom the highly civilized whites of European and North American countries learned that the luscious fruit would not poison them we do not know. The plant was shunned because of its relatives. The tomato plant belongs to the nightshade family, a poisonous family in the plant world. It is a first or at least second cousin to the white potato and the chili pepper.

The first mention of the tomato as being grown for culinary use in North America was in 1781, but it was not generally grown for commercial purposes until about the middle of the nineteenth century. By 1890 an equivalent of more than five million standard cases were canned in this country. Today the annual pack is something greater than twenty million cases.

Can you imagine 2,577,000 tons of tomatoes? That was the commercial crop produced in 1939 in the United States on more than a half million acres. Much of this went on the market as fresh perishable fruit, but a much larger amount went into cans. Florida, California, Texas, New Jersey, and New York led in production for the fresh market, while Indiana California, Maryland, New Jersey, and Ohio led in production for canning. The cash farm value of the crop was $57,500,000.

The tomato is the most important perishable vegetable we grow. It ranks first among the vegetables used for canning, and ranks next to the potato and sweet potato in total value of all vegetables grown for sale. It is grown in practically all home gardens and by most of the truck growers. The fruit is served raw, stewed, fried, baked, and as a sauce for various foods. On our tables it appears as soup, salad, pickles, catsup, and juice.

Bontanically, the common tomato is only one of several types of tomatoes. There are others besides our common table tomato. These include the cherry, pear, potato-leaved, upright, and currant tomatoes. There are some 327 so-called varieties listed by seedsmen, but fewer than a dozen varieties make up ninety per cent of all tomatoes grown in the United States. Bontanically and scientifically speaking, the tomato should be referred to as a fruit, rather than as a vegetable. A fruit is the seed container of a plant, whereas a vegetable refers to the root, bulb, tuber, shoot, stalk, or leaf of plants used for food.

Tomatoes do well in nearly all kinds of soils from sands to heavy clays. Manures and commercial fertilizers are used profitably in tomato produc-

tion. Yields differ tremendously in different sections, depending upon soil, seasonal conditions, and cultural practices. The average yield in 1939 was 4.62 tons an acre. Individual yields may vary, however, from a mere ton or so to thirty or more tons an acre.

Perhaps you wonder how the millions of plants are obtained each year for the production of such a huge crop. The seed is saved by commercial seedsmen as a by-product of juice, catsup, or pulp manufacture. It is usually allowed to ferment for a time to remove the mucilage-like coating, and is then washed and dried on screens in the sun or in specially constructed drying cabinets. There are from eight thousand to ten thousand seeds in an ounce. Three thousand plants will set an acre, so you see a small amount of seed goes a long way.

The Aztecs named this wonderful plant tomatl. Millions of people the world over know it today for its true worth. You see it on parade in the garden, at the grocery, and on the tables of thankful peoples. No longer is it a curiosity. Its fine qualities have been found out even though hidden for many centuries.

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THE LOVE OF MONEY

Older people will remember McDuffey's reader. In it there is a story of an old miser who kept his silver and gold in a little room down under his basement. Here he would secretly go and worship his money and let the gold and silver coins run through his fingers, and listen to it and say: "O My Beauties."

One day while he was handling his money a sudden wind blew the door of the subbasement shut. As it fastened with a spring lock, and could be opened only from the outside, he was made a prisoner by his own devices. Thus he was imprisoned with his gold and silevr, and his treasure house became his tomb. Years later some men tore down his old house, and they found a skeleton lying over a heap of coins. He had made money his god and his god had destroyed him.

Two thousand years ago the Apostle Paul warned us about the love for money when he said:

"But they that be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.

"For the love of money is the root of all evil, which some covet after they have erred from the truth, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." (I Timothy 6:9-10).

—Rev. Edward B. Jenkins.

IN THE AMERICAN WAY

By Catherine Herzel

It was hot in the auditorium. We were hot enough up on the stage, in all our graduation finery, but our fathers and mothers and fond relatives looked even hotter, for the hall was crowded, and the breeze that came through the open doors was holt and sultry. When Steve Chasnik got the Legion prize I looked down in the auditorium at Steve's mother and father, who were looking very proud and happy, and then at Aunt Ella Dowling. She was whispering something to her neighbor, Miss Minnie Miller, and though I could not hear her, I could imagine what she said, "Isn't that like America? That's doing things in the American way." Aunt Ella pins a lot of faith on doing things the American way.

This prize was given by the American Legion for an essay on "What it means to be an American." Mr Millbanks made a nice little speech as he presented it to Steve, but Aunt Ella could have said more about the reason it was so fitting that Steve got it.

Maybe I ought to tell you something about our town so you can understand about Steve. Wilton is a coal-mining town, and I know that gives you a picture of tumbledown shacks and people who can't speak English. But that's not Wilton—not the main part of it. Wilton is a fair sized town, with two movies, several chain stores, and a community building. It lies in a wide valley between two parallel mountain ranges, and in the mountain to the north is the coal mine. Those of us who have lived in Wilton all our lives are so used to the big black hill of coal dirt half way up the mountain we scarcely konw it is there. But outsiders always notice it the first thing, and remark about it.

The people who live in Wilton, down in the main part, are English and German, Welsh and Irish, and they work in the mines, or else in stores and garages. But up the mountain, near the entrance to the mines, cluster a number of little houses owned by the coal company. The people whho live there are Slavs, Lithuanians, Hungarians—we never knew just what they really were, but lumped them all together and called them Hunkies. That sounds as if we were callous, I know, but we never got to know any of them. They lived apart from the rest of us they had their own Greek Catholic church at the edge of town, and until Steve graduated, they always dropped out of school as soon as they reached fourteen. We never thought much about them.

The Chasniks were different. I heard my mother say that she had heard that Mrs. Chasnik was so clean that you could have eaten from her kitchen floor. Of course our mothers didn't really know—they had never been in Chasniks' house—it was just something they had heard. But they felt kindly toward the Chasniks and said they were different. One thing that set them apart was that they came to our church. Steve was in the Sunday school class taught by Aunt Ella. Maybe it was from her

that Steve learned so much about the American way. They were great friends. He would stop there after school before he started his long walk up the mountain. It was the only home in Wilton that he ever visited. I remember one afternoon I rushed into Aunt Ella's living room with a message from mother, and there Steve sat. He was looking at the books on the shelves and Aunt Ella was talking.

"It's not that we always do things that way," she was saying earnestly, "but we know that's the right way. If you believe in democracy, you believe in it although we make mistakes. It's our ideals, the things we aim at, that are important. Our mistakes are—growing pains. Justice and co- operation are the important things, even though we often fail to live up to them. It's the American Way."

She saw me then, and smiled. "Come in, child. Stephen and I are talking about something we both hold precious."

Steve rose. "It's time for me to go, Miss Ella. I'll take these along, if I may." He tucked several books under his arm and went out with Aunt Ella. When she came back I was looking at her books.

"No wonder Steve is so good in American history," I said carelessly. "It always seems so queer, his being so interested when he comes from up the mountain."

"Elinor!" Aunt Ella's voice sounded stern and quite unlike her usual tone. Her gray eyes were looking right into mine.

"Is Stephen any less an American than you are? His parents worked and saved for years in order to come to this land of which they dreamed. Stephen was born in America, just as you were, but he isn't so careless of his heritage!"

That amounted to quite a scolding from gentle Aunt Ella, so I said hurriedly, "I didn't mean it the way it sounded, Aunt Ella. I just didn't think—"

"I know. You don't. It would do you, and most of your classmates good to do a little thinking about being Americans."

After that I noticed Steve's interest in American history more than ever. He knew all the answers in Civics, too, even who our Representative was, which is more than I could say for any of the rest of us.

We didn't see a lot of Steve, but you musn't think he was aloof and serious. His homely face broadened into a grin very easily, and his brown eyes just danced at any fun that went on. He often thought something was funny when the rest of us couldn't see the joke. And although his English always sounded a bit strange and formal, he liked to make puns, and then just chuckle as if he were hearing the quip for the first time.

Of course, he couldn't take much part in athletics, living so far away, but the boys liked him and respected him because they knew he was game. One afternoon the whistles blew and blew, calling volunteers to fight the forest fire. A one-track railroad ran through the woods on the mountain to the south, and every year when the woods were dry, sparks from the engine would start a fire. Usually it was small and easily under control, but this fall it seemed to be sweeping down the hillside right onto the clearings at the edge of the woods. Mr. Millbanks dismissed the older boys to go and help, but the rest of us could only watch. It was terrible to see

those flames sneak down the hill until they reachhed a solitary tall pine, and then a great tongue of fire would leap up, and it seemed to us we could hear the crackle. After nightfall it seemed more dangerous than ever, for we could see the long line of red smouldering away, and then leaping up into flame. It was several days before the fighters were back home, their eyebrows singed and their clothes smelling of smoke.

From that time on the boys thumped Steve on the back and listened when he spoke. One day in class we each had to get up and tell what our real ambition was. The boys wanted to be lawyers and doctors and engineers, the girls said teachers and all sorts of things. Milla Edwards said she was going to be an actress, and the rest of us just hooted at the idea. But no one laughed when Steve said he was going to college to study economy. The teacher looked puzzled and the rest of us waited for him to explain.

"Our nation needs men who know what is wrong with banks that they fail, or business that it slumps. It seems to me that would be one good way of serving our country."

"Economics, not economy," corrected Mr. Swift quitely. "That ought to be the aim of all of us, to serve our country, whether as teachers or doctors or lawyers."

Steve nodded with satisfaction.

We had such a good time, that senior year. It was a cold winter with lots of snow that stayed hard and solid. We even rented an old sleigh and had a ride over the back roads one moonlit night, which is something no one had been able to do for years. But I remember best the sledding we did on the mountain road. We borrowed sleds from younger brothers and sisters and trudged up the mountain road almost to the little settlement. Then we swooped down that long road, ending in the flat surface of Mr. Miller's pasture. Sometimes Steve came out to join us, and when we took our final ride down the hill he would stand there at the top, waving us out of sight.

Another time that I remember is the day before Decoration Day. We went on the mountain to pick laurel, for the pink blossoms were heavy on the little bushes. We were going to make bouquets to decorate the soldiers' graves the following day. We were part way up the mountain when we heard someone call, and looked back. There was Jakey Pulbaum trudging up the hill, and he had his little Becky by the hand.

"Good-night!" That was Milla. "Is that nuisance going along? And Becky, too!"

"Too bad we all didn't bring kids along," said Henry Ziegler dryly.

"You can always count on Jakey to spoil things.

We stood there waiting, but we certainly didn't look friendly for our faces were sullen.

"Hurry up, Jakey," yelled one of the boys impatiently.

No one liked Jakey. He belonged to the one Jewish family in town, and his father had a little clothing store. Jakey was undersized, and while he was easily the brightest boy in school, he was always on the defensive. He so obviously expected the worst that he got what he expected.

As soon as he was close we started walking again, leaving him to trail on behind us. The paper bag containing his lunch was in one hand, and Becky's hot, perspiring little paw in his other.

"I had to bring Becky," he began apologizing between puffs. "Mama had to help papa in the store, and there was no one to leave her with. I had to bring her, now didn't I?"

"Couldn't have stayed home with her," muttered one of the boys in an undertone, but Jakey heard. Poor Jakey always heard the mean things said about him. He flushed and stopped talking.

"Its hot," said Becky. "Jakey, I'm hot." For the rest of the walk up the mountain we heard that every few minutes, "Jakey, I'm hot. Jakey, I'm hot." We heard it because we were not talking much. Jakey and Becky trailing along just spoiled the day. We went along glumly.

But just where the road turned sharply to the west and to the mines, we met Steve. He was smiling, and our spirits rose a little.

"I have found a grand place," he said, "where there is a regular thicket of laurel. We can cut all we need and still leave most of it.

We all started to talk at once and fell in behind Steve. He knew the mountain like a book and sure enough he led us to a spot the size of Miller's pasture just covered wtih laurel in bloom. We worked together happily and had quite a nice bundle of bouquets when the noon whistle blew. We stopped at once and brought out our lunches, for we were famished.

"Oh, Elinor," shrieked Milla, "do you have any of those divine chicken sandwiches your mother makes?"

"Yes," I said resignedly, holding out my box. "I know I'll never even taste one." We began eating and sampling each other's good things. As always, we could hardly wait until Steve opened his package because his mother made the most delicious little cakes—utterly different from anything we had ever tasted. Steve brought a lot, too, so we all got a taste. Then Jakey came around, smiling, so anxious to please, and offered some of his lunch. He held out the greasy paper bag. It contained the queerest looking sandwiches and things. No one dared try them.

"No thank you," said Milla coldly.

"Thank you, I don't believe I care for any—I've already eaten so much—" The words stuck in my throat. I knew we were being unkind, but I couldn't help it. The other girls refused with varying politeness, and the boys just walked away, leaving Jakey with his paper bag and that fixed smile. All but Steve. We knew that he would not behave like the rest of us.

"Um," he said, "mind if I take two?" He ate two of those queer looking sandwiches as if he really enjoyed them. We began picking laurels again, realizing that we hadn't behaved very well. Steve was quiet too, and altogether we weren't as merry as usual.

It wasn't long before we had enough, so we sat down and talked lazily about going home. Suddenly something plunged into our midst. We jumped to our feet, and saw it was Becky. She had been playing on the rocks all about us, and slipped off one boulder to come crashing down on us.

"It hurts! It hurts! Jakey it hurts!" she wailed. Jakey and Steve tried to find out what was the matter while the rest of us stood around uneasily. They soon decided that there was nothing much wrong except some

scratches and fright, but Becky insisted that her leg was hurt and that she couldn't walk.

"You'll have to carry her home," said Steve. "Her leg might be hurt, you know. We can't tell."

Poor little Jakey reached down and picked her up. He staggered under her weight when he tried to walk.

"Here, hand her over. We can take turns carrying her," said Henry awkwardly. The gleam in Steve's eye vanished. He was laughing and quite himself again as we left, Henry carrying Becky, and the rest of us carrying our laurel bouquets.

I often wonder what Steve thought of the whole matter. He never referred to it again, but was his own friendly self with everyone, including Jakey.

It was getting near the last days of school, and we seniors had a lot to keep us busy—new clothes, invitations to send out, parties. We met one afternoon to vote the class awards. Most of them were just those like "best-dressed," "prettiest," "most likely to succeed," but there was one that was more important. Each year the school gave a scholarship to the state university to the best student in the graduating class. A tradition had grown that the class vote decide this, too, altthough as a matter of course it usually went to the one with the highest grades. But in our class that was Jakey, and none of us seriously thought of awarding it to him. Somehow, you felt that the person getting that scholarship represented your class, and no one wanted undersized Jakey to represent us, no matter how bright he was.

Henry Ziegler was our class president, so he said briskly, "The four having the highest averages are Jakey Lena, Bob, and Milla. Will you please leave the room?"

They trailed out, and Henry said, "Let's have some discussion before we vote."

"Seems like Bob would be the one," drawled Ed.

"How about giving it to a girl for a change?" demanded Mary Davis.

"Ooooh," groaned some of the boys, as if the very idea were ridiculous.

"What about Jakey " This was Steve, of course.

"Now, listen, Steve, we couldn't do that!"

"Why not? You all know that none of the other three are anywhere near Jakey in marks. Mr. Millbanks says that Jakey is probably the brightest boy this high school ever had. He deserves the scholarship, and he needs it, too. He's not strong enough to work and study, as some of the rest of us can. He ought to have it."

We knew Steve was right. If anyone else had been as bright and as needy, we would have voted for him right off. But Jakey—!

"He's bright, all right," conceded Ed.

"But—aw, Steve, it's no good. He's so queer, and measly looking—When you're at State next year wouldn't you hate to have someone point out Jakey as the Wilton scholarship man from our class?"

"Anyway, he's a Jew," mumbled someone on the back row. There was silence then. We were ashamed to admit our prejudice, but it was there, born of ignorance and intolerance. Finally Steve spoke.

"My father and mother worked and saved for years to come to America. Because to them America was a land of brotherhood and equality.

Why do you suppose you are Americans? Just because your ancestors thought that, too, and came here to escape persecution and prejudice, and lack of opportunity. Just to escape what you're doing to Jakey. No matter what you do, I won't get discouraged, because I'm an American and I believe in American democracy. But I certainly can't think much of a bunch of Americans who deny someone what is his right just because they don't like him."

There was nothing to say, of course. Suddenly I began to see what Aunt Ella had been talking about.

"Let's do this in the American way!" I hardly realized that I had spoken out loud. Ed. got up. "Mr. President," he said, very seriously. "I move that we unanimously award Jacob Pulbaum the Wilton scholarship."

The ayes came in a loud chorus. We were all in accord.

"Say, Steve," said Henry, as we were all going out. "Why don't you write down what you said to us and make it into an essay for that Legion prize. You seem to know more about what it means to be an American than most of us." He grew red as he said this, and looked sort of sheepish. Steve looked pleased with the suggestion. "Maybe."

"Steve," I said, "I thought maybe I'd like to read some books on American history. Aunt Ella has lots. What shall I read first?"

One of the queerest things about it all was the difference it made in Jakey. Somehow, having done something for him made us more tolerant of him, and he began to improve. He stood up straighter and seemed to have a little pride in himself. And we found he wasn't such a washout as we had always thought.

Of course Steve won the essay prize, and Aunt Ella was delighted. Though I wonder, now that I think back over it all, which was more in the American way, Steve winning the prize, or Jakey getting the scholarship?

———o———

The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor with her uplifted torch, a gift of France to America, will stand as a reminder of the better days which French people enjoyed during the days of the Republic when they gloried in their liberty. Let us hope that it may lead that people to throw off the slavery of Nazism and to again enjoy the freedom that once was theirs. And this turn of affairs in the life of the French nation should be timely and forceful warning to all Americans that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

THE GHOSTS OF GETTYSBURG

(The Baltimore Sun)

It looks like so many places in our country—stone walls at right angles on a hill, a clump of trees, a field falling toward a road, and on the other side of the road meadows sloping gently up to a fringe of woods. Yet, there is no other place in our country where so many men seem to rise out of the sod and try to tell what happened to them there seventy-six years ago. Gettysburg was the high-water mark of the Confederate wave, and on this corner of the ground there splashed the topmost tip, blood red, of that valiant wave—the charge of Pickett's Virginians. No other battle field of the War between the States tells its own story so eloquently as Gettysbury. There is an aurora of history over the mocking quiet, and the air is heavy with heartbreak. The ghosts speak to you, if you listen well.

General Lee of the Confederate forces sought to strike at the heart of the Union. He marched northward with his 70,000 men, up the natural pathway screened by the Blue Mountains on the east. The Union army, under command of General Meade, moved northward just east of the mountain wall. Neither army knew exactly where the other was. It was a game of blindman's buff.

Suddenly the two forces found each other, and grappled, all because a little town named Gettysburg had a shoe factory. A Confederate detachment approached it, eager for good footgear, met Union cavalry, and fell back. Soon both armies were racing for the spot. And now let the ghosts speak.

Standing on Cemetery Ridge, you have the town below you. Union soldiers are fanwise west of the town, overlooking the wide expanse of valley to the Blue Mountains. From the north, and from the mountains in the west, the Confederates rush forward, pushing the Union men through the town and up the hill on which you stand. Looking south, you can imagine thousands of Union soldiers with faces the color of old leather streaming up to hold the ridge. From the round tops of rocky knobs, whose possession is the key to victory, you can understand why Lee's men died trying to take them, and why they failed; and yet, how near they came to succeeding!

On the third day of the battle the Union forces held a line of these hills, shaped like a fish hook. The Confederate lines, on the lower ridges, made a half circle about the fish hook. Lee had repeatedly failed to bend the Union flanks. Supplies were low—Lee had to attack. At one o'clock on the third day the Union troops in the middle of Cemetery Ridge heard gunfire from the enemy's lines. Seventy Confederate cannon spoke. Soon horses were running riderless on the Ridge; the bombardment blasted the cemetery's grave-stones. By the door of a house back of the Union lines amputated limbs were being piled up. Hades had broken loose.

On the Confederate side tragic scenes were being enacted. Major General Pickett's fresh Virginians were assigned to take the Ridge. Through the breaks in the clouds of white smoke could be seen great gray lines with muskets flashing and flags

flying. Behind them marched other lines in the hot July sun, all shoulder to shoulder as if the short mile between them and their foe was a parade ground. Union artillery tore great gaps in the gray lines, but the breaks were quickly mended.

The gray lines converged upward toward the stone walls and the clump of trees. The foremost vanish for a moment under the brow of the hill, only to rise again up out of the earth so near that the expressions on their faces can be seen. And then, at close range, the Union muskets speak. Off on the flanks, a Confederate wilts, another goes astray, leaving gaps into which pour Union troops, who unloose a murderous cross fire.

But in the center, where the stone wall by the clump of trees makes an angle—forever to be called "bloody"—that deathless thing in men which bids them fear nothing, carries some hundreds of the gray uniforms into the Union lines. Soldiers struggle hand to hand. Flags go down, and so do men. All is confusion. And then, all is over. The Confederate wave breaks, and trickles back, leaving the hillside covered with twisted objects in gray.

A thousand men have fallen on two acres of ground. Of Pickett's valiant forces which made the charge less than one-third returned. Frantic with grief, Pickett rode back to Lee. "I have no division now," he said. "Come, come, now," replied Lee, "this is *my* fight, and upon *my* shoulders rests the blame."

On the Fourth of July General Lee began his retreat. Rain fell heavily, miring the roads and drumming against the canvas-tops of wagons where the wounded lay on springless boards. The flooded Potomac delayed Lee's crossing, and, had Meade been quicker and fallen upon him there, the war might have been shortened. It dragged on nearly two years more.

The farmers of Gettysburg still turn up men's bones with their plowing. Some of the bones belong to men who were buried in blue; others were clad in gray. There is no difference in the bones, nor in the men.

The reason most men lie is because they under-estimate the intelligence of others, and over-estimate their own importance. No man ever lies if he is properly balanced, and it is this lack of balance that causes some men to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think. The liar is merely a man who lacks balance and the capacity to see things in true perspective.—The Freemason.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our school principal, Mr. W. W. Johnson, reports that 176 boys were promoted this week.

—o—

Messrs. Walker and Finley, assisted by a good sized force of boy workers, have been canning tomatoes and kraut for several days.

—o—

We recently received a card from William Peeden, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who is now living in Wilson, requesting a copy of The Uplift.

—o—

On a recent trip to the office we noticed the officials of the School busily engaged preparing the budget for the next biennium.

—o—

Miss Lucy May Lee, daughter of Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No 2, is undergoing treatment at the Charlotte Sanatorium. She was last reported as improving.

—o—

Mr. Alf Carriker, our carpenter shop instructor, is looking after the machine shop work during the absence of Mr. R. H. Ritchie, who is enjoying a vacation.

—o—

The first home-grown watermelons of the season, about two hundred in number, were gathered this week. A generous supply of cantalopes is also coming to our cottage kitchens daily.

—o—

Despite the extremely dry weather our farm force have been quite active this week. In a recent ride over the farm we noticed several "iron mules" in action, sub-soiling, disc harrowing and plowing in several fields.

The first grapes picked in our large vineyard this season were recently issued to the cottages. They are of good quality, and, under favorable weather conditions we should have plenty of them soon.

—o—

Following a custom of many years' standing, Mr. Paul Caldwell, pharmacist at Sailors Snug Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y., continuies to send a package of comic sheets and rotogravure sections from the New York papers, to our boys each week. Dr. Paul, a native of Cabbarrus county, has always been interested in the work of this institution, and we greatly appreciate his thoughtfulness in thus adding to the boys' pleasure. We hear that he is going to visit North Carolina soon, and hope he may be able to spend a day with us while in this vicinity.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by a Mr. Gamble, a member of an evangelistic service group, who talked to the boys on the Scripture passage in which God says, "Give me thy heart."

In a most helpful and interesting manner, Mr. Gamble told the boys that it was not the things without that hurt or help a man, but the things which come from the heart.

Speaking of the value of prayer, he stated that it was not the longest or loudest prayer that reaches God, but the earnest petition coming from the heart of man.

We were glad to learn last week that Frank King, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to return to his home in Hendersonville a few months ago, is making a very good record. His mother, on a recent visit to the School, informed us that the lad's conduct had been most satisfactory since coming back home. She stated that he was working steadily as a "grease monkey" (mechanic's helper) in a large garage, and seemed to be interested in learning that trade, and was faithfully making his weekly contribution toward the support of the family. Mrs. King seemed highly pleased with the change in her son's behavior and was most enthusiastic in expressing her appreciation for the training he received at the School.

———o———

SELECTIVE COMPULSORY TRAINING

Apparently selective compulsory military training is the next thing on the schedule in the preparedness program of the United States. Senator Edward R. Burke, Democrat, Nebraska, and Representative James W. Wadsworth, Republician, New York, have introduced a bill to establish such training. It may not come through Congress as originally drafted—few bills do—but as it now stands the measure provides briefly:

(1) All male persons between the ages of 18 and 65 in civilian life shall be required to register; (2) Men registered shall be divided into two groups—those between 21 and 45, who will be liable for training and service in land and naval forces, and those between 18 and 21, and 45 and 65, who shall be liable only for training and service in home defense units near their residence (i. e., in their state, or within 200 miles of their home; or at their college); (3) Men selected for training in peacetime or service in wartime shall be picked by lot, and each group called shall represent a cross section, numerically, of the eligible age groups; however, until completion of registration and classification of men 31 to 45, selection will be made from those in the 21-31 age group; (4) Under presidential regulations, and according to judgement of local boards, exemptions may be made for men whose employment in industry and agriculture is necessary to the national interest; for ministers of religion, those with dependents, and those who are unfit; (5) Men selected and not exempt shall be trained during peacetime eight consecutive months, and the period may be extended if congress declares the national interest is imperiled. For 10 years after training or until they reach 45, trained men will be reservists and subject to additional training of not more than one month in any year and not more than three years in any five. Pay will be $5 per month plus traveling expenses.—Morganton News-Herald.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending July 28, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Drye 5
(2) Noah J. Green 7
Frank May 8
(9) Jack Warren 9
(9) Weldon H. Warren 9
(9) J .C. Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 1

William Callahan
John Davis 3
Eugene Edwards 4
Carl Hooker 5
(3) H. C. Pope 6
Leonard Robbins 3
(3) William C. Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 2

(6) Bennie Austin 8
James Blocker 7
(3) Jack Cline 6
Forrest McEntire 6
Donald McFee 7
William Shaw 7
Raymond. Sprinkle 2
Arna Wallace 6
Clarence Wright 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(9) Lewis Andrews 9
John Bailey 7
Lewis Baker 5
(7) Earl Barnes 8
(6) Clyde Barnwell 8
(2) Grover Beaver 4
(3) James Boone 7
Kenneth Conklin 5
Jack Crotts 4
(3) Max Evans 5
Bruce Hawkins 5
Roscoe Honeycutt 5
Harley Matthews 7
William Matthewson 6
Otis McCall 5
Robert Quick 3
Wayne Sluder 5
(7) George Shaver 7
William T. Smith 6
(5) Harrison Stilwell 7
(5) John Tolley 7
(5) Jerome Wiggins 8
(3) Louis Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 4

(8) Plummer Boyd 8
(4) Arthur Edmondson 5
(8) Paul Godwin 8
(2) Gilbert Hogan 4
(2) John Jackson 5
(3) Hugh Kennedy 5
(4) Ivan Morrozoff 8
(4) J. W. McRorrie 7
(4) J. C. Nance 7
(2) George Newman 2
Robert Simpson 2
(5) Oakley Walker 5
(9) Melvin Walters 9

COTTAGE No. 5

(9) Theodore Bowles 9
(2) Collett Cantor 7
A. C. Elmore 5
William Gaddy 4
(7) Monroe Flinchum 8
Everett Lineberry 3
(2) J. C. Reinhardt 8
Donald Smith 3
Richard Starnes 2
(2) Elmer Talbert 6
(3) Hubert Walker 8
(2) Dewey Ware 7
Henry Ziegler 4

COTTAGE No. 6

Edward Batten 3
Robert Bryson 4
Robert Dunning 4
Leonard Jacobs 2
Edward Kinion 2
(2) Harry Lewis 4
(2) John Maples 4
Carl Ward 3
William Wilson 4
Woodrow Wilson 3
George Wilhite 2

COTTAGE No. 7

Cleasper Beasley 5

(6) Paul Dockery 8
(9) Donald Earnhardt 9
(9) Richard Halker 9
(6) Roy Helms 7
Robert Hampton 6
(2) Robert Lawrence 8
(2) Carl Ray 6
(2) Loy Stines 3
William Herrin
(2) Elmer Maples 8

COTTAGE No. 8

(9) Reid Beheler 9
(9) Jack Hamilton 9
(3) John Ingram 5
Otis Kilpatrick 2
(7) James Quick 7
(6) Frank Workman 6

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Holly Atwood 8
(3) Clarence Baker 5
Mack Bell 7
(3) J. T. Branch 8
(2) Percy Capps 4
(4) David Cunningham 4
(9) Frank Glover 9
(9) Wilbur Hardin 9
(5) Osper Howell 8
(2) Daniel Kilpatrick 5
(9) Harold O'Dear 9
James Ruff 4
(4) Thomas Sands 6
Richard Singletary 6

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 7
James M. Hare 3
(2) James Hodges 8
(3) Harry Peake 5
(2) Carl Speer 3

COTTAGE No. 11

(9) John Benson 9
(7) Harold Bryson 8
William Furches 5
(6) Ralph Fisher 6
(4) Robert Goldsmith 6
(3) Earl Hildreth 7
Fred Jones 4
(9) Fred Owens 9
Theodore Rector 7

COTTAGE No. 12

(6) Odell Almond 8
(4) Treley Frankum 4
Woodrow Hager 7
(6) Hubert Holloway 7
(6) Tillman Lyles 8
Howard Sanders 6
Robah Sink 7
(4) Charles Simpson 4
(6) George Tolson 8
(2) Carl Tyndall 8
(3) J. R. Whitman 7

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

(9) Mack Coggins 9
(9) Robert Deyton 9
(9) William Harding 9
Feldman Lane 7
(5) Norvell Murphy 8
(4) John Reep 6
(8) Wallace Woody 8
Jack West 5

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

(5) George Duncan 8
Redmond Lawry 6
(6) Earl Oxendine 7
(6) Thomas Wilson 6

Many of the mistakes that men make in business, in government, in their own lives as well, are made because they don't know history or they persist in ignoring lessons.

AUG 12 1940
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

(Orange County)
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VOL. XXVIII CON NO. 32

THREE STEPS

There are only three steps leading to the place where perfect harmony lives, yet they are hard to climb. The first is to think kindly of one's neighbor. The second is to speak kindly to him. The third is to act kindly toward him. The reason they are hard to climb is that we are too busily engaged in thinking well of ourselves, speaking well of ourselves, and acting in the manner which we think will do ourselves the most good.

—Sunshine Magazine.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE WOOD BOX

It was kept out in the kitchen, and 'twas long and deep and wide,
And the poker hung above it and the shovel stood beside;
And the big, black cookstove, grinnin' through its grate from ear to ear,
Seemed to look as if it loved it like a brother, pretty near

Flowered oilcloth tacked around it kept its cracks and knotholes hid,
And a pair of leather hinges fastened on the heavy lid;
And it hadn't any bottom—or, at least, it seemed that way
When you hurried in to fill it, so's to get outside and play.

When the noons was hot and lazy and the leaves hung dry and still,
And the locust in the pear trée started up his planin'-mill,
And the drum-beat of the breakers was a soothin', temptin' roll,
And you knew the "gang" was waitin' by the brimmin' "swimmin' hole"—

Louder than the locust's buzzin', louder than the breakers' roar,
You could hear the wood-box holler, "Come and fill me up once more!"
And the old clock ticked and chuckled as you let each armful drop,
Like it said, "Another minute, and you're nowheres near the top!"

In the chilly winter mornin's, when the bed was snug and warm,
And the frosted winders tinkled 'neath the fingers of the storm,
And your breath rose off the piller in a smoky cloud of steam—
Then that wood-box, grim and empty, came a-dancin' through your dream—

Came and pounded at your conscience, screamed in aggravatin' glee,
"Would you like to sleep this mornin'? You git up and 'tend to me!"
Land! how plain it is this minute—shed and barn and drifted snow,
And the slabs of oak a-waitin', piled and ready, in a row.

Never was a fishin' frolic, never was a game of ball,
But that mean, provokin' wood-box had to come and spoil it all;
You might study at your lessons, and 'twas full, and full to stay;
But just start an Injun story and 'twas empty right away.

Seemed as if a spite was in it, and although I might forgit
All the other chores that plagued me, I can hate that wood-box yit;
And when I look back at boyhood—shakin' off the cares of men—
Still it comes to spoil the picture, screamin', "Fill me up again!"

—Joseph C. Lincoln.

A PLEASING PICTURE

The campus of the Jackson Training School with its nearly five hundred boys and officers gathered around a great pile of water-melons and cantaloupes makes a living picture of human interest. We all know that boys enjoy eating melons and we are pleased to announce that our fields have yielded bountifully this year. Not only do we have melons and cantaloupes in abundance, but the tables are loaded with all kinds of vegetables. There is no danger of the boys at the School lacking the proper vitamins to build up strong bodies. A herd of fine Holstein cattle produces a quart of milk daily for each. These essentials in food values measure up to the demands of skilled scientists for strong manhood. The boys' physical, mental and spiritual attainments are the constant goal of the personnel of the Jackson Training School, who are here developing the future citizenship of North Carolina, and feel that each day young men who have had access to the opportunities offered, will look back with pride upon their Alma Mater. The achievements here are closely related to the work of the church and may be truly classed along with the spirit that promotes inner-missions.

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A MESSAGE FROM BROTHER ANDREWS

We acknowledge with genuine appreciation a letter from our fine friend, Mr. Alexander B. Andrews, prominent Raleigh attorney, who is a constant reader of The Uplift. This letter will tell the story of his interest in the lads entrusted to our care, taking special note of the gift of the swimming-pool to the School and the use boys are making of same. The article referred to, concerning swimming records made by both boys and girls at Oxford Orphanage, may be found elsewhere in this issue. His letter follows:

"Editor The Uplift:

"It certainly was a splendid article you had in The Uplift of June 27th, "The Swimming-Pool a Joy", which tells of so much pleasure and good for your more than 250 boys of the teen age.

"In the same way, you will be interested in the attached clipping from the Durham Morning Herald of June 9th, noting the effect of the swimming-pool at Oxford.

"The Oxford Orphanage High School group of 105 students have 60 Red Cross Life Saving certificates, also all 105 being able to swim. (There are also 45 certificates held by grammar grade children).

"This is an outstanding record of 56 per cent Red Cross Life Saving certificate holders and 100 per cent swimming ability for a high school group taken "as is" and not a selected group of 105 boys and girls.

"Such a record as this might be equaled by Billy Rose's Acquacade or paid life guards at Manhattan Beach, as listed in the current issue of Life Magazine, but not anywhere near equaled (much less surpassed) by the millionaire dude ranches of the West or the expensive summer camps of the East.

"This year Rev. C. K. Proctor, Superintendent, is giving very close attention to the Red Cross Life Saving instruction, (he plans to have examiners come down from headquarters at Washington, D. C., at it would be unsportsmanlike to allow local examiners, under these circumstances) and I look for this record to be considerably bettered.

"Faithfully yours,

"Alexander B. Andrews."

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OUR TEXTILE UNIT

The textile plant presented to the Jackson Training School by the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association has survived the experimental stage and is now accepted as a valuable contribution from an economic viewpoint, and at the same time the boys are learning the technique of one of the greatest industrial interests—manufacturing.

Mr. T. F. Blume, superintendent of the School's plant, gives splendid reports as to the interest the boys take and progress they are making in this line of work. There are, he thinks, great possibilities for boys in the cotton mill industry. They see the process of manufacturing the raw material into useful commodities.

We relate here for the benefit of interested friends, especially the members of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association, in this plant special stress is placed upon developing "doffers". There some boys who are able to doff as many as twelve to fourteen hundred spindles and hour. This is a very good beginning,

and will enable them to secure employment upon leaving the School. A young man, having passed over the threshold of this institution out into the world, with his thoughts centered on a worthwhile goal, will never be found floundering around looking for a job. A small beginning is a stepping-stone to greater things.

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MRS. J. L. HARTSELL

After a lingering illness of several weeks one of Concord's most beloved women, Mrs. J. L. Hartsell, died last Monday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. I. I. Davis During the life of her husband, the late J. L. Hartsell, a prominent cotton manufacturer, she was his constant companion, leaving memories in the minds of her friends, a picture of man and wife, true to the vows of holy wedlock—"until death do part."

Throughout life she walked circumspectly, greeting those she passed with a kindly smile and a cheerful word. We think of her as a friend to humanity. She was a devoted mother, loyal to her church and vitally interested in every phase of work that rebounded to the glory of the community in which she spent her life. "None knew her but to love her; none named her but to praise."

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WAR'S TERRIBLE COST

Human life, in terms of war, has grown steadily dearer. It is estimated that it cost Julius Caesar 75 cents to kill a man. But the price went steadily up until by Napoleon's time, in whose conquests 2,100,000 men were killed, the cost had risen to $16,250,000, or nearly $3,000 per man. Uncle Sam's internal squabble, 1861-65, which accounted for 593,113 dead at a cost of $3,000,000,000, raised the price per man to $5,000. During the wars that have followed, the cost plane has tilted steeply until in the World War, with a death total of 8,538,315 and a price total of $180,000,000,000, the cost of killing a man rose to $21,000. But the present war, with its orgy of mechanism and terrorism, is estimated to be raising the price for each dead soldier to $50,000. That is too much for a dead man, especially since alive he is worth so much more to his

country. Armed conflict of nations is getting into the class of over-blown corporations; it is suffering from the law of diminishing returns. One of these days, when nations are forced to catch up with their debt, governments will have to realize that they cannot afford war.—Selected.

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HISTORICAL MARKERS

The new "Guide to North Carolina Historical Highway Markers" lists almost three hundred of these valuable markers, giving their locations and full inscriptions.

The historical marker program was begun in North Carolina in 1935, and is conducted jointly by the Historical Commission, Department of Conservation and Development, and the Highway and Public Works Commission. An appropriation of $5,000 annually is available from the highway fund to meet the expense of casting and erecting markers.

Under the law, all inscriptions for these markers are written by a group of the State's leading historians. Each marker bears the State seal in a scroll at the top center, is double-faced, has black lettering on an aluminum-colored background, and is mounted on an iron pipe imbedded in a concrete base. Each is placed on a numbered, hard-surfaced highway. The inscriptions have been made brief in order to facilitate reading from passing automobiles.

In our opinion the State has already profited tremendously by this undertaking and there is no accounting its accumulative benefits in the years to come. Not only do the markers attract the attention of tourists to the many places of historical interest in the State, but our own people are given lessons in the history of North Carolina. The work should be continued until every place that deserves marking has a marker placed there.

—Morganton News-Herald.

OXFORD ORPHANAGE BUILDS UNIQUE SWIMMING RECORD

(Durham Morning Herald)

Do you know of a high school group of 105 average children who are 56 per cent holders of Red Cross Life Saving certificates, as well as 100 per cent in swimming ability?

During the school year just ended, the Oxford Orphanage High School had an enrollment of 110 orphanage children and closed the year with a membership of 105. Of these 60 held Red Cross Life Saving certificates, distributed among 26 boys and 34 girls, out of a group of 46 boys and 59 girls in membership in the grades eight through eleven. Of the certificates held, 22 are senior and 38 are junior.

Also in the grammar grades there are 24 boys and 21 girls, a total of 45, holding Junior certificates. During the Summer many of this group will take instruction for Senior certificates, as well as provide an incentive to others of that group to qualify for Junior certificates.

In his recent book, "*A Southerner Discovers New England*," Jonathan Daniels tells of the 1,500 camps for boys and girls operated in the state of Maine for children of well-to-do people, whose expenses for the camp term of 10 weeks range from $350 to $1,000, easily bringing 25,000 to 40,000 campers to that State in the Summer.

This local record of a high school group of 105 children who are 36 per cent Red Cross Life Saving certificate holders, as well as 100 per cent in swimming ability, is one that very few of these camps, if any can equal.

This outstanding record at the Oxford Orphanage has been made possiple by the Shriners of North Carolina, who in 1922 gave a $7,000 swimming pool for recreational purposes. After instruction in swimming had been given for a few years, Life Saving in 1934 became a regular part of the Summer curcicula instructors qualifying each year at the Red Cross Life Saving School held in Western North Carolina. The program has been greatly encouraged by the active interest of the officers of the Granville County Red Cross Chapter, under whose auspices these certificates are awarded. The record is truly an outstanding one.

When pupils who receive Life Saving certificates graduate and leave the Orphanage, they go into communities over North Carolina and elsewhere to live; and wherever they go, they add to that vast number of people who have been trained by the Red Cross, and wherever they appear at swimming pools and watering places, they contribute to the program of safety, and thus become valuable assets to the saving of human lives over the United States. Since this has been going on for several years, it means that there are many former pupils making this contribution.

TEN "CANNOTS"

(Orphans' Friend)

Under the caption, "Warning Signs on the Road to Prosperity", the June issue of *The New Age*, Scottish Rite magazine carries these nuggets of philosophical gold:

"You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.

"You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.

"You cannot help small men by tearing big men down.

"You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.

"You cannot lift the wage-earner up by pulling the wage payer down.

"You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income.

"You cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class hatred.

"You cannot establish sound social security on borrowed money..

"You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative and independence.

"You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves."

There are ten of these "cannots." It is common knowledge that each of them is true, but so many people nevertheless try to do these impossibles and think that by camouflaging the names and giving themselves an altruistic whitewashing they can get by. "Teaching 'em a lesson" is one form of camouflage that is worn threadbare.

Many men who pride themselves on their thrift, giving great detail, fail to appreciate the exercise of thrift in sales-resistance when they are selling.

A fallacy into which even many good people fall is the "soak the rich" one. There are rich men and rich men. Those who made their wealth through cheating, double-crossing, plundering or other illegal means, should have what has been ill-gotten taken away and restored to their victims. But the resources of rich men who have come by them honestly are as much their property as is the mule of an humble man who has paid for it by the sweat of his brow.

Totalitarians are adept in violating the truism, "You cannot further the brotherhood of man by class hatred." Unfortunately the Hitlers and the Mussolinis are not the only ones who practice this form of wrong. We see it in operation frequently in varying degrees from "knocking" to dastardly crime. Class hatred is the backbone of war, revolution and chaos. Whenever you try to make a man dissatisfied with his government, his employer or any group with which he is identified, you are in fact trying to start a little one-man revolution.

The ten "cannots" could be taken up separately and severally and discussed at any length, but they can be added into this total: "You cannot profit from what does not belong to you." Whenever you unjustly get the property of another or do something to restrain a natural right, you have accumulated an enemy who will always be out to get you if he can. Sooner or later the law of consequence will get any man who defrauds others of their property and inherent rights.

The great aim of life is not to amass property, though property is a nice and necessary thing to have. It is not

one man's province to make laws for others to live by, though man-made laws must be enacted for obvious reasons. These activities, however, are incident to the larger life and are designed to give men better opportunity and better environment in which to express themselves.

A divine spark is in every man. There is no exception. Possession of the divine spark implies a divine right to make use of it. The human side of man is at eternal warfare with the divine in him and it depends on him, not on some other man, as to which wins in his individual battle. When people let themselves be dominated by acquisitiveness, spite and ill-will, they live by the law of the jungle, wherein the animal voraciously takes by violence or stealth what he wants. This makes every wild animal a public enemy number one to some other animal or animals. Few creatures of the jungle live to ripe old age.

To deny any person the right of proper self-expression is nothing short of tyranny. It is as natural for every one to use his faculties as it is for him to breathe. Throughout a man's entire life needless trains of thoughts and ideas and needs and longings pass through his brain. Neither he nor any one else can stop the mental processes and only the owner of the brain can properly operate it. If this were not the case a man would be little more than a robot.

Despotism always rides itself to wreck. It may and usually does wreck many other things before the final crash, but its end is inevitable. All the great civilizations that rose to the heights and sank into the abyss did so because their people of the times tried to profit from the "cannots." Modern nations have fallen in the blitzkrieg because of what they did to themselves before the blitzkrieg set in. By the law of nature the blitzkriegers will in due course of time experience the fate of all nations of the past which rose and fell. It matters not whether it is a one-man blitzkrieg or a many-people one.

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THE ANVIL CHORUS

For many years I've wished to know
Why God put knockers here below,
Just why He lets this tribe increase
And mar our happiness and peace.

In lodge and club, in churches, too,
You'll find the knocker and his crew;
You'll listen to his hammer ring
And hear the anvil chorus sing.

But then I know Jehovah makes
Mosquitoes, lizards, toads and snakes;
So there's a reason I suppose—
Just what it is—He only knows.

—Exchange.

OUR MUSICAL PRESIDENTS

By Doron K. Antrim

While the United States can include no Paderewski among its statesmen, as can erstwhile Poland, it can boast of presidents who were good performers of music and presidents who were good listeners, the latter being somewhat in the majority. In fact, all might be included in that category, except possibly Grant who claimed he knew only two tunes, "one is Yankee Doodle and the other isn't." Although a number of presidents liked to sing, they made no pretensions about it and we will not include them among the performers. Others, however, a rather select group, did attain more than amateur standing as performers. They were Thomas Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding and Theodore Roosevelt. Let us first look into the merits of these four. We know their record as law makers. What is their record as music makers?

It is stated by one of his biographers that Jefferson was a skilled violinist; and it can be readily believed, since he owned, among others, a rare Maggini violin, studied in Paris, faithfully kept up his practice the better part of his life and found, "his violin a never ending source of delight." There is no record of a public appearance as a violinist, but he played frequently for "sympathetic listeners" in his home, his elder daughter accompanying on the harpsichord, and for his own uplift, writing to a friend, "music is the favorite pastime of my soul."

Among those who used to drop in on Jefferson at his musical soirees were Francis Hopkinson and Dr. Ben Franklin. Hopkinson was something of a figure himself in colonial America and is reputed to be our first authentic American composer, to say nothing of his other honors. He was, in addition, an inventor of musical instruments, a performer, a member of the Continental Congress, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Franklin, also, was musical as the saying goes. He accompanied Jefferson occasionally on the guitar, was accomplished on the "sticcado," harp and violin and invented an instrument made of glass bowls called the "armonica." A carping contemporary claimed that this invention was the reason that Franklin never got to be president. But Mozart and Beethoven must have thought something of Poor Richard's device, since they wrote special compositions for it.

One of Jefferson's most persistent ambitions was to organize a domestic band to play for him whenever he desired. Not finding sufficient talent to recruit one in this country, he sent to France for a gardener, weaver, cabinet maker, and stone cutter, who could play respectively on the French horn, clarinet, hautboy and bassoon. He did not quite achieve the complete band he had in mind, but he did have a small ensemble among his household retinue; and he sometimes adventured with them in chamber music playing. All told, Jefferson's zeal for music was great and his accomplishments considerable, if we are to believe his biographers.

That Woodrow Wilson won acclaim with his tenor voice is not so widely

known. But fact is, he sang second tenor in the Princeton University Glee Club while a student and later helped to organize and sing in the Johns Hopkins University Glee Club. While at Princeton, Wilson was also a member of the College Chapel Choir. He liked to go out with the boys on a moonlight serenade of the fair, and charmed many a maid on her balcony with the rendition of She Sleeps, My Lady Sleeps, and Speed Away.

But Wilson made his biggest hit once a year at the Grand Princeton Concert and Ball, with which the Glee Club wound up its annual tour. At this event he always obliged with several solos. Invariably a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" greeted the scholarly student as he stepped down to the footlights to take a solo. For here was not only the prize orator but also the prize writer of the class. Such a diversity of talents was unusual. He is perhaps best remembered as a singer by the thrilling way he achieved and held the high note at the end of the Star-Spangled Banner. The device of holding on to a final high note, falsetto, was much used by John McMormack, but Wilson beat him to it.

Wilson never lost his interest in music, although he made few public appearances as a singer after entering public life. When he was president, during the World War, he said, "The man who disparages music as a luxury and nonessential is doing the nation an injury. Music, now more than evere before, is a national need."

Wilson's successor, Harding, was probably the most enthusiastic sponsor of music this country has had, among our chiefs of state. One of his cherished dreams was to make the nation's capitol a center of music and art, as a means of "developing interest in and taste for good music throughout the nation." While he did not achieve this ambition, he was always a friend of music and musicians.

Harding's participation in music dated back to his experience with the Iberia (Ohio) Brass Band, where he "played every instrument but the slide trombone and E-flat clarinet."

Later in Marion, Ohio, he organized the Citizen's Concert Band and picked up considerable side money playing for Democratic and Republican rallies. His first musical triumph, however, was attained when his band won a prize at a contest held at Findlay, Ohio. To enter this contest, Harding had to dig down in his pockets and buy uniforms for the men, since that was one of the contest requirements. As a result of this outlay and intensive hours of rehearsal, he won two hundred dollars, which helped on a down payment for The Marion Star .

When he became president, Harding would occasionally drop in on rehearsals of the Marine Band, pick up an instrument and play, "just to keep his hand in." "I love music," he once said. "We cannot have too much music; we need it; the world needs it, probably more now than ever before."

I include Theodore Roosevelt in the list of performers for several reasons. Although he made no pretensions about his singing, and usually sang with a group, those who heard him have testified that it was a thrilling experience, since he put all he had into it. And no one, it is said, could sing a patriotic song the way Teddy did, or hear him sing it without be-

ing fired with enthusiasm. Then too, according to a writer in the New York Evening Sun, he might have been a composer had his career taken a musical instead of a political bent. "There were melodies," said this writer, "strong and tender, plaintive and turbulent, that sang in his soul and could not find expression. There was no T. R. the musician, but there might have been. Since there was no T. R. the musician, the music that could find no outlet remained imprisoned in his being to help sweeten the bitter moments of his life."

Incidentally, it was largely through Theodore Roosevelt's intervention that the beautiful melodies and native writings of the Indians were recognized and preserved. In an attempt to Americanize the Indians on the reservations, they were not allowed to speak or sing in their native tongue. When this policy was brought to President Roosevelt's attention, he immediately revoked the order and encouraged the singing and preservation of native songs. In fact, he wrote an introduction to the first published collection of Cheyenne and other Indian songs.

It was one of Theodore Roosevelt's greatest regrets that he could play no instrument. He would often sit at the piano, trying to coax out a melody. His favorite composers were Brahms, Schumann and Chopin.

As for the presidents who were good listeners, here we run into a considerable company, and we will confine ourselves to only a few. Legend has it that George Washington could play the flute; but according to his own statement, he could "not raise a single note on any instrument."

Throughout his life, music was a solace to Lincoln, especially during the dark days of the war. "His musical tastes," says a biographer, "were simple and uncultivated, his choice being old airs, songs and ballads among which the plaintive Scotch songs were best liked. Annie Laurie, Mary of Argyle, and especially Auld Robin Gray never lost their charm for him. The song he liked best was Forty Years Ago which describes the emotions of one who visits the scenes of his boyhood."

On one of his walks through Washington during the war, Lincoln passed a schoolhouse where children were singing. He took off his high beaver hat and heard the song through, his face brightening the while. Then he straightened up and walked off with a more elastic step. The clouds of his day had taken on a silver lining.

Lincoln gave himself over to song wholeheartedly. Emotions, as called out in the song, would appear on his face and tears would often run down his cheeks.

Among the presidents who particularly liked to raise a voice were McKinley, Coolidge, and now F. D. Roosevelt. McKinley inaugurated a Sunday evening hymn sing in the White House during his administration. Coolidge would often step up to the piano presided at by Mrs. Coolidge, and F. D. Roosevelt has a lusty tenor voice and is fond of giving it a work out, especially after a busy day.

Presidents come and go. Some of them have been good performers, some good listeners but most of them have given public recognition and encouragement to the musical art. In Jefferson's time, good music was a rarity here, but in the comparatively short span since then, this country

has become the music center of the world. No other country has made such musical strides in so short a time. President Harding's dream of making the nation's capitol a center of music and art may not be far off.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTORISTS

Dear Drivers:

Today, my daughter, who is seven years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with a white collar; she had on black shoes and wore blue gloves. Her cocker spaniel, whose name is "Coot", sat on the front porch and whined his canine belief in the folly of education, as she waved good-bye, and started off to the hall of learning.

Tonight, we talked about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her—the girl with the yellow curls—and the boy across the aisle, who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher, who has eyes in the back of her head; and about the trees in the school-yard; also about the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things—tremendously vital, unimportant things—and then we studied spelling, reading, arthmetic—and then to bed.

She's back there now, back in the nursery, sound asleep, with "Princess Elizabeth" (that's a doll) cuddled in her right arm.

You fellows wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I'm her daddy. When her doll is broken or her finger is cut or her head gets bumped, I can fix it. But when she starts to school; when she walks across the street; then she's in your hands.

She's a nice little girl. She can run like a deer, and darts about like a chipmunk. She likes to ride horses, and swim and hike with me on Saturday afternoons.

I can't be with her all the time. I have to work, to pay for her food, clothes and education, so please help me look out for her. Please drive slowly past the school intersections—and please remember that children run from behind parked cars.

Please don't run over my little girl.

Sincerely yours,
Every Daddy.

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER

By Fairfax Downey, in Baltimore Sun

By July oldest inhabitants admitted they never had seen such weather. Winter had not gone. Spring was so far behind it could never catch up. It looked as if summer would be skipped entirely.

That was 1816, the year without a summer, dubbed by shivering Yankees "Eighteen - Hundred - and - Froze - to - Death."

There was frost and snow every month of the twelve in New England and as far south as the Ohio and Potomac rivers. The London Times on July 20 recorded "unseasonable weather attended by the most baneful effects .... a visitation from Heaven causing great apprehension and alarm." All summer the churches in Sweden offered up prayers for sufficient warmth to save the crops. It was cold even in Africa.

In the spring and summer of 1816 there was no wheat or corn to spoil in Kansas, no orange or grapefruit to freeze in Florida. Ohio was farthest west among the states and Georgia farthest south.

January had been only a little colder than normal; February warmer. But March was chill, and in April heavy snowfall produced a week's sleighing in Maine. Farmers did their spring planting in heavy coats, earmuffs and mittens. May was cold. Lake Erie was not clear of ice until May 10; on May 15 it was freezing in Pennsylvania and Virginia. It was no spring for a young man's fancy lightly to turn to thoughts of love.

In 1816 everything was out of season. In mid-May the Albany Gazette reported that "travelers who have reached this city from the westward" tell of hills as white as in January. Norfolk, Va., on May 16 reported "the number of islands of ice exceeded anything before known." Toward the end of May there was snow in Ohio and frost as far south as Virginia. The month was dry and in parts of New England fighting forest fires kept people warm.

On June 5 New England was utterly flabbergasted by a severe heat wave. Then skies darkened and the mercury dropped like a plummet . With thunder and rain squalls, down swept a nor'easter. New Englanders and Canadians struggled through snow from six inches to a foot deep. Newly shorn sheep perished. Thousands of swallows (which had failed to make a summer), martins, humming birds and scarlet sparrows fell to earth frozen. Some sought refuge in houses; others, benumbed, allowed themselves to be picked up by pitying humans.

There was one bright spot: the cold killed insect pests. But surviving birds, deprived of their insect diet, raided the cherry trees and pea vines. Williamstown, Mass., possessing one of the few weather observatories of the day, read the thermometer at 30 degrees on June 11 and recorded "all vegetables killed." Hoar frost, heavy as snow, whitened trees and meadows throughout New England.

A blizzard smote Vermont on June 17, snowdrifts blocking the roads. Elsewhere in New England, Pennsylvania and New Jersey from three to five inches of snow fell, and it

was cold as far south as North Carolina. However on June 23 Salem, Mass., sweltered in a torrid spell which in bygone days might have savored of witchcraft. For three days temperatures ranged from 93 to 101, though fifteen days earlier the same city had had "snow not quite deep enough for sleighing."

Such prodigies of the weather caused increasing consternation. Letters to the press mentioned the hand of God. One editor hoped that the weather soon would return to normal; if not, he announced confidently, both man and vegetation would adapt themselves to the changed climate. People grew panicky and many were afflicted with a "low nervous fever." They groped for an explanation of the extraordinary cold season and some hit nit on sunspots—advanced thinking for 1816. For several days in May and June the spots were so big they could be seen without the aid of a telescope.

Subsequent scientific opinion also attributed the frigid summr of 1816 to vast quanities of volcanic dust that cut off the sun's rays. The worldwide cold cycle of 1812-16 has been ascribed to eruptions during those years, notably the mighty blowoff of Tambora, in the Dutch East Indies, in 1815.

A New England clockmaker noted in his autobiography that on the fourth of July he watched men pitching quoits in the middle of the day with overcoats on. "A body could not feel very patriotic in such weather," he wrote.

Crops in Pennsylvania were destroyed by hen-egg hail on July 13; New England hay and clover were ruined on July 20. July was colder than June. August was colder than July. Mantled in snow, the Great Mountains belied their name. Frost was "on the penkin," and on August 29, a drop of 37 degrees, recorded at Williamstown killed New England corn over wide areas.

A little corn was saved by bonfires that burned in the fields day and night. It is recorded that more was saved when Massachusetts farmers dug it up at the roots and placed stalks upright under shelter so that their juices ripened the ears. A dearth of corn meant pork scarcity, so that people substituted salt mackerel for ham and bacon, and thus 1816 won another name—Mackerel Year.

A brief spell of good weather in September ended in snowflakes, and it was winter again—or still. October brought a twelve-inch snowfall in Massachusets, and the four months wore on with murmurs of Judgement Day and the Ice Age. The winter, however, was normal.

The year 1816 won everlasting notoriety, inscribed forever in books on climate and in biographies and histories. Climatologists point out that other years have been colder as a result of cold winters; that we have had four recent summers of excep-1927. Yet the palm must be yielded to 1816 because its cold lasted from May to September.

Climate makes history and so may mere weather. The discouragement and destitution caused by the Year Without a Summer contributed materially to the great migration from New England to the Middle West that began in the following year.

NEGRO SKIPPER WAS REVOLUTIONARY NAVAL HERO

By P. Bernard Young, Jr.

Througout recent decades, the population or Norfolk has been roughly one-third colored and two-thirds white. If for no other reason than this numerical importance, the colored Norfolkian necessarilly would loom large in any analytieal or historical portrait of this storied seaport. But the Norfolk Negro has earned a vital niche in the annals of his city for many reasons less accidental than numbers.

The colored people have been here almost from the first days of Norfolk as a community. The records of lower Norfolk County reveal that during the seventeenth century numerous Negroes were living in this section, a few of them free and more of them slaves. When the Virginia Assembly enacted laws in the 1660's sealing the fate of slavery upon all imported Negroes, numerous Norfolk County masters left wills which gave freedom to their Negro servants.

Although by 1700 the population of free Negroes was about two to every 25 slaves in Norfolk, there was some apprehension among white Norfolkians concerning the former: some feared they would become a charge on Norfolk and others feared they would become self-sufficient.

As the Revolutionary War drew near, many masters in this locality looked with suspicion upon Negroes, and in 1775 Lord Dunmore, royal governor of the Virginia Colony proclaimed freedom for all slaves who would join the British forces and, understandingly tempted, perhaps a thousand joined Dunmore's crew at their Elizabeth river headquarters.

Later Norfolk was reduced to ashes and many of Dunmore's Negro recruits saw their own shanties go up in flames.

Scarcity of water and food, disease, and other factors made this first taste of freedom less than satisfying, however, and when the British officer at last sailed for England he carried only about a hundred Negroes with him.

During the Revolutionary War numerous Negroes served the American colonies with distinction in their fight for freedom. Among those cited in the records was the only Negro naval captain in Virginia's history, Capt. Mark Starlin, described as "a very singular and meritorious character (who) proved a skillful and devoted patriot."

With the coming into being of the independent American republic, the freedom that Negroes thought might come failed to materialize, but many of them already free, worked for themselves, bought homes and accumulated property in the Norfolk area.

During the pre-Civil War days Norfolk was an active "Under-ground Railroad" station with both white and Negro agents aiding slaves to leave for "free land" elsewhere. Dismal Swamp was a particular

During the exercises in 1826 at which the Marquis de Lafayette helped celebrate 50 years of American freedom, according to a fairly well authenicated story, a New England

boat loaded with runaway slaves slipped out of the Elizabeth river.

Among the recorded attributes of the early-day Negro in Norfolk was his inventive skill. A slave, one Jasper, successfully installed a fish-net weaving machine in a local tannery and also a reaper, and a power-making machine which the Haitian government bought from his master.

A school for the children of free Negroes was established in 1853 by a white woman from South Carolina, Mrs. Margaret Douglass. She was accused of also teaching slave children and sentenced later to a month in the city jail. During this period free Negroes at times purchased their relatives in order to bestow freedom upon them.

When war-time came once more to Norfolk in the clash between the North and the South, the Negroes of this vicinity found themselves in the thick of the fight. In the renowned battle between the (Merrimac) Virginia and the Monitor, the boilers of the latter were fired by Negro slaves.

There are countless instances of courage and daring by colored men serving in the armed forces or behind the lines on both sides.

Between 1865 and 1902, Norfolk Negroes were especially active in the political life of the State and city. By 1900 more than 3,000 colored men voted here, but following the adoption of new State Constitution in 1902, only 500 of Norfolk's 6,000 Negroes survived the severe registration requirements. At present there are about 1,300 Negroes qualified to vote.

Dr. Thomas Bayne, of Norfolk, was elected to the House of Delegates of the State Legislature in 1867 and in spite of the jibes leveled at him consistently fought in the General assembly for "free public schools... open to all classes."

The first meeting of Negro organized labor met in Norfolk on April 18, 1870, at which time Isaac Myers, pioneer Negro labor leader, declared that "the day had passed for the establishment of organizations based upon color."

Myers was president of the Colored National Labor Convention and a prominent figure in the National Labor Union, the first labor group in the country to become actually nationwide in scope.

At present Norfolk educates its colored youth in 14 public schools, including Booker T. Washington High School, one parochial grammar-high school, St. Joseph's, and the Norfolk unit of Virginia Union University—a private institution offering a fairly wide range of study on a two-year college level. In addition, there are numerous privately operated nursery schools.

The most publicized school for Negro children in ante-bellum days was that operated by Mrs. Douglass and already mentioned. In 1883 the United Presbyterian Church of North America founded the Norfolk Mission College in a frame structure on Brambleton avenue near Church Street.

It was later quartered in the building occupying the block on Princess Anne road between Chapel and Chicazola streets. Handicapped by decreasing enrollment and shrinking funds, the college was sold to the Norfolk school board in 1917 and subsequently housed the Washington High School before the present high school building was erected. The main building of the college now is the Dunbar (elementary) School.

A widely discussed development in the field of public education originating here, with the backing of a statewide committee, is the court test of the differentials in salaries paid Negro and white teachers.

This began its court phases on March 2, 1939, in the unsuccessful State court suit of Miss Aline E. Black. Subsequently, Melvin O. Alston, on behalf of himself and "all others similarly situated" and the Norfolk (Colored) Teachers Association instituted suit in the U. S. District Court toward the same end.

When the court ruled against the plaintiffs on a technicality, appeal was taken successfully to the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, which on June 18 reversed Judge Luther B. Way and ordered the case re-tried on its merits.

The history of the Negro in organized lobor in Norfolk stems from the work of Isaac Myers, who launched his work here on April 18, 1870. At first the movement drew only a small percentage of recruits, but in August, 1875, delegates from all sections of the state attended a colored labor convention in Richmond. When the organization passed into the hands of politicians, the work was taken up by the Knights of Labor.

Chief among organized workers in this city and section among Negroes are longshoremen, coaltrimmers and other waterfront workers. Afteer the World War many Negro shipbuilders, longshoremen and laborers found them selves without work and by 1920 the number of Negro longshoremen in Virginia had dropped from about 6,000 to less than 3,000. There was a corresponding local decline

Coastwise and ocean-going lines, all docking at Hampton Roads ports employ Negro stewards, waiters, cooks and deckhands, most of whom are affiliated with a labor organization. Under the leadership of George W. Millner, who is international third vice-president of the International Longshoremen's Association, about 6,000 waterfront workers were enrolled in local ports, and by 1938, the I. L. A. here, with eight Negro and five white locals has secured guaranteed wages and working conditions, but along the docks the impact of machine developments and competition from white workers has been felt by the colored workers.

The Journal & Guide is the present mirror of negro activity and spokesman here for the race. It is published in its own modernly equipped building on East Olney road and annex on Wide Street. It has branch offices in Newport News, Portsmouth and Richmond, and a full-time staff of approximately 50 men and women. It goes weekly into over 33,000 homes and offices.

Earliest Negro to edit and publish a Negro paper was Joseph T. Wilson, a runaway slave of Norfolk, who returned from South America to volunteer in the Union Army as soon as he heard of the Civil War. In 1866 he became editor of the True Southerner of Norfolk. When a Norfolk mob smashed his presses he moved to Petersburg.

There were numerous forerunners of the present Negro paper here, but only the Journal & Guide survives. Originally published by the Knights of Gideon as the Lodge Journal & Guide, the paper was purchased by its present publisher-editor, P. B. Young, Sr., then its foreman, in 1910.

The Guide has frequently been termed by competent white and colored experts as "the outstanding Negro weekly of the country."

Norfolk through the years has contributed many persons and groups outstanding in singing and the other arts. Most outstanding recently is Miss Dorothy Maynor, generally recognized during the past meteoric year of her career as one of the world's greatest vocalists.

The city has orchestras, bands and choruses ranking with the best in the state. Among them are the Excelsior Band, the Norfolk and Western Male Chorus, Norfolk Jazz Quartet, the Philarmonic Glee Club, Clint Turner's and Ben Jones' orchestras, and the Booker T. Washington High School Chorus.

In the religious field Norfolk is represented by virtually every denomination and sect in which Negroes hold membership. These contribute liberally to schools, missions and charitable work and co-operate with welfare and community agencies. One, First Baptist Church (Bute Street) operates an old folks' home here.

An interesting historical sidelight or two available reveal that the Bute Street Baptist Church was turned over to the Negro clerk, Lewis Tucker when Norfolk was captured by Federal soldiers during the Civil War, and that by 1870—out of the original church—there developed large congregations in the Bank Street, First Calvary, Queen Street, and Jerusalem Baptist churches.

Likewise, Negro worshippers of St. John's Methodist Church expressed in 1863 its "dissatisfaction with existing conditions" and allied themselves with the Baltimore annual conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and retained the church property after the split.

At present there are no less than 100 Negro churches here, with Baptist and Methodist leading in numbers.

Norfolk, like virtually every other city of comparable size, has its slums, and the greater portion of them exist in Negro sections. A 1938 survey revealed that slums here cover one per cent of the total area (a large area of the old city proper) and housed 12 per cent of the total population. Two-thirds of the slum dwellers were colored, according to the survey.

Various philanthropic or welfare-charity groups have labored valiantly to make life a little better for Negro boys and girls, men and women. In 1888, the Rev. William G. Hunton organized the nation's first all-Negro Y. M. C. A. in Norfolk. Under his leadership, the idea spread to other cities in the country and he was called to New York as national secretary of Negro Y. M. C. A. branches and was instrumental in persuading the late Julius Rosenwald to grant $25,000 to any city raising $74,000 for a Negro Y. M. C. A. an offer that no Virginia city accepted.

Members of the Community Chest Fund include the following Negro agencies: Norfolk Community Hospital, Y. M. C. A., W. C. A., Colored United Charities, and there are in addition the Lekies Old Folks Home, Colored Union Mission, and Women's Mission working in the welfare and charity field.

Two outstanding accomplishments during the past 12 months were the completion of the new Community Hospital Building and the gymnasium-library-cafeteria project at Booker Washington High School at a total cost of about $225,000. Just this

month the first planned program of supervised recreation was instituted, with playgruonds being fenced in and considerable improvements made at Barraud Park.

Two beaches are immediately available to Norfolk Negroes, one of them being a municipal project now leased to the Norfolk Community Hospital for operation for the benefit of the hospital.

Norfolk has an outstanding group of professional men and women, including doctors, dentists, pharmacists and and skilled tradesmen, although certain restrictions hamper the advancement of those in the building and allied trades.

The bulk of employment for Negroes is found in agriculture, government work, garages, bakeries, barber shops, tobacco factories, cleaning, pressing, laundries, hotels, cafes, railroads, shipping and domestic service.

In home ownership the Norfolk Negro has a commendable record, with lands and buildings owned by him having an assessed value of between five and six million dollars, and personal property valued at perhaps three-quarters of a million dollars.

There are dozens of businesses operated by Negroes, many of them notably successful. They have their athletic teams, there are five theaters showing the best in screen entertainment, and both among men and women there are large and influential fraternal and social organizations, many of them owning or operating lodge homes.

In a general way, Negro Norfolk is a counterpart of the large community, of which it is proud and to which it is loyal. Negro Norfolkians make no claim to being entirely satisfied with their lot, but they know that improvements are being made and will continue to be made—that fuller justice, larger opportunity and more equitable shares in public benefits will continue to follow the broadening of the civic vision of the community.

Time and space have not permitted anything like completeness, either in the historical background or the description of present-day Negro Norfolk, but this article will have well served its purpose if it affords Virginia-Pilot readers a better insight into their Negro neighbor and prompts them to delve deeper into his history and current activities to the end of better mutual understanding.

In the quest for happiness, one could not do better than put into practice the precepts of a great Persian: "Taking the first step with the good thought, the second with the good word, and the third step with the good deed, I enter paradise."—Selected.

CONSISTENT PROGRESS IS BELHAVEN'S RECORD

(Dare County Times)

In just a little more than forty years, one of the finest towns in eastern North Carolina has developed. Belhaven, with 4,000 people, cannot fail to arrest the eye when one travels toward the coast over Route 264 through Hyde County. It has long been an important lumber, as well as seafood center. It is a town of charming people, of splendid business houses.

Belhaven is a comparatively new town and has had a remarkable growth since J. A. and J. E. Wilkinson erected a saw mill in 1898 at what was then known as Belport. For a long time before the Wilkinson Brothers left the Branning Manufacturing Co., in Edenton and went to the settlement with the idea of starting a town, the settlement had been known as Jack's Neck.

It was principally with the idea of developing a town that John A. Wilkinson erected a mill at the Belport settlement. It was true that he was interested in the Norfolk Southern Railway which owned all the land and maintained a terminal there. But Mr. Wilkinson, like Dr. W. J. Bullock who had sold the land to the railroad company, saw the prospects of a fine town there, and it was to create the town that he started a mill there. The people laughed at his courage and joked about the future he saw for Belport.

Within a year after May, 1898, when the Wilkinson Brothers erected their mill in the settlement that had at that time 78 people within its indefinite bounds, the town was incorporated and boasted of 700 people.

There was an interim when the place was also called Mattapungo, which was a coined word in honor of Dr. Bullock's daughter Mattie, and also for the Pungo river. The officials balked at such a long name for a post office and so the post office continued to be called Belport even for a long while after the town had become known as Belhaven. Finally the post office name was changed also to Belhaven.

At the time the Wilkinson Brothers erected their mill, which formed a nucleus for the town, there was already the Norfolk Southern terminal, a hotel and several oyster houses. The majority of the boom population added during the first year after the mill was started was colored, being workers who had moved from all sections to work in the mill. The commissary that Mr. Wilkinson ran in connection with his mill and the general merchandise store that he soon opened were for a long time the only businesses other than the hotel and oyster houses that had been there before.

The rapid growth of Belport—or Belhaven—stopped for a while after the Wilkinson mill was burned, but after a year when the mill was rebuilt and other mills put up, rapid growth began again. Houses were built right in the woods, after, of course, a site had been cleared. A single small building served both as

a school and as a place of worship with all the denominations. An interesting fact with practically the same congregation at each meeting. The "Neuse" plied the waters to New Bern and the "Haven Belle" was on regular runs to Washington carrying on trade that had come with the growth of the town.

When John A. Wilkinson brought to Belhaven what is generally supposed to have been the first automobile in North Carolina and Virginia, the cart paths which had been improperly called roads, were soon outmoded. Dr. W. J. Bullock had the streets laid out and suggested the names in most cases.

Soon Mr. Wilkinson erected a light plant to supply lights for his home and the town. He ran this for many years and also an ice plant. The town now owns and operates the light plant.

One by one the various denominations which had been alternating their services in the little building that served both as a school and a church meeting house, began to pull out, expand and erect their own churches. Today there are in Belhaven fine churches for the Episcopal, Christian, Methodist, Baptist and Free Will Baptist denominations. An interesting fact about the meetings in the small building was that the same organist and choir served for all denominations.

As the town boomed the water supply for practically everybody was furnished by rain barrels which caught water from the roof. As time went on the change was made to cisterns which supplied the water until the year of a severe typhoid epidemic when artesian wells replaced the cistern system. It is said that some few families who stuck to their cistern were the only ones after that to have typhoid fever.

Many fine homes have been built in Belhaven in recent years and again it might be said that J. A. Wilkinson pioneered. In 1908 Mr. Wilkinson built a palatial home just as he wanted at a cost of many thousand dollars. It was at this home that he entertained those whom he sought to interest in the development of Belhaven.

Belhaven has had many booms and contrary to the history of most boom places has survived as a thriving town to this day. There are fine schools, including a new high school completed last year and named the J. A. Wilkinson high school in honor of the pioneer citizen, fine churches, a fine WPA comfunity building and many other modern edifices where forty years ago was virgin forest.

Since the early boom days Belhaven has been noted for its seafood market and today boasts the largest crab factory along the Atlantic coast, as well as several oyster packing houses. Sports fishing and commercial fishing provide the principal income of the citizens.

A third Wilkinson brother, S. W. who began farming near Belhaven at the same time his brothers started their lumber mill, still farms near Belhaven. By a strange trick of fate the other Wilkinson brothers both met their death by accident, J. E. being drowned on the inland waterway in 1928 and J. A. being killed in an automobile wreck in 1931.

A sister, Miss Lida Wilkinson, in recalling how her brothers had pioneered in the development of Belhaven recalled also how, being used

to the neighborliness of Edenton, she found it very lonesome when the family first moved to Belport. She says she soon despaired of being lonely and made up her mind to learn to like the place, which she did in time.

Remembered as the first family to live in what is now Belhaven is Sol. J. Topping, who married and left his home in Pantego 50 years ago to farm at what is now Belhaven. He and Mrs. Topping plan to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary this fall.

———o———

QUIT YOUR MEANNESS

Put your hammer in the locker,
  Hide the sounding-board, likewise;
Anyone can be a knocker—
  Anyone can criticize.
Cultivate the manner winning,
  Though it hurts your face to smile,
And seems awkward in beginning—
  Be a booster for a while.

Let the tradesman do the pounding,
  That's the way he earns his pay;
You don't draw a cent for hounding
  Saint or sinner, night and day.
Just for solid satisfaction,
  Drop a kind word in the slot,
And I'll warrant you'll get action
  On your efforts on the spot.

Kindness every time beats kicking,
  Mirth is better than a frown;
Do not waste your time in picking
  Flaws, with brothers who are down.
And it isn't so distressing,
  If you give a little boost
To the man the fates are pressing,
  When the chicks come home to roost.

Yes, the old world would be brighter,
  If you'd kindle friendship's flames,
And thus make the trouble lighter,
  Of the man against the game.
Send your grouch on a vacation,
  Give your grumbling tones the shake,
And with grim determination,
  Throw the hammer in the lake.

—Author Unknown.

HAVANA CONFERENCE

(Stanly News & Press)

Every citizen fo the United States who has been following the efforts of Secretary of State Cordell Hull to bind the 21 American republics into one group which would resist all efforts of other world powers to disturb us or our way of life will rejoice at his success, consummated this week at Havana with the signing of an important agreement between the 21 republics. Secretary Hull went to the conference with the odds for success against him, because of the suspicion of certain South American countries as to our motives, a suspicion encouraged by German agents. Some of our trade practices in the past were scheduled to cause our delegates some embarrassment. However, a comprising spirit as well as the influence of events to come made it possible to weld the group of nations into a combination which may have to do with the future of the world.

The people of the United States should lose not a single opportunity to learn more about the other nation of this hemisphere, and to have a thorough understanding of their problems and their aspirations. One of the causes of war is a misunderstanding of the aims and purposes of a nation. In the cultivation of the goodwill of sister nations, the groundwork for lasting peace is laid.

Three things were accomplished at Havana.

First, the other 20 republics virtually embraced the Monroe Doctrine, and gave their consent to its enforcement to prevent any new foreign power from gaining control over possessions in this hemisphere.

Second, a program for economic protection and development designed both to relieve existing distress resulting from the loss of European markets and to build an American trade system strong enough to take care of itself.

Third, a broadside attack by all republics on "fifth column" activitities by which some foreign powers were declared to be seeking to undermine existing governments and create new ones more favorable to their political systems.

The Havana conference has brought about a degree of unity in this hemisphere that is encouraging, but at the same time, we should not get the idea that all our troubles are over. We must accord our neighbor nations the treatment to which they are entitled, and we must ever keep in mind that we cannot afford to jeapordize the peace of this hemisphere by catering to the selfishness of a few of our own citizens.

Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well, when they cannot be seen from the top of the mountain. So are many things learned in adversity, which the prosperous man dreams not of.—Spurgeon.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our farm manager reports that more than three thousand cantaloupes were gathered one day this week. They are of much finer quality than those gathered earlier in the season, and occupy important places on our cottage menus at least twice daily.

—o—

Charles Wómble and Irvin Medlin, of Greensboro, two of our old boys, spent a day at the School this week. Charles has grown to be quite a man since leaving us, now weighing 163 pounds. Medlin, better known as "Peanut", seems to be just as small as when a lad here.

—o—

In spite of the "wilt" which attacked our watermelon patches, we are still able to have an ample supply for the boys' enjoyment. Several hundred fine melons have been gathered this week, and great feasts occur about every other day, two hundred melons being cut each time.

—o—

James Brewer was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday for observation and further treatment, returning to the School the same day. The cast was removed from his body and a shorter one put in its place, which indicates that James continues to improve.

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George Worley, a former member of the Cottage No. 10 group, who left the School on Easter Monday, this year, called at The Uplift office one day last week. Shortly after returning home he enlisted in the United States Army, and is now a member of Battery E, Fourth Artillery, stationed at Fort Bragg. George stated that he thoroughly enjoyed army life and was getting along well.

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Mrs. Russell, of Sailsbury, district supervisor of the W. P. A. sewing project, visited the School last Thursday morning for the purpose of consulting Superintendent Boger concerning some work to be done for the School. Upon leaving, she loaded her auto with 1,736 yards of white cloth, product of our textile plant, to be made up into Sunday dress shirts for our boys.

—o—

On Saturday, July 27th, an electrical and wind storm did considerable damage to several buildings at the School and to trees on the campus. A chimney on Cottage No. 14 was struck by lightning and the falling bricks damaged the slate roof. At the infirmary a tall chimney was blown over on the slate roof, doing much damage. Masons and roofers have just about completed making repairs at both places. Fortunately no damage was done to the interior of these buildings nor was there any rainfall until after repairs were made.

—o—

Acting in the capacity of "pinch-hitter" for Rev. R. S. Arrowood, who was unable to be present, Rev. John L. Boyd, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the First Psalm, and in his talk to the boys concerning the imprisonment of Paul and Silas, he called special attention to the words of the Phillip-

pian jailer, "What must I do to be saved?"

About two thousand years ago, said the speaker, two preachers were traveling in Macedonia, and the people had a custom of going down to a certain riverside to hear them preach. On the way down they met a young lady who was gifted with the powers of foretelling events, a soothsayer. Paul, seeing that she was possessed of an evil spirit, bade the spirit leave her, which it did. Thus being deprived of her powers, the men for whom she had been making much gain, had Paul and Silas cast into prison, where they were beaten and placed in stocks.

Instead of being saddened by their plight, as most men in their positions would have been, these two great Christian characters spent most of the night praying and singing praises to God. About midnight there came a great earthquake. The prison doors were opened and the men were loosed from the stocks. The jailer was awakened, and when he saw what had happened, he drew his sword and was about to kill himself, it being the rule in that country when prisoners escaped, the jailer would be put to death. Paul called to him, "Do thyself no harm; for we are all here." The jailer then fell down before Paul and Silas and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" and they replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." The jailer then took them to his house, treated their wounds, and shortly after he and his family were converted and baptized.

Rev. Mr. Boyd stated that the question, "What must I do to be saved?" is one of great importance, concerning all people, and none of us are either too old or too young to ask ourselves. The answer cannot be other than the one given by Paul to the jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Life here on earth is just a preparation for the life beyond.

There are two kinds of faith, continued the speaker, head faith and heart faith. Head faith or intellectual faith is fine, but that alone will not be strong enough to save us. The saving part of faith is for us to believe down deep in our hearts that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and only through his power it will be possible for us to enter the glorious life beyond when our earthly life is brought to a close. We must turn loose every other hope and trust Jesus to save us.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Boyd said that when we forsake all else, our salvation then depends on Jesus, and we have his own word that those who put their trust in him, that he will in no wise cast them out.

We were delighted to have Rev. Mr. Boyd with us on this occasion. His message to the boys was both helpful and interesting, and we trust he may be able to come to the School again in the near future. We were also glad to meet Messrs. Glenn Cochran and Ralph Holland, deacons in the Concord A. R. P. Church, who accompanied their pastor on this visit.

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Never excuse a wrong action by saying someone else does, the same thing.—Ben Franklin.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—JULY

(NOTE: The figure following name indicates the number of times boy has been on the Honor Roll since January 1, 1940.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Mack Bell 7
Reid Beheler
Charles Browning 2
Leonard Dawn 6
Aldine Duggins 5
Robert Hampton 5
Raymond Hughes 2
Edward Kinion
Claude McConnell 4
Jack Reeves 3
Walter Sexton 2
George Tolson 7
Carl Tyndall 2
James Tyndall 3
Floyd Williams 5
J. C. Willis 4

—B—

Charles Crotts
Jack Crotts 2
Leonard Franklin
Troy Gilland
Vernon Harding
Olin Langford 5
Everett Morris
Max Newsome 4
James Roberson
Melvin Roland
Brice Thomas
Charles Widener

SECOND GRADE

—A—

John Baker 3
Lacy Burleson
Howard Cox 4
John Crawford 3
J. C. Long
William Matthewson 3
Henry McGraw 2
Harold O'Dear 5
Howard Sanders 4
Calvin Tessneer 4
Jerome Wiggins 4

—B—

J. C. Allen 4
John Bailey 4
Plummer Boyd
Charles Cole 4
Robert Dunning 4
Charles Frye 2
Leo Hamilton 5
William Harding 2
Jack Howard 2
Milton Koontz 5
Alfred Lamb 7
James Mondie 2
Roy Mumford 4
Marshall Pace 5
Emerson Sawyer 2
Edward Thomasson 4
Houston Turner
Gilbert Williams 4
John Whitaker 5
Clarence Wright 3
Frank Workman

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Raymond Anderson 5
Robert Gaines 3
William Jerrell 5
Hugh Kennedy 7
William T. Smith 7

—B—

Kenneth Conklin
Martin Crump
Paul Dockery 4
Lacy Green 4
James Johnson 2
Burman Keller 5

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Bryson 6
Frank Glover 4
Woodrow Hager 5
Daniel Kilpatrick
Ronald Washam 3

—B—

Cleasper Beasley 3
Jay Brannock 6
Mack Coggins 2
William Goins 4

Osper Howell 4
Charles Tate

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Columbus Hamilton 5
Vincent Hawes 6
William Padrick 5
Eulice Rogers 4
J. P. Sutton 5
Hubert Walker 5

—B—

Ray Bayne 5
Collett Cantor
Edward Murray 4
Theodore Rector 4
Elmer Talbert 5
Dewey Ware 4

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

George Duncan 3
Max Evans 4
Gilbert Hogan 2
Jack Mathis 4
Brown Stanley 5
Weldon Warren

—B—

Lewis Andrews 4
Bennie Austin 3
John H. Averitte 3
Harold Bryson 3
Jack Cline 4
Donald Earnhardt 3
Henry Ennis 3
Samuel Everidge 2
Henry Glover 3
Porter Holder 6
Robert Keith
Robert Maples 6
Julian Merritt 3
Calude Moose 3
Fred McLemore
J. W. McRorrie 5
James Quick 2
Grover Revels 2
Charles Smith 3
O. D. Talbert 6
Arvel Ward 4
Marshall White 2

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Edward Warnock 4
Henry Ziegler 2

—B—

Quentin Crittenton
Albert Hayes 3
Bruce Link 5

WHY THEY'RE CALLED "SHE"

Here is why locomotives are called "she": They wear jackets with yokes, pins, shields and stays. They have aprons and laps. Not only do they have shoes, but they have short pumps and even hose, while they drag trains behind them. They also attract attention with puffs and mufflers and sometimes they refuse to work. At such times they need to be switched. They need guiding, require a man to feed them, and are much steadier when they are hooked up.

—The Kiwanis Magazine.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending August 4, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) William Drye 6
Edward Johnson 9
(2) Frank May 9
(10) Weldon H. Warren 10

COTTAGE No. 1

Everett Case 3
Charles Cole 5
Howard Cox 5
(2) John Davis 4
(2) Eugene Edwards 5
Porter Holder 4
Joseph Howard
Burman Keller 5
Clay Mize 7
(4) H. C. Pope 7
Everett Watts 7
(4) William C. Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 2

(7) Bennie Austin 9
John D. Davis 6
Robert Keith 5
(2) Forrest McEntire 7
(2) Donald MsFee 8
William Padrick 2
Charles Smith 2
Peter Tuttle 3

COTTAGE No. 3

(10) Lewis Andrews 10
(2) John Bailey 8
(8) Earl Barnes 9
(7) Clyde Barnwell 9
(3) Grover Beaver 5
(4) James Boone 8
(4) Max Evans 6
(2) Bruce Hawkins 6
(2) Harley Matthews 8
(2) William Matthewson 7
(2) Otis McCall 6
(2) Robert Quick 4
William Sims 9
(6) Harrison Stilwell 8
(4) Louis Williams 8

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 4
(9) Plummer Boyd 9
Quentin Crittenton 4
(9) Paul Godwin 9
(3) Gilbert Hogan 5
(3) John Jackson 6
(5) Ivan Morrozoff 9
(5) J. W. McRorrie 8
(5) J. C. Nance 8
(3) George Newman 3
(6) Oakley Walker 6
(10) Melvin Walters 10

COTTAGE No. 5

(10) Theodore Bowles 10
J. C. Bordeaux 4
(3) Collett Cantor 8
(2) A. C. Elmore 6
(8) Monroe Flinchum 9
Sidney Knighting 6
(2) Everett Lineberry 4
Ivey Lunsford 5
Herbert McGee 6
James Massey 4
(3) J. C. Reinhardt 9
Currie Singletary 3
(4) Hubert Walker 9
(3) Dewey Ware 8
(2) Henry Ziegler 5

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Dunning 5
(2) Edward Kinion 3
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
James C. Wiggins 2
(2) George Wilhite 3
(2) William Wilson 5
(2) Woodrow Wilson 4
Charles B. Ziegler 2

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Cleasper Beasley 6
Carl Breece 7
(7) Paul Dockery 9
(10) Donald Earnhardt 10
George Green 7
Lacy Green
(10) Richard Halker 10
(7) Roy Helms 8

(2) Robert Hampton 7
Lyman Johnson 6
J. C. Long 3
(3) Robert Lawrence 9
Charles McGowan 5
(3) Elmer Maples 9
Arnold McHone 8
Marshall Pace 3
(3) Carl Ray 7
(3) Loy Stines 4
Alex Weathers 7

COTTAGE No. 8

(10) Reid Beheler 10
Edward Hammond 2
(4) John Ingram 6
(2) Otis Kilpatrick 3
Spencer Lane
(8) James Quick 8
Grover Revels

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Holly Atwood 9
(4) J. T. Branch 9
(5) David Cunningham 5
George Gaddy 5
Robert Gaines 6
(10) Frank Glover 10
(10) Wilbur Hardin 10
Mark Jones 8
(3) Daniel Kilpatrick 6
Alfred Lamb 3
(10) Harold O'Dear 10
(5) Thomas Sands 7
(2) Richard Singletary 7
Horace Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Junius Brewer 8
(2) James M. Hare 4
(3) Carl Speer 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(7) Odell Almond 9
Ernest Brewer 6
Jay Brannock 7
William Deaton 9
(5) Treley Frankum 5
(2) Woodrow Hager 8
(7) Hubert Holloway 8
(7) Tillman Lyles 9
Clarence Mayton 6
James Mondie 8
(2) Howard Sanders 7
(5) Charles Simpson 5
(2) Robah Sink 8
Norman Smith
(7) George Tolson 9
Eugene Watts 8
(4) J. R. Whitman 8

COTTAGE No. 13

William Griffin 8
James Lane 8
John Murdock 2
Jordan McIver 8
Melvin Roland 4

COTTAGE No. 14

(10) Mack Coggins 10
Audie Farthing 9
(10) William Harding 10
(6) Norvell Murphy 9
Charles McCoyle 6
Roy Mumford 5
James Roberson 7
John Robbins 8
Charles Steepleton 6
Harold Thomas
(9) Wallace Woody 9
(2) Jack West 6

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Philip Holmes 7
Harvey Ledford 3
(7) Thomas Wilson 7

---o---

Until you learn that work is your best friend, not your worst enemy, you will never go far—except downhill.—Selected.

64
AUG 19 1940

THE UPLIFT

(Orange County)
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VOL. XXVIII 40 NO. 33

AMERICAN CREDO

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences! What are the personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country, and in the midst of great transactions which may concern the country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer, or if he fall, in the defense of the liberties and constitution of his country.—Daniel Webster.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

FOR LOVE AND PEACE

He knew no sound like cannon roar
And saw no deadly bombers soar;
He sent no men to march in war;
He taught of peace.

He spoke no harsh, severe commands
To seize, destroy a neighbor's lands;
He made no stern unjust demands
To make men slaves.

He had no friends afraid to speak
Nor found them wounded, tired and weak;
He heard no air-raid sirens shriek
Or thought of hate.

He knew not of blockade or mine
And watched no falt'ring kings resign;
He saw no women mourn and pine
At unmarked graves.

He heard no words like bomb or shell;
And saw no ruins where they fell;
He met no weeping children tell
Of hunger—fear.

He took no tank, or gun, or knife
And entered in a bloody strife;
He tried to save his brother's life
And make men free.

He made no ships to fight at sea
And send men to their destiny;
He saw no homeless hide, or flee
In self-defense.

He healed the sick and touched the blind
And gave His life for all mankind;
He lived that we might live, and find
Both love and peace.

—By Helen D. Lange.

INTERESTING VISITORS

Last Saturday the Jackson Training School was pleased to have the members of the State Budget Commission visit the institution and make a tour of the grounds, farm and buildings. The personnel of this commission is selected with great care, because the duties involved mean the spending of the State's money economically and advantageously. The duties of this group are two-fold—realizing the needs and the wisdom of spending. We feel sure they will prove themselves worthy of the confidence bestowed.

This commission is composed of the following members: Senator W. B. Rodman, Washington, chairman of the State appropriation committee; John W. Caffey, Greensboro, chairman of the House appropriation committee; Senator James H. Clark, Elizabethtown; Senator H. P. Taylor, Wadesboro, chairman of the Senate finance committee; A. S. Brower, Duke University, Durham; and W. E. Fenner, Rocky Mount, the latter not being able to be present on the visit to the School.

These men, after taking a look into the different departments of the School, showed keen interest in the activities carried on for the welfare of the boys—the future citizens of North Carolina. We feel that they saw the possibilities of the School, the ultimate goal of which is to develop finer citizenship.

* * * * * * * *

A REQUEST FROM CANADA

We are never aware of how far the influence of kind words or good literature may reach. The following letter reveals the fact that The Uplift always carries clean messages and brings results of appreciation. This letter from Canada will tell the story, and is highly appreciated:

Lajord, Saskatchewan, Canada
August 1, 1940.

Dear Mrs. Cook:

I am a reader of a little magazine, called Sunshine, and so very often I note very good articles, are taken from "Uplift". I began to feel Uplift must be a very good magazine, or publication, so when in California last winter, I tried in a number of different book, and magazine shops to procure a copy, but each

time failed, so I tried the library but even there they could give me no information.

Would you like to send me a sample copy, or two. I wrote to "Sunshine Magazine" for your address.

Gratefully yours,
Mrs. F. C. Blanchard.

* * * * * * * *

WAKE FOREST TO HAVE BIG ENROLLMENT

Prospects are bright for a capacity enrollment at Wake Forest College for the coming session, Registrar Grady Patterson reported today.

Advanced registration for the approaching session, which will begin with registration of freshmen September 10, is already 15 per cent higher than on the corresponding date last year. The enrollment last session, 1083, set an all time record in the history of the 106-year-old institution.

Factors which have been ascribed to the increase in enrollment are the construction of a new athletic stadium, which is now rapidly nearing completion; the prospects of a new $250,000 chapel and auditorium, construction of which should begin soon; the new emphasis placed on music, it now being possible for a student to graduate from the college with a major in music; the expansion of the medical school to a standard four-year senior institution; the recent acquisition of an art collection valued conservatively at $150,000 and said by the Atlanta Journal to be the finest art collection at any college or university in the United States.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

TEST OF CLEAN READING

Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, of New York, has advanced an appealing criterion for judging the type of magazines unfit for sale at newsstands. In a letter to 1,300 licensed news dealers in New York, he says:

Have you a daughter of your own, or have you growing boys? If not, perhaps you are an uncle or an aunt to children of your brothers or sisters.. Now look around your stand, please, and see if you have any magazine or publication that you would not want

your own children to read. If you have such magazines that are improper for your own children, do you think it is right to have them on sale for other children? . . . . I have a stack before me now. They are not only unfit for children, but the cover and illustrations are shocking and the reading matter is not fit for anyone to read. It occurred to me that as a licensee of the city you would want to co-operate with the Mayor and the schools and churches and all of the parents of the city.

The Mayor is asking each dealer to list magazines which he would not wish his children to read and to send it to the city's license commissioner with the promise not to sell such magazines in the future.

New York by no means has a monopoly on indecent magazines, and it might be well for dealers and their patrons to apply the La-Guardia test to their wares. Certainly the New York effort will be watched with interest as a step toward self-policing by the vendors themselves as more desirable than action by public authorities.

—Morganton News-Herald.

* * * * * * * *

FIRST PLACE TO COLLEGE GRADUATES

The sentiment prevails that a college man or woman has every assurance of a lucrative position. This means public opinion is molded in favor of everybody having college training regardless of adaptability. And we know that when public sentiment is formed, to change the minds of people would be as impossible as moving the "Rock of Gibraltar." As a consequence of this sentiment, colleges of all standards have been cluttered with students from every walk of life. Therefore, today the entire country is filled with college graduates looking for jobs, and instead of using the term "job", the cultured and elite prefer saying, "We desire a position."

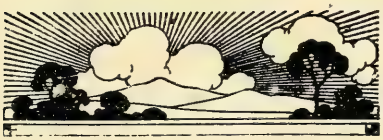
These young college graduates have increased numerically the army of unemployed, looking for whatever one may term it—work, job or position. In short, they desire employment with the hope of gaining a livable wage.

It is quite true that the "machine age" has eliminated the "split-

ting of rails and digging of ditches", but there continues to be a demand for such artisans and mechanics as shoemakers, carpenters, plumbers, brick masons and such like, but the goal of these young college graduates is a "white collar job" as they tilt back in swivel chairs, appearing at least as executives.

To be a college graduate is the goal of the youth of today. This opinion prevails and it is hard to disabuse the minds of people with such ambitions, when obsessed with the thought to work out ideals and all personal ambitions is suppressed, due to the lack of college training. To be self-made no longer counts. There was the time when the self-made person was accepted and applauded.

We are not the least bit opposed to college attainments but agree thoroughly with Will Rogers, who said, "There will have to be more young people in the sixth grade or there will be nothing for the college graduates to work for." Will Rogers was not only a humorist who made the world laugh, but he had those combined elements known as common sense.



THE FUTURE OF FRANCE

(The Watchman-Examiner)

The Third Republic of France has lasted seventy years. For the first fourty-four years of the regime the French people had one supreme objective, though they had many lesser aims. To achieve the objective—the return of Alsace-Lorraine—they hardened themselves and developed their military strength, besides making strong alliances with other nations. The World War of 1914-18 brought France complete victory. The provinces of Alsace-Lorraine were returned to their motherland, Germany was stripped of Colonies and hemmed in by a group of strategically situated powers bound together for defensive or offensive purposes. The French people settled down to the enjoyment and development of their world-wide possessions.

Such a hegemony, however, called for a governmental stability which France has not possessed. Lacking the incentive of former years, her national life has passed through a series of political functuations. The French people have veered from the extreme right to the extreme left and back to the right again. Since in all democracies changes of government presage drastic modifications in policies both within the nation and internationally, it is evident that the more frequently the governments change, the more topsy-turvy become their internal and external affairs. This accounts for the fact that while Germany in the last seven years has been arming to the teeth, France has been torn apart politically by frequent cabinet upsets. This has led to national indecision, lack of efficiency, and disintegration of purpose. Marshal Petain has blamed France's defeat on the lush years since the World War victory when "our sense of joy predominated over our sense of sacrifice." But history will record a deeper and more dangerous process than that.

France is the victim of her government. This republic was established in a movement which intended to put the government forever at the will and disposition of her political groups. While this was an ideal fondly loved and efficiently achieved, it rendered governments insecure and policies uncertain. Whatever government was in power, the world never knew how long it would stay. French governments have been changed so often that outside of the recorder's office it is doubtful if the French people themselves know how many governments they have had. It was this chaotic condition which brought about the Daladier near-dictatorship — we say "near" because it was never absolute and was dispensed with at the will of the people's representatives.

The glories of the Third Republic are many. In no other era has France made such progress and developed her social being so extensively. Had France's government been more stable, the map of Europe would not have disintegrated. Should Germany rule Europe, the Republicque Francaise will be no more.

Another regime will take its place. Should the war finish with a German defeat, it is certain that the Third Republic will be but an aching memory. While it possessed the negative virtue of uniting France, its form was of

such a nature as to invite catsstrophe. The day when France's little politicians could jockey for power is gone. Out of the ruins of this debacle a new order will come. The Fourth Republic, if there is to be one, will have a closely jointed framework. It will not be a dictatorship of the type of Italy or Germany—unless a new Napoleon appears to lead French armies to fresh triumphs—but it will be a closely knit and strongly centralized government just the same.

The weakness of France is the irreligious attitude of the bulk of her people. For the most part knowing only the Roman Catholic church, they are in large numbers indifferent, skeptical, or bitterly opposed to the Christian faith. Clerical politics have also aroused widespread resentment. The result is that the French are woefully ignorant of what Christianity is. Protestant churches and all missions have a hard front to overcome, for they are made to feel a stigma which so many of the French attach to the Roman church. It is easy to estimate the effect of this.

Far from "religion's being an opiate for the people," as Stalin might insist, in its truest Christian expression it is the one thing in this world that gives a people moral backbone, wisdom as to procedure, courage, unity, and determination. We are only saying that real Christianity produces character and furnishes those leaders of whose wisdom and resourcefulness those who follow have no need to doubt.

For twenty years France has been dedicated to a non-religious humanism which aimed at material comfort, social plenty, and happy environment. But France has found that such policies by themselves make the people soft. Instead of having produced a new crop of leaders, she had to fall back on tired, old men who have nothing more to live for in this world worth speaking of, who are disposed to give everything away that they may be left in peace. What will France do now? That she will reutrn to the Lord seems well-nigh impossible, though this is a mental weakness.

In all of this may we not see a warning and a lesson to our own beloved country? We have grown more humanistic than ever before in our history in our love of lush comforts and pleasant environments for the people, but we have not grown corespondingly in Christian faith and standards of character. Circumstance may temporarily force us into sacrificial action, but if its inspiration is fear and not idealism, the root of decadence will continue to grow in the direction of our national subsidence. The Christian elements in our land should know this and exert themselves to the highest levels of sacrificial devotiotion to Christ.

———o———

"The mind is a fortress to be held against evil, and there should always be a sentinel on guard."—Selected.

WHY NOT 100 PER CENT AMERICANS?

(Masonic Trestle Board)

America has ever been a "melting pot" of the nations. From the time that the redoubtable Norsemen left their bones on the shores of the Great Lakes in the year 1000, a never-ending stream of immigrants from every nation in the world has flowed across our borders, until today the blood strain of America is composed of every strain, from the Nordic to the Negroid.

From this intermingling of races has arisen the greatest nation in the world—commercially, intellectually, econnomically. We are proud of the most progressive and widespread system of public education, the highest standard of living, the greatest accumulation of wealth, liberty in its widest expression, freedom such as no other nation knows. Americanism, as expressed by our Constitution, has triumphantly vindicated itself as the most complete expression of true democracy.

Surprisingly, the members of those races which are most oppressed in the countries of their origin cling most tenaciously to their national customs and languages. For some obsecure reason, while enjoying all the benefits of Americanism and democracy, they remain its keenest critics and refuse to embrace its language, ideals and aspirations.

In this great testing time of civilization, when democracy is battling for existence and whole nations are cowering under dictatorships, solidarity in the United States—the last great stronghold of democracy—is essential. A house divided shall fall. Without a common purpose, a common cause, a common goal, this nation cannot achieve its destiny. No man can serve two masters—or two radically differing forms of government. An hyphenated American has no place in America.

We make this point because a danger exists in this country of which many are unaware—that of divided allegiance. No man, whatever his professions, can be truly American when he persists in adhering to the ideals, language and teachings of a foreign nation . . . yet there are today over 230 foreign language daily newspapers in the United States, over 350 weekly newspapers, over 70 monthly publications and in excess of 230 miscellaneous publications. Every day programs are broadcast over various radio stations in foreign languages. There are many organizations which meet and conduct their business—whatever it may be—in a foreign tongue. There are countless thousands of persons living under the protection of the Stars and Stripes who do not—could not—read an American newspaper. Admirable though this loyalty to the mother tongue may be, it is not Americanism. No man can be American in thought when he derives his news and opinions from a foreign language publication which obtains its inspiration from alien sources, when he is entertained by foreign language radio programs, when he limits his interests to a narrow circle which prefers to discuss its business in a foreign tongue.

English is the national language of America. If that language was adequate for Washington, for Lincoln,

for ten thousand unknowns who well and truly laid the foundations of American democracy; if it has well met the need for expression of the world's greatest scholars of today, then it is good enough for the foreigner who chooses to throw in his lot with this democracy.

Today we need 100 per cent Americans as never before. To be such they must READ American, SPEAK American, THINK American. The nation would be well rid of those 880 foreign language publication, foreign language radio broadcasts, foreign "bunds" and "cells" and a score of other organizations which propagate alien ideas.

———o———

THERE MUST BE NO BIBLE BLACKOUT ANYWHERE

With almost half its population involved in war, the world never needed the comfort and guidance of the Bible as much as at this hour.

To a degree never before attained, the world is aware of the value of the Bible, and is demanding it.

Most of the people of the world can secure the Scriptures only through the agencies of the great Bible Societies.

The American Bible Society is now the only one of these great societies that is not involved in war.

There are millions of destitute refugees, men in prison camps, soldiers, and wounded, to whom Gospels and Testaments will bring immeasurable comfort and moral reinforcement.

There are many lands where the American Bible Society has no agencies—India, Burma, Ceylon, the Netherlands, Indies, Africa, Korea, Iran, and most of Europe.

Because of the exigencies of war, the societies in Britain and on the Continent which supply these lands have been forced to curtail their work drastically.

There are many other lands where these societies provide about half the Scriptures—China, Japan, the Near East, most of Latin America.

The American Bible Society must, to the limit of its resources, supply that which is lacking in the present world emergency. Its chief resource are the millions of Bible-loving citizens of America. Only they can prevent this blackout for multitudes.

There must be no Bible Blackout!—Bible Society Record.

MANY LIVES ON ARIOSTO LOST OFF OCRACOKE IN 1899

(Dare County Times)

The most calamitous, because entirely needless, loss of life during the entire year, which occurred on December 24, 1899, was the wreck of the British steamship, Ariosto, on the coast of North Carolina, about two miles to the southward of the Ocracoke Life Saving Station. Of 30 persons on board the vessel 21 perished, while there was in the conditions, not the slightest necessity that a single one should have been lost.

The Ariosto was a schooner-rigged steel vessel of 2,265 tons, laden with a valuable cargo of wheat, cotton, lumber and cotton-seed meal, carrying 30 men, including the officers, and commanded by Captain R. R. Baines. When lost she was bound from Galveston, Texas, to Hamburg, Germany, via Norfolk, Va., the object of the call at Norfolk being to refill the coal bunkers.

During the evening of Saturday, December 23, the weather was clear overhead, but hazy around the horizon, and a smart wind was blowing from the southwest, driving before it a very rough sea. At midnight the weather was thick all around, and heavy showers of rain passed over from time to time, while the sea was constantly making.

About 3:45 o'clock Sunday morning, Captain Baines, who was then lying down in the chart room, heard the telegraph bell ring, and instantly sprank up to inquire the reason, when he was met at the door by the second mate, who had come to request his presence on the deck.

Proceeding at once to the bridge, the captain saw that his ship was entirely surrounded by "white water." He says he did not know precisely what part of the coast he was on, but that since he could see no land or light, he had an idea that he struck the Diamond Shoals, off Hatteras. As a matter of fact he was some fifteen miles to the southwest. The engines were working hard astern, but they were not able to stop the headway of the vessel, which took the bottom and remained, as the master says, "bumping and thumping in such a manner that it seemed probable her masts would come down." All hands were at once on deck and rocket signals of distress were fired, the first having been sent up about 3:50 o'clock, he thinks. "While still firing," the captain says, "a red flash was seen from the north, which was taken to be from some source whence assistance might come." And so in fact it was, being the red Coston signal of the live-saving patrol.

Believing his ship to be among the Diamond Shoals, the master feared she might work off into one of the numerous deep holes or channels, and founder there and besides, he was seriously worried over the fact that the heavy seas on the starboard side broke away the three starboard boats, while the ship was constantly heeling over to starboard, making the destruction of the boats on the port side likely to take place at any moment.

He therefore held a consultation with the chief officer, which resulted in the determination to launch the port boats. Here was where the fatal mistake occurred.

Signals, indicating that assistance would be afforded from the shore, had already been seen and correctly interpreted. As subsequent events proved, to a demonstration, if all simply had stood by the vessel everyone would have been rescued. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that Captain Baines supposed his vessel to be stranded on the Diamond Shoals, a place of extreme danger, so far from shore that he might have doubted the ability of any boat to reach her, and of course miles beyond the range of any life-saving gun or rocket. Having in view these facts, it may not be a matter of great surprise that he should deem it the part of wisdom to save his two remaining boats and man them along-side until dawn of day should make it possibile to determine his true position and the proper course of action then to be taken.

This he asserts to have been his purpose. Accordingly the pinnace was first got out and manned by eleven men, including the chief and second mates, who were placed in charge, with instructions to "get away clear and then lie by until daylight." As soon as the pinnace cleared the ship the lifeboat was successfully put over and manned by fifteen men. Twenty-six persons were now in the boats, while there remained on the ship four others, including Captain Baines. Fortunately for them the lifeboat got away before they could embark in it. To this Providential accident, which probably then seemed to them the worst of ill luck, they owed their lives.

Both boats were upset a short-while after they cleared the steamer. Twenty-six person were now battling for their lives in one of the worst seas with which desperate men have ever contended. And yet, one of them, Seaman Elsing, absolutely unaided even with so much as the slightest piece of wreckage, succeeded in reaching shore. Two others who left the ship were hauled back on board the steamer by means of the boat tackle which hung alongside, while Fireman Henroth and Boatswain Anderson, who embarked in the pinnace, were dragged from the surf by life-savers who were on the beach.

By this time daylight was faintly showing and Keeper Howard, of the Ocracoke station, having gained some ocular information of the status of affairs, at once set the international code signal, "M. K.," meaning to remain by your ship.

The Coast Guard men were now hard at work. On account of the surf running over the beach there was a very serious difficulty in finding a place sufficiently high to bury the sand anchor where it would hold and to place the Lyle gun where it would be out of the water. The first shot failed to reach the steamer, which was about 600 yards distant. She was constantly working her way closer, however, when she was about 600 yards distant from the beach, a line was shot, and when she was 500 yards from the beach they succeeded in getting a line aboard. Those remaining on board the vessel were successfully brought ashore. Captain Baines was the last to leave the ship and when he put his foot on the beach

about 2:30 p. m., a loud cheer was sent up by all the people who had by this time assembled. Every man was saved whom the life-saving crew could by any possibility have rescued under the most unfortunate circumstances following the launching of the boats, and if all had remained patiently on board, not one would have been lost. Three of the seamen in the boats were washed ashore before the line was placed on the steamer and efforts were made to revive them; but without success.

Keeper Burrus and his crew of the Durant's Life-Saving station, located next to Ocracoke on the north, were requested by telephone to join Keeper Howard's crew after the latter had begun operations to set up the beach apparatus. They started at once, but were obliged to use the station supply boat on account of the rough sea and to go on the inside of the beach by way of Pamlico Sound, which consumed about two hours. They made, however, the best possible time, arriving just as the shot line was fired over the vessel, and performed their share of the work.

A number of citizens of the neighborhood voluntarily rendered extremely valuable assistance to the life-saving crews, and it is a pleasure to thankfully acknowledge their praiseworthy conduct, which, it is but simple justice to add, was thoroughly characteristic of the humane and courageous people who inhabit this coast. Unfortunately the names of all of them could not be obtained, but among the number was: I. M. Stowe, A. J. O'Neal, B. F. Stowe, B. E. Austin, W. B. Stowe, and C. F. Austin.

———o———

LOOK UP

I saw a little muddy stream
  That turned to fairest blue,
Because the surface caught the gleam
  Of heaven's azure hue.

And so this life, whate'er it be,
  Might turn to heaven fair,
If we would lift our eyes and see
  The beauty everywhere.

—Author Unknown.

BARBERING PLUS

By Charles Doubleyou

The barber of the past was occupied not merely with the manipulation of razor and scissors, in shaving and in trimming hair and beards. For hundreds of years, while the science of medicine was nonexistent, even when it was yet in its infancy, the barber practiced an elemental surgery. Many of the human ills were considered due to bad blood in the body, or even to an excess of rich blood. The remedy: to draw off some of this blood. And the barber was the person called upon to do the operation, either by applying a leech, to suck an injured or swollen part, or by the use of a many-bladed sharp instrument which made an incision in the flesh. Incidentally, the striped pole that now symbolizes the barber shop is derived from this blood-letting practice of the barber; the red stripes representing blood, the white ones the bandages.

The barber was likewise the person one went to when it was necessary to pull out an aching tooth which was rendering its victim distracted.

A handy and indispensable personage, the barber. His shop, in ancient Rome and Athens, assumed the importance of a club, particularly if patronized by literary and artistic men. Here, waiting their turn to be served, these intellectual giants engaged in talk that ranged from the frivolous to the serious. Listening to the conversation while at work, the barber himself absorbed a vast amount of information on a variety of subjects. Horace, the famous Latin satirist, pays tribute to barbers as the most accurately informed in up-to-date history, both of the state and of its leading families.

In England, too, the barber shop enjoyed a popularity for exchange of gossip that was later assumed by the coffee house. The existence of barbers as practitioners of crude surgery in England has been traced as far back as 1461, the year when they were first incorporated as a guild. About a century later this barbers' guild was united with the guild of actual surgeons, such as they were in those days. But in 1745, an Act of Parliament dissolved this union of the craftsman and the professional. Barbers were forbidden to perform any surgical operations other than blood-letting or tooth-extraction. And surgeons were likewise forbidden to infringe on the barber's trade with a job of shaving and hair-trimming when the opportunity presented itself.

For one other cultural advantage is the barber shop of the past noted. In an age when the opportunity of hearing music was limited, one could find there a lute, viol, or some such musical instrument on which waiting customers, or the barber himself during his idle periods, could pick out the current popular airs. This age-old custom prevailed almost to the very present. Now it has practically vanished, when music to suit a variety of tastes is available at the turn of the dial of a radio which is as much a part of the equipment of the present-day barber shop as the thumbed illustrated magazines.

VIRGINIA HOGS ARRIVED WITH SMITH'S COLONY

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

The town of Smithfield, Va. is 20 miles from the nearest railroad, and you might drive through it without stopping, yet for three centuries this Virginia community has been the home of one of America's most famous dishes, the Emithfield ham. By river steamer and by truck and, years ago, by wagon, thousands of these juicy hams, cured by an old and priceless process, from hogs raised in the great peanut belt of Virginia, are shipped to ports the world over.

It is said that a cousin of Capt. John Smith, whose romantic adventure with Pocahontas is well remembered, is the man, who with several associates, laid the foundation of this early American export business. The cavaliers had brought some fine little pigs with them from England, to be bred for food.

Virginia has abundant pasturage, a mild and salubrious climate and the little pigs flourished and soon were more pigs than people. The pigs disappeared into the swamps and forest and there was bred a rangy animal, called the "razor-back" hog. These were rounded up by the colonists and placed on an island five miles below Jamestown, which has been called "Hog" Island to this day.

Soon after the first settlers came, they began raising peanuts, small fields into which the hogs were turned to feed. There were no means of keeping meats in refrigerating plants in those days and though the curing of meats had been known for centuries, it became evident that the ham cured at or Smithfield, had a distinctive flavor. Whether it was the flavor of the sweet and oily nuts on which the hogs fed, or the smoke of hickory, oak and apple logs, used in curing the hams, or a combination of both, has never been known, but the hams shipped to England found favor with the mother country, from the king on down, and dealers were soon instructing their Norfolk agents to send Smithfield hams. Records show that many were shipped to the royal family, and these hams soon became one of the leading articles of export from the American colonies to Europe.

There is the story that General Nelson, one of Washington's aides, in the War of Revolution, seized the entire output of hams from Smithfield, believing that such wholesome and delicious food would give strength to the American troops.

For 200 years or more, Smithfield ham has been on the tables of first families of the nation.

These pioneer packers have long since passed on, but their method of feeding and curing hogs remains practically the same . The hams are choice cuts from hogs of razor back ancestry, grown by farmers in the vicinity of Smithfield, which during the first months of their lives roam the woods, eating quantities of acorns, hickory nuts, beechnuts and grass nuts. "Root hog or die," is more than a mere slogan with these hogs.

Later they are turned into freshly harvested peanut fields, to root

among the plants and nuts remaining on the ground. A few weeks of this feeding is followed by a heavy feeding of corn, after which the hogs are killed, dressed brought to Smithfield. Some of the hogs are shipped in from Georgia.

The curing process, which is typical of the hams cured in this part of Virginia, consists of dry salting, spicing with black pepper, and a heavy smoking of hickory, oak and apple woods. Thereupon the smoked hams and forelegs (shoulders) are hung up to age, concentrating the natural flavors of the meat, spices and smoke. When cured, this meat will keep almost indefinitely.

THE IMMORTALITY OF CORRECT IDEAS

Right ideas possess a kind of immortality. If truth doesn't rise from the tomb the third day, it will rise the third decade, or maybe the third century.

The idea of democracy is a right idea. It gripped the people in the day of Pericles, and though often submerged, it was never lost sight of, but ran on through the Magna Charta, the House of Commons and finally found expression in the Constitution of the United States.

The idea of religious liberty is a right idea. The idea was taught by Jesus, and in spite of all the ecclesiastical tyranny, anathemas and Inquisitions that could be devised by man or devil, the idea survived, and will survive. It is useless to talk about the spiritual mandates of popes and bishops any more. Half the world already knows there is no need of them, and the other half will learn the important lesson after a while.

The idea of the prohibition of great civic wrongs including the liquor traffic is a right idea. Let no one think that because of difficulties in the enforcement of prohibitory laws that the idea will die and be burned and forgotten. It will not, though whole generations may pass before certain prohibitions may become effective. More than once in history God could not work through certain generations but he began again with their children.

The idea of world peace is a right idea. The idea has at last been grasped by a few. The rights of all the nations are greater than of any one nation. As a family as a whole is greater than any one of its members, so the whole of mankind is greater than any nation of which it is composed. This idea can no more be forgotten than the throne of truth can fall. But it may have to struggle through a series of five to ten centuries before it becomes dominant in the world.

—The Alabama Baptist.

THE TEAM'S THE THING

By John V. Hicks

Rod Holmes finished that slow lazy wind-up of his, and tilted his weight back on his right foot.

For an instant he appeared to be doing an awkward job of scratching his back with both hands, and his right knee with his left heel. Then he catapaulted forward like six feet of spring suddenly released. The ball whiffed over the plate and went slap into the catcher's mitt.

"You don't need a catcher at all," grinned Alf Green, returning the ball with an easy swing. "Not for practice, anyway. All you need is a half dozen baseballs and a drain pipe to shoot them into. I haven't moved my mit six inches since you got warmed up."

"I—must—not—tell—fibs," spoke Rod seriously. He had turned and was writing the words in the air on an imaginary blackboard.

He stopped writing and walked toward the plate. A tall, curly-headed figure had stepped through the bushes back behind the baseball diamond. It was Giff Dunkley, captain of the school team.

"Want to have a go with Alf?" asked Rod, slipping off his glove and getting ready to toss it.

"No," replied Dunkley, with a shrug. He turned on his heel and disappeared through the bushes again.

"I'd like to know," said Alf with a puzzled frown, "just what's up with Giff these days. It's all he can do to open his mouth."

I think you know well enough," Rod told him. It's me."

"Huh?"

"Yes, he resents my being on the team. I'm not sure that he isn't right. After all, I only came in at Easter, and I've pitched a lot of games; not such good games either, some of them. It's all very well having a workout with nobody watching, but the games are beginning to get me. I go out there on the mound with the whole of St. Chad's packed in the stands, and out of the corner of my eye I see Giff back on the bench—"

"He can't pitch every game, can he?"

"No but he's your star pitcher, and he isn't getting a show. I'd rather just do relief hurling. I'm going to tell the coach to cut me off—"

"Like fun you are!" snapped Alf. "coach is using you because he knows jolly well you are tops. Giff is a smart pitcher and a great captain, but he wants too much of the spotlight. Anyway, he'll get plenty of chance in the playoffs."

The whole school was beginning to sense the situation. Giff Dunkley had been the mainstay of St. Chad's pitching staff until Rod Holmes came along. Rod didn't have to pitch many innings to show that he was a first rate man on the mound. He had all of Dunkley's speed, and a good handful of tricks out of the same box. And Giff Dunkley didn't quite like it. The captain of St. Chad's team played a colorful game, but he was used to wearing the honors—not sharing them.

Coach Bradley recognized the value of two topnotch pitchers on his line-up, and was finding that he could use Holmes to good advantage. But it meant that Dunkley was seeing less action in important contests.

Many a time, too, Giff had taken

the mound in the sixth or seventh inning, and had pulled the game out of the fire after a lesser twirler had been belted from the box. That was glory for Giff Dunkley. "We want Dunkley," the fans roared. But now, all too often, it was, "We want Holmes."

Holmes, a rather retiring sort of chap, was beginning to feel the effect of the variety, if such it could be called. When he went into a game he gave all he had, but the resentment which Dunkley showed all too plainly was threatening to upset his style.

"What you've got to do," said Alf Green soberly as they made for their rooms, "is to snap out of it. If Giff wants to give you the cold shoulder, that's his lookout. It's the school you're playing for, and the team needs you."

"But I could do a whole lot better for the team," Rod told him, "if Giff would be a little more friendly."

Before anybody quite realized it, the June playoffs were in sight. St. Chad's playing in the Northern loop, battled their way into first place by a narrow margin. Then all eyes were turned on the Southern league teams, who were a week late finishing their schedule. Speculation ran high as to who St. Chad's opponent would be in the final playoffs between the two leagues.

Giff Dunkley showed up for fielding practice one day with a folded newspaper in his hand. He waved the paper, beckoning the players towards him.

"Look here, you fellows," he announced, spreading the sports page out wide. " Down in Claremont they have Cuthbert College picked to win the Southern league. Some swanky opposition for us if they do eh?"

"What do you mean?" one of the players asked.

"Why, man," explained Giff, "this Cuthbert establishment is hoity-toity. They rather fancy themselves. Everybody knows that."

"I didn't, for one!"

It was Rod Holmes. His usually quiet demeanor had left him. He wore a half frown, and his jaw stuck out a little.

Dunkley turned, and lowered the paper.

"Well," he said, "now you do know. I've told you."

"And I'm telling you," retorted Rod, "that you're all wrong. There are some mighty fine fellows at Cuthbert."

"You an authority on Cuthbert?"

"A lot more so than you are. I went to school there—" Rod stopped abruptly, as though he had said more than he intended.

Eyes opened a little wider all around. A Cuthbert man in their midst—this was news!

"So!" exclaimed Dunkley. "The secret's out. You've been a bit of a man of mystery ever since you came. And why," he asked with a sneer, "did you leave the marble halls of Cuthbert?"

Rod looked dejected He studied the ground at his feet for a moment and said nothing. Then he walked up to Dunkley and looked him in the eye.

"I'll tell you why," he said, "and I'm not ashamed of it. I had to leave last year. My father—"

A throat, deep-voiced, was cleared behind them.

"All right, fellows," Coach Bradley sang out. "Catch 'em as I bat 'em!" The team raced across the diamond and spread out over the field.

Alf Green cornered the team captain that night after supper.

"Giff," he began, "I think you could make things a bit pleasanter for Holmes than you do."

"Listen," said Giff, avoiding the issue. "I've been thinking. Suppose we find ourselves up against Cuthbert in the playoffs. Coach, I suppose, will pitch Holmes for one of the games. Holmes is an old Cuthbert man—they're his friends. What does two and two make?"

"It doesn't make four of what you're thinking!" Alf exploded. "Holmes is a sport. If he weren't he wouldn't have left Cuthbert."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. He told me this afternoon. His father had a lengthy illness, and his business very nearly folded. They either had to cut expenses drastically or else go under. Cuthbert is an expensive school. Rod left, went to work for his father, and studied hard at nights. He's up here for the Easter term and the June exams. But whenever you see Holmes wearing a St. Chad uniform," Alf finished, "you'll know he's giving everything he has for St. Chad's!"

"Well, let's hope so." And they left it at that.

The sports writer who had picked Cuthbert to top the Southern league was right. They rode roughshod over their rival and took the championship in two straight games. With pennants waving, confident of victory, they arrived at St. Chad's to begin the best-of-three playoff series.

They were a little too confident, and they couldn't quite find the range with their bats. Dunkley pitched the opening for St. Chad's and shut them out. He did, in fact, a neat no-hit job of it, and his teammates backed him up by bunching three singles and a double in the eighth inning.

A cheering mob of St. Chad's students escorted their team from the field. They had taken the first game, 2 to 0.

"Great work!" exclaimed Alf, slapping Giff on the back. "That was pitching, if you like!"

But Giff was bursting with something else.

"Listen," he whispered excitedly. "What do you think I just heard? There's a tip going around that when we play at Cuthbert College, day after tomorrow, there will be a big league scout in the stands. And if there is—well, I think I earned another chance in the box after this afternoon, don't you?"

"H-m-m." Alf stroked his chin. "That's hard to say. Coach has ideas of his own on that score, you know. You never can tell, though. He may start you at least."

When Giff looked over the line-up for the following game, his face fell. The coach had chosen Holmes to pitch. Anger flared in Giff's heart.

"It isn't fair!" he protested to Alf. "I shut those birds out, and I can do it again. Coach must be crazy, putting Holmes in there against them. Why, they've probably known him for years. They'll be on to his pitching from the start!"

"This may be the first time they have played against him, though," Alf pointed out. "Coach is full of bright ideas. Perhaps this is one of them—say! You're on the line-up too—look there!"

Coach Bradley himself came along just then.

"I've done some shuffling, Dunkley," he announced. "I want you at shortstop tomorrow. And I want you

not to forget," he went on, "that the team is the thing. If we pull together like one man, I figure we can take Cuthbert two straight."

Giff knew what he meant by that, but it was a bitter pill to have to swallow. Warming the bench would have been bad enough, but to have to go out on the diamond and watch Holmes pitch—! Anyhow, he thought grimly, he'd have a chance to show his form at bat.

Rod Holmes was plainly nervous when they got out of the big bus at Cuthbert College.

"Buck up," said Alf. "We'll go home tonight with the pennant."

"If I can help it," Rod responded, "we certainly will. But I'll tell you honestly, a slap on the back from Giff Dunkley right now would make all the difference. As it is, he's itching for me to blow up along about the fifth inning. I can feel it. The only thing he's said to me today is 'Well, now let's see what *you* can do!' "

When the teams trotted out onto the diamond, Rod was apparently his old cool self again, ready for business. Cuthbert won the toss and chose the field, giving them last chance at bat.

Cuthbert's pitcher had a bewildering delivery that was going to take some getting on to. He fanned the first two St. Chad's batters, and the third popped a short one right into the first baseman's mitt.

Holmes showed that he too had form, and the inning ended with no score. Giff Dunkley at shortstop eyed Rod shrewdly from time to time. Would he keep it up?

By the sixth inning St. Chad's were beginning to touch the Cuthbert pitcher's deliveries. In the seventh, Alf Green laid one down inside the third base line and reached second safely before the ball was fielded. Giff Dunkley came to bat and took two called strikes while Alf stole third. Then with a sudden burst of marksmanship he smashed one deep into left field for a three base hit, scoring Alf.

It was still that way at the end of the eighth—one nothing for St. Chad's.

But the game was by no means over. Alf studied Rod out of a corner of his eye as the teams changed over. Rod's cheeks were flushed, and he looked strained.

"Giff," said Alf to the captain, "if you want to win this game, go over right now and thump your pitcher on the back and tell him how he's doing. He's fighting his heart out. and a word of encouragement from you would just make the difference."

"Let him alone," growled Giff. "This is *his* game!"

"Play ball!" shouted the umpire, and the last frame was on.

St. Chad's turned on their artillery with a vengeance, but try as they would they couldn't increase their one-run lead. They connected with the ball, but the Cuthbert field was airtight and retired them one by one. St. Chad's took the field for the last time against a grimly determined team.

The stands were in an uproar. Both schools were at fever heat. Rod glanced anxiously around the field, and took his place on the mound.

Something of the tenseness of the situation took hold of Giff as he watched his pitcher winding up for the first ball. The batter clipped it for a single, and stole second on the next pitch. Just two bases away from tying the score and nobody out!

Perhaps, thought Giff suddenly, a

pitcher wasn't the whole thing, after all. What was it the coach had said—"The team's the thing?" Rod wasn't quite at ease, he could see that. Rod knew that the team wasn't with him to a man.

The second batter fanned. The third hit safely to second, and the other runner advanced to third. The Cuthbert fans were going wild. Another batter grounded out, and the next one walked on four straight balls, filling the bases. Rod stepped out of the box, fingering the ball nervously. Back on the bench Coach Bradley got half-way up, and sat down again. His face was drawn.

Something was hammering at Giff Dunkley's brain. Something that was striving to make itself heard above the tumult in the stands. Then suddenly it took form and came roaring through—the St. Chad's yell! All at once he understood.

It came to him without warning, clutching foolishly at his throat. That it wasn't Holmes' game, or his game, or anyone else's game. They were all out there together, fighting tooth and nail for the one thing that mattered to them. Fighting for St. Chad's! Giff left his position and trotted over to the box.

He put an arm round his pitcher's shoulder and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

"You're pitching a great game, Rod," he said. "Just don't let 'em rush you. Fan this bird and we'll slip off somewhere and celebrate. You order in a sudden desperate attempt to take advantage of their position. Their burly captain seized a heavy bat and began making passes over the plate. He was the heaviest hitter on the team.

But something had happened to Rod Holmes. His eyes had brightened, and there was a noticeable lift to his chin as he stepped into the box. A storm of boos came from a section of the spectators—and Rod smiled, deliberately. He began his wind-up.

The ball went off like a bullet, and split the plate knee high for a called strike. A burst of cheering went up from St. Chad's supporters. Rod threw a sharp out-curve, and the batter tipped it into the backstop can do it!"

He turned and went back to his place, and the roar that went up from the St. Chad's cheering section told that they, too, understood.

Cuthbert had changed their batting netting. Strike two.

The expression on the Cuthbert captain's face was a terrible thing. It said, as plain as day, "I'm going to smash this one so far you won't ever find it!"

Rod Holmes faced him with a cool, steady look. The look said, "I'll win this game if it's the last thing I do." He was going to put this man out. He could do it. His captain had said so.

Alf Green threw a signal, and Rod shook his head. He got another one, and nodded. He'd throw an in-curve, waist high. He hoped that if the batter hit it at all he'd take it short on the handle, and the infield could make the catch. The wind-up began, and the crowd held its breath.

Whether it was a trace of his old nervousness, or plain bad luck, Rod didn't know, but the curve failed to break just right. The burly batter tensed at the last minute, and swung like fury.

Crack!

"Home run," groaned Alf.

It all happened in less than a split

second. Rod saw the ball coming straight at him like a bolt of lightning. Ordinarily it would have been an outfield job, or second base at the most, but he knew that somehow it was up to him this time. He stuck both hands forward and stood his ground.

Crack!

It was like an echo of the first sound, so little time elapsed between them. Fire burned through Rod's wrist, and shot up his arm white-hot. He didn't know until later that the palm of his hand was split wide open. He only knew that his head swam, and something was sucking the life from his legs. He slumped to his knees in agony, and bit his lip till blood came. But he held the ball.

The man in the grey fedora came through the doorway into St. Chad's dressing room. He caught sight of Giff, and beckoned him to one side.

"You Dunkley?"

"Yes," Giff replied, wondering.

"Captain of the team, aren't you?" The stranger had taken a pencil and pad of paper from his pocket. Giff started. What was it he had heard yesterday? Something about a big league scout—

"I just want your name and address," the other continued. "I'm going to keep my eye on you. Fellow, there are a whole lot of good ball players, but there aren't many captains can say magic words to a pitcher who has pitched himself into a bad hole—words that will pull a game out of the fire!"

"Oh, pshaw," exclaimed Giff. "If you only knew it, I came close to losing that game. Rod Holmes is your man. He's about the smoothest pitcher—"

"I know. I've got his number too." He tapped the pad meaningly. "And I understand," he continued, "that you are a bit of a pitching ace yourself."

"Who told you that?"

"Holmes told me. Are you always throwing bouquets at each other?"

"From now on," grinned Giff. "I guess we will be."

———o———

I would rather have one pleasant word
  In kindness said to me,
Than flattery when my heart is still
  And life has ceased to be.

I would rather have a loving smile
  From friends I know are true,
Than tears shed 'round my casket
  When this world I've bid adieu.

So bring me all your flowers today—
  Pink, yellow, white or red;
I'd rather have one blossom now
  Than a truckload when I'm dead.

—Anonymous.

GARDENS WITHOUT SOIL

By Robert C. Davis

Nowadays you don't have to live in the country to raise vegetables or cultivate flowers. You can have a first-class garden without plowing one foot of the good earth. Futhermore, there is nothing to dig, rake or hoe, and, best of all, there are no weeds to pull. It may sound like a tall story but scientists call it "soilless gardening" or "water-culture" or, to be really technical, "hydroponics" and it makes gardening all play and no work. Soilless gardening is simply a matter of mixing small quantities of common chemicals with large quantities of water and after the solution is poured into a suitable container the gardener plants the seeds. Before stating the formula and telling you how to develop a soilless garden for yourself, let us see how it is working for those who are using it.

Professor W. F. Gericke, a former faculty member of the University of California, is said to be the modern discoverer of soilless gardening. But over fifty years ago water-culture was used in scientific laboratories to study the process of growing. A few years ago it was learned that a resturant in New York City was growing a fine crop of vegetables in the basement of the establishment by using a chemical solution and electric lights for sunshine. Experiments such as these inspired Dr. Gericke to work for a formula that would make soilless gradening a practical business. Like all great scientists he fought an uphill battle. Dr. Gericke had a vision which in the words of Issaiah was: "And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as arose" In 1929 the scientist began to make his vision a reality but he lost many friends and even his position. However, Dr. Gericke has been well rewarded for the sacrifices he made and greater results are yet to appear.

Dr. Gericke's formula is based upon an analysis he made of cremated tomato plants. He discovered the residue in the vacuum consisted of potassium phospate, potassium nitrate, calcium phosphate, magnesium sulphate, iron, copper, etc. The scientist took these chemicals in their proper proportions and placed them in a six inch capsule which he deposited in four hundred gallons of water. Everything he planted grew like magic. Dr. Gericke found that by planting in this solution that a tomato crop could be increased from the usual twenty tons per acre to eighty tons per acre; and, potatoes could be increased from one hundred and sixteen bushels per acre to over twenty-five hundred bushels per acre. This was only a suggestion as to what really could be done with soilless gardening.

The most notable experiment in hydroponics ("labor of water") is on Wake Island in the Pacific Ocean. Passengers on Pan American Airways planes look forward to the stop on Wake Island because they know "here is a good place to eat." The Inn on the island serves the finest fresh vegetables that can be grown; yet the soil lacks sufficient nutriment to grow a radish. Everything on the island is grown via the soilless garden and the success of the Wake Island enterprise promises to solve

the Dust Bowl problem. The man in charge of the farming on Wake Island is a former student of Dr. Gericke.

If you have read enough to think that you would like to try it yourself, here is the formulia:

25 gallons of water
Potassium Phosphate 1 level tablespoon
Potassium Nitrate . . .4 " " "
Calcium Nitrate . . . . 7 " " "
Magnesium Sulphate . 4 " " "

Dissolve the above chemicals in the twenty-five gallons of water. Then add:

Iron Tartrate.—After dissolving one teaspoonful in a quart of water, add one cupful of the solution. Add more when plants grow pale.

Boric Acid Powder.—Dissolve one teaspoonful in one gallon of water and add one pint and a half of this solution.

Crystalline Manganese.—After dissolving one teaspoonful in one gallon of water, add one pint.

Zinc Sulphate.—Dissolve one teaspoonful in one gallon of water and add only four teaspoonfuls.

Copper Sulphate.—Dissolve one teaspoonful in one gallon of water and add one teaspoonful.

If you have a chemistry set you will, no doubt, have most of these chemicals on hand. In the event that you have to buy them go to any seed and plant store and for less than a dollar you can purchase enough chemicals for fifty gallons of water. Remember that the above formula is for twenty-five gallons of water; if you increase the water content you must also add more chemicals.

The next step is to make a container that will hold twenty-five gallons of solution or more. I have seen fish acquariums used and old gasoline tanks from automobiles. However, most people will want to make one. A box of ordinary lumber will do if it is heavily coated with pitch or galvanized tin. As long as the solution doesn't leak out it will be a good container. A good size box for twenty-five gallons is one-eigth inch deep, twelve inches wide, and five feet long. This you can place anywhere but it must have sunshine.

Then you are ready to plant. After the solution is in the tank stretch a piece of chicken wire over the top and pile on about two inches of moss, or peat, pine shavings or excelsior.

This provides a bed for the seeds and since it rests on top of the solution it will become saturated with it. As the seeds grow the roots will extend down in the solution. If you are clever you can make wire trays to fit into the tank. It is also advisable to have chicken wire running up the back of the tank in order to guide and support the plants in their growing. You can plant as close together as possible and as many things as you want. The only word of advice is that you have some orderly arrangement such as tomato plants first (in order that they might grow along the wire) potatoes etc. You simply put the seeds in the bed of moss and let them grow. There may be a slight evaporation of the liquid and this is cared for by adding more water; or, if you have a few gallons of solution on hand, add them.

Besides the extreme pleasure this experiment will bring you, there is ample opportunity to discover many new things for yourself. Here may be your opportunity to create a job because hydroponics is an up and coming industry.

OREGON'S LAKE OF SILENCE

By Henry H. Graham

It is difficult to picture a volcanic crater six miles across, but this was the width of one located on top of Mount Mazama, an Oregon peak that once reared its proud head 14,000 feet into the air, taking its place with Mount Rainier, Mount Shasta, Mount Hood, Mount Lassen and other famous natural skyscrapers of today.

However, unlike the others, Mount Mazama's chief fame does not rest on the fact that it was once a tall peak. It is world-renowned because the summit telescoped, thus paving the way for the lovely Crater Lake, so popular with modern travelers

Crater Lake, affectionately called "the sea of silence, sea of sapphire, and lake of mystery," by the poet, Joanquin Miller, occupies an old volcanic pit. The waters are of sheerest blue, thus accounting for the name, "sea of sapphire." The deepest point yet measured is just under two thousand feet. Jagged lava formations rise on all sides to a height of a thousand feet, furnishing a pituresque rim or setting for the liquid gem. Evergreens grow along the shore in places, contrasting charmingly with the duller rock colorings. Fleecy clouds are mirrored on the placid surface of the lake. Various factors combined to turn it into a spot of rare beauty.

The region of Crater Lake was once the scene of great volcanic activity. Only lava rocks have been found in the vicinity, eruptions from Mount Mazama having covered the area for miles in all directions. Then the peak collapsed, water gathered in the giant depression and Crater Lake was born. Gradually the water level rose. Fed by springs, it maintains an even level throughout the year, and although there is no known outlet, scientists feel sure there must be one or the lake would leave its banks due to the constant inflow.

According to legend the lake was discovered by Klamath Indians who looked upon it as a ghostly amphitheater in which their pagan gods played about, living on the surrounding cliffs.

It was not until June 12, 1853, that the first white man laid eyes on the scene. John Wesley Hillman, leader of a party of Orgeon pioneers, rode up a steep canyon toward a ridge, on the back of a mule. Suddenly before him lay the most beautiful body of water he had ever beheld—a vast lake of wondrous blue, walled in by towering precipices. When the remaining members of the party united with Hillman they named the place "Deep Blue Lake," but the name was changed to Crater Lake in 1869.

Soldiers from Fort Klamath believed they were the first to find the lake. They called it Lake Majesty. In 1872, Judge William Gladstone Steel visited the state in order to gratify a boyhood ambition to see Crater Lake, of which he had heard so much, did he actually do so, chiefly because the body of water was so little known in that early era. It was largely through the untiring efforts of Judge Steel that the district was finally set aside in 1902 as Crater Lake National Park. He became its first commissioner.

Scientists were curious from the very beginning as to its depth, so

soundings were taken. The lowest recorded is 1,996 feet. The waters are ultra clear and now abound in trout, thanks to repeated plantings, although at one time Crater Lake had no fish of any kind.

Bird and animal life is plentiful in that vicinity. Among the feathered creatures are the eagle, grouse, nuthatch, towhee, mountain bluebird, wren, robin, kinglet, Sierra junco, finch, chipping sparrow, warbler, thrush, pine siskin, and solitaire. Animals include the deer, squirrel, bear, cougar, fox, margot, snowshoe rabbit, and beaver. Some of the largest black bruins to be found anywhere inhabit the back country adjacent to Crater Lake. The grizzly is extinct there, and few specimens of the cinnamon bear are to be seen. Of course all wild life is protected in the park. Dogs and cats are not allowed except by special permit.

Wild flowers are abundant, too, although only those species which can exist on a limited amount of moisture grow there. The sparse rainfall is not conducive to vegetable life. The chief kinds are the mountain gilia, with its yellow blossoms, the gorgeous Indian paintbrush, the valerian, which has clusters of white flowers, raspberry, sunflowers, and monkey flower. The latter variety and the paintbrush add much to the floral beauty of the countryside because they are so graudily-hued and cover such a wide range. Other examples of native flora are the bleeding-heart, orchids, prince's pine, and beard's tongue. Red and yellow paintbrush abound within the cinder cone itself.

The surrounding forests contain mountain hemlock, white bark, western and lodgepole pine, Alpine and Shasta fir, black cottonwood, willow, aspen, alder, dogwood and yew. In the shade of the large trees grow huckleberries with their deliciously sweet fruit, and other small shrubs, mostly manzanita and buck brush.

Geologists never tire of exploring the country around Crater Lake. To them we are indebted for much of its history since the days when the hollow summit was the mouth of a volcano. It is also a rich field for the nature lover because of the flowers, animals and trees.

Whatever happens don't lose your hold on the two main ropes of life—Hope and Faith. If you do, God pity you because then you are adrift without sail or anchor.

—William L. Brownell.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Quite a number of officers and matrons will be away from the School during the month of August, enjoying vacation periods. Some will enjoy the beaches while other will take to the mountains in efforts to escape the hot weather.

—o—

For the past week we have been reading about floods in the east and floods in the west, but are happy to announce that this section of the state has thus far escaped any serious damage, although incessant rains have visited this community. It has been almost impossible for our forces to get into the fields and gardens to gather necessary vegetables. One day, however, between showers, we noticed a number of boys with trousers rolled above their knees, gathering a few tomatoes.

—o—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 14th chapter of John, and in his message to the boys, he selected the text, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

The speaker stated that many people in giving an answer to the question, "Who is Jesus"? would say, "He is the carpenter's son", and it would be true, but there may be other carpenter's sons, too; others might reply, "He is the one who saved others", and it would be true, but other people have been known to die for others. There is one outstanding thing about the Master that cannot be applied to any other, and that is the fact that he not only gave his life to save men, but he rose from the dead.

Rev. Mr. Summers pointed out that Christ said of himself, "I am the way", and in illustrating Jesus as the one and only way, told the following story: A small girl, lost on the street late at night, was crying. A policeman came up and asked her where she lived. When she gave him the street and house number, the officer gaver her detailed instructions as to how to get home, and then walked off, leaving the child there to cry again—she having forgotten all the directions given by the policeman. A little later a lady passed by and asked the girl where she lived. The child told her, and the lady kindly took her by the hand and led her right to her home.

To that little lost girl, said the speaker in conclusion, the lady was the way. She did not direct, and then leave the girl to find the way alone; she took her by the hand and led her home. In just the same manner, Jesus holds our hands, if we but let him, and leads us home. Thus he is the Way—the True Way—the Living Way.

—o—

We received a letter last week from Clyde Bristow, a former member of the printing class, who left the School, April 1, 1927. While here Clyde developed into a very good linotype operator, and followed that profession for some time after leaving us. He then enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, serving one enlistment period, most of which was spent in foreign service. After spending so much time in Uncle Sam's

service the indoor life of a linotype operator no longer appealed to the young man, so he became a truck driver for one of the country's largest motor transfer companies. For several years Clyde traveled all over the country, making trips to many far distant states, frequently remembering his friends among the School's staff of workers by sending them post card views of the various sections through which he piloted his huge truck.

Clyde was married about two years ago, and up until the time this letter was written, lived in Winston-Salem, when not on the road. He writes that he has accepted a position with the Sprinkle Oil Company, Greensboro, and has just moved to that city. He also states that he likes his new work and seems especially elated because of the fact that it will enable him to spend more time at home, and is not quite so hazardous as constantly driving a large truck on the road.

This letter gave us some information concerning Clyde's brother, George, who also attended the School and was a member of the printing class several years ago. George, who has been married quite some time, has been employed in a steel mill in Winston-Salem for several years. He is now attending night school and is studying electric welding. At the conclusion of an eight weeks' course, with his previous experience, George expects to obtain a position in one of the United States Navy shipbuilding yards. We were very glad to hear from the Bristow boys and to learn that they have been getting along so well since leaving the School.

———o———

UNFOLDMENT

The Dawn comes, oh, so gently.
  A first faint hint of light
As darkness fades, and slowly
  The morn succeeds the night.
Pale clouds of pink that deepen;
  They curtain out the gray
With shafts of rose-hued splendor
  And then—the glow of day.

How like to this the coming
  Of truth to darkened hearts.
First is a thought, a yearning,
  A word some hope imparts.
Then, gently as the dawning
  Its loveliness unfolds,
God's truth reveals in fullness
  The beauty that it holds.

—Della Adams Leitner.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending August 11, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Browning 4
Lacy Burleson
(2) Everett Case 4
(3) John Davis 5
Ralph Harris 3
(2) Porter Holder 5
Carl Hooker 6
(2) Burman Keller 6
(2) Clay Mize 8
(5) H. C. Pope 8
(2) Everett Watts 8

COTTAGE No. 2

(8) Bennie Austin 10
James Blocker 8
Charles Chapman 2
Jack Cline 7
(2) Robert Keith 6
(3) Forrest McEntire 8
(3) Donald McFee 9
(2) Charles Smith 3

COTTAGE No. 3

(11) Lewis Andrews 11
(3) John Bailey 9
Lewis Baker 6
(9) Earl Barnes 10
(8) Clyde Barnwell 10
(4) Grover Beaver 6
(5) James Boone 9
Kenneth Conklin 6
Jack Crotts 5
(5) Max Evans 7
(3) Bruce Hawkins 7
Roscoe Honeycutt 6
(3) Harley Matthews 9
(3) William Matthewson 8
(3) Otis McCall 7
(3) Robert Quick 5
Wayne Sluder 6
(2) William Sims 10
George Shaver 8
William T. Smith 7
(7) Harrison Stilwell 9
John Tolley 8

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Wesley Beaver 5
Arthur Edmondson 6
(4) Gilbert Hogan 6
(4) John Jackson 7
(6) Ivan Morrozoff 10
(6) J. W. McRorrie 9
(4) George Newman 4
(7) Oakley Walker 7
(11) Melvin Walters 11
John Whitaker 2
Thomas Yates 2

COTTAGE No. 5

(11) Theodore Bowles 11
(4) Collett Cantor 9
(3) A. C. Elmore 7
J. B. Howell 3
(2) Ivey Lunsford 6
(4) J. C. Reinhardt 10
(2) Currie Singletary 4
Richard Starnes 3
Fred Tolbert 6
(5) Hubert Walker 10
(4) Dewey Ware 9
(3) Henry Ziegler 6

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte 6
(3) Cleasper Beasley 7
(2) Carl Breece 8
(8) Paul Dockery 10
(11) Donald Earnhardt 11
(2) George Green 8
(2) Lacy Green 2
(11) Richard Halker 11
(8) Roy Helms 9
J. B. Hensley 4
(2) Lyman Johnson 7
(2) Arnold McHone 9
(2) Alex Weathers 8

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley 6
(11) Reid Beheler 11
Sam Everidge 3

Sidney Hackney 2
Jack Hamilton 10
(3) Otis Kilpatrick 4
Sam Kirksey
(2) Spencer Lane 2
Wilfred Land
(9) James Quick 9
(2) Grover Revels 2
Frank Workman 7

COTTAGE No. 9

Mack Bell 8
(5) J. T. Branch 10
Percy Capps 5
James Connell
(6) David Cunningham 6
(11) Frank Glover 11
(11) Wilbur Hardin 11
(2) Mark Jones 9
(4) Daniel Kilpatrick 7
(11) Harold O'Dear 11
James Ruff 5
(6) Thomas Sands 8
(3) Richard Singletary 8
(2) Horace Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

J. C. Allen 2
(11) John Benson 11
(9) Harold Bryson 10
Velda Denning
(8) Ralph Fisher 8
(3) William Furches 7
(6) Robert Goldsmith 8
(5) Earl Hildreth 9
Fred Jones 5
Julian Merritt 6
Edward Murray 6
(11) Fred Owens 11
(3) Theodore Rector 9
Henry Smith
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE No. 12

(8) Odell Almond 10
(2) Earnest Brewer 7
(3) Jay Brannock 8
William Broadwell 8
(2) William Deaton 10
(6) Treley Frankum 6
(3) Woodrow Hager 9
(8) Hubert Holloway 9
(8) Tillman Lyles 10
(2) James Mondie 9
(3) Howard Sanders 8
(6) Charles Simpson 6
(3) Robah Sink 9
(2) Norman Smith 2
William Suites 6
Brice Thomas 3
(8) George Tolson 10

COTTAGE No. 13

James Brewer 9
(2) William Griffin 9
Paul Roberts
(2) Melvin Roland 5

COTTAGE No. 14

Raymond Andrews 7
John Baker 6
(11) Mack Coggins 11
(2) Audie Farthing 10
(11) William Harding 11
John Hamm 7
Feldman Lane 8
(7) Norvell Murphy 10
(2) Charles McCoyle 7
(2) John Robbins 9
John Reep 7
(2) Charles Steepleton 7
(2) Harold Thomas 2
(10) Wallace Woody 10
Jones Waston 7

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Philip Holmes 8
(8) Thomas Wilson 8

Character is the combination of qualities which distinguishes one person, or a group of persons, from others; the estimate attached to an individual by the community in which he lives.

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AUG 24 1940

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE LIFT

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BUILDING

Upon the wreckage of thy yesterday
Design thy structure of tomorrow. Lay
Strong corner-stones of purpose, and prepare
Great blocks of wisdom cut from past despair.
Shape mighty pillars of resolve, to set
Deep in tear-wet mortar of regret,
Believe in God—in thine own self believe,
All thou hast hoped for thou shalt yet achieve.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

SLIPPING AWAY

They are slipping away, these sweet swift years,
  Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
  Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
  Or an arrow's flying gleam,
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
  And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistledown,
  As fond as a lover's dream,
As pure as the flush in the sea shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood bird's cooing note,
  So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
  Down the dim-lighted stair,
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
  As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love.
  Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
  By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
  No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
  And never an angry word.

—Author Unknown.

RELIGION AND DEMOCRACY

When I first began teaching school I was very, very young. At that time I had a much older friend who was also wiser and more brilliant. Sometimes she would make the most upsetting and disturbing remarks. One day she said, "Young Lady, do you realize that you teachers are the most powerful people in the whole world? You can move mountains, you can change the face of the earth, you are the real rulers of America." When she saw the puzzled, "O, yes," look on my face she explained what she meant by this. "The world, dear child, is moved by public opinion. Teachers make public opinion. The ideas which children get in school stay with them through life, and determine their destiny. The ideas of a million school children determine the destiny of the nation."

Some time later I was teaching a fifth grade in one of our larger industrial cities. We were studying South America, and the children were very much interested in comparing South America with North America, usually to the advantage of North America. One day we found a city in South America which was very progressive. It had an excellent system of schools and education was compulsory. At that time North Carolina did not have a compusory education law, and the children were very much surprised and almost indignant when they found that I considered this South American city more progressive educationally than "The great State of North Carolina." The children contended that, "It was not right for the State to take this authority away from the parents and compel them by law to send their children to school."

The next day one boy brought me this message from his father. "My Dad said, You might be right. Maybe North Carolina ought to have a compulsory education law." Three years later this boy's father was a member of the State Legislature and battled royally for the passage of the compulsory education law.

Today we have compulsory education in North Carolina. Not only are parents compelled by law to send their children to school, but a textbook committee in Raleigh maps out the course of study and selects the textbooks. Not one parent, per se, has the slightest voice in deciding what part of the accumulated mass of proved

and unproved knowledge their children shall be taught in our state supported, state controlled public schools.

Twenty years before the World War the war lords of Europe and America decided to have this war, and from the very beginning they had their eyes on America—our fair fields and forests, our mills and our mines, and all our lush, untaxed, debt-free prosperity. At that time the Germans were a deeply religious, peace loving people. Before the World War could possibly be brought about it was absolutely necessary to entirely change the character of the German people. This was done through the schools, colleges, and universities by substituting the theories of atheistic science and the higher criticism for the faith of the Christian religion. American professors studying in Germany were inoculated with these same atheistic ideas which they brought back to America and spread in every possible way.

Democracy in Europe is being destroyed by these same atheistic ideas. Is it too late to save America from the same fate?

Democracy is a religious ideal engendered only by the Christian religion and possible only in a country whose citizens are predominantly Christian. "That all men are created equal," is a fallacy except in the sense that all are children of the most high God and for this reason entitled to "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Religious freedom is an ideal of democracy, possible only in a democracy, and included freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of press, the right to assemble, an open Bible and the right to interpret and teach this Bible unhindered by the dogmas of any religious sect or organized church.

Separation of church and state is an inherent part of democracy, and yet because of enlightened public opinion the state has gradually taken over some of the duties and sacred obligations of the church including hospitalization, care of the sick, welfare work, care of the indigent, old age security, and last but not least, education.

In North Carolina we still have Christian teachers, teachers whose lives are a blessing and an inspiration to all who know them, but we also have teachers with little faith or belief in the Bible, and we have textbooks whose pages are as lacking in any ethical or moral

value as a blank piece of paper. An outstanding first grade teacher said, "The readers do not provoke thought," and yet to provoke thought is the end and aim of education. The superintendent of one of our largest city school systems said, "The books are not immoral, but they certainly are unmoral." How is it possible for Christian teachers to develop high moral character with unmoral textbooks? It is fair to childhood or democracy for the state to certificate teachers with little faith and less knowledge of the wisdom of the Bible and the power which the Bible has to uplift mankind and bring to all nations the blessings of civilization, democracy, and the Christian religion?

For more than a hundred years religion and education were inseparably united in the closest kind of union. What force is now seeking to dissolve this union?

History teaches that war has always been motivated by greed and selfishness. The only enemy of greed and selfishness is the Christian religion. When the wisdom of the Bible is a part of all education and the love of Christ an influence in the lives of all people, there will be no war, and no need for legislation against war, and "God, even our own God shall bless us. God shall bless us and all the ends of the earth shall fear him." Then and then only will the world be safe for democracy and all nations lie down in peace together.—F. H.

* * * * * * * *

PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

The officials of the city schools are to be commended for the re-establishment of music in our schools.

There are few homes today in our midst that do not have a radio but the masses of the people are without musical appreciation. The programs of jazz are chosen in preference to numbers by the best composers. The piano at one time became almost obsolete, and voice culture has been sorely neglected simply because vocal, instrumental and other kinds of music are received without effort or cost, other than the price of the radio over the air.

We hope that the introduction of music in the public school system will create a universal appreciation of music of all kinds.

Music in the public school system is not an experiment for

Concord. It was many years ago taught in the city schools and proved to be popular to all concerned. This department was eliminated due to a shortage of funds and not because of lack of appreciation by the general public.

The following taken from the Concord Daily Tribune will give the program of music that has been arranged for the city schools. It is a fine gesture of interest in childhood:

1. Class room supervision and instruction will be extended through the elementary and grammar grades. This instruction will embody the following:
   a. Vocal instruction
   b. Music appreciation
   c. Rhythmic activities
   d. Music reading
   e. Music theory.
2. Vocal instruction in the High School will probably be limited to general choral groups and glee clubs.
3. Instrumental instruction on all band and orchestra instruments will be offered to high school students and probably will be extended down to the fourth grade in the elementary schools. It is probable that some type of melody instrument will be introduced in the third or fourth grades.

A band will be organized at the opening of school and it is hoped that a string ensemble may be organized before the end of the school year.

At the present time the Concord Public Schools are not equipped as completely as is necessary for carrying on a full instrumental music program. It is hoped that the public will lend its support to the schools in their efforts to raise necessary funds for instruments and band uniforms.

In connection with the band, training will be offered to drum majors.

GOOD MANNERS

(Baptist Record)

Manners are not to be confused with morals, and yet the two are closely related. They are so closely related that some folks today do not distinguish them. The Romans made no distinction, for the same word "mores" stood for either or both. Manners are generally thought of as pertaining only to outward conduct; while morals pertain to inward character. Manners (of a sort) may be learned from people. Morals can be acquired only from God.

It is true that manners pertain chiefly to outward conduct, but they are not therefore unimportant. Fine feathers do not make a fine bird, but you generally know what sort of bird it is chiefly by the feathers. And you may know what sort of man a person is by his outward conduct. You know a man by his manners.

It is true that a woman can put the pink on her cheeks with materials from a drug store, but you are sure to know that it is a drug store complexion. But there are some in whose cheeks is the pink glow of health, because all the organs of the body are functioning in a normal way.

And so the best manners, "good manners," are produced from within. They are the product and manifestation of the inner spiritual and moral condition. Good manners come from kindness, thoughtfulness; and these from love and unselfishness; from genuine interest in others. To have good manners one needs a kind heart.

Read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Read in it as many versions as you can get. And you will do well to dwell on verses four and five: "Love suffereth long and is kind. Love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemingly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil."

That is the best description of and prescription for good manners you will find anywhere. There is not room for detailed explanation here. The best one can do is to say those words over and over again. And if we carry them out, there will be no criticism of our manners.

This writer is no martinet in manners. He sincerely wishes his own were more exemplary, but we have seen so much of shortcoming in this matter, that we wish that in every public school and in every college there were some specific instruction provided in good manners. All men ought to desire to be gentlemen; and all women ought to desire to be gentlewomen. May the Lord hasten the day.

It is literally true that the only great men in all history have been the men who have been the greatest servants.

—Burris Jenkins.

PATRIOTISM

(Mecklenburg Times)

A speaker at a meeting of the weekly newspaper editors at Statesville recently urged those present to publiish an editorial each week urging the people of their community to be more patriotic. "Our country is built on patriotism," the speaker said, "but we have gotten into the habit to taking our freedom and liberty for granted and have said so little about it for the past quarter century that we have forgotten to be patriotic."

For a number of years we worked under Mr. Wright A. Patterson, editor-in-chief for the Western Newspaper Union, the oldest and one of the largest newspaper syndicates in the world. He is one of the ablest editors we have ever known and is still writing after fifty years of service. In an editorial in the *Publishers' Auxiliary* recently. Editor Patterson wrote on Patriotism as follows:

> We normal Americans need a new birth of patriotic fervor.
>
> We have been taking our rights, our privileges and our freedom all too lightly.
>
> While we are appalled at what is happening throughout other sections of the world at the loss of freedom by other people and at the rule of dictators in other lands, we fail to realize that what is happening in other nations can happen to us.
>
> We normal Americans need to be aroused to what our free democracy—our American way of life, our government of, by and for the people—means to us.
>
> Our liberties are threatened more by the lack of a full appreciation of them on the part of normal Americans than by any subversive elements or any fifth columnists.
>
> We need to evidence our appreciation of the liberties and the advantages we enjoy. We need to talk, to sing and to shout our appreciation. We need more of that old time Fourth of July oratory. We need Old Glory flying not only from public buildings and school houses, but from every home, every business place.
>
> Yes, we normal Americans need a new birth of patriotic fervor.

There is only one real difference after all between the successful man and the unsuccessful man. They both have ideas, but the successful man does something with them. The unsuccessful man simply wishes and day-dreams about his ideas.—Ralph Barstow.

HOME EXECUTIVE IS BETTER NAME THAN HOUSEWIFE

By Mrs. Thomas A. Edison

"I would like to see the more appropriate title, 'Home Executive,' used for a home woman rather than the term, 'housewife'," said Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, when interviewed recently for the Christian Science Monitor.

As she spoke she opened a little book which had been her mother's—a book of quotations with a number of passages marked. It was a precious volumn. She would not permit it to leave her hands. And she turned the pages slowly in that great silent room full of the memories of more than 50 years. Half a century as the wife of the world's most famous inventor, as champion in his trials and his triumphs, as the mother of his three children, and as hostess to his world-wide circle of friends, had strengthened certain sound, early convictions, and taught many useful lessons.

Stopping one leaf with her thumb, she said: "There are Mr. Edison's marks, and this is the message I should like to give to the world." Mr. Edison had stressed it as one of the things women should work for. It was a statement by Ellen Richards which read in part' "The time has come when we must have a science of domestic economy, and it must be worked out in the homes of our educated women. A knowledge of the elements of chemistry and physics must be applied to the daily living."

All higher education for women, Mrs. Edison feels, should be a powerful contribution to home life. And everything should be done to dignify the homemaker's task. Mrs. Edison would have a cook make of her job a practical art, based on scientific knowledge of food elements, and would name her "kitchen chemist.' Homemaking rather than office work should be taught in the practical departments of the high schools, she said, as we sat talking in her home at Orange, New Jersey. And she pointed out the many ways in which a girl might develop the domestic arts, either for application to her own home, or for use in helping make the homes of other people attractive.

If a woman is truly interested in the cultural things of life, she pointed out, her home is an excellent point at which to start her studies. Mistress or maid can, for example, borrow books from the public libraries and trace the history of rug-making, or make a study of china or pottery. The garden offers endless opportunity for research in the natural sciences. the mother who has looked into botany, ornithology, geology, or forestry, can lead her child into fascinating paths of recreation—and, possibly, into the development, later in life, of an interesting profession or occupation.

Therefore a home woman, to make a thoroughgoing job of her home duties, Mrs. Edison believes, cannot be too well informed beforehand. Women, she said, should be educated in history, music, and art, not necessarily to perform, but to understand—for they must mingle with their hus-

band's friends and with their own children.

The homemaker's task she called the work of an executive. Since nothing, she felt, required more executive ability than seeing that the wheels run smoothly, while all the members of a household pursue their various duties.

To gather the young people into a home circle, she went on, and provide interests which would keep them off the streets and less in pleasure-seeking, would be a great contribution to peace. "As mothers and women," she said, "we must calm this spirit of restlessness, and I think one of the first steps is to have the automobile used prudently. The sooner we stop permitting boys and girls to have automobiles at college, and stop letting young people drive cars, the better." The motion pictures, which Mr. Edison invented, she continued, should be serving the educational purpose for which they were primarily intended, and not serve merely to portray an extravagant and artificially exciting mode of life.

"The first thing to do," she said, "is to make your own home happy; next, help your neighbor, and then help the world."

She suggested that mothers in a community get together; that the mother who has tried to keep her child away from unsuitable pleasures and has heard the retort: "But all the rest of them are going," invite the mothers of "the rest" into her home, and discuss the problem. "Together they can change this whole world, she said, "but one poor mother can't do it alone."

Nearly thirty years ago, Mrs. Edison, as president of the West Orange Improvement League, installed a clean-up system which transformed the entire valley. The district was divided into seven sections, each in charge of a chairman who split up her section into neighborhood groups. These women began to remove, one by one, unsightly dumps and rubbish heaps, to cultivate vacant lots overrun with weeds, and in general to give "beauty for ashes." A cinder heap at the corner of two roads in Orange was made literally to blossom as the rose, by the addition of top soil, and grass and flower seed.

Young people helped in the improvement campaign joyously. Classes in canning were begun as a result of it, and owners of small homes learned how to use everything their land produced. When a spot in a neighborhood to be cleaned up needed the expenditure for labor, tools or plants, the women of the neighborhood would arrange a musicale or bridge party or the like, and, by charging a ten-cent or twenty-five-cent admission fee, obtain the necessary fund. At her winter home in Fort Myers, Fla., Mrs. Edison started a landscape-beautifying movement which had similarly happy results and aroused the enthusiastic co-operation of her neighbors.

A wife, to be successful, she stressed, must be flexible. When a husband telephones at the last minute, to say he is bringing unexpected guests to dinner—this is a challenge to the woman to see that no one in the home gets excited, and that the entertainment of the guests proceeds smoothly and pleasantly.

Certainly, great flexibility was needed in managing the home of the inventor. "For one thing," Mrs. Edison recalled, "I tried never to nag him." When, after an evening spent

among scientific books looking up references for Mr. Edison, she would find that it was nearly midnight, and, although her husband had said he would be back by eleven, he was still at work in his laboratory, across the highway, with the coachman still there, too, waiting for him—she would begin to think of refreshment for him and the men who might be working with him. When it got to be one or one-thirty in the morning, she would telephone to the laboratory saying she was sending down sandwiches for all three, or four or five, whatever the number of persons happened to be, for she knew that if they were to continue they should have food.

As Alfred O. Tate, formerly Mr. Edison's private secretary, has written in his biography, in regard to the "beautiful girl from Akron, Ohio, Miss Mina Miller," whom the inventor married in 1886: "It was no light task upon which this young lady entered." And he goes on to say—"The unremitting solicitude and devotion with which she fulfilled this obligation, and which unquestionably prolonged the life of her charge, have earned for her the admiration and gratitude of a nation."

Early in her married life, Mrs. Edison told me, she realized that a man who has struggled all day, in the business world, with hard problems, needs a restful home atmosphere in the evening. Speaking of the days when she was a young bride, and her husband already famous, she said: "We would be invited out to dinner, and he would come home tired—and after one or two experiences I said no more dinners for us. To work at night, as he often did, was not fatiguing. It was the unprofitable kind of social routine from which he needed protection."

Her girlhood home, Mrs. Edison said, had been at all times a joy to her. Her father, Lewis Miller, a member of the firm of Altman Miller and Company, pioneer manufacturers of agricultural machinery—an inventor himself and co-founder of the Chautauqua Association — established in Akron, Ohio, her home town, the largest Sunday school outside of Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. "We never knew what it was to be 'bored' on Sunday," she said, "for Father and Mother always went with us children to church."

It is most important, she feels, to surround the children at home with the best books, read to them through cradle years, and read with them through youth. The mother must read all she can, herself, in order to know what mental food she is leaving around for her boys and girls. To have the highest type of literature where they may pick it up—literature which has "a beautiful lesson without their knowing it"—is another of her recommendations. Where help is employed she thinks it is most important "not to let just every Tom, Dick and Harry into the home," but to engage "people we should enjoy having, who are ready to make even the simplest place a home."

Above all things, she emphasized, women should outgrow the modern tendency to be luxurious. They must stop living up to their next-door neighbor, materially, and trying to be something they are not. They must be themselves.

PAUL GREEN AND AMERICAN HISTORICAL DRAMA

By Frederick H. Koch

For three summers now we nave witnessed a miracle on faraway Roanoke Island off the Carolina coast —the production of Paul Green's historic drama, *The Lost Colony*—and one hundred and fifty thousand (150,000) people have witnessed the performance. For this remarkable achievement we are indebted to the people of Roanoke Island, whose play it is.

The fourth season promises new achievement. We gather again in this natural amphitheatre by the sea on the site of the landing of our first English colonists in America to recall the heroic endeavour of those sea-buffeted pathfinders of the New World of America.

The Lost Colony is a form of outdoor drama which may well be cherished, uniting as it does all the arts of the theatre—spectacle, music, and dancing in a tapestry of poetry. It suggests new horizons in the making of an American people's theatre.

Extending his idea of symphonic drama of American history, Paul Green wrote *The Highland Call* to celebrate the bi-centennial of Scotch settlement in southeastern Carolina produced in old Fayetteville last October. This is the second play of Mr. Green's dramatic saga about the making of America. It commemorates the struggle of the Whigs and the Loyalists in the Revolution, under the leadership of the Scottish heroine, Flora Macdonald. Plans are under way to repeat *The Highland Call* each autumn as the central feature of a Cape Fear Valley Festival as a means of evoking and invoking the imaginative life of the past. There will be a gathering of the highlanders under their clan banners in charactistic native costumes with old Scotch folk dances, tournaments. pipers and ballads; and a permanent museum of Scotch history and folk handicrafts will be established. The drama of Fayetteville marks an extension of the idea initialed in *The Lost Colony* —the struggle of our forbears in the making of new America.

The playwright is now at work on the script of a third drama of our early history to be produced next September in an outdoor theatre in old Williamsburg, Virginia, with the restored colonial capitol as a background. It will round out his triology of our early dramatic history.

Brooks Atkinson, in a recent article in the *New York Times*, wrote his impression on seeing *The Lost Colony* on Roanoke Island for the first time. He averred that the play has really become a permanent part of the culture of the people there: "As long as they live," he comments, "these people will have a grander notion of our heritage than they had before this reverent drama was written." Mr. Green holds that America was regarded by the underprivileged classes in the old world as a land of opportunity, and that this was the compelling motive and the promise which brought all classes to our shores This Amer-

ica must fulfill to validate her beginnings.

Paul Green is also planning, for production next year, a religious drama for the celebration of the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the old Moravian community of Salem, North Carolina. Here is a promising field of fresh dramatic materials, including the rich music of these devout followers of John Huss and their building of a new culture on the frontiers of America.

Our country is rich in folklore and will, we believe, yield an abundant harvest of native drama in the good years to come. In *The Lost Colony* we have the foundations of a national theatre which will serve all America; for such regional drama as Paul Green has made out of our Southern history may contribute not a little to a better understanding of our American tradition. Dr. Albert Shaw, in writing about the work of The Carolina Playmakers in an editorial article in *The American Review of Reviews* of September, 1919, is eternally right, I believe, in suggesting, "When every community has its own native group of plays and producers, we shall have a national American theatre that will give us a richly varied, authentic expression of American life. We shall be aware—which we are only dimly at present—of the actual pulse of the people by the expression in folk plays of their coordinated minds. It is this common vision, this collective striving that determines nationalism, and remains throughout the ages, the one and only touchstone of the future."

Next year, 1941, marks the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi River by the Spanish explorer Hernando de Soto. The event should be commemorated with a series of dramas, as the anniversary of the coming of Coronado to the fertile region of the Rio Grande is being celebrated this summer in Arizona, New Mexico, and in Texas.

A series of historic episodes might well be given at the leading valley cities of the Father of Waters—in Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Memphis, Natchez, and New Orleans. And along the tributary rivers: the Ohio of Cincinnati and Pittsburg; the Missouri of Sioux City and Pierre, in South Dakota. What a thrilling adventure it would be to travel by river steamboat to witness on successive nights the dramatic spectacle of the making of American history in these vast valleys of the West. Here is a challenge for the Playmakers of America.

The example of *The Lost Colony*, it would seem, may mark the beginning of the epic drama of American history still to be written.

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God often comforts us, not by changing the circumstances of our lives, but by changing our attitude toward them.

—S. H. B. Masterman.

NURSING IN A DEMOCRACY

(Sanitorium Sun)

The "City of Brotherly Love" is one of the cradles of American democracy. This historic metropolis was a perfect setting for a great convocation of nurses, who sought in their recent bienneal convention to translate the idealism of the city's founders into a very practical form for the good of humanity. Thousands of members of the profession visited Independence Hall and Valley Forge in May and tarried for a week in the city to develop the theme of their national convention, "Nursing in a Democracy." A total of 7,601 nurses among whom 1,429 were young student nurses, registered at the Philadelphio meeting.

Many arrived on May 12, the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the birth of Florence Nightingale, and attended the impressive Florence Nightingale service given under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Nurses' Association on Sunday evening. The light shed by the Lady with the Lamp, who taught that "nursing is an art which concerns every family in the world," was to guide the convention throughout the coming week.

From the declarations of the principal speaker in the opening session on Monday regarding "a deep sense of concern for the well-being of our fellow-men and of our responsibility to contribute our utmost to the securing and maintaining their welfare" and of "the duty of the professions in a democracy to apply their special training and knowledge to the solution of the major problems of the people" to the statement made by a speaker in the closing session that "when envy and malice and hate and violence have exhausted themselves it will be magnanimity that will sustain the world and revive the decency of human life" the keynote of service was sounded. Throughout the convention this idealism was combined with very practical considerations of the problems of preparing for nursing in a democracy.

Nursing has for countless ages been a human art, rooted in religious ideals of service. In the 1860's in our country, under the influence of Florence Nightengale and her followers, who demonstrated beyond question that intelligent application of principles of sanitation to the care of the sick saved lives, it began to develop into a scientific profession. New therapies and techniques, the use of the laboratory and scientific research, increased emphasis on the prevention of disease have widened the scope of nursing.

This ever broadening concept of nursing is a constant challenge to the nurse. She finds it in the hospital where patients come not to ease their last days, but to take advantage of modern therapeutic measures and so regain their health and will to live. She finds it in private practice where the problems of the patient and his family frequently are baffling and depend for their solution on knowledge, skill, observation, and a comprehension of mental states. She finds it in the expanding field of public health, where every resource must be commandered to safeguard health. More and more the oppor-

tunity is hers to come together with physicians, educators, social workers and interested laymen in a joint effort to stop needless loss of life and to help people in their struggle against the odds of sickness, ignorance, poverty and discouragement.

To be of service in a democracy the nursing profession must be organized. There are three national organizations of graduate registered nurses in the United States. The largest and most inclusive is the American Nurses' Association. The other two are the National League of Nursing Education and the National Organization for Public Health Nursing. Each of these organizations met officially at the National Biennial Nursing Convention in Philadelphia.

The American Nurses' Association is the professional membership organization of the graduate registered nurses in the United States and its dependencies. Organized in 1896, it now has a membership of 157,000 graduate registered nurses.

The American Nurses' Association is concerned chiefly with promoting and raising standards of nursign and nursing service. It helps with the development of professional registries and placement services, sets standards for their organization, and administration, and so strengthens the professional channels through which communities may secure nursing service, and nurses may advance professionally, receive vocational counsel and obtain employment in the institutional or private nursing fields. It is working to promote adequate salaries, reasonable hours of work and sound programs of education. The association has not only publicly declared its approval of the eight-hour schedule for private duty and institutional nurses, but, through effective field work, is responsible for its voluntary adoption in forty-three states and the District of Columbia.

This great national association of nurses is made up of units—the state nurses' association—which are in turn made up of district and alumnae associations. Any registered nurse automatically becomes a member of the national association when she joins her state nurses association through her alumnae or district association.

The Private Duty Section of the American Nurses' Association is the largest body of private duty nurses in the world. There is also a Federal Government Section. Two new sections were created at the recent meeting, the General Staff Nurses Section and the Men Nurses Section.

The American Nurses' Association owns and publishes an official magazine, the "American Journal of Nursing."

The National League of Nursing Education is a membership organization of graduate registered nurses who are engaged in teaching and executive work in nursing schools, hospitals, or public health agencies. Its membership comprises approximately 6,000 graduate registered nurses.

The League, the oldest of the national nursing organizations in the United States, was founded in Chicago in 1893 at the time of the World's Fair. It is concerned with all phases of nursing education, and with the formulation of standards for nursing service in hospitals. The League functions as the Department of Education for the American Nurses' Association.

The National Organization for Pub-

lic Health Nursing is a membership organization made up of public health nurses, laymen and agencies concerned with public health nursing problems. It co-operates with state departments of health and with Federal agencies, and is an active member of the National Health Council and of the National Social Work Council. Its membership comprises approximately 10,000 graduate registered nurses laymen and agencies.

The National Organization for Public Health Nursing was organized in 1912. It is recognized as the standard-making body in the public health nursing field. It publishes a monthly magazine, *Public Health Nursing*.

This resume of nursing service in our nation must be brief, yet we cannot overlook the work of the United States Public Health Service. "The policy of the United States Public Health Service is to build agencies, rather than to build up a large Federal department of health," explained a speaker at the meeting of the Federal Government Section of American Nurses' Association.

The United States Public Health Service, one of the oldest units of the Federal Government, was established as the "Marine Hospital Service" by an Act of Congress. July 16, 1798, for the purpose of controlling infectious diseases from abroad. About 1890, Congress extended the authority of the service to include interstate control of diseases. The name was changed to the United States Public Health Service in 1912, and its scope enlarged to include consultant services to state health departments on public health administration, epidemiology, malaria control and other public health specialties.

In 1934 consultant service in public health nursing was added, in response to requests for help from state health departments which had been asked to sponsor Federal relief nursing programs. The present public health nursing consultant service was established in 1936 when Social Security funds were provided for that purpose.

The five major Federal Government Nursing Services are the following: The Army Nurse Corps, the Navy Nurse Corps, and the Nursing Services of the United States Indian Service, the United States Public Health Service, and of the United States Veterans' Administration. Nurses who are appointed to the last three services must qualify under the Civil Service Commission requirements.

Another organized nursing service in our nation is also outstanding. This is the American Red Cross Nursing Service, which typifies the spirit of the Greatest Mother in the World and cares for all regardless of race, creed or nationality.

The Red Cross Program at the convention was an inspiring one. The scarlet-lined capes of the Red Cross nurses in uniform threw a vivid splash of color across the huge auditorium of Convention Hall, which was draped with flags of our country and of the Red Cross.

The Red Cross nurses represented an army of skilled workers, which can be swiftly mobilized whenever the need occurs. When a river overflows its banks and renders hundreds homeless; when dust storms or epidemics cause havoc in communities; when explosions rock the countryside crippling or killing innocent citizens; or when war burst forth its shells and gases of destruction, the Red Cross nurses stand by ready to answer the

first call for help to wounded and afflicted.

Enrollment in the Red Cross Nursing Service is limited to qualified, graduate nurses, who have signified their willingness to serve wherever an emergency exists. The service is a voluntary one.

Concerning the desire of these various organizations and their individual members to render patriotic services whenever necessary there can be no question. An important resolution adopted at the finial session of the House of Delegates of the American Nurses' Association, in which the National League of Nursing Education had already concurred in its final session, was the following:

Whereas, this is a time of unusual anxiety and concern to this nation and of great responsibility for the President of the United States, therefore, be it.

Resolved, that we, the delegates of the American Nurses' Association, and members of the National League of Nursing Education, now assembled in convention in Philadelphia, wish to offer the support and strength to our organizations in any nursing activity in which we can be of service to the country.

(For information contained in the foregoing article, the editor is indebted to the "American Journal of Nursing" and the Nursing Information Bureau, 50 West Fiftieth Street, New York City.)

TO BATHE OR NOT TO BATHE

Sitting smugly in 95 per cent of the world's bathtubs, the people of the United States seldom realize that one of the world's burning questions is: To bathe or not to bathe.

The American Medical Association News recently reported the discussion of bathing customs over the world, in which the reseacher found that Parisians average a bath every four months, while in Moscow—where a bathtub costs more than a grand piano—the average is 18 months.

If the people of this country sit smugly, the Nipponese sit snugly. Their equipment consists of a barrel-shaped wooden vat, narrow and round, that permits only of sitting or squatting. For those who rail against small water heaters, it is a splendid country in which to bathe; for the usual Japanese bath is heated to a temperature of 120 degrees and cold baths are used only by penitents.

In the deserts of Arabia, the researcher says, a bath is always handy; one picks up a handful of sand and starts scrubbing.

Democracy does have it advantages.—Atlanta Constitution,

A WOMAN TO RECKON WITH

By Mildred Jane McKain

Are you familiar with the name of Mrs. Belle Benchley? If not, this story will serve to introduce her to you, as well as tell you many interesting things about her chosen profession; for she is the only woman in the world to hold her particular position.

One of the most famous as well as the most remarkable zoos in this country is the San Diego Zoological Garden at San Diego, California. It is famous because scientific studies of the utmost importance are constantly going on; and it is remarkable because it is managed by a woman. That woman is Belle Benchley, the world's only zoo curator.

Now Mrs. Benchley had never trained animals, never been with a circus, never had any experience in that line at all. She went to the zoological garden about sixteen years ago as a bookkeeper, because she was very much in need of a job to support her young son. Within a few months after she started to work Mrs. Benchley discovered quite casually that apparently she possessed a definite flair for animals and within the short space of one year became manager of the zoo.

That in itself proves that Mrs. Benchley is a remarkable person. She's a small woman, slightly under the average in height with swiftly graying hair, and perhaps somewhere in her late fifties. Bravery looms behind a pair of very humorous gray eyes. The power to command is seen in the set of her jaw, yet her face is softened by an expression of kindliness. Her power to take command is illustrated by this story:

Captain Allan Hancock on his excursion into seldom-traveled lands has brought back many strange and interesting animals and birds from the Galapagos Islands. These specimens are a link between the reptilian age and the present. It is apparent that these islands once constituted part of the mainland, and probably these species were left there to develop.

During a cold spell some of these enormous Galapagos land tortoises got pneumonia and several died. Nothing that was done seemed to avail. Frantically Mrs. Benchley assumed the role of doctor. She put the sickest tortiose of the group on the steam radiator, grasped its long neck tightly in her hand and administered a dose of castor oil. It was perhaps the first time that castor oil had ever been administered to a lowly tortiose and startled though it may have been, it did recover.

The tradition that no Galapagos Island penguin, the rarest of the rare, has ever bred in captivity, is about to be shattered. For sitting calmly on two eggs in a nest on the rocks in the center of the penguin pond, is Mistress Penguin, not realizing that if the hatching is successful it will be the first time this great event has taken place in an American zoo.

Mrs. Benchley is thrilled at the prospect, and well she may be, for it will, if "all is well," add one more *first* to her unusual record.

There are approximately twenty-three hundred and eighty-five different species of animals, birds and reptiles in the zoo. Every morning

Mrs. Benchley's first act is to drive through the grounds to check the condition of her charges before going to her office. It takes about an hour to compile her notes and to discover if any faulty conditions exist. Her keenly-trained eye must be on the alert for danger signals. Any intestinal trouble or injury may mean future danger and must be checked at once.

One day when she was making the rounds a near catarophe happened. Tilly, a prize baboon, had escaped from her cage and was on a rampage in the yard where the monkey cages were. She swung around the yard with that familiar gait which is the half walk, half running swing of the baboon, chattering with rage and shaking cage doors until the poor little monkeys went wild with fear.

Zoo workers armed themselves with heavy clubs and tried to chase the raging beast back into her cage. They dared not approach too closely because they knew the power of her slobbering jaws and knew, too, that one thrust of her hand could easily break an arm or a leg They knew, also, that there was enough strength in her ninety-pound body to toss an average-sized man clear across the yard, should one unfortunately get into her clutches

Suddenly the main gate of the yard opened and in stepped an unsuspecting little middle-aged woman. Frantically the men called to her to warn her of the impending danger. She was emplored to escape through the gate. Before she could move, Tilly saw her and with a lunge quickly approached. To the watching men tragedy was inevitable. To run would have been futile, so the trapped woman stood her ground. Instead of having a face frozen with terror Mrs. Benchley forced herself to relax and smile. Then she put out a hand as a gesture of welcome and waited for the inevitable to happen. Tilly jumped and grabbed the outstreched hand and then, before the startled gaze of a half dozen men, who expected to see Mrs. Benchley torn limb from limb, Tilly nestled in her arms and began to sob like a human baby. Carefully Mrs. Benchley lugged her heavy burden across the yard and deposited her in her own cage. The armed men dropped their clubs from numb hands and mopped their brows. Once again Mrs. Benchley had proven she has what it akes.

Later she said, "I wouldn't have gone into the yard if I had known Tilly was loose I really thought the men were chasing rats. But once in, all there was to do was to make the best of it. Tilly was in a rage when she charged me, but the sight of a familiar face in repose and a posture of ease and confidence won her over until I was no longer an enemy, but instead, a refuge from shouting, club-swinging men.

Many interesting facts can be gleaned on a trip through a zoo. For instance, baby kangaroos are only about an inch long when they are born. They are actually dwarfed by your little finger and are about one three-thousandth of their mother's weight. Various species of cat animals are very jealous of one another. Some animals, such as baby deer and buffalo, walk immediately after birth, but among flesh eating animals the young are usually helpless. Baby bears and lions are born blind and helpless. A several hundred pound bear will have three or four babies

that closely resemble little blind kittens.

Elephants love to play jokes on one another. When they get near a swimming pool they splash and duck one another. A favorite trick is to blow a spray of water into an unmindful one's ear. A baby elephant is not weaned until it is three or four years old. It takes them from fifteen to eighteen years to reach maturity.

A seal that weighs one hundred pounds may have a baby seal weighing twenty, while a forty-ton whale may have a baby weighing seven tons. A brood of a dozen opossums can cuddle in an ordinary soup spoon. Frequently the smallest animal is the master of the cage. Nearly every animal is attracted by its own image. Many animals are extremely curious. Deer, goats, sheep, elephants, even snakes will examine anything left in their cages. If they are changed to another pen they begin at once to survey carefully every inch of the new area.

If it is at all possible each animal is given a mate or companion, because most animals develop melancholia if they are left in solitude. Of course there are a few hermits who shun companionship and crave only seclusion. Animals vary in disposition as much as humans do. They are impulsive, affectionate, jealous, even selfish and greedy.

Some are proud and vain; witness the peacock. Others are dirty and slovenly. Some are show-offs and like nothing better than to attract the attention of zoo visitors. Sometimes an animal will form a strong attachment for its keeper, so much so that it apparently exists just for feeding time when the object of its affection is around.

Many animals are crafty and cunning, like the fox which is famous for slyness. A small minority are noted because they are bloodthirsty. The worst offender in this group is the ermine, beautiful little animal that it is, for its thirst for blood is so great that it has been known to attack even a man ferociously.

A sense of humor is apparently in many animals and often they will go to great lengths to play practical jokes on one another.

Once a small orangoutang was housed with other animals, among them two Malay sun bear cubs. The orangoutang would catch her toes in the wire mesh across the top of the cage and swing her arms freely. As the bear cubs would approach their pan of food she would swing down, grasp one by his foot and drag him away. Each time that she was fortunate enough to take one by suprise she would actually grin from ear to ear. It is said that apes are the only animals that show their amusement by grinning.

At one time an I. Q. test was given to a group of apes. It was found that a chimpanzee would take about an hour to solve a problem. For example, a pan of food was put in a cage in such a way that it was difficult to remove it. The chimpanzee would try to get the fruit and being unsuccessful, would work himself into a frenzy. A gorilla, however, would go over to the pan, look the situation over carefully, then walk away for a few minutes apparently to think things over. Then he would come back and remove the fruit.

Gorillas are one of Mrs. Benchley's

favorites, because, she says, "They are ladies and gentlemen at heart." They are shy and retiring animals, and she uses common sense in raising them. Strangely enough, they have only one bronchial tube and a neglected cold may result in pneumonia. If kept in the open they are generally strong and healthy and they should be, for each one eats thirty-eight pounds of fruit and vegetables a day.

The San Diego zoo boasts of having the only two mountain gorillas in captivity. They are two males, named Ingagi and Mbombo. Ingagi, the larger of the two, weighs four hundred and eighty-four pounds, while Mbombo weighs but four hundred and thirty-one. Both animals will gain another hundred pounds before reaching maturity.

The gorillas were captured by the late Martin Johnson and his wife Osa, in December 1930, and were delivered to the zoo in October 1931. They cost the zoo $11,000 but that is only a fraction of their actual value now. There are but few people who know how to capture gorillas and how to treat them afterwards as did the Johnsons. Native hunters cannot, which accounts for the fact that so few can be obtained. If you chance to go through the zoo do not approach the gorillas with a camera in your hand for they thoroughly disaprove of them, although otherwise they are very good-natured.

Ape mothers cuddle and nurse their babes just as a human child is cuddled. But sometimes an ape does not have a strong love for her offspring. The male of the species steps in when the mother is wont to show neglect. One father kept the baby from its mother by force and eventually the baby turned to the father if the mother tried to approach. When the mother discovered this she warmly resented it, and later when the baby tried to make overtures she turned on it fiercely whenever it came near.

At one time a pair of Nubian baboons came to dwell at the zoo. The female was older and considerably larger than her mate, so she apparently felt superior and ruled him with an iron hand. She even punished him if he accepted a peanut from a visitor. When a baby ape came she lavished all her attention on him, forgettiing her mate almost entirely. When the baby grew up the female decided to rule again, but Mr. Baboon had discovered that he liked being his own boss and a frightful squabble ensued. Mrs. Baboon found her reign was over and meekly accepted her fate and became a devoted wife. She even secured her husband's sanction when she claimed a small bit of food for herself.

Due to Mrs. Benchley's avid interest in gorillas she spent many long hours studying them. When Mbombo and Ingagi came to dwell at the zoo she even partially trained Mbombo to take food from her. One day she went to the cage, food in hand, and started to call. As the calls became more insistent Mbombo came up to the feeding bars to see what the commotion was all about. With a kindly smile Mrs. Benchley proffered a bit of fruit. Suddenly without any warning whatever a huge hairy arm shot out between the bars and grasped her arm above the elbow, drawing her to the cage. As is her custom, Mrs. Benchley remained calm, but for a few moments she was badly frightened. All at once it dawned on her that Mbombo was

merely curious and had grabbed her for the sole sake of inspection. They remained face to face at the bars until Mbombo as suddenly as he had grasped her released his hold and scampered away. However Mrs. Benchley carried a bruised arm for a week as a souvenir of her encounter. Had Mrs. Benchley been untrained and had she made an effort to jerk away there is no telling what might have happened. A gorilla like some humans, loves, and is always looking for, a good fight.

A humorous incident happened a short time ago. The zoo management decided the beavers might enjoy a concrete house in their pond so sent some workmen over to construct one. The beavers watched the work carefully and when the house was complete utterly scorned it. In fact they decided to show the workmen what a beaver's home should be and proceeded to cut down brush and build their own house. Later, one of the workmen missed his pick and shovel and remembering he had left them at the pond went back to get them. Much to his amazement the tools were missing After a search he found that the beavers had used them in constructing their roof.

Snakes are another of Mrs. Benchley's hobbies Most reptiles lay eggs, although there are a few snakes and lizards that produce living young. Fortunately the more poisonous varieties seldom have over a dozen young. Garter snakes and water snakes have as many as six dozen.

Boa constrictors at the zoo are on a chronic hunger strike So every ninety days their jaws are pried open and meat from a sausage grinder is forced in. Then rings are put around their necks to keep them from disgorging.

Mrs. Benchley would enjoy feeding the snakes but does not do it because their main diet consists of rats which she thoroughly dislikes.

One day when she was near the snake house a small boy came running up to her and told her a snake had gotten out of its cage. Mrs Benchley thought the child must be making a mistake but went along to investigate. She was amazed when she walked in to find a four-foot rattler lying across the top of its cage in such a position that it could strike at anyone passing by. She realized she had no time in which to call the keeper, that something must be done, and done quickly, so she began to talk in a very low tone while she approached the snake very slowly. When she was close enough she reached up and quickly closed her fingers around the reptiles body just behind its head and lifted it down onto the floor of its cage, slamming the door immediately. Another example of coolness and full proof that it pays to be calm in an emergency. Mrs. Benchley was glad for an opportunity to prove her theory that even a snake can be kept calm if the attendant is calm likewise.

She also says, "There has never been a man seriously hurt by an animal in this zoo, and we have handled all types and dispositions. Our rule is caution—caution—caution! The man who is careless is immediately discharged."

Did you know the African apes actually turn pale when a lion roars, while Indian apes listen indifferently to lions but go insane with terror when they hear a Bengal tiger? Polar bears do not eat fish though grizzly bears do. Wild parrots will learn to talk if tame parrots are put in their

cages with them. Man-o-war birds will eat fish only when keepers throw the fish into the air so that they can be caught on the fly. And did you know that so many lions are born in captivity that they cannot be given away? Perhaps you'd like one for a pet!

———o———

NOT BY LUCK

It all depends on the choice we make,
And which of the two roads we decide to take;
Though luck may follow, or stay behind,
It isn't by luck that man grows kind.

Each of us says what his fame shall be,
Fashions the man which the world shall see;
He may blame his luck for the loss he meets,
But there's no excuse for the man who cheats.

We can all be fair under skies serene,
But it isn't by luck that man stays clean;
Chance may favor some shady plan,
But luck never fashioned a gentleman.

The fame man wins, and the friends he makes,
Depends on which of the two roads he takes;
Wealth may be won by a wheel that is turned,
But honor is something that must be earned.

In countless ways are our natures tried,
And what we shall be we must all decide:
The world shall judge us false or true
By the men we are and the things we do.

We may gather from fortune what joys we can,
But it isn't by luck that a man's a man.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Britt Gatlin, a former member of the Cottage No. 3 group, who left the School, January 29, 1927, recently sent a post card from Canton, N. Y., up near the Canadian border, where he is in camp with the National Guard. Britt said he liked it up there, but hoped his stay would not be too long. This young man has made a consistently good record since leaving the School, and we were glad to hear from him.

—o—

A committee from the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, now in session in Concord, visited the School last Tuesday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited the farm, cottages and various vocational departments, after which they enjoyed some of the fine watermelons raised on our farm this year. This committee was composed of the following members: W. A. Sprinkle, chairman; Joe E. Williams, J. M. Ridenhour, W. C. Watts and Cornelius DeMarcus.

—o—

Another lad to send us a post card message recently was Elbert Head, who was in Cottage No. 10 and worked in the bakery, leaving the School about a year ago. He is now an enrollee in the CCC and is in camp at Sitkum, Oregon, having been there for several months. Elbert stated that he failed to get a position in a bakery when he left us and decided to try CCC life for a while. He reports that he likes his present situation very much and is getting along fine.

—o—

An old custom has been revived at the School, that of hoisting the United States Flag and the official North Carolina state flag at each morning assembly. At this time the entire group, both boys and officers, is called to attention, and then slaute the flag and repeat the pledge of allegiance. This is an impressive ceremony, seeing the group of more than five hundred standing rigidly at attention during the raising of the flags and repeating the pledge in concert. We are indeed glad to see "Old Glory" and the flag of the "Old North State" again flying on the campus and being thus greeted each morning.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Costian, of Danville, Va., called on Superintendent and Mrs. Boger last Sunday. Fred is one of our old boys of whom we are very proud. He left the School in 1917, and since that time has been engaged in various lines of employment, and has done well. For several years prior to leaving Charlotte, he was employed by the Postal Telegraph Company in that city. In 1937 he was transferred to Danville, Va., becoming manager of the branch there, which position he still holds He and Mrs. Costian had been spending a vacation period with the latter's relatives at Red Springs. Fred never fails to stop in for a brief chat when in this section and we are always glad to see him.

—o—

Dr. A. D. Underwood and Dr. O. W. Holloway, of the department of oral hygiene, State Board of Health, are conducting the annual clinic at the School. They have been here since August 5th, and it will probably

require another two weeks for this task to be completed. Both doctors report quite a difference in the condition of mouth and teeth in boys who have been here some time and those admitted since the clinic last year. The former having better teeth proves conclusively that care of teeth is really worthwhile, they having followed instructions given by the dentists last year.

In going about the campus we also noticed that Mr. Query and his youthful tonsorial artists have just completed giving all the boys a neat hair-cut. When a boy emerges from the dental office with teeth clean and shiny and then acquires a snappy hair trim, he presents an appearance that is quite the tops.

—o—

We recently received a letter from Giles Greene, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who was allowed to leave the School, September 11, 1937. He is now a member of the United States Army and is stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. He wrote Superintendent Boger as follows:

"It will probably surprise you to receive this letter from me. Am now in the United States Army, enlisted April 23, 1940, and like it just fine. I want to thank you for the recommendation you gave the recruiting officer for me. Enjoyed the trip over here very much. We came through the Panama Canal, staying there two days. Before that we spent some time at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, California, and I was fortunate enough to have a chance to visit the Golden Gate Exposition on Treasure Island. Again I want to thank the School for what it did for me. One thing I know is that if a boy goes there with the intention of making good, he can do it. If you care to write me, I shall be glad to hear frm you."

—o—

Three of our old boys met with bad luck recently, and we regret to report that two of them are dead and the other lad is still in the hospital in a serious condition.

Boyd Barringer, of Concord, formerly of Cottage No. 3, who returned to his home about five years ago, was killed in an automobile accident on August 17th. The accident occurred at the intersection of highways No. 29 and No. 73, just a few miles north of Concord. Boyd and another lad were riding along, and in an attempt to make the turn at the intersection, collided with a truck. Barringer was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, where he died a few hours later. His companion was not injured.

Alvin Powell, a former member of the Cottage No. 15 group, who left the School two and one-half years ago, died last Tuesday from injuiries received the night before, when he was struck by an automobile. He had been an enrollee in a CCC unit for some time, and was stationed at a camp near Elkin. Owing to recent heavy rains, making traveling hazardous, he and another worker were patroling the Hugh Chatham Memorial Bridge, not for from the camp. It was their duty to warn motorists of dangerous washouts ahead, also warn them against throwing lighted matches into the oil-covered waters, caused by the wrecking of nearby gas and oil tanks. A passing car, skidded, left the road, and struck Alvin, causing his death next morning. Upon official investi-

gation the accident was declared unavoidable.

John Kirkman, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who has been away from the School less than two months, is in the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, in a critical condition, following an accident on August 11th. John was riding a bicycle on highway No. 29, near Kannapolis, when he was struck by an automobile, suffer-in a fractured skull, broken leg, cuts and bruises. He was taken to the hospital immediately, and the latest report from that institution was that he was still in a very critical condition.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the Good Samaritan, as found in Luke 10:23-37, and in his talk to the boys he called special attention to the 33rd verse: "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: And when he saw him, he had compassion on him."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that the story of the Good Samaritan is more than a mere story—it is a piece of matchless literature which carries an irresistible appeal to the heart. Its logic is sustained by love. It is a swift, vivid picture of God, clothed in human clothes, in which loves goes out to suffering humanity.

Putting ourselves in the wounded man's place, continued the speaker, how we would appreciate some one coming along, caring for us and giving us an opportunity to regain our health. Realizing our own feelings under such conditions, it is our duty to stop and try to help those who have fallen, rather than pass by on the other side as if it were of no concern to us as to what becomes of our unfortunate fellows, so long as we are getting along all right. Such opportunities come to the door of the average man today, and if we shirk our duty to those less fortunate than ourselves, we are not worthy of tying the shoe-laces of such a person as the Samaritan in the parable.

Let us think of this Samaritan as one who put himself in the place of the suffering man along the roadside, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. The priest and the levite passed by on the other side. They were men who occupied prominent places in the community—were looked upon as leaders—probably called great men by the people of that day. Here are some of the reasons they may have had for neglecting their duty: They may have considered it beneath their dignity to be seen helping this poor man. They may have said, "This man is a stranger; it is a dangerous country; we have more important work to do; we are too tired to stop; the injured man was a reckless fool who probably deserved what he got." All of which indicates that the priest and levite, looked upon as great men, were heartless. People who do not have a heart always manage to find very good excuses for not doing things they should do, especially where suffering humanity is concerned.

The Samaritan came along, continued the speaker, and seeing the man's condition, realized that he needed help. The thought probably come into his mind, "If I were in this man's position, how badly I would need

help." A fact that makes this story more impressive was that the Samaritan was one who had suffered at the hands of Jewish people, for the latter hated all Samaritans. The wounded man was a Jew. but there was no hatred in the Samaritan's heart—he only saw the opportunity to help a person in great distress. He saw his duty and performed it.

Rev. Mr. Baumbarner then stated that this great lesson is one which the world sorely needs today. Present day people help little, because they have little imagination. They are not thinking seriously of those who are suffering. If we would think just a little more of man and his needs, we would render more assistance, instead of dodging responsibility. Too many people are willing to let someone else do these things for them. The Good Samaritan put thoughts of self out of his mind and rendered special service—a real personal service, such as we should be rendering today. Some of the greatest works of mercy are being carried out today by organizations whose mainspring is the love of God and fellow-men. There is only one way by which the fallen can be lifted. We must put ourselves in the place of the suffering one by the wayside. We must give ourselves for work of that kind.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told his listeners that this Samaritan was thorough—he wanted to see the job through. He not only cared for the wounded man's present needs, but thought of his future welfare, as he made arrangements for his care at the inn until he came that way again. This story challenges us today, said he, and we should stand ready at all times to lift up the fallen.

———o———

LOOK FOR THE GOOD

This old world would be much better
If the folks we meet would say:
"I know something good about you,"
And then treat us just that way.

Life, indeed, would be most happy
If the good that's in us all,
Was the only thing about us,
That folks bothered to recall.

Ours would be a life of pleasure
If we praised the good we see;
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending August 17, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Davis
William Drye 7
Noah J. Green 8
Edward Johnson 10
Frank May 10
Jack Warren 10

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Charles Browning 5
William G. Bryant 5
(3) Everett Case 5
Albert Chunn 3
(4) John Davis 6
(2) Ralph Harris 4
(3) Porter Holder 6
(3) Burman Keller 7
(3) Clay Mize 9
(6) H. C. Pope 9
William C. Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 2

(9) Bennie Austin 11
John D. Davis 7
(4) Forrest McEntire 9
(4) Donald McFee 10
William Shaw 8

COTTAGE No. 3

(12) Lewis Andrews 12
(10) Earl Barnes 11
(9) Clyde Barnwell 11
William Buff
(6) Max Evans 8
(4) Harley Matthews 10
(4) William Matthewson 9
(4) Otis McCall 8
(2) George Shaver 9
(3) William Sims 11
(8) Harrison Stilwell 10
(2) John Tolley 9
Louis Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Wesley Beaver 6
(2) Arthur Edmondson 7
(5) Gilbert Hogan 7
(5) John Jackson 8
(7) J. W. McRorrie 10
J. C. Nance 9
(5) George Newman 5
(8) Oakley Walker 8
(12) Melvin Walters 12
(2) John Whitaker 3
(2) Thomas Yates 3

COTTAGE No. 5

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 6

Leo Hamilton 4
John Maples 5
Woodrow Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) John H. Averitte 7
(9) Paul Dockery 11
(12) Donald Earnhardt 12
(3) George Green 9
(3) Lacy Green 3
(12) Richard Halker 12
(9) Roy Helms 10
(2) J. B. Hensley 5
Raymond Hughes 5
Vernon Harding 3
(3) Lyman Johnson 8
J. C. Long 4
Robert Lawrence 10
Charles McGowan 6
(3) Arnold McHone 10
Ernest Overcash 4
Marshall Pace 4
(3) Alex Weathers 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Cecil Ashley 7
(12) Reid Beheler 12
(2) Jack Hamilton 11
John Ingram 7
(10) James Quick 10
(2) Frank Workman 8

COTTAGE No. 9

Holly Atwood 10
(2) Mack Bell 9
(6) J. T. Branch 11
(2) Percy Capps 6
(7) David Cunningham 7

George Gaddy 6
Robert Gaines 7
(12) Frank Glover 12
(12) Wilbur Hardin 12
Grady Kelley
(5) Daniel Kilpatrick 8
(12) Harold O'Dear 12
(2) James Ruff 6
(7) Thomas Sands 9
(4) Richard Singletary 9

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 9
James Hodges 9
Harry Peake 6
Carl Speer 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(12) John Benson 12
(10) Harold Bryson 11
(7) Robert Goldsmith 9
(6) Earl Hildreth 10
(2) Fred Jones 6
(12) Fred Owens 12
(4) Theodore Rector 10

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Ernest Brewer 8
(4) Jay Brannock 9
(3) William Deaton 11
(7) Treley Frankum 7
(4) Woodrow Hager 10
(4) Robah Sink 10
(3) Norman Smith 3
Jesse Smith
Peter Taylor
(9) George Tolson 11
Eugene Watts 9
J. R. Whitman 9

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) James Brewer 10
William Goins 3
James Lane 9
Joseph White 2

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Raymond Andrews 8
(2) John Baker 7
(12) Mack Coggins 12
Robert Deyton 10
(3) Audie Farthing 11
Henry Glover 6
(12) William Harding 12
(2) John Hamm 8
(2) Feldman Lane 9
(8) Norvell Murphy 11
(3) Charles McCoyle 8
Roy Mumford 6
Henry McGraw 7
James Roberson 8
(3) John Robbins 10
(2) John Reep 8
(3) Charles Steepleton 8
(3) Harold Thomas 3
(11) Wallace Woody 11
(2) Jones Watson 8

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Philip Holmes 9
Harvey Ledford 4
Redmond Lawry 7

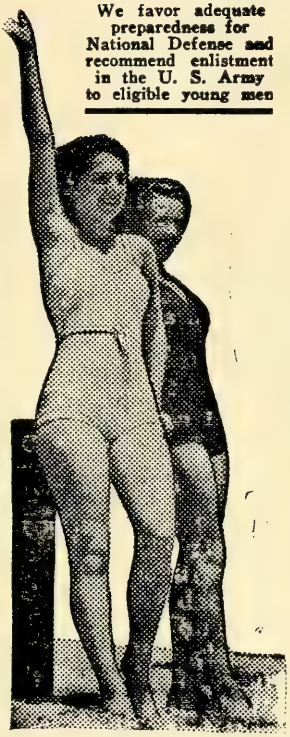
———o———

One must do nothing in private life which will reflect unfavorably upon the organization of which he is a part.

—Charles R. Gow.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

We favor adequate preparedness for National Defense and recommend enlistment in the U. S. Army to eligible young men



Seashore Excursion

NORFOLK, VA.

AUG. 30 and 31, 1940

$3.00 ROUND TRIP FARE

Round Trip Tickets on sale for all regular trains (except Trains No. 37 and 38), August 30 and 31, final limit returning Monday Night, Sept. 2, 1940

Round Trip Fare $3.00 from all stations on Southern Railway System in North and South Carolina as shown below:

Blacksburg, S. C. to Danville, Va.
Blacksburg, S. C. to Marion, N. C.
Asheville, N. C. to Salisbury, N. C.
Charlotte, N. C. to Taylorsville, N. C.
Barber, N. C. to Winston-Salem, N. C.
Hillsboro, N. C. to North Wilkesboro, N. C.
Charlotte, N. C. to Columbia, S. C.
and intermediate stations.

VIRGINIA BEACH ROUND TRIP FARE—$3.75

Tickets Good in Coaches Only
No Baggage Checked—No Stop-Overs
Daylight or Night Trip

BATHING
SEA OUTINGS
GOOD FISHING

Consult Ticket Agents
R. H. GRAHAM
Division Passenger Agent
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

364

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 31, 1940 NO. 35

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A SUMMER DAY

Do not pass over the glory of a summer day, the beauty of a summer sky, the gold of summer sun, the blue-green of near-by stream, the waving black-eyed Susans, the shady roads that lead to countryside where glaring heat seems not so hot, and the sun not so scorching as it filters through the tree tops. The early morning hours of a summer day refreshes us after a night of unrest. The dew that covers the grass sparkles, the sound of mower and cry of a child beats a melody of summer. Before we start out on a day of labor to produce and provide, we must gaze about natural environment that calls for a prayer for continued simple, peaceful days. For such riches we are grateful.—Mooresville Enterprise.

A LABOR DAY THOUGHT

Labor Day, inaugurated in 1882 by the Knights of Labor and celebrated in this country as a legal holiday on the first Monday in September, is not only an occasion for the cessation of usual labor, but it is an occasion for directing one's thoughts toward the worth and rewards of labor.

Theodore Roosevelt said: "The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things." These words, penned years ago, are meaningful today when the world is passing through a period of economic unrest. They bear a message of hope. They presage better things ahead of the travail of "labor and painful effort" that is being put forth to bring about a new order of society.

Perhaps through labor man will ultimately find what he is seeking—happiness. Stephen Girard's testimony was this: "The love

of labor is my sheet anchor. I work that I may forget, and, forgetting, I am happy."

* * * * * * * *

DIRECTOR HOCUTT'S WARNING

Automobile traffic took a toll of seven lives on North Carolina streets and highways over the Labor Day week-end of last year, Ronald Hocutt, Director of the Highway Safety Division, announced this week in calling attention to the urgent necessity of increased caution on the part of motorists and pedestrians during the coming week-end. He said: "Realizing that the highways of this state will be jammed this week-end with pleasure-seekers taking advantage of the last big holiday of the summer season, I am issuing this timely caution in the hope that tragedies such as have occurred in North Carolina on previous Labor Day week-ends may be averted this year."

Pointing out that during the Labor Day week-end of last year three people in this state were killed on Saturday, three more on Sunday, and a seventh on Monday, Director Hocutt said: "My advice to anyone who is to be on the highways of our state over Labor Day week-end is to take it easy. There's no enjoyment in a holiday trip if you fight traffic and lose your temper at other motorists. You can't come home rested from an outing if you drive at speeds that impose a constant strain on your nerves and your car's brakes."

Mr. Hocutt suggested the following "don'ts" for motorists on the highways over Labor Day week-end: Don't become impatient and try to pass on a hill or curve. Don't try to beat a train to a grade crossing. Don't overdrive your headlights at night. Don't drive if you have been drinking. And don't be in too big a hurry. "For a safe and enjoyable holiday", he added, "start sooner, drive slower and live longer."

* * * * * * * *

WHY EXTRA SALT IS NEEDED IN SUMMER

Two million glands operate at full tilt in summer to keep the body temperature down to normal by a natural cooling system of perspiration and evaporation, Harriet Morgan Fyler, Ph. D., Chica-

go, declares in her explanation of the need for using extra salt during hot weather, published in the August issue of Hygeia, The Health Magazine.

"In the course of this cooling much water is lost," she continues. "With the water go some of the important elements of the blood. Unless special reinforcements are rushed in to take their place, the blood suffers a sort of starvation, hence fatigue and loss of appetite."

A little salt in a glass of drinking water is thus an effective means of combating this loss. Using extra salt on food where one likes it is also a good practice. Many factories provide salt dispensers near drinking fountains for their employees.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

A FINE GESTURE

The hostessess of taverns in the Northern cities have responsibilities similar to the waitresses in our cafe's. When beverages such as beer, wine and other drinks are served, there is not a doubt that such an environment and contact lowers the morale of womanhood, or motherhood of the country. An educator of North Carolina said if you educate a woman you educate a family. We strengthen the argument of the educator by saying if the morale of a woman is lowered you have lowered the morale, or ideals of a family. We agree with the following that the custom of placing women in places to pass out drinks develops a "device of its own," and desire that more power be given men like E. W. Garret, acting State Alcoholic Beverage Commissioner, of Newark, New Jersey. This is a fine precedent:

The "select" way of encouraging "sociability" and its graces by the employment of "hostesses" in drinking places increasingly fails to approve itself both to the law and the public. This "repeal" device to uplift drinking from the degradation of the old-time saloon evidently has been developing evils of its own. In Newark, N. J., recently (July 25), E. W. Garret, acting State Alcoholic Beverage Commissioner, approved Newark's ordinance which sought to prohibit the employment of women in taverns whose chief duty seemed to be the accepting of beverages and food paid for by customers. The extent of the practice in Newark's tavern may be measured

by the report that more than 1,000 hostesses lost their jobs. So the old experiences must be repeated: the traffic in liquor must be continually curbed and increasingly restrained. Why should it ever have begun again? There is that in the very nature of an intoxicant that makes it defiant of regulation by reason.

* * * * * * * *

SCHOOL OF GOVERNMENT AT CHAPEL HILL

The officers of counties and cities are invited to attend The Institute of Government in co-operation with the "FBI" to arrange for the training of the officers. They are dividing their forces into groups and sending them for training at a seven day school at Chapel Hill. This school of government begins in October and ends in May of 1941. The goal of this plan of instruction is to reach the 3000 or more officers of state and bring the best police training in their branch. This institute of Government has held twelve schools since 1930, but mainly for the heads of the different departments, and not for the minor officials.

The Police and Sheriffs Convention, The State Highway Patrol, The State Bureau of Identification and Federal Bureaus along with other Federal agencies have endorsed the schools of government and urged every member to attend.

Director Coates said, in announcing the police schools, that rooms would be furnished in the Institute's new building, and the only cost to officers would be approximately one dollar per day for meals, and expressed the hope that the officers of this county and city would take full advantage of this training.

He also enclosed an outline of the course, which showed that the instruction will be both detailed and thorough, stressing practice as well as theory, and will include practical demonstrations and actual practice as well as textbook study and lectures by outstanding police instructors.

Counting lectures, discussions, demonstrations, and practice periods, the instruction will last a minimun of 10 hours per day. A regular examination will be given at the conclusion, and certificates will be presented at the final exercises to those successfully com-

pleting the course. Governor Hoey himself presented the certificates at the last state-wide school.

* * * * * * * *

THE WAY OF GENIUS

A young Scotchman was once given a very difficult task. In order that the city where the king lived might no longer suffer thirst, he was told to make a passage under a wide river for the sweet waters of the hills beyond.

For many weeks the young man pondered over his task. Often did his heart despair at the greatness of it, but never once did he lose faith in his ability to solve it.

It happened that, as he sat at dinner one day, the innkeeper laid before him a lobster. It lay as though about to crawl, and its crimson tail shone in the strong beam of the sun. As the young man watched, the tail seemed to grow larger—a thousand fold larger! In is imagination it became a tube of iron rings through which rushed a stream of sparkling clear water.

The young man forgot all about the meal which had been placed before him. He drew a pad of paper from his pocket, and begun to drawn designs. Now and then he glanced at the lobster and its tail.

When the design was finished, it showed the first crude picture of a tunnel built up in sections of such construction that they could be joined together to form a strong, durable tube.

The young man rose from the table, and that night worked out the plan which became the mighty aqueduct under the Clyde river. The young man was James Watts (1736-1819), the great inventor.

ECHO FROM LAST MEETING OF FEDERATED CLUBS

By Mrs. Fannie J. Hill

Some years ago Attorney Clyde R. Hoey, now "The Friendly Governor of North Carolina made a political speech at Kannapolis which many people had the good fortune to hear. In this speech Mr. Hoey said something like this: "Some people wonder about the wisdom of Solomon, they just can't understand why Solomon was so much wiser than the rest of us, but," said Mr. Hoey, "that is a question which has never troubled me, because I know good and well that if I had as many wives as Solomon had, and each one of them gave me as much good advice as my one wife gives me, I could easily be the wisest person in all the world."

Among the many distinguished visitors at the meeting of the Sstae Federation of Women's Clubs held in Greensboro April 30th to May 3rd were Governor and Mrs. Hoey, each of them a unique example of wisdom and simplicity—wisdom in guiding the "Ship of State" through a most successful term as governor, and simplicity in meeting and making friends. At this meeting were 515 women gathered together from every nook and corner of the state—women from every city, village and rural retreat in North Carolina, all of them motivated by the same interests, the ambition and the same desire—to make North Carolina a better place in which to live, a safer place for babies to be born, and to do every thing possible to improve and uplift their home communities. The speakers selected for the occasion reflected these aims and ideals in their addresses, which were inspirational as well as factual and entertaining.

The State Federation of Women's Clubs has been functioning for more than twenty years, during the most progressive period of our State's history. In spite of the depression our State during these years has gone forward by leaps and bounds. In county health work, in hospitalization, in education and the building of better schools and roads, North Carolina today, stands among the most foremost states of the Union. This work has been done largely by the men, and to them belong the credit, but doubtless the men themselves would give much of the credit to the women at home, the women who have set the pace, and held up their hands, not only with good advice but with words of encouragement and good cheer, and the women would certainly give some of the credit to the inspiration and helpfulness of the Women's Clubs.

There is a power in working together, a satisfaction in mass production which is unknown to those who work alone. The industrial worker knows and feels this as well as the preacher and politician who lead us on to higher things.

Socially the meeting was a delightful success made so by charming thoughtfulness and hospitality of the hostess clubs under the leadership of Mrs. W. W. Whaley, chairman of the entertainment committee. The hostess clubs included the Greensboro

Woman's club with it president, Mrs. Eugene A. Hood and 250 members, assisted by the Friday Afternoon Club with its president, Mrs. J. P. Turner, and members of the 7th District with Mrs. Guy Simpson as District President.

Among the many interesting and distinguished women who attended the meeting were Mrs. W. C. Hammer, of Asheboro, whose place among the fourth estate is uncontested and whose work for the Jackson Training School is outstanding, Dr. Adelaide Frieze of Winston-Salem, Dr. Ann M. Gove of W. C. U. N. C., Dr. Dixie Lee Bryant of Asheville and the two Pioneer Club women, Mrs. Eugene Reilly of Charlotte and Miss Margaret Gibson of Asheville. All of these might be considered Pioneer Club Women in the sense that each one is a pioneer in the work which she does so well.

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NOISE

A little red two-seated Ford tore down one of Smithfield's main streets with the cut-out wide open. A group of women conversing on a piazza in the residential section was completely silenced by the screaming car. On a sick bed in the hospital a patient turned and twisted far into the night. A huge produce truck zoomed within hearing, exerted its full power abreast the hospital and began to fade out. Another took its place, and on and on into the night and early morning the noise sped by, and the patient twisted and turned. It was ten o'clock in the morning. Grocery stores were full of shoppers. Busy men and women passed and re-passed on the sidewalks of the downtown district. Cars were parked side by side up and down the length of the street. Suddenly an automobile horn shrieked and continued to shriek. Sales were halted in the stores. Friendly greetings of passersby were stilled. The offending horn was finally located and the ear-splitting din was put to an end. The night was hot, almost unbearably hot. Everybody's windows were open to catch any breath of air that stirred. It was hard to relax in a swelter of perspiration, and harder still with a radio blaring away in stentorian tones. A committee meeting was in progress near the courthouse on a summer evening. Suddenly from the top floor of the temple of justice came a riotous clamor that sent the committee members hurriedly to the sidewalk to see what was happening. The wails subsided as suddenly as they had rent the air and the committee proceeded with its business. Noise, noise, noise—some of it apparently unavoidable, much of it entirely unnecessary. A little thought of the other fellow would prevent jangling nerves and resulting ill humor.—Smithfield Herald.

AMERICA'S FIRST NEWSPAPER

By Jasper B. Sinclair

It will be just two hundred and fifty years in September of 1940, since America's first real newspaper was printed. The story of its publication is soon told, for it was a short-lived venture.

This pioneer paper was called "Publick Occurrences, both Foreign and Domestick." It was printed in Boston by Benjamin Harris, and was intended to become a monthly periodical.

Editor Harris issued his newspaper on September 25, 1690, and a copy of it was tacked on the wall of the London Coffee House in old Boston town. It was a colonial custom for many years afterwards to post copies of newspapers in prominent places for all to read without subscribing.

Compared with modern metropolitan newspapers, "Publick Occurrences" was not much of a paper. It consisted altogether of just three pages, with two columns to a page, and one blank page. Most of its "occurrences" were several months old by the time they reached the printed page.

The first issue of America's pioneer newspaper had the unfortunate distinction of also being the last issue. Its career might have been long and honorable had Editor Harris been willing to listen to the advice of the authorities before going to press.

Instead, the newspaper was suppressed because Harris chose to print a rather candid report of a British military expedition against the French and Indians. "Publick Occurrences" never appeared again after the first issue.

Though his venture into the newspaper business was so ill-starred, Benjamin Harris wrote the opening chapter in the story of American journalism just two hundred and fifty years ago this September. To the credit of the Boston editor, it is worth noting that the only reason for his paper's suppression was his own determination to record the news truthfully.

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Our civilization is apparently not concerned in giving service, but in demanding and getting "rights." Today, man wants what he hasn't earned, reaps what he hasn't sowed. All too common is the philosophy that a man is entitled to anything he can put his hand on. It is the gospel of irresponsibility. It is freedom gone mad. Life needs to be measured in terms of a higher loyalty. The fundamental principle of human society should not be self-will but self-surrender. Without a higher law of service and good will neither democracy nor civilization can survive.—Dr. J. R. Sizoo.

VINCENT'S INFECTION REPORTABLE

(Health Bulletin)

On December 16, 1937, at a meeting of the North Carolina State Board of Health, Vincent's Infection was made reportable. Following is an excerpt from the minutes of the meeting:

"Doctor Johnson read a portion of an article sent out by the American Dental Association in reference to Vincent's Infection. stating that it was reportable in 15 states, namely: Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, Washington, West Virginia. Wyoming and Florida.

"Doctor Johnson moved that Vincent's disease be made reportable. The motion was seconded by Doctor Dixon and carried unanimously."

At a meeting of the State Board of Health on January 12, 1940, a regulation was passed which requires exclusion from school of teachers and pupils and the exclusion from employment of food handlers suffering from the disease. Following is an excerpt from the minutes of the meeting:

"A motion was made by Doctor Johnson that all teachers and pupils suffering with Vincent's Infection shall be excluded from the public schools of the state until they have received treatment for same and reported free of the infection by a person regularly licensed to practice medicine or dentistry in North Carolina before being re-admitted to the schools of the state.

"That all food handlers suffering with Vincent's Infection shall be excluded from employment while infected with Vincent's Infection until he or she has received treatment for same and reported free of the infection by a person regularly licensed to practice medicine or dentistry in North Carolina before resuming his or her duty in the state.

"Motion seconded by DoctorWard and carried unanimously."

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YOUTH VS. MATURITY

I know of no greater fallacy or one more widely believed than the statement that youth is the happiest time of life. As we advance in years we really grow happier, if we live intelligently. The universe is spectacular, and it is a free show. Increase of difficulties and responsibilities strengthens and enriches the mind and adds to the variety of life. To live abundantly is like climbing a mountain or a tower. To say that youth is happier than maturity is like saying that the view from the bottom of the tower is better than the view from the top. As we ascend, the range of our view widens immensely; the horizon is pushed farther away. Finally, as we reach the summit it is as if we had the world at our feet.

—William Lyon Phelps.

AN IMMORTAL NAME THROUGH FAILURE

By Perley R. Wade

When George Friedrich Handel first began his life work as a composer, most of his compositions were operas. There was very little call for operas on the Continent at that time, indeed there was almost a prejudice against them, so he came to London where he rented a theatre of his own in which to produce his compositions. Although the people of England took more kindly to operas than those of the Continent, these works of Handel did not meet with popular favor and he finally became bankrupt and had to give up all hope of producing them any more.

Convinced by this failure that the world did not care for operas, Handel turned his attention to writing other music and began producing oratorios, long sacred compositions for voice and orchestra, the words nearly always being taken from the Bible. These met with instant success and the people flocked to hear them.

It is said of Handel that he set the Bible to music, and it certainly would seem so for he wrote over twenty oratorios on various themes, some three or four of which are sometimes performed today.

But the work by which he is best known, the work that seems always connected with his name is the wonderful "Messiah" which is sung all over our country at Christmas time. It took him twenty-three days to write this oratorio, and after it was produced and he recieved fame and ovation, he remarked that he wrote most of it on his knees.

Certainly we must be glad of Handel's failure to gain success with his operas, for had he been successful we would probably never have had this beautiful oratorio, which is produced more than any other oratorio ever written, except perhaps Mendelssohn's "Elijaih," which seems to be an equal favorate today.

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SINCERITY

There is a little trait that seems to me,
  May be considered great—Sincerity.
The fullest usefullness of what we do,
  Will not be known unless the heart is true.

At home or on the street, their lives make clear
  That folks we meet are not sincere.
And in the busy mart we often trace
  The index of the heart upon the face.

In darkness or the light, in life's great school
  There stands out pure and bright—a priceless jewel.
It is a little trait, and yet I fear
  That no one can be great—unless sincere.

IRA DAVID SANKEY

By Aletha M. Bonner

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills far away,
Far off from the gates of gold."

Saving souls through song was the life mission of an American musican, whose birth occurred one hundred years ago, August 28, 1840. This musican was Ira D. Sankey, son of David and Mary Edwards Sankey.

It is a singular fact, quite worthy of mention, that the name of the birth-town of this celebrated son of the century was Edinburgh, Pennsylvania, while the city in which he achieved his greatest distinction in sacred-song composition was Edinburgh, Scotland. Here it was that Sankey gave to the world his internationally-loved hymn, "The Ninety and Nine."

One must read of the boyhood days of Ira David and learn more of the heredity and environment phases of his life to appreciate better the greater spiritual achievement of later years as a "gospel singer" and song-writer.

Quoting from his own autobiography, "My Life and the Story of the Gospel Hymn," published in 1906, he answers the question, "When did I begin to sing?" by saying, "I sang from childhood—I was literally full and running over with music. None of my ancestors were eminently musical (his father's people were English, his mother's, Irish), but I seemed to be endowed at birth with a musical spirit, . . . and my voice was early consecrated to the Lord."

He states further, that when but eight years of age he could sing such hymns as Coronation, Belmont, and St. Martins, note for note, which bears out one biographer's comment that the boy Sankey "early acquired the ability to read music."

The senior Sankey was an influential citizen, not only in his community but in the state, serving many terms as a member of the Lower, and later on, the Upper House of the Legislature of Pennsylvania. He was also and active churchman, contributing liberally of his time and means to the promotion of every worthy enterprise. His wife was likewise active in church work. Thus growing up in the environment of a substantial Christian home, the son was the fortunate recipient of wholesome training in Christian citizenship through parental precept and example.

In 1856 the family moved to Newcastle, Pennsylvania, and in the same year, his sixteenth, young Sankey began to "compose tunes for himself," as he expressed it. It was at this period that he began to feel a particular urge to "sing the gospel"—another of his original expressions. Loving music as he did, and giving wholeheartedly of his talent to add to the pleasure and betterment of others, it followed as a natural consequence that he was soon in great demand at young people's conventions, devotional assemblages and other public religious services, both as choral leader and as soloist. With continued spiritual and physical growth, came greater vocal development. It is true he did not possess an extraordinary

voice. It was a baritone of only moderate compass, yet there was a tender sweetness, a compelling quality of sincerity to his singing that stirred the heart of every listener. It was this same lyrical tenderness and sincerity of soul that appealed to all classes of people—men and women of high and low degree, whom he contacted in later life.

While Sankey was thus building up a musical reputation in his particular section of the country, there was, in the city of Chicago, a young evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, likewise gaining distinction in spiritual welfare work. Each soon heard of the other, and they were anxious to meet. It was not until 1870 that such a meeting was effected, when the two young men journeyed to Indianapolis, Indiana, to attend an international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Here Ira Sankey led the singing, and with a directness that ever characterized the actions of the dynamic Moody, the young preacher sought out the singer, and the following conversation is said to have ensued as the two future co-workers clasped hands in introduction:

"Where are you from, and what is your business?" came from Moody.

"Pennsylvania, and I am employed by the government, holding a commission in the Internal Revenue Service," was the reply.

"You will have to give that up," Moody calmly announced. Upon Mr. Sankey's astonished query, "What for?", the evangelist said, "To come to Chicago and help me in my work, for you are just the man I have been looking for for many months. You can do the singing, and I will do the talking."

It called for great faith and love and courage to relinquish a substantial government position, with a salary of some fifteen hundred dollars a year, but after days of prayer and meditation, Ira Sankey sent in his resignation to the department in Washington, and forthwith dedicated his voice to a holy cause.

Thus began the world-famed partnership between Moody and Sankey, a religious collaboration that resulted in a wide-sweeping evangelistic movement throughout America and overseas, and a partnership which linked the names of the two great religious leaders.

In the year following their union in thought and word and deed, came the tragic Chicago fire, October 8-9, 1871. Their large tabernacle stood directly in the path of the flames. Though all was destroyed the young welfare workers zealously continued their religious activities in the face of discouragement. Being men of compelling personality and decisive action and both possessing marked genius for organization, the tabernacle-and-settlement house was rebuilt and the good work continued.

The horizon of service continued to widen. In June, 1873, the two contemporaries sailed for England, there to engage in a revival campaign throughout the British Isles, one of more than two years' duration. The entire period of Christian activity is covered by Rufus W. Clark, D. D., in his "Work of God in Great Britain Under Messrs. Moody and Sankey."

Written in 1875, Dr. Clark's volume describes the various phases of the sweeping movement in England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland. In one chapter he has this to say of Sankey's singing: "The secret of Mr. Sankey's

power lies not in his gift of song, but in the spirit, of which the song is only the expression. He is a man in earnest, and sings in the full confidence that God is working by him. . . . Even as his colleague he likewise has a message to lost men from God the Father."

It was in Edinburg, Scotland, that the previously-mentioned hymn, "The Ninety and Nine" was improvised. The poem, by Elizabeth C. Clephane, as it appears in the song, had been clipped from a newspaper by Mr. Sankey, and the story of its extemporaneous featuring as a hymn, is best told by him. "When the call came, one morning at a service, for a song appropriate to the sermon just preached, I had nothing except the poem ..... and of course, no music had been written for it. Suddenly the impression came ..... sing the poem and make the tune as you go along. Yielding to the impression I drew the little clipping from my pocket, placed it on the organ before me, and with a prayer to God for help, I commenced to sing."

The fact that the world today still treasures this musical story of heavenly love and continually sings it attests firmly to the spiritual value and tone quality of Sankey's best-known composition. There were other worthy songs, however, to his credit, such as "When the Mists Have Rolled Away," and countless musical settings to the verses of Fanny J. Crosby, P. P. Bliss and other writers of his day. He was also successful as a compiler of gospel songs, the first collection, "Sacred Songs and Solos," being published in England, 1873. This was followed by "Gospel Hymns," Numbers 1-6, 1875-91, and other collections.

Neither Moody nor Sankey profited from the immense sale of their hymn-books, for they turned all royalties over to a board of trustees. The money went chiefly to schools, and was used for various religious purposes, as directed by the collaborators.

Pleasing pictures of the home life of Mr. Sankey are to be found in his biographies and his autobiography. On September 9, 1863, he had married a member of his church choir, Fanny V. Edwards, and they were the parents of three sons. Paul D. Moody, in his recent (1938) volume "My Father" devotes many pages to the senior Moody's co-worker, and has this to say to Mrs. Sankey:

"I remember her distinctly as one of the loveliest and most gracious women I ever knew. Like my mother she was very retiring and disinclined to appear in public."

With the death of Dwight L. Moody in 1899, Mr. Sankey endeavored to carry on the gospel work, but his physical strength was not sufficient. He suffered failing sight and the last three years of life were spent in blindness. He passed away at his home in Brooklyn, August 13, 1908, survived by his wife and two sons.

From a professional and technical point of view, Ira D. Sankey's music could not be described as belonging to the highest order of artistry. It could not be compared even to the "music of other great religious movements," as the psalm-tunes of the Scotch reformers or the stately chorals of Martin Luther. Yet the music of every historic period, sacred or secular, serves a vital purpose, and from the soul and throat of Ira Sankey came gospel heart-songs that the world will never forget or cease to sing.

BYRD DESCRIBES POLAR DISCOVERIES

(New York Times)

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd returned here recently from Antarctica with his first personal report of the work of the United States Antarctic Service Expedition. It achieved much more than he thought it possibly could, he said including the discovery and charting of 900 miles of unknown coastline that explorers have been seeking for a hundred years.

The Admiral, whose close-cropped wavy hair, is already gray, arrived on the Grace liner Santa Elena, in which he sailed from Valparaiso, Chile, on April 28. Using the stem of his pipe as a pointer he showed reporters how the expedition had enabled him to fill in a large blank space on the map of the Southern Pacific quadrant of the Antarctic.

The map lay before him like an inverted fan, with the geographic South Pole where the handle would be. Little America was on his right and Palmer Land was on his left. Practically in the center of the space between the two points, drawn in red ink and apparently hanging in space, was an irregular line. It represented more than 500 miles of hither-to unknown coastline, he said.

Another irregular red line curving down from Marie Byrd Land almost like a feeler, in the general direction of the first red line, represented another 300 miles of coastline. When the gap between that feeler and the right end of the isolated line and the gap between the other end of the line and Palmer Land have been filled in—a combined distance of 400 miles—the entire coastline of the continent in that quadrant will be completely mapped, he said.

Filling in those gaps will be part of the work of the thirty-three men left at West Base near Little America and the twenty-six at East Base, 1,200 miles away in Palmer Land, the admiral said. They plan to remain there until January.

The admiral emphasized the fact that the expedition was not "another Byrd expedition" but a project sponsored by the United States Government. He returned because he was ordered to, having completed his instructions of putting down two bases and investigating the coastline between them. Henceforth he will direct the expedition from Washington.

The admiral said he did not know much about the refusal of Congress to grant an additional $250,000 needed for completion of the expedition. Refusal, he said, would be "tough on those poor devils down there."

The bases and the red lines that he pointed out so easily on the map represented a good deal of hard work, danger, adventure and physical discomfort. It was small wonder that the admiral was a little excited in showing them. He himself had made fourteen efforts on his two previous expeditions to discover the coastline he finally reached this February.

He laid his success this time to two factors: the navigation of Captain Richard Cruzen, master of the Bear, on which he did his exploratory cruis-

ing, and the technique of exploring with ship and airplane at the same time. The airplane was able to visit places impassable to the ship, and, in turn, because of the airplane's ability for finding openings in the ice, the ship was able to go where it previously had been unable to venture.

Admiral Byrd was in the Antarctic for three months. He joined the North Star at Panama last November and reached Little America on Jan. 11. The base of the last expedition was completely snowed under, so another base, West Base, was set up. On Jan. 19 the admiral transferred to the Bear and started on the first of his three exploratory cruises.

It was on this first cruise that the coastline represented by the feeler was discovered. Here the airplane proved to be of invaluable assistance, for it was able to find openings for the vessel.

The second cruise was in search of the magnetic South Pole. As reported by wireless, it was found that it had shifted to the west since the 1933-35 expedition. Admiral Byrd could not find exactly how far it had shifted, though, because his plans for flying over it were thwarted by "terrible weather."

The third cruise was the longest and most important. It was on this cruise that two large islands and 500 miles of hitherto unknown coastline were discovered.

The continent of Antarctica is ringed by a belt of drifting pack ice that until the present has made the shoreline a mystery, for although the ice is broken up, it never opens out. The Bear skirted the pack.

"For twenty days there was no sun," said Admiral Byrd. "We had to take our position by dead reckoning. It was pretty discouraging. There were storms at night and we were surrounded by icebergs Then the Arctic night began to come on.

"There is no lee in the whole Pacific. But one day we got a break. An iceberg gave us a lee for the plane. The plane was placed in the water. but we had to abandon the attempt because the ice closed in and the sun went out.

"The next day we were again in the lee of an iceberg. We got into the air and had an hour's flying. That was Feb. 21. We made a second flight the next day and a third a few days later."

On those flights Admiral Byrd discovered that the coastline consisted of a plateau about 3,000 feet high. He reckoned it extended for 1,100 miles. The new found land has no commercial value for the moment, he said, though it might later be used as a stop on an airplane route to Asia.

"Its principal value is scientific," he said.

After the three flights the Bear continued on to Palmer Land, where the East Base was established. There was considerable difficulty in setting it up, for last-season storms frequently rolled the ship over at a 40 degree angle and other-wise hampered operations.

The base was finally established after eight days and Admiral Byrd left for Valparaiso on the Bear on March 20.

PAY TRIBUTE TO COAST GUARD

(Beaufort News)

On August 4. 1790—one hundred and fifty years ago—the Coast Guard was established—and since that time, its ships and stations have acted as safeguards to seaborne commerce. It is hard, therefore, for us to view this changed order of things with calm and disconcern.

But, against the fact of world disorder, it is wise to enumerate the elements of strength in our national defense. The Coast Guard is a military service of the United States—in time of war it becomes a part of the Navy automatically. On this Coast Guard Day—I can assure you—that the rigorous service the Coast Guard performs in peace, keeps it always ready to act efficiently in war. Our fleet of cutters, manned by trained and hardy seamen—many of whom are natives of this great state of North Carolina, will, I know, as in past wars, acquit itself with honors and effect.

The crews of our Coast Guard stations likewise are veterans with special military value and who will if Coast Guard is called upon to take active part with U. S. Navy, prove their value in landing troops from ships in small boats through broken and treacherous waters. They mann our lookout stations along the beach—attend the lights and other aids to navigation—bearing in mind the principal job of the Coast Guard—to provide safety at sea—for men and ships. And, with every one of you today, we, in the Coast Guard look towards the time when the only dangers to safe navigation will be the acts of God—and not the wilful acts of man. For, in such times—times of world-wide peace—the Coast Guard performs its primary services to the nation and to humanity.

Though, of necessity, we keep our service trained and prepared for military use—we maintain our hope that the Coast Guard—throughout the years to come—may have little interference in its primary business of giving friendly help to all sailormen who ply the seas in peaceful trade—of being evidenced of this nation's example and leadership in building a better world to come.

I look back with great pride on the Coast Guard's record of accomplishment for these past 150 years—but, I look with still greater pride to the important part it will play in creating a better understanding among men of the seagoing fraternity of all nations—in the years to come. I thank you.

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Many a son has lost his way among strangers because his father was too busy to get acquainted with him.

—William L. Brownell.

THE SECRET OF MAKING A LIVING IS TO KEEP ETERNALLY AT IT

(Beaufort News)

Two young men among many others, of course, but two we have in mind at the present time, easily prove that people can make a living. First it is necessary to work, and second to keep at it continuously. It is not necessary to be slaves, but one must be willing, resourceful, and thrifty.

One doesn't have to be a slave in Hyde County, or to fall back on relief. Some of our boys may think so, for many of them are leaving for outside employment, or to enlist in the navy. Not so with Carl and George Thomas Gibbs, brothers, of Middletown.

These young men live in a comfortable home, they have a radio, small truck, good clothes, fine shotguns and many other things that young men enjoy. Many will say that it cannot be done here, but these boys do it. and they do it by crabbing, fishing, oystering and trapping, which reminds us that the days of making a living from the sound and creeks are not gone, but only waiting for the fellows to work them.

During these hot August days when fishing is dull and the oyster season is closed, these boys take their sail skiff and crab in waters near their home. They work during the early hours of the morning and catch a barrel or two of crabs, put up their sail and take them to Middletown to be shipped to Belhaven to market. They are generally through work by ten o'clock and have made good wages. They have the afternoon and evening off to whittle miniature boats, go swimming, work on their boats, etc. It is not a bad life at all—Out in God's fresh air, where the sunshine tans your skin and the shells toughen your feet.

This fall they will go down the sound and fish with their drag net, and if things go their way, they'll bring a nice pile of money home to flash and jingle. It is not bad at all —eating biscuit fried on the marsh with fresh boiled fish cooked in the campers style. We fellows who ramble around on the street can't imagine just what a life these fellows live. There is plenty of hard work, but money and contact with nature.

When winter comes, these boys will dredge oysters and plant them on their oyster farm, to sell during the spring and summer months, and during the holidays. Their hands become tough from pulling the oyster dredge rope and handling shells, but that is not bad. The man in the office hurts his hands when he gets mad at the typewriter.

Trapping brings them money in season, and they have a knack for catching fur. Muskrat and mink are easy victims of their traps. It is a picture to see them come in on a cold winter morning loaded with furs. Money, fun, and excitement is all theirs. There is no one to boss them except the laws of nature and the state. Many are the lads who would like to live the life of these brothers. They are the envy of their neighbors and their friends.

Who says a government job is the only salvation of the young man; who says that Hyde County does not afford an opportunity for the young man who is willing to work; who says that the day of making a living from the sound is over? It cannot be said truly in our opinion. The Gibbs boys are proof of that point.

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THE INDIAN'S TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

(The Indian language is not easily subject to translation, and in their intercourse with each other the various tribes used a sign language, more or less universal, which they have evolved. The following is a translation of the Twenty-Third Psalm which can easily be interpreted in sign language.—Ed.)

Great Father above is shepherd Chief. I am His and with Him I want not.

He throws out to me a rope, and the name of the rope is Love, and He draws me, and He draws me to where the grass is green, and the water is not dangerous, and I eat and lie down satisfied.

Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls down, but He lifts me up again and draws me into a good road. His name is Wonderful.

Sometime—it may be very soon, it may be longer, or it may be a long time—He will draw me into a place between the mountains. It's dark there, but I will not draw back. I will fear not, for it is there between these mountains that the Shepherd will meet me, and the hunger I have felt in my heart through this life will be satisfied. Sometimes He makes the Love rope into a whip but afterwards He gives me a staff to lean on.

He spreads a table before me with all kinds of food. He puts His hand on my head, and all the 'tired' is gone. My cup He fills till it runs over.

What I tell you is true; I lie not. These roads that are away ahead will stay with me through life, and afterwards I will go to live in the 'Big Tepee' and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.—Charity & Children.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN AUGUST

By Ruth I. Simon

begins to arrange her Christmas

As early as August Mother Nature center-pieces. She does not limit her special decorations to the holidays, but gives us their beauty and gaiety many months in advance. To form some of her most festive touches she takes a piece of dark green moss, and on it she places the bunchberries, their heads so heavy with scarlet berries that often they cannot hold them erect.

She does not make these center-pieces in an hour or even a day. In April or early May her first preparations are apparent, although they were really begun long before. Then many four-sided scaly stems begin to push through the ground. Soon at their top are the folded leaves held aloft as if they feared the dampness of the forest ground. In mossy forests from Newfoundland to Alaska, and through the northern states from New Jersey to California, they grow, often abundantly. When warm sunny days come to the cool forests the pointed leaves begin gradually to unfold, until four, five or six of them form a bright green whorl. In their center on a stem about an inch above them comes the blossom, opening in late May or June.

This flower has a strangely familiar appearance, a striking resemblance to some old friend. Here a microscope is a help, for what looks like a single blossom is really a cluster of tiny green florets, surrounded, not by petals, but by snowy white bracts or leaflets. The important task of these bracts is to make the flower conspicuous enough to attract the insects to their nectar feast, and to their service of pollination.

The much larger blossoms of the flowering dogwood have the same arrangement, and this is the easily recognized resemblance. Bunchberry is truly a small edition of its much beloved cousin that decorates our woodlands in early spring. Botanically they are closely related for they are both members of the dogwood family. It is strange that among the dogwoods or cornels, which are almost all large shrubs or trees, there should be one member which must stretch hard to reach more than nine inches from the ground.

Summer days pass rapidly and soon the white bracts drop. Then the green florets grow into berries which gradually turn scarlet for nature's center-piece. Although they are rather insipid and uninviting to the taste, the small forest animals find them a welcome addition to their pantry. Scotch Highlanders call them "the plant of gluttony," because of their supposed power to increase the appetite. We are told that they form a part of the winter diet of the Eskimo tribes of the north.

When the colder days of fall come to the forest the berries drop, and in another form the plants again suggest Christmas. The green of the leaf whorl changes, often turning to red. Then they seem like tiny poinsettias, a holiday touch of color against the brown and green of the forest carpet.

WINGS OVER ALASKA

By Richard Wetherell

Cara Alden was preoccupied with the final business of packing. She filled the room with brisk, competent sounds—the opening and shutting of bureau drawers, the sharp, little clicks of her heels on the floor, the soft rustle of her dresses and things as she placed them carefully in her bags.

Cara was going home!

She straightened up to her full, slim height, hesiting a moment to glance out through the window. But a little mist had come before her dark she didn't see anything out there for eyes like a curtain. And her heart seemed to drop dizzily.

Never again would she fly in a plane to one of Alaska's small settlements to treat a sick child, or answer an emergency call to a mine. She had made her last plane trip as assistant to old Doctor Barlow, company physician and surgeon of the Royce-Alaska Airways—

"Cara Alden," she said in her best professional tone "don't be a little idiot, please!"

Of course it was hard leaving. On the whole, this great land of the North had been good to her. The moments of supreme happiness had more than overbalanced the hardships. But wasn't she getting just what she wanted? Opportunity! Not every young physician got the chance to work in the great Seagraves Clinic, in the states. It was a dream come true, surely.

Reasoning thus, Cara went back to her packing. She had all but finished when a sharp knock came on her door.

A tall young man stood and looked down at her gravely when she opened it. Cara gave him a quick, warm smile.

"Why Jimmy,"she exclaimed,"come in! What brings you here so early in the morning?"

Jimmy Osborne, pilot for Royce-Alaska Airways, entered, with a curt nod. "Business," he told her. The one quick glance he cast about the room was almost morose.

"What business, if it's any of my business?" smiled Cara.

"It might be," conceded the young pilot. "Only I hate to ask you."

"Ask away, Jimmy."

He nodded. "Okay. There's been an accident—a bad one, I guess—out at the Forlorn Valley Mine Word just came in."

The laughter left Cara's eyes. She became, in an instant, the cool efficient doctor who must answer the call to duty. She actually turned to get her black medicine bag, then she remembered. This wasn't her call! She had made her last call! Her manner was a bit uncertain when she turned back to Jimmy.

"I suppose Doctor Barlow has gone out," she murmured.

"No." The pilot shook his head. "Doc is away, and won't be back till this evening." There was a quiet challenge in his eyes. "Will you go out with me?"

Cara stared at him unhappily. "But you see. Jimmy, I—my boat sails at five. That new job means everything to me, and if I should miss the boat for any reason whatever, I'd lose my great chance—"

"I can get you back in time," promised Jimmy, "—unless something unexpected happens."

Cara glanced about the room in a kind of helpless desperation. What could she do? What could she say? "But, Jimmy, there's a chance that I mightn't get back—"

Jimmy Osborne was speaking again. "Mr. Royce sent me up to see you, Cara. We know we're asking a lot, but"—he spread his hands significantly—"men are out there—hurt!"

The silence was tense as Cara hesitated. Reason told her to wait there in her room, and thus assure herself of catching the boat. She wasn't working for Royce-Alaska Airways now. They had no right to ask so much of her! And yet, boldly and unalterably, stood forth the realization that she could not put thought of herself above the call to duty.

"I'll be with you in a minute, Jimmy," was all she said.

No further words passed between them until they were ready to go out together. The young pilot spoke then. "You're a sport, Cara," he said in a low, husky voice.

Mr. Royce, anxious and impatient, was waiting for them out at the airport. He grasped Cara's slender little hand in both of his big ones impulsively. "This is good of you, Cara. So good!" And then, while Jimmy was tucking her solicitously in a little cabin plane. he added: "I don't know what we'll do without you. I'm almost tempted to order Jimmy to keep you out until it's too late for you to catch the boat."

Cara smiled at him. "Is that the way you would treat a friend, Mr. Royce? I must get back—"

The sudden roar of the motor erased the sound of her voice. And a moment later Jimmy took the plane from the field in a sharp, almost vertical climb. He leveled finally, swung east and north.

They were flying through a network of mountain peaks now. Off in the distance Cara could see the higher, snow-capped peaks She became aware that Jimmy was holding out to her a scrap of white paper. His lean young face was slightly flushed. Cara took the paper, while the sudden light of curiosity flashed in her eyes, and read slowly:

> Cara, I haven't the courage to tell you this, face to face. It's so much easier, you know, to be selfish on paper.
>
> But won't you stay here in Alaska, please? Everybody loves you. You have done so much good here. Why, I honestly believe that some folks just play at being sick, so you will come swooping down out of the sky to visit them.
>
> Without you, Cara, Alaska won't be the same. Everybody loves you.
>
> That last goes for me too!

Cara looked at the bit of paper for a long time. Queerly, she had to blink her eyes, again and again, as though there were particles of dust in them. Good old Jimmy! Abstractedly she took a stub of pencil out of her black bag, and wrote on the back of the scrap of paper.

Jimmy accepted it mutely. Watching him out of the corner of one eye, Cara saw him read the note. saw the muscles of his young face tighten. That was all. But it brought a little ache to her heart. Why did one have to hurt one's friends so? For she had written:

Jimmy that's a compliment I'll never forget. It was sweet of you. But I must think of my future.

Alaska has been good to me. I'll never forget. I love every single soul in this great land.

That last goes for you too!

The plane roared on toward Forlorn Valley. Quite some time later —Cara had been lost in a deep reverie —she awakened fully to the fact that there was something wrong. She sat up with a jerk. One quick glance sufficed to show her Jimmy Osborne sitting straight and tense, with a grim, forbidding look on his face.

Cara frowned, trying to think, trying to bring her mind to a fine point of concentration. Something out of the ordinary had entered into the situation. Of that, she was certain. But what? A sense of impending danger came to her. But from what source? Then she got it: the motor was not the same!—its rhythmic sound was broken! And even as she made this discovery, and her heart skipped one beat, the motor went dead, after making great sucking noises as though gasping for breath.

Jimmy Osborne shot her one tight look of reassurance. After that, he was busy with the plane

Cara knew no fear—not much, anyway. Perhaps there hadn't been time for fear to spread its ugly head. She could even marvel at Jimmy's skill as he put the plane onto a long glide, fighting for their lives, crouched tensely there at the controls, yet supple, swift in all his movements.

Down! The sound of the wind against the wing surfaces and fuselage. Side-slipping through a windy pass, the plane threatened to turn upside down.

Cara closed her eyes for a moment. She thought of many things—the injured men waiting helplessly at the mine, the boat which was to take her home to the states, Mr. Royce's words about making her miss that boat. Maybe it was a dream! Perhaps she would wake up and find herself in the consulting-room of the great Seagraves Clinic—

The slight shock of the wheels striking hard ground was no part of a dream. Cara braced herself. Her eyes opened suddenly. But there was no crash! The plane jolted along a narrow, level stretch of ground, coming to a stop almost at the door of a wilderness shack.

Jimmy Osborne sighed, and opened the door of the plane. "Are you all right?"

Cara nodded.

"Something would have to happen at a time like this!"

Cara followed him to the ground just as a beared prospector came charging out of the shack, waving his long arms jubilantly.

Cara knew this place. She had flown out here, several months before, to assist Doctor Barlow in setting John Quirk's broken leg. But this wasn't John Quirk coming to meet them, it was his partner Job Yuce.

"It's the lady doc," he bellowed, "and Jimmy Osborne! My, my, but ain't I glad to see you!" He pumped their arms up and down until those members ached. "My, but ain't I glad to see you!" he repeated. "But what brings you out here?"

Jimmy explained quietly. "Carburetor trouble, I think," he finished. "Mr. Yuce, perhaps we owe our lives to your foresight in leveling off this stretch of ground."

The man was almost overjoyed. It

was a godsend, nothing less, he told them. For hadn't John Quirk, the clumsy cow, gone out, this very morning. and fallen and hurt his leg again! Of course, yes, the lady doc and Jimmy would come in and see him.

"You go, Cara," said Jimmy. "I've got a job to do."

John Quirk seemed as pleased as his partner at seeing the lady doc again. Both men talked volubly while she examined the injured leg.

"Your leg is coming along all right, Mr. Quirk," she told him, at length. "A little tender yet, I imagine." She smiled. "The thing to do is give it a good, long rest. Let Mr. Yuce do all the tramping around."

She was unaware of the flight of time until Jimmy came in to say hello to John Quirk. She glanced at her watch then and discovered that forty-five minutes had passed since they landed. Jimmy informed her that he had located the trouble in the carburetor, repaired it, and was now ready to go.

"We'll have to step on it," he said, gloomily, "if we expect to get you back in time to catch that boat."

Of course the two old prospectors, athirst for news, wanted to know all about the boat. But upon learning that Cara was leaving Alaska, in fact, this very day, they fell strangely silent.

"There ain't so many people in Alaska," said Quirk, after a little "that we can afford to lose *you.*" . . . .

Their words of farewell were quite subdued. And the last thing that Cara saw, as the plane took to the air again, was the solitary figure of Job Yuce standing just outside the little shack.

The plane thundered on to Forlorn Valley without further trouble. Jimmy set it down in a hurry, and Cara found three badly battered miners waiting to be patched up.

Tom Drake, whom Cara had seen before and vaguely remembered as a huge, strapping fellow who might have been expected to be totally immune to bodily injury, glanced up from his cot with a crooked, little smile.

"Doc," he murmured, "I reckon it's almost worth being hurt to have you dropping in like this."

For a moment Cara's professional calm threatened to desert her. Strangely, she felt her eyes misting. She turned to ask Jimmy Osborne if he would act as her assistant. This was going to be a tough job.

The pilot nodded.

Hours later, Cara was moved to compliment him. "Jimmy, you would have made as fine a surgeon as you are a pilot."

His stern young face relaxed a little, but all he said was: "How much longer will it take, Cara?" For he was fully cognizant of the swift passing of time. And he had given Cara his promise that he would get her back in time to catch her boat. That promise lay like a great weight in his mind now, as the probability of fulfillment was becoming an uncertainty. The story of his stress was written in his face for Cara to see.

She came out of her absorption for a moment to shake her head a little wearily. "I'm doing the best I can," she told him. "I'm afraid we'll have to take Drake back with us. There's a possibility of an internal injury."

More minutes passing. An hour! Cara was too busy to think. But Jimmy's growing tension was plainly descernible.

At last, however, they finished with

the third—and last—man. Still dissatisfied with Tom Drake's condition, Cara had him carried out and placed in the plane. She made him as comfortable as she could. then informed Jimmy Osborne that she was ready to go.

Jimmy stood beside her for a moment. "Cara, we only have about an hour," he mumbled. "I—I'm sorry, now, that I brought you out. But I'll do my best to get you there in time."

Cara nodded, and climbed into the plane.

The ship went out of the valley like a rocket, and pointed its nose toward the airport.

It had been a very trying day. Cara lay back wearily, idly watching the young pilot. Jimmy was coaxing the last drop of performance from the little cabin plane. He was calling upon every ounce of the flying skill which had brought him some little fame as one of the finest pilots in the North. The little watch on his wrist seemed to fascinate him; again and again, his eyes came back to it. Cara watched him until she, too, was fascinated

It was like playing a game, with the odds against them! And the little watch was the referee!

Cara noticed when Jimmy's manner changed and his hard-drawn look was replaced by the confident attitude of the victor. A glow of satisfaction appeared on his young face.

Wings over Alaska!

The plane swooped down upon the airport like a falcon. Jimmy had the door open almost before the ship rolled to a stop.

"Come on, Cara!" he cried. "Mr. Royce will take care of Drake!"

But Cara didn't move.

Jimmy looked at her a bit impatiently. "I tell you, kid, we've got to shake a leg!"

"There's no hurry, Jimmy," Cara said quietly. "I'm not going."

"But—I—you said—your great opportunity—" Evidently Jimmy was was at a loss for words.

Cara smiled. A sort of calm happiness swept over her in a gentle wave.

"That's what I thought—until today, Jimmy." She smiled again. "I was wrong—dead wrong. I know it now! There are enough opportunities here in Alaska to keep me pretty busy—for mending broken bodies, and for something else. It's a little hard-to name the 'something else'; let's call it friendship, Jimmy. So if I can talk Mr. Royce into giving me back my old job—"

Jimmy Osborne laughed He was still rather dazed, but he could laugh. And it was a laugh of a victor.

"Honestly. Cara," he grinned, "I don't believe you'll have any trouble there."

———o———

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm. . . . It moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Bulwer.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Scarboro and his group of young helpers recently repaired the electric switches and fuse boxes in the school building.

—o—

There has been considerable activity at our cannery this week. Mr. Walker and his boys have been canning string beans for winter use.

—o—

The steady hum of tractor and ensilage cutter tells us that the barn forces are now attending to the annual task of cutting corn and filling the silos at the dairy barn.

—o—

For the past two weeks, "Old Sol" has really been "bearing down", resulting in some very hot weather. During this time the boys have been enjoying regular periods at the swimming-pool.

—o—

The Cabarrus County League baseball game between the Training School and Poplar Tent, scheduled to be played on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon, was forfeited to the School lads, as the visiting team failed to make its appearance.

—o—

Our office force has been quite busy for some time, preparing the School's budget for the next biennium. This report must be presented to the State department by the first of September, and our bookkeepers have had to "step on it" in order to get it in on time.

—o—

Rev. J. T. Barham, pastor of Glenwood Presbyterian Church, Greensboro; Rev. M. G. Lyerly, pastor of Popular Tent Presbyterian Church, and his wife, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Morris, cottage officer and matron at Cottage No. 13, one day this week. While here they visited the various vocational departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building, the textile plant and other places of interest on the campus. Rev. Mr. Barham is conducting special services at the Popular Tent Church.

—o—

An item in a recent issue of the "Watauga Democrat," a weekly newspaper published at Boone, N. C., attracted our attention. It read as follows:

"Miss Charlotte Lund, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Lund of Somerville, N. J., and granddaughter of Mrs. Robert Mast, of Vilas, recently chosen as Somerset County's must typical American girl, won the title of 'Miss World's Fair" at the New York world's fair in ceremonies commemorating New Jersey Day at the fair and the inauguration of the new state network of radio stations, headed by WAAT, Jersey City.

"A typical American girl from each county in the state of New Jersey attended the New Jersey Day ceremonies as guests of WAAT, met Governor A. Harry Moore and Mrs. Moore and posed for a number of photograhps with the governor's party.

"Miss Lund, along with the other eight girls winning special designation, appeared on a radio program and were feted by the governor and world's fair officials.

"Miss Lund is well known in Watauga County, and spent the month of July at the home of an uncle, A. Newton Mast, of Cove Creek."

This news story is of special inter-

est to the people at the Training School, Miss Lund having spent some time here this summer, visiting her cousin, Mrs. J. H .Hobby, matron at Cottage No. 15. This young lady has a most pleasing personality and during her brief stay at the School, she made many friends, who are delighted to learn that she won such high honors up in New Jersey.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte was in charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Gene Davis, who led the boys in singing a number of their favorite hymns, and also rendered a solo in his usual entertaining manner. Following the singing, Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. Paul Sheon, director of the Pan-American Bus Lines in Charlotte, who made the address of the afternoon.

Although Mr. Sheon is a business man, he is definitely interested in the spread of Christianity. He addressed the boys in an interesting, understandable manner. His text was Christ's words: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The speaker pointed out that there are many ways in which Jesus seeks sinners. Only a few were mentioned in the message for the afternoon. He stated that Jesus sometimes seeks through a sermon, or perhaps through a friend, who takes one by the hand and leads him to Christ.

Mr. Sheon told the boys that sometimes one is sought out through the memory of a mother's prayer. He illustrated this manner of seeking by the story of a son who had gone far astray from the Christian life. In fact, he had wandered so far away that he was ready to give up completely, and kill himself. Then there came to him a vision of his mother, who so often in his youth, had retired to the orchard, under an old apple tree, to recieve through prayer light for guidance of her children.

The speaker then stated that sinners are often brought to Christ through trouble or through love. There is no need for anyone to think himself or herself too small to be able to do something to help bring others to Christ. He then told the story of a small girl who could not find room to sit in the Sunday School in her neighborhood, and began a fund for the erection of a larger Sunday School building. Each errand she would run for someone brought to her fund a penny. She finally accumulated fifty-seven cents which was donated to this splendid cause. This amount, small though it was, became the down payment on a choice lot in the city of Philadelphia, on which the famous Temple Baptist Church now stands.

———o———

Love makes all heavy things light, all bitter things sweet. Let us then love with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our mind and with all our strength, with all our understanding, and with all our powers.—Francis of Assisi.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending August 25, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) William Drye 8
(2) Noah J. Greene 9
(2) Edward Johnson 11
(2) Frank May 11
Mack McQuaigue 7
(2) Jack Warren 11

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Charles Chapman 3
(2) John D. Davis 8
Robert Keith 7
Milton Koontz 2
(5) Forrest McEntire 10
(5) Donald McFee 11
Richard Patton
(2) William Shaw 9
James C. Stone 3

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

(4) Wesley Beaver 7
Paul Briggs 7
Quentin Crittenton 5
Paul Godwin 10
(6) Gilbert Hogan 8
(6) John Jackson 9
Ivan Morrozoff 11
(2) J. C. Nance 10
(6) George Newman 6
(9) Oakley Walker 9
(13) Melvin Walters 13
(3) John Whitaker 4
(3) Thomas Yates 4

COTTAGE No. 5

Collett Cantor 10
Harold Donaldson 7
A. C. Elmore 8
Monroe Flinchum 10
Charles Hayes 4
Sidney Knighting 7
Herbert McGee 7
J. C. Rinehardt 11
Currie Singletary 5
Richard Starnes 4
Fred Tolbert 7
Hubert Walker 11

COTTAGE No. 6

Leonard Dawn 4
(2) Leo Hamilton 5
Edward Kinion 4
Carl Ward 4
George Wilhite 4

COTTAGE No. 7

Clasper Beasley 8
(10) Paul Dockery 12
(13) Donald Earnhardt 13
(4) George Green 10
(13) Richard Halker 13
(2) Raymond Hughes 6
(10) Roy Helms 11
Robert Hampton 8
(3) J. B. Hensley 6
(2) Vernon Harding 4
(2) J. C. Long 5
(2) Robert Lawrence 11
Elmer Maples 10
(4) Arnold McHone 11
(2) Ernest Overcash 5
Carl Ray 8
(4) Alex Weathers 10

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Cecil Ashley 8
(13) Ried Beheler 13
(3) Jack Hamilton 12
(2) John Ingram 8
Otis Kilpatrick 5
Samuel Kirksey 2
Wilfred Land 2
(11) James Quick 11
Grover Revels 3
Walker Warr 2
Ronald Washam

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Mack Bell 10
(7) J. T. Branch 12
(8) David Cunningham 8
(2) George Gaddy 7
(2) Robert Gaines 8
(13) Frank Glover 13
Mark Jones 10
(6) Daniel Kilpatrick 9
(5) Richard Singletary 10

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Junius Brewer 10
(2) James Hodges 10
O. D. Talbert 8

COTTAGE No. 11

(13) John Benson 13
(11) Harold Bryson 12
William Furches 8
(8) Robert Goldsmith 10
(7) Earl Hildreth 11
(3) Fred Jones 7
Everett Morris 4
(13) Fred Owens 13
(5) Theodore Rector 11

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond 11
(4) Ernest Brewer 9
William Broadwell 9
(4) William Deaton 12
(8) Trely Frankum 8
(5) Woodrow Hager 11
Hubert Holloway 10
Tillman Lyles 11
Clarence Mayton 7
James Mondie 10
James Puckett 7
Howard Saunders 9
Charles Simpson 7
(4) Norman Smith 4
(2) Jesse Smith 2
(10) George Tolson 12
Carl Tyndall 9
(2) Eugene Watts 10
(2) J. R. Whitman 10

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) James Brewer 11
William Griffin 10
Vincent Hawes 9
James Johnson
John Murdock 3
Douglas Mabry 4
(2) Joseph White 3

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Raymond Andrews 9
(3) John Baker 8
(13) Mack Coggins 13
(4) Audie Farthing 12
(2) Henry Glover 7
(13) William Harding 13
Troy Gilland 6
Marvin King 8
(4) Charles McCoyle 9
(2) James Roberson 9
(3) John Reep 9
(4) John Robbins 11
J. C. Willis 3
(12) Wallace Woody 12
Jack West 7

COTTAGE No. 15

Claude Moose 5
Eulice Rogers 6
Brown Stanley 3
J. P. Sutton 8
Bennie Wilhelm

INDIAN COTTAGE

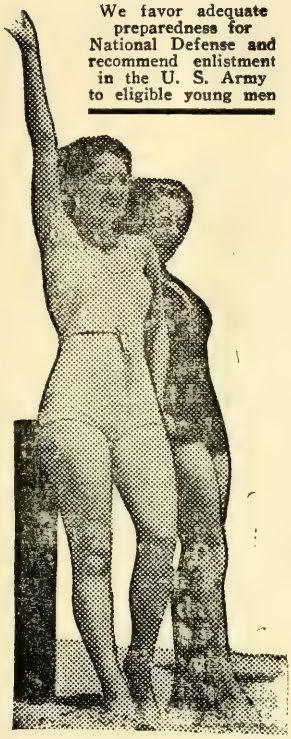
(4) Philip Holmes 10
(2) Redmond Lawry 8
(2) Harvey Ledford 5
(2) Redmond Laury 8
Thomas Wilson 9

———o———

The man who can hold his rudder with a firm hand, and steer his ship of life on a straight course among men with equanimity and patience, and who can bear what he must expect to happen —is a man.—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

We favor adequate preparedness for National Defense and recommend enlistment in the U. S. Army to eligible young men



Seashore Excursion

NORFOLK, VA.

AUG. 30 and 31, 1940

$3.00 ROUND TRIP FARE

Round Trip Tickets on sale for all regular trains (except Trains No. 37 and 38), August 30 and 31, final limit returning Monday Night, Sept. 2, 1940

Round Trip Fare $3.00 from all stations on Southern Railway System in North and South Carolina as shown below:

Blacksburg, S. C. to Danville, Va.
Blacksburg, S. C. to Marion, N. C.
Asheville, N. C. to Salisbury, N. C.
Charlotte, N. C. to Taylorsville, N. C.
Barber, N. C. to Winston-Salem, N. C.
Hillsboro, N. C. to North Wilkesboro, N. C.
Charlotte, N. C. to Columbia, S. C.
and intermediate stations.

VIRGINIA BEACH ROUND TRIP FARE—$3.75

Tickets Good in Coaches Only
No Baggage Checked—No Stop-Overs
Daylight or Night Trip

BATHING
SEA OUTINGS
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Consult Ticket Agents
R. H. GRAHAM
Division Passenger Agent
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

C 364

SEP 1940

THE UPLIFT

(Orange County)

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VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, NO. 36

THE CHAMPION

The average runner sprints until
  The breath in him is gone,
But the champion has the iron will
  That makes him carry on.

For rest the average runner begs
  When limp his muscles grow,
But the champion runs on leaden legs,
  His spirit makes them go.

The average man's complacent when
  He's done his best to score;
But the campion does his best—and then
  He does a little more.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING
AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

"THE TOY-STREWN HOUSE

"Give me the house where the toys are strewn,
  Where the dolls are asleep in the chair,
Where the building blocks and the toy balloon
  And the soldiers guard the stairs;
Let me sleep in the house where the tiny cart
  With its horses rules the floors,
And rest comes into my heart,
  For I am at home once more.

Give me the house with the toys about,
  With the battered old train of cars,
The box of paints and the books left out
  And the ship with her broken spars;
Let me step in a house at the close of day
  That is littered with children's toys,
And dwell once more in the haunts of play
  With the echoes of bygone noise.

Give me the house where the toys are seen,
  The house where the children romp,
And I'll be happier than man has been
  'Neath the gilded dome of pomp.
Let me see the litter of bright-eyed play
  Strewn over the parlor floor,
And the joys I knew in a far-off day
  Will gladden my heart once more.

Whoever has lived in a toy-strewn house
  Though feeble he be and gray,
Will yearn, no matter how far he roam,
  For the glorious disarray
Of the little house with its littered floor
  That was his in the bygone days
And his heart will throb as it throbbed before
  When he rests where a baby plays."

—Author Unknown.

ACCEPTED WITH APPRECIATION

When death claimed one of Concord's best known and esteemed citizens, the late J. F. Cannon, the story told in his will was to the effect that he loved his people, esteemed his friends, and thought tenderly of the orphan child without home or close friend.

Wordly possessions did not make a social barrier between him and the lowly class. His democratic spirit made him close friends in every walk of life. He loved humanity and left in the minds of all who knew him sweet memories of his genial spirit.

He was always mindful of the joys of childhood. He gave evidence of this statement in his last message to the people when he provided in his will of the bequest that is to be used specifically at the Christmas season for the children of the various orphanges and other institutions of the same kind.

The superintendent of the Jackson Training School has received notice from Dr. T. N. Spencer and Joe F. Cannon, adminstrators of the estate, that early in December the amount of $281.00 will be sent to this institution for the Boys' Christmas Fund. This amount is greatly appreciated and will make many boys' Christmas bright and cheery. The board of trustees and superintendent feel honored to know that this benefactor remembered this school along with other institutions of the state.

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THE RADIO

The radio has a two-fold value when used properly. It is a medium for education as well as a delightful pastime, broadcasting programs of past and present events of history, science, art, government and many other subjects that enable the general public to keep abreast of the times. The radio is a joy unless turned on in full blast in congested districts or communities. While this happens at times, such conditions are exceptions. The radio, in the quiet of the evening hours, is a fine companion if a good program is chosen.

There are programs arranged to suit all kinds and conditions of people. We grant we become a little weary at times when listening to the "spiel" as to the superior quality of the different soaps

and washing powders or the kind of vitamins of the many cereals while waiting for a program of music, a lecture or a bit of light opera. But taking the radio for all its worth, we feel it is one of the greatest inventions of the age. It finds a place in the home of the shut-ins and is a joy to those unable to read, either due to the lack of education, or one deprived of vision by misfortune.

Recently one particular broadcast of statistics was of interest to the nation, at least it should be. Those stastics told the story, according to the educator speaking over the microphone, when she said: "There are four million people in the United States who have never gone farther in school than the five primary grades, despite the fact there are schools of correspondence throughout the country with the record of over twenty thousand students registered annually who are taking such courses. We agree with the announcer, that there is no excuse for four million people going about with dimmers on in this land of opportunities. A high school or college certificate of graduation forms the background or skeleton of our future career to be filled out daily. With the radio, the schools, books and papers, there is no excuse for a normal person not being able to make two blades of grass grow where one grew previously.

The radio should not be placed in the home as a piece of furniture, but as a source of general information along all lines that gives a better understanding of conditions.

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USE OF BY-PRODUCTS

Science continues to find that all products of the soil have a value. In the following we learn that the by-products of the sunflower, the castor bean plant, linseed and hemp have values that to the masses are not realized. We live to learn: Take note of the following clipping from an exchange:

Rumania, in heeding the stern Nazi warning not export oils derived from sunflower seeds, castor beans, linseed and hemp, has precipitated another crisis in the already topsy-turvy commercial world. The Nazis are naturally thinking of their own mounting needs of fats and kindred products, and that seems a sufficient reason for their imperious pressure on another hapless nation.

But the action is demoralizing to the paint industry, for these prohibited oils are important elements in drying paint, varnish and lacquer. However, here is a chance to turn another knock into a boost. Perhaps it is too late to do much with the chance at once, especially in our northern territory; but there are many idle American acres, and even small plots available, that could be used to produce the crops that provide these oils next year. Farmers may need help, but it is good to have a new chance to become self-helpful.

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THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

We are carrying in this issue a most interesting story of the "Little Red Schoolhouse," a familiar landmark of long ago. Only those of mature years recall the picture as represented here. This story tells the progress our country has made along educational lines in the past half century. Every school child of today should read this article, so as to see by comparison the superior advantages realized by all of our country today. Instead of the single-room red schoolhouse, cold and cheerless, we now have the modern school buildings with every equipment, and teachers who have had college training. Instead of abusing the opportunities presented today, we should use them with greatest appreciation. We have gone far in the last fifty years when it comes to thinking of the youth of the land.

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THE DYING FIRE

A certain minister felt very keenly the absence from chruch of a once most faithful member. After some time had passed, he called at the home of the obsentee and found him sitting before an open fire. Somewhat startled by the intrurion, the member hastily placed a chair for his visitor, then waited for the expected rebuke.

Not a word did the minister say. Taking a seat before the fire, he silently took the tongs and, lifting a glowing coal from the midst of its fellows, laid it by itself on the hearthstone. Remain-

ing painfully silent, they watched the blaze die out of the coal thus removed from the rest of the fire. Then thhe truant murmured: "You needn't say a single word, parson; "I'll be there next Sunday morning."—Exchange.

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OASAYCAP

The "Oasaycap Chronicle", a monthly magazine issued by the printing class of the Boys' Industrial School, Topeka, Kansas, comes to this office regularly. The seemingly strange name of this publication has always been a puzzle to the writer, but has lately been explained by one who knew the school intimately for many years. This title—OASAYCAP—carries a significance that is of interest. It means "Open a School and You Close a Prison", the words of the great French novelist, Victory Hugo. Within the secret recesses of every mind and heart there is some good, written or unwritten. The selection of such a title for this fine little periodical is most appropriate, showing the goal of the Kansas institution—to save young manhood.

THE "LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE"

(B. & O. Magazine)

You have heard songs about "The Little Red Schoolhouse," but these little one-room schoolhouses really did exist many years ago Why they were painted red, no one seems to know.

In each little schoolhouse was a stove, but it didn't always work, so often the pupils sat with their coats on all day. And in those days children did not have sweaters to keep them warm, but they did wear heavy underwear in winter. Some of them wore red flannels all winter.

There was a big, heavy wooden water bucket with a dipper. All drank from the same dipper. They also used the same towel all day—sometimes there were forty of fifty of them. No wonder when someone got the mumps, or measles, or scarlet fever, most of the others in school got it.

There were no desks and chairs or comfortable seats. The only desks were long tables with shelves under them. And the seats—well, guess what they were like! For each desk that stretched across the whole width of the room, except for an aisle on the side, there was one long, hard wooden bench. On this, side by side, in a long row, sat a dozen or more children. And when they studied their lessons, they studied aloud until they had their lessons learned.

At recess time (they called it *recess*) they played some of the games that we still play. I Spy was one game, but they called it "Hide and Seek," or "Hide and Whoop." They played Hop Scotch, just as we play it, but in the middle of the road, marking the circles and squares with a stick in the dust. There were no automobiles, of course, and very, very few carriages. There were some ox-carts, and a few wagons. Men traveled mostly on horseback

There were no examinations as we now have them. But wait! Once a year the school trustees came and "examined" the children. They asked many difficult questions, and there were many hard words to spell. The trustees seemed to think that the children should know everything that these grown-up men knew. They must know their grammar thoroughly. And they must be able to solve hard problems in arithmetic—without working them out on slates (they did not use paper and pencils; these were too expensive). They had to stand up and work them out "in their heads" And if the pupils did not answer satisfactorily, what do you think happened? Were they punished? Well, they weren't kept after school, but if they were fond of their teacher, as most pupils were, they were really punished after all. for the teacher would be dismissed, and a new teacher hired who "knew something"!

There was a dunce cap for the stupid pupils, and there were cracks across the knuckles for misbehavior. And if greater punishment were needed, the boys were soundly thrashed with a horse-whip or a "cat-o-nine-tails." Sometimes the boys were punished by making them wear their sister's dresses to school, sometiimes for several days. Whispering in school was a great offense.

Every Friday afternoon each pupil had to "say a piece" (recite a poem). This custom continued for many years, even long after the little red schoolhouse had passed away.

There were no school busses in those days; children walked to school, some of them five or six miles each way, each day, rain or shine. Some of the pupils from well-to-do families on rainy days would be met by carriages, driven by faithful colored servants or slaves.

All this was before the Civil War. How fortunate we are to have such fine schools today!

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LOST COLONY FOUND?

Has the lost colony been found and the mystery all cleared up? The answer is bound up in the stones that have been discovered in the last three years and assembled in the museum of Berneau College, Gainesville, Ga. According to these stones, twenty-seven in number, the colony left Roanoke Island and journeyed southwest until the death of Eleanor Dare, one of the four or five survivors of the colony. We have not seen any of the stones. It is probably just as well as we have had no experience in judging the age of lettering on stones. The finding of so many stones in a brief period of time and the complete story that can be made out of the information gained sounds fishy. It is a fact that these stones were found after a reward was offered for the finding of them. On the other hand it seems to us that any one who had had any experience in reading from gravestones could tell whether the carving was done in 1590 or in 1940. It seems to us that making antique furniture would present no such problem as carving on a stone that would look to be 350 years old. We hope the stones with the information carved on them are authentic and that the quest for information about the colony has been successfully concluded. We wait for the verdict of experts in that field. In the meantime the scoffers are having their fun. The whole thing sounds so incredulous that proof will have to be unquestionable before it will be believed generally.—Selected.

BIG FELLOWS

By Chales Doubleyou

The average height of men and women all over the world has been found by anthropologists (those who study the science of man as a unit in the animal kingdom) to be five feet, five inches. Each race, of course, has an average height of its own, which changes little from generation to generation, but which varies considerably from the general average for all men. Thus, the Japanese, for example, fall slightly below the general average. The Scandinavians, on the other hand, are far above it.

A general belief prevailed among ancient peoples that the human race of their day had degenerated; that the men before them were of such greater stature and strength as to be termed giants. This belief is reflected in the classic mythology of all languages that there were actual giants, beings who were more or less man-like but enormous in size and strength. In Green mythology the giants were believed to have sprung from the blood of Uranus (heaven) which fell into the lap of Gaea (earth).

We are all of course familiar with the two Biblicial giants: Og, king of the race of giants of Bashan, and Goliath, slain by David.

Although there are strains and groups of large men, scientists have never located any skeleton or other evidence of such a race. Perhaps one reason for the belief in the previous existence of a giant race is that certain individual bones of the mammoth and the mastodon, both related to the elephant, have been mistaken for those of huge-sized men.

At all times, and among all peoples, however, there have been men and, occasionally, women who have reared their heads so far above the general average as to be classified as giants.

The Roman historian Pliny says that in his day—that is, during the reign of Emperor Claudius, at the beginning of the Christian era—a giant by the name of Gabara, measuring nine feet, nine inches, was brought from Arabia.

John Middleton, born in 1578, was nine feet, three inches.

Patrick Collier, of Ireland, born in 1761, was eight feet, seven inches.

Charles Byrne (also known as O'Brien) was eight feet, four inches. When he died in 1783, his skeleton became the property of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

In 1905, Machnow, a Russian, was exhibited in London, at the age of 23, measuring nine feet, three inches, and weighing 360 pounds. From the wrist to the tip of the second finger, he measured two feet!

Chang Wu Gon, a Chinese, measured seven feet, nine inches.

Anna Swan, of Nova Scotia, and her husband, Captain Bates, of Kentucky, were both over eight feet tall.

Living in Illinois is Robert Wadlow who thought that his eight feet, six inches of stature entitled him to the claim of tallest man in the world. When this came to the ears of Said Mohamed Ghazi, of Cairo, Egypt, he scoffed at Wadlow for being not a

giant but a baby. For the Egyptian is nine feet, eight inches tall!

From a medical standpoint, an excessive stature is considered abnormal and believed due to improper functioning of the ductless gland in the brain. They recognize, moreover, that persons of abnormally large frames need not be exceptional otherwise. In fact, some persons in this group are definitely inferior in mentality to persons of normal size.

Life, for the oversize, must be a continual trial. They are subjected to the stares of the passerby, and smart alecs greet them with the query, "How's the weather up there!" But these trials must be minor compared to the physical discomforts they must endure. No chair is ever large enoough, nor table high enough. No ready-made clothes or shoes will fit. They must stoop when entering a door, and must sit bent over in an automobile. No flight of stairs is adapted to their long legs. And, finally, unless it be made to order, no bed is long enough.

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THIS IS A RELIEF

Some folks have been doing a bit of worrying about what would happen to us as a nation, if our rubber supply from the Far East would be cut off, due to foreign developments. It was a was a picture of alarming proportions, for the importance of rubber is great in a country that has so much motor transportation. Ninety per cent of the rubber used in tire manufacture came from the Far East. So we asked what would result if we lost this raw material so essential to our industry and our defense.

It was with relief that we learned of synthetic rubber which will help us out of an emergancy. There is a way of making this rubber out of petroleum or natural gas by combining it with elements that produce a synthetic rubber. The cost of products will be slightly higher until goods can be turned out on a large production basis. But it is the relief of knowing that, were we completely cut off from our Far Eastern source, American manufacturers may turn homewards. For those who knew it not, our rubber import was controlled by a board in London who regulated the world's rubber supply. Sometimes in the past we have suffered through an unreasonable boost in price. Perhaps this synthetic rubber will give us protection from this, as well. We are convinced again that it doesn't pay to worry about matters.—Mooresville Enterprise.

THE COONSKIN LIBRARY

By Gertrude Germond

The log cabin meeting was only half over, Now that it had been decided to cut roads to replace winding paths and trails through the forest, there was another topic to be considered.

These men in shabby homespun and deerskin had brought their New England traditions to Ames Township, Athens County. Ohio. Even in the wilderneess their children had schools and learned to read. But there was so little to read. It was so hard to bring household furniture down rivers and through forests that books for the most part had been left behind.

In every cabin there was sure to be a Bible. Ephraim Cutler took the United States Gazette, but it was apt to be three months late. Yet there were the long winter evenings for reading. To be sure the women knitted and spun and the men made crude furniture and repaired tools, as the family sat around the big fireplace. The children took turns in reading aloud if there was anything to read.

They must have more books if the children were to have the background their elders had had in their New England homes. In fact, they must and would have a library. Now money was seldom seen in that settlement where food, clothing, fuel and most other necessities came from the forests or cleared fields.

Josiah True of Sunday Creek had an idea. Like most of the young men, he was a notable hunter. They had to be. Why not use pelts to buy books? His idea met with favor and contributions poured in.

Thomas Ewing, then fifteen, may or may not have been at the road-library meeting, but he heard about the library. That must have made his eyes sparkle, for he was book hungry. He knew almost by heart Watts' hymns and "The Vicar of Wakefield." To the project he gave all he had—ten coonskins. Of course, the library was not bought entirely with coonskins, although the name "Coonskin Library" was affectionately applied to it. There were other peltries and some money by the time Squire Samuel Brown was ready, in the spring or summer of 1804, to start on his trip to Boston.

It was autumn of that year when he returned, leading a packhorse carrying the sack of books. Thomas Ewing was present to see the sack opened and the precious books poured out.

Two ministers of Boston, to whom Mr. Brown had taken letters of introduction, had considered every taste in choosing them. Two histories covered the American and the French Revolutions, still of current interest. There was a biography of Washington, of course, also of Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro. Oliver Goldsmith, one of the most popular writers of the day, was represented by ten volumes, including poetry, history, and his "Animated Nature." For information there were an encyclopedia and a geography and gazeteer. Several volumes of sermons and religious treatises proved later to be much in demand. Fiction and general literature were not

forgotten, for there were Miss Burney's "Evelina," and Addison, Pope, Plutarch, and many others, fifty-one books in all.

On November 17, another meeting was held, at which Ephraim Cutler was elected librarian. No less than twenty-five regulations were adopted. Contributors were given shares valued at two dollars and a half apiece, according to amount contributed in money or skins. Only shareholders could draw books. Certain days were appointed for the drawing of books, quarterly from May to September, when the farm work filled the long days, and monthly from September to May, when there was more leisure.

Penalties in minutest detail were laid down for injuries to books, even to grease spots, stains and fingerprints. For keeping them overtime there was a fine of fifty cents, but this could be reduced or remitted on due consideration by the committee. Impassable snowdrifts and bottomless mud holes made valid excuses.

The record book is still in existence. Moses Everett, the schoolmaster, drew a frontispiece with scrolls, a pile of books in careful perspective and twining rosevines around the name "Western Library Association."

For many years the library grew and flourished. One man gave all of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and there were other gifts and purchases from time to time. Once the books were divided and a branch established at Dover, some distance away.

In time, however, as the Ohio country opened up rapidly, newspapers and magazines came in. In 1861, it was decided to dissolve the "Western Library Association." The two hundred and eight books then remaining in the original library were sold at auction and bought by three men. The next year they were all bought in by William P. Cutler, and to this day are cherished in their old-fashioned black walnut case, at the Museum of the Ohio State Historical Society at Columbus, Ohio.

This library meant much to the people of its day. It well repaid the efforts and sacrifices they made to establish it.

Marcus Aurelius said: "Remember on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle: that this is not a misfortune, but to bear it nobly is good fortune."

WHY DOESN'T GOD ACT?

By Winfred Rhoades

In this one of the most terrible days the world has ever known there are many troubled souls crying out the cry, "Why doesn't God act?"

What is it they are hoping for? Is it that a thunderbolt from heaven, or an assassin's bullet as its earthly equivalent, shall strike down some demonic leader? Is it that some destroying pestilence shall sweep through mad armies like the plagues of olden days and destroy them or make them unable to fight? Is it that floods, or earth tremblings, or cataclysmic storms shall overwhelm the hated powers of destruction and so bring to pass the salvation that needs to be wrought?

We need to search our thoughts, and question our deeper minds. Are we wanting God to overcome force by means of greater forces. not disavowing the devilish ways of humanity by using them with more power because of greater resources?

Two things need to be noticed.

The first is that destroying men does not necessarily destroy ideas. Ideas are greater than men. Our real wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers of the unseen realm, against darkness of the mind and spirit. Man does not rid the earth of sinister conceptions by bringing force to bear against them, but by throwing out into the world better, juster, truer, more attractive more constructive ideas and then putting them into practice. It was said, twenty-five years ago, that the victory of the forces that were battling against tyranny would establish liberalism in the world and set the earth free from the menace of war. Has that been the case? Ideas which it was attempted to destroy by force smouldered underground and developed until they were able to burst forth with more malice and more destructiveness than before. The ancient myth is just as true now as when first given to the world, and true on a vaster scale and in a more terrible way: sow dragons' teeth and your crop will be armed men.

If God should destroy from the face of the earth those whom we now look upon as the enemies of mankind, their ideas would survive, and would break forth afresh and wreck havoc once more in the world, unless we changed our ways radically.. When we wish that God should destroy those aggressors by some act of divine power, we are not necessarily wishing that the state of affairs upon the earth shall be improved. We may be wishing that our particular status quo shall be preserved. The state of affairs upon the earth will not be improved unless we change our ideas and bring into the world a really new and better way of communal and international joint tenancy.

That is what the social teaching of Jesus is fundamentally: a program for bringing into the world a new and better way of living. His law of love means this: that the desire to have all other men share in the good things of life shall take the place of the desire to have good things oneself without regard to what happens to one's fellows. That idea

of love is both revolutionary and evolutionary, but more especially evolutionary. It involves the discarding of much that we have cherished and the substitution of new ways of living together as children of God; and it will lead, as it is put into practice, to the gradual evolvement of ways of life that will give all men a chance to develop the possibilities that are latent within them.

The second error in our desire that God shall act with violence is that God is not the kind of being we are thinking him to be.

In but few places in the Bible are any definitions of God attempted, but in the Old Testament there are three significant statements which it is important to hold in mind. "God is spirit": that is one. "God is love": that is another. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all"; that is the third. How does God work in the world? The ancient prophet answered the question when he made the impressive statement: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

God acts in the world as a spirit: a spirit that will change us if we will permit the change to take place; a spirit that will change also the manner and quality of our corporate life, change for the better all that life and the world have meant. God is spirit, then we do the work of God in the world when we manifest a spirit like his. It is, therefore, our business to open the innermost door of our being to the divine spirit, the spirit that was in Jesus and acted through him, the Christ spirit. and invite that spirit to come into us and to become manifest to the world through us. The parable of the leaven has a profundity of meaning that has not yet in general been appreciated. We still trust in might and power, and forget that change for the better can never come about except as the leaven of the divine spirit works inwardly in human nature and makes that which now is into something better than now it is.

But what kind of spirit is God? God is the spirit of love. That is to say, God is the spirit of good will. It follows, then, that we work as the agents and instruments of God in the world only when we labor to make good will the effective power in the world. The beginning must be made with ourselves. Good will must be made the controlling spirit and the active, outreaching power of our own lives first of all. That is the way we become as leaven in the world—the leaven of God.

God is also the spirit of light. It is a noble figure and a glorious statement. God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. Does it, therefore, follow that whatever has darkness in it is contrary to God just in proportion to the amount of darkness that it holds? Does it follow that in proportion as we seek true light, we seek God, and find God, and follow God? It is our business as men and women who desire the world's salvation to turn ourselves apart from the ways of darkness and to practice in our lives the ways of light.

The questions we are having to decide at the present time are hard questions. It is not easy to tell what is the way of light and what is the way of darkness. But with the idea of light we have the principle of good will. Even then our problem is not easy; we have to decide what is good will in the long run and in the most effective way. Then comes the idea

of spirit. Spirit changes life not by a manifestation of force but by transforming men's habits of thinking and feeling and acting. It works by the world-process of evolution rather than by the human process of revolution.

It is, no doubt, because light and love and spirit are slow in their effects, and because their immateriality seems weak against the materiality and the ways of force, that we do not trust them more. We want quick results. We want manifest results, acknowledged results, and want them now. But the workings of light and love and spirit are the effective ways in the long run. For life is from within.

When we ask why doesn't God act we are asking why God doesn't intervene from without and do in some miraculous way what it is our business to do as the offspring of God who would be the representatives and agents of God, the very expression and manifestation of God in the world. God does not bring justice and goodness into the world by force. Justice and goodness come only when men desire them enough to work for them and sacrifice for them. and by sacrificial effort create them.

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DYNAMITE AND PEACE

Nobel, the Swedish inventor who created dynamite, one of the most deadly forces in a world that is at war, left a great portion of his fortune to further the arts and ways of peace. The Nobel Peace Prize has had international interest for a long time.

When the Wright Brothers produced a flying machine they were following out an idea that has possessed man for centuries, urging him to follow the birds in their flight. There could have been no thought in their minds of the terrible destruction in life and property the innocently-conceived invention would inflict on civilization.

There are many things which are both a curse and a blessing to mankind, according to the manner in which they are used.

The helplessness of man is shown when the curse cannot be eliminated and the blessing given a chance to work.

Some day, perhaps, mankind will advance to the point where great discoveries, with vast potential possibilities for both good and evil will be used only for the advancement of civilization instead of its destruction.—Morganton News Herald

A GIANT MADE OF SAND

By L. A. Eshbach

From a string of colored beads to adorn the person of an Egyptian princess to a skyscraper of translucent hollow blocks—that is the story of glass.

More than fifty centuries ago, tradition tells us a crew of Phoenican sailors anchored their bireme in a little cove on the barren shores of the Mediterranean to stretch their legs and prepare a meal. As they could find no rocks on the smooth, sandy beach, they built a fireplace with blosks of nitre (natural sodium nitrate). Imagine their surprise when this material fusing with the beach sand, formed a glittering transparent mass, a crude form of glass.

From that accidental beginning grew the great glass industry of today. And progress has been tremendous. When Edison made his first electric lamp in 1879, the bulbs were produced by the old-fashioned method of "blowing"—catching a mass of molten glass on a hollow tube blowing it into a bubble, and pressing it into a mold. By this method less than two hundred bulbs could be produced in a day. Now with automatic machinery electric bulbs of far better quality are produced at the rate of a hundred a minute.

When you think of the amazing parade of glass products which have come into use in recent years, we can readily see that the discovery of the ancient Phoenician sailors has grown into a giant of startling size. Glass windows, bottles, dinner ware, glass cooking utensils, lenses for eyeglasses and for huge two-hundred-inch telescopes. Glass is found everywhere; its uses are legion.

An ancient alchemist, working with his beakers and alembics. his combination of science and superstition, one day he discovered a glass that would not break. It bent, it could be dented, but it was flexible and could be repaired by a pressure of the fingers.

With visions of great reward. the alchemist fashioned a beauitful vessel out of this new glass and took it to his king. As he approached the monarch, he stumbled intentionally, dropping his gift. As it struck the stone floor the ruler and his attendants gasped. But the alchemist with a little smile picked up the vessel, smoothed out a dent in its side, and presented it to the king.

And the king, realizing that here was something which would be far more valuable than his gold and silver had the alchemist beheaded, destroying his secret with its discoverer.

A true story? We have no way of knowing. But today we have surpassed the discovery of the alchemist. Elastic glass is an actuality. Today in Czechoslavakia, glass diving boards are being used at swimming pools, and glass razor blades are on the market. Today glass-makers spin fiber filaments of glass, twist them together into threads resembling wool or silk and weave them into beautiful fabrics—materials which are fireproof, waterproof and acidproof.

Glass has recently been produced. In appearance it closely resembles ordinary paper, yet it is formed of short filaments of glass to which a

small amount of rubber has been added as a binder. This will find extensive use in chemical industries for filtering solids from acids which glass alone can resist.

The glass building block is finding increasing popularity in the construction of modern buildings. It is stronger than ordinary brick, more attractive and since its hollow center is a vacum it acts as an insulator against heat and cold. It can be produced in a wide range of colors, and therefore has almost limitless uses in the building trades. As evidence of this, an all glass building was recently erected in Toledo, Ohio.

Mirror makers have perfected non-fogging glass for the bathroom. The plateglass makers can now produce a "one-way-vision" glass which premits those on the inside to see out but prevents those on the outside from looking in.

Ordinary glass stops the ultra-violet rays of the sun, modern health glass permits these health-giving radiations to enter. Glass containing lead silicate has come out of the laboratory recently—a glass which acts as a shield against the harmful emanations of X-ray tubes affording protection for X-ray operators.

A giant made of sand!—

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The Metis, or half-breeds, of Saskatchewan, think the Canadian government owes them something. In this time of "new deals" for the forgotten third, "raw deals" for inoffensive, peaceful nations, the Metis want a "better deal." The Saskatchewan Legislature has been aroused by the discovery of Metis living conditions which "constitute a grave menace to the remainder of the population." In sheer self-interest the Provincial government has agreed to a grant for the Metis which will alow them to press a claim against the Federal Government. The situation has arisen, as usual, out of the failure of the government to pay the price settled upon for lands taken from the Metis. They have also suffered from discrimination against them as "halfbreeds," treatment accorded neither to the Indians nor a group of whites involved in the original transaction. The encouraging feature of the whole affair is that a minority of the underprivileged and despised can get a hearing of their grievances with the co-operation of the offending government. Whatever may be the faults of representative, democratic government, it has the peculiar glory of respecting and safeguarding the rights of the humblest individual, a glory that all of us need to appreciate and treasure.

—Selected.

UNITED STATES IS GREATEST OYSTER CONSUMER

By Herbert Hollander in Charlotte Observer

You remember, of course, how in Alice in Wonderland the Walrus spoke of ships and shoes and sealing wax, and how he and the Carpenter between them ate all the poor little oysters. Well, it has always been that way with oysters, from the dawn of history down to the present day. And the American people eat more oysters than any other in the world —enough, doubtless, to make the Walrus and the Carpenter turn quite green with envy.

For the next nine months oysters 'R' in the season," as the old, old story has it, and millions of what the synonym searchers call succulent bivalves will be consumed in all styles and in every part of the country.

In fact, so insatiable has become the public appetite for oysters that Federal and State governments have had to take drastic steps to insure an unfailing supply. And, indeed, because fishermen for so many years just grabbed up all the oysters and failed to practice conservation—which now is mandatory—the volume of oysters taken is much less today than it was years ago.

It really is true that if conservation steps had not been taken, the glorious flavor of the oyster, the manifold delights of the season which now is ushered in, might be just a memory. Thankfully, it is very much more than that, and whether you live on the coast, where fresh oysters are plentiful, or whether you are dependent on the canned or refrigerated product, you can still plunge your fork into the fat side of one of these juicy, tangy fellows and enjoy an epicurean delight.

And speaking of Epicurus brings up the fact that thousands of years ago, long before Roman times, prehistoric man liked his oysters, too. Science knows that because huge piles of oyster shells, sometimes called "kitchen middens," are found in coastal regions. You can get some idea of how fond our antediluvian ancestors were of this delicacy when you know that one such heap along the Damariscotta river in Maine is estimated to contain about seven million bushels of shells.

Our American Indians were great users of oysters. They ate them in huge quantities and also dried and smoked them for preservation. Such oysters were in common use for barter purposes.

The Romans not only ate oysters at their feasts but their poets sang their praise loudly. But then as now there was a difference of opinion as to which variety was the best. Some gentlemen about town thought that those brought back from Britain by the victorious legions deserved the palm; but others held out just as strongly for the home grown products, those from Lake Lucrinus.

Incidently, the legionnaires kept the British oysters fresh (they probably were Colchesters, still famous) during the long, slow trek back to Rome by packing them in snow and huge slabs of ice.

Yes, oyster eating is an ancient pastime, and in renewing it this year the American public will be continuing a custom so old that nobody really knows just when it did begin.

In carrying out conservation practices to save the oyster supply, the authorities today have a colonial precedent. Back in 1766 the Assembly of East Greenwich, R. I., passed an act forbidding "dredging or other methods of taking oysters except by tonging." In Maine and New Hampshire overfishing is said to have virually ruined the beds.

Today, dredging is restricted as to season and grounds, and where it is permitted it is hedged about with rigorous complementary conservation regulations. On certain public beds tonging alone is allowed.

The United States is wonderfully favored in the matter of oysters, and if the present conservation methods of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries and the various State and private agencies are continued and broadened—as is being done now on a wide scale—there never should be a dearth of this tasty and nutritious denizen of the deep.

Oysters are the most widely distributed sea food taken in American waters and are found in the salt and brackish waters of every state along the Atlantic Coast from Massachusetts to Texas, inclusive, and in Washington, Oregon, and California along the Pacific coast. By far the largest production comes from the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Of these, the Chesapeake Bay area holds first rank. The annual U. S. harvest of oysters averages about 11,700,000 bushels valued at more than $5,000,000 to the fishermen. It is estimated that this quantity yields about 63,000,000 pounds of food, which probably would have satisfied even the voracious Walrus and Carpenter!

The recognized oyster season extends from September to April, inclusive. The custom that oysters should not be eaten in any month spelled without an "R" probably dates back to the Middle Ages, in the opinion of Dr. R. H. Fiedler of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries. There is an old Latin phrase which, translated, means "oysters should be eaten only in certain months."

"Notwithstanding this custom," Dr. Fiedler says, "oysters harvested during the summer months are entirely edible and many people living along the seacoast eat them at that time of year. Their non-use during the summer in early times no doubt was due to the fact that it was difficult to transport fresh oysters far from production centers and also because oysters taken from many localities are not as solid and plump in summer, the spawning season."

Just to look at an oyster you might think its life was very dull. But quite the contrary is the case. He has a busy time and an exciting one, too, because the sea is full of natural enemies. In the free-swimming stage the tiny oyster larvae is a favorite food of many tough hombres, including brother oysters. After the spat, or young oyster, is securely attached to some firm object (whose support it must have to live or thrive) and begins building that sturdy limestone fortress about himself, he still isn't safe. No, not even after the fortress is finished, for in the latter stages of development cruel little aquatic creatures armed with drills, suction pumps. crushers, and other death

dealing devices prey upon the quiet and peace-loving oyster.

One such snail drills a hole in the shell of the oyster and then inserts a sharp "nose" into the cavity and eats the oyster meat, drat him! Then there is the amazing star fish who plots a whole campaign of action. This fellow attaches himself to the lip of the shell with his suckers, and then secretes a fluid which narcotizes the oyster. Then, oddly enough, the star fish inserts its stomach—literally turning inside out—between the shells and feeds on the meat inside.

Oyster fishermen have to keep after these and other oyster destroyers constantly in order to save the beds from spoliation.

It takes an oyster from two to four years to grow up and become juicy, succulent, tasty, and marketable. The age of an oyster can be reckoned from the successive layers making its shell, much as the rings on a tree indicate its age.

In its own eating the oyster strains enormous quatities of water in search for the minute particles which constitute its food.

With the depletion of the natural oyster beds oyster culture has become increasingly important. Sometimes this is restricted to growing spot for seed oysters; sometimes to the raising of transplanted seed oysters to oysters of marketable size; and seed oysters and the raising of oysters that you will want to buy from that seed.

Oyster culture is very much like sowing, cultivating, and harvesting a field of grain. Indeed, the oyster culturist now is known as an oyster farmer. There is nothing new about this either, because the ancient Romans and Chinese practiced a form of oyster culture. But it is true that never before has it been done on the scale, and with the methods, now employed in the United States. Production of the oyster farms is about equal to that of the public beds.

There are quite a number of oysters in vogue on American tables. Among the best known are Cape Cods—either Wellfleets or Cotuits—taken at Cape Cod; Blue Points, from Long Island; Long Islands; Lynnhavens, from around Norfolk, Va.; Chincoteagues, from the Virginia island of the same famous name; Morris Rivers, from that place in New Jersey; Olympias, from the State of Washington; and Pacific oysters, transplanted from Japan and now being grown with great success in waters of the Northwest. Some young eastern oysters are being transplanted annually to Pacific coast waters and fattened there, but the amount is not large.

Oysters are shipped in various ways: in the shell, shucked, and canned. The canned oyster is very largely used in sections distant from sources of fresh supply. The usual canning process consists of steaming the oysters to open the shell and then removing the meats. After washing, the meats are placed in the can and processed with heat.

It is generally known that oysters were among the first food canned in this country. The first cannery was opened in Baltimore in 1844 and for many years the Maryland metropolis was the center of the industry. However, in recent years Mississippi and Louisiana have become the principal oyster canning states. Lately the industry has started in Washington state. There the canneries are using the oysters grown from Jap-

anese seed. This oyster grows remarkably quickly, requiring but from a year to 18 months to reach maturity.

There is a growing business in shucked oysters frozen by special process and kept in cold storage for summer use. Also, oyster puree, chowder, and soups are said to be finding an increasing market; and a relatively new product is oyster powder.

Oysters first were eaten because they tasted good; later medical science found that they are decidedly wholesome, containing substantial quanities of elements essential to good health. And they are easily digestible.

The oyster contains, among other elements, iron, copper, and iodine, and one pint of oysters will supply about half of the phosphorus, one-third of the calcium, and all of the iron and iodine required by the average person in one day. The high iodine content of oysters makes the bivalves especially valuable in those areas where a lack of this element contributes to the prevalence of goiter.

Nutrition experts point out that the high iron, copper, and manganese content of oysters aids in making rich red blood; and they are particularly valuable in the oyster because they are so readily assimilated in that form. In addition to mineral content oysters have high protein and vitamin values. Further, the oyster contains glycogen, a substance resembling starch but virtually pre-digested.

Taken all in all, it has been said that the oyster is more nearly balanced nutritionally than almost any food save perhaps milk. It requires only fats and starches to round out the list of essential food elements.

The oyster is one of the very few food products which can be eaten in its entirety. Futhermore, the shell is put to a wide variety of uses. Shells are ideal for the collection of oyster spat and thousands of tons annually are returned to the beds. Many are processed for their lime content, and large quantities are ground and used for poultry feeds. In tidewater areas good roads have been built of oyster shells.

More than 60,000 persons are engaged in various branches of the oyster industry— and many millions are enjoying the fruits of their labors.

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Adolph Hitler, we read, says there have been times when starvation was staring him in the face. Couldn't have been very pleasant for either of them.—Exchange.

DIKES ALONG THE ROANOKE

(News & Observer)

James Cathart Johnston of Edenton, N. C., son of Governor Sammel Johnston, was the first owner of Caledonia Farm. He was a Scotch nobleman; hence the name Caledonia, Latin for Scotland, was given to his farm in Halifax County.

Caledonia, North Carolina prison farm, contains 5,500 acres. It is located in Halifax County, five miles northeast of Tillery; about seven miles down the Roanoke River from the town of Halifax, in latitude 36 1-4 and longitude 77 1-2. It is bounded on the north and east by the Roanoke River, on the south by Conoconarie Creek, and on the west by the Tillery Farm.

Most of the soil is an alluvial sandy loam and very fertile. 2.500 acres are low grounds and approximately 30 feet above sea level, and 3,000 acres range from 30 to 55 feet above sea level.

Prior to 1822, Caledonia was owned by a number of individuals. Between 1822 and 1826 James Cathart Johnston bought approximately 7,000 acres of land in Halifax County lying between the Roanoke River and Conoconarie Swamp. He paid about $12.00 per acre for the land.

At Mr. Johnston's death in 1862, Mr. J. H. Futrell became sole owner of Caledonia. During Mr. Johnston's lifetime Mr. Futrell's was overseer of the farm. At Mr. Futrell's death in 1866, Caledonia was divided by his heirs into a number of small farms and remained in small tracts till 1892.

In 1892 the State Prison Department leased 5,500 acres of the original 7,000 from the Futrell heirs. This lease was for a ten-year period with an option to buy the 5,500 acres at any time within the ten years for $9.00 per arce, less $2,500.00 for the cypress timber which the Futrell heirs had sold prior to the signing of the lease.

In 1883 the State Prison Department bought the lands covered by their option and owned it till 1919. At that time it was sold at public auction to a number of parties. The individuals who bought the farms could not pay for them so the prison authorities repossessed Caledonia in 1924, and own it at the present time. (November 1931).

When the prison authorites repossessed Caledonia Farm, all of the buildings were in a dilapidated condition and a great portion of the farm had grown up in brush and briars; so it was nececcary for the authorities to repair the old buildings, build new ones, buy farm machinery and livestock before the farm could be operated successfully. Caledonia at present is perhaps the best equipped farm in North Carolina, having its own cotton gin, flour mill, saw mill, cane mill, wood shop, cannery, slaughter house, dairy, garage, power and telephone lines. The present value of the buildings, machinery, water and sewer system, and livestock is approximately $600,000.00.

Evidently Mr. Johnston was a combination of the visionary and practical man. When he bought Caledonia, about 3,000 acres were swampy and overflowed from the Roanoke River every time a small freshet occurred. The low grounds were very fertile but useless except

for timber unless somes means could be devised to keep the Roanoke from flooding the low grounds. Mr. Johnston farmed the high ground and about 1830 began building a dike along the Roanoke and about 100 feet from the bank.

All of the earth in the dikes was placed by slaves rolling it in wheelbarrows and by carrying it in aprons. Every Winter, when the crops had been gathered, or every time a freshet occurred, approximately 1,000 slaves would be put to work building the dike. Every time a freshet would overtop the dike, Mr. Johnston would have his slaves build the dike high enough to protect the farm from a freshet of equal height. About 1850 the dike had reached its maximum height and no more work was performed on it by slaves. The contour of the river bank is uneven; so the dike ranges in height from five to 25 feet above the natural surface of the ground. The dike in 1850 contained approximately 650,000 cubic yards of fill materials, consisting principally of sand, and was 7.3 miles in length.

In January, 1865, a freshet occurred that overtopped and broke the dike in a number of places. As all the slaves were freed in April, the dikes were not repaired and all the low grounds returned to their natural swampy state. The dikes and farm remained in this condition till 1884, and in that year the State Prison authorities put convicts to work reparing the dike and clearing and draining the low grounds. No accurate information remains as to the number of prisoners used, or the length of time required to do this repairing.

The State Prison worked a force of four hundred convicts from October, 1912, till April, 1913, repairing the damages done to the dikes by the freshet of March 18, 1912.

The dike broke in one place in 1816 and another in 1919, and these places were immediately repaired.

The State Prison Department had a trunk-line installed under the dike to drain the farm and an automatic flood gate was placed on the river side of this trunk to keep the river water out in times of freshets.

Because of continual difficulties experienced with the dike, the State Prison authorities requested the Water Resources and Engineering Division of the Department of Conservation and Development to make an inspection of the dike in 1923 and in 1929. These inspections were made and certain improvements recommended, but the recommendations were not carried out. In 1930 the Superintendent of the State Prison requested the Department of Conservation and Development to make a complete survey of the dikes at Caledonia and to recommend detailed improvements. The survey was completed in October, 1930, and plans and specifications for the improvements of the dikes were rendered to the Superintendent of the State Prison.

In July, 1931, the Superintendent of the State Prison requested the Department of Conservation and Developments to send an engineer to Caledonia to set all grade stakes on the dikes and to see that the work was carried out according to specifications and recommendations.

The system of dikes when completed will be nine miles long and will contain approximately 750,000 cubic yards of earth fill, and will be

high enough to care for a freshet two feet higher than the 1912 high water.

Down the Roanoke River and adjoining Caledonia is the Old Pollocks Plantation, and down the Roanoke and adjoining the Pollock's Plantation lies the Looking Glass Plantation. There is a system of dikes which protected these farms before 1865. This system is seven miles long and contains approximately 450,000 cubic yards of earth fill, and ranges in height from two to ten feet above the normal surface of the ground. These dikes are now in bad state of repairs and it would take about 200,000 cubic yards of fill material to construct them so they would protect the farms from high freshets.

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GOOD TRAINING

There is something great and good and wholesome when a newspaperman, in the midst of all the strife and turmoil and uncertainty that seems to have gripped the world in its clutches can report that a group of young boys will leave next week for a several days' stay at a scout camp where they will learn how to work and play in a more wholesome way than they had known before, and where they will be trained in various fields that are useful to them now and which will be more useful to them in later years.

This business of scouting is definitely a youth movement, but it is an undertaking that seeks to train boys, as well as girls, how to assume the responsibility of citizenship when the time arrives for them to do so, and in that respect it is different from youth movements in other sections of the world. It trains them in discipline without being excessively harsh; it teaches them crafts of various kinds that can be put to useful services immediately; and above all, it teaches them the value of democracy as no other form of training can.

It is a valuable training these boys and girls receive in their scouting activities, both in their troop work and at the annual encampment. It is another program that needs to be broadened to include more boys and girls in its scope, for its training is valuable, its comradeship is wholesome and its philosophy for righteousness is something vitally needed in these trying times. Every scout, looking back on his scouting days from the pinnacle of adulthood, does so with gratefulness that he received such precious instruction while a youth.

—The Roxboro Courier.

IN PRAISE OF BUTTERMILK

(Christian Science Monitor)

Buttermilk reminds me of Milton's "L' Allegro". Not that there is any mention of buttermilk in the poem. The nearest Milton comes to buttermilk is a reference to "milk-maid," "junkets," and "cream-bowl." Yet buttermilk and "L'Allegro" somehow go together. The poem is a description of the joys of country living, and buttermilk is one of them.

When I say "buttermilk," I mean real buttermilk with specks of butter floating in it, buttermilk so rich and foamy you might almost eat it with a spoon, yet pouring as smoothly from pitcher to glass as nectar from the bowl of Hebe.

The buttermilk I drink comes from a certain farm kitchen where the women churn three or four times a week. It costs five cents a quart. When no one comes to buy, it is fed to the chickens. I do not begrudge them this delicacy. It is as good for them as it is for me. Doubtless they enjoy it as much as I do. Yet what continues to amaze me is that chickens should ever get a chance at it.

There are two ways to approach buttermilk. One is to be brought up with it. The other is to discover it. My father approached it in the first way. Of all the stories he used to tell of his boyhood on the farm in Nova Scotia. none is more vivid to me than his account of a favorite between-meal lunch of bread, molasses, and buttermilk. When the loaves of bread were just coming from the brick oven. you broke off the long crisp crusts where the dough had run over the edge of the pan dipped them in molasses, and ate them to the accompaniment of buttermilk It was a good thing my grandmother baked often and that the supply of buttermilk was large, for my father was the youngest of ten brothers.

I am not much given to praising food and drink—at least not in print. If I were to make a list of the joys of country living, I would not emphasize what feeds the stomach. The imagination is so much more interesting that the stomach. But fortunately some foods feed both. For instance, there is the salad you pick and prepare yourself. Not an hour ago you went through the garden, taking a leaf of this, a stalk of that, a sprig of something else Now it is all washed and cool and chopped and blended and as good to look at and think about as it is to eat. In my list I might also mention such a thing as the first pink rhubarb of the year, or the first strawberries, or any fruit from your own vine or tree. I should probably be forgiven if I included hot baking power biscuit with butter and honey. And, after that, what would go better than a glass of cold buttermilk?

Now that the city and the country are so close together, you can live in either and have something of the other. But how often does real buttermilk find its way to the city? Thoreau says a blueberry never reaches Boston.

After all. there is something a little fabulous about buttermilk. You might expect to come across it in a folk song or a Mother Goose rhyme along with curds and whey. Applied to buttermilk the old word "quaff" is no

false poeticism. It is the right, the exact word to use.

I met a man once who told me he liked buttermilk in summer, but not in winter. I like it the year around and the day around. Yet I admit it has special qualities on a warm summer evening, just before you go to bed.

You have taken a walk after supper, let us suppose. Then you have gone bathing in your brook. You carried a latern down to the water and set it on the bank. This picture —the water below and the dark tree foliage above, I'll not try to describe. By the time you leave the water, you have forgotten that it has been a hot day.

Now you go indoors to read. If this sounds more like "Il Penseroso" than "L'Allegro," remember that the two are only different moods, not different men. If it sounds more like Thoreau than Milton, that is all right, too. Having taken a dip in your own brook, you might now take a dip in Walden Pond or Concord River. And, while there, you might look around for that passage about the blueberries.

When the idea first occurs to you of going to bed that is the time to get up and pour yourself a glass of buttermilk. Spread a slice or two of dark bread with butter. If you wish, add a spoonful of strawberry jam or wild grape jelly or anything else comparable. Then, having eaten, you go to bed and go to sleep.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON SAID THAT—

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike for another cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests."—George Washington in his Farewell Address.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Due to the fact that the annual vacation season for workers at the School is now on, several departments have not been operating on regular schedule. The sewing room, in which our supply matrons are employed, is closed temporarily, and the boys from some of the school rooms are showing their ability out in the fields, some picking peas and others helping gather corn.

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Messrs. Cameron Deans and Byron Hayworth, boys' commissioner and prosecuting attorney, muncipal court, repectively, of the city of High Point, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday afternoon. Their visit was for the purpose of bringing two boys for admission to the School. While here they accompanied Surperintendent Boger on a brief tour of the vocational departments and other places of interest on the campus.

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The late crop of Kentucky Wonder string beans, planted in some late "roastin' ear corn", seems to have escaped the notice of our gardener, and last Monday about two tons of fine beans were gathered. Aside from furninshing all our cottage kitchens with a most generous supply, the canning equipment was fired up early Tuesday morning and the work of canning really began in earnest. After two days of stringing, preparing and canning, we added several hundred gallons to our supply for winter use. Quite some time is yet to be spent in sorting and labeling these cans before placing them in the store room.

For the past several months the School library has been closed on account of extensive repairs being made. Partitions have been removed and the three rooms formerly used have been made into one large room. The front of this room, opening into the hall at the entrance of the school building, has been changed, and two large semi-plate glass windows have been installed, adding much to the appearance and at the same-time giving additional light. The shelving on three sides of this large room has been remodeled and re-arranged, and looking from the entrance hall through the newly-made windows gives one a rather imposing picture of the library. All interior work has been re-painted and two additional book-cases have been placed in the center of the room, with shelving on either side of each and passage ways between. Later we hope to improve lighting conditions by adding florescent lights. When this is done we will call it a day so far as repairs to the equipment go.

At present there are about five thousand volumes in this library, consisting largely of donations of books from interested friends, the collection of same being supervised by our good friend, Mrs. E. E. Peele, of Charlotte, who has worked tirelessly on this project since its beginning several years ago. Incidentally we might add that books of interest to boys are still considered fine gifts and will be most welcome additions to our library.

The library has recently been reopened, with our sixth grade teacher, Mr. Jesse Hollingsworth, in

charge, he having recently assumed supervision of this department, taking the place of Mr. W. M. Crooks, deceased, who was the first librarian.

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Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, who is regularly scheduled to conduct the afternoon sevrice at the Training School on the first Sunday of every other month, came out as usual last Sunday, but after making the opening prayer and leading the boys in reading a Bible selection responsively, presented Mr. Naff, a student at Emory University, Georgia, who brought a most helpful and interesting message to the boys.

At the beginning of his remarks, Mr. Naff, told the lads that since the whole world has lately heard much of the word "blitzkrieg", which has been causing so much sorrow in parts of Europe, he wanted to show that such a word is not entirely new, as in the Bible, in the Book of Job, we may read the story of a threefold blitzkrieg. He then told how Satan hurled a blitzkrieg on Job that seemed to exceed his highest ambition.

The speaker stated that when word was brought to him of the first attack, in which his cattle, crops, and even his children were destroyed, Job met the first blitzkrieg by saying, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." His faith in God was not the least shattered. Next Satan attacked Job's body, which became covered with horrible sores. Again Job held to his faith, saying, "God is still in heaven." The third attack occurred when three of Job's dearest friends came to him and told him that God was punishing him because of his sinful life, his acts of wickedness having been kept from those who knew him best. In reply Job rebuked his friends, never losing his full trust in God. All the fire and brimstone of Satan's blitzkriegs was not strong enough to shake Job's faith in God.

Blitzkriegs come into our lives every day, said Mr. Naff. It may be that a child is killed by a drunken automobile driver. As the child lies dead in her arms, a mother might think that God has forsaken her. In another instance, our best friend or dearest relative may be taken from us, which might cause us to think our Heavenly Father has forgotten us. Such is not the case. God is just trying our faith in Him. While such things sadden us, we muct accept them as coming from a just and loving God, and never permit our minds to entertain the idea that He no longer cares for us.

Mr. Naff then told the boys that the motto of the Boy Scout—"Be Prepared"—should be adopted by all Christian people in order to guard against the blitzkriegs which come into our lives. When they come, he urged his listeners not to think that God was punishing them. The best way to be prepared is to meet our God face to face, realizing that He is a God of love, rather than one who delights in punishing us. He expects the whole universe to be operated on love. If we will only realize this, we need not fear any blitzrieg that comes our way.

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Friends are made by many acts, and lost by only one.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending September 1, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wayne Allen
Robert Davis 2
(3) William Drye 9
(3) Noah J. Green 10
James Hales
(3) Edward Johnson 12
Robert Maples 8
(3) Frank May 12
(3) Jack Warren 12
(2) Mack McQuaigue 8
Weldon Warren 11

COTTAGE No. 1

William G. Bryant 6
Carl Hooker 7
Clay Mize 10
Leonard Robbins 4
Jack Sutherland
Everett Watts 9
William C. Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Charles Chapman 4
(3) John D. Davis 9
(6) Donald McFee 12
(3) William Shaw 10
Peter Tuttle 4
Arna Wallace 7

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 13
Earl Barnes 12
Grover Beaver 7
James Boone 10
Lewis Baker 7
William Buff 2
Max Evans 9
Harley Matthews 11
William Matthewson 10
William Sims 12
Harrison Stilwell 11
Jerome Wiggins 9
Louis Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Qeuntin Crittenton 6
Arthur Edmondson 8
(7) Gilbert Hogan 9
Hugh Kennedy 6
(2) Ivan Morrozoff 12
(3) J. C. Nance 11
Robert Simpson 3
(14) Melvin Walters 14
(4) John Whitaker 5
(4) Thomas Yates 5

COTTAGE No. 5

Theodore Bowles 12
J. C. Bordeaux 5
(2) Collett Cantor 11
(2) Harold Donaldson 8
(2) A. C. Elmore 9
Everett Lineberry 5
James Massey 5
(2) Herbert McGee 8
(2) J. C. Reinhardt 12
(2) Currie Singletary 6
(2) Richard Starnes 5
(2) Hubert Walker 12
Dewey Ware 10
Henry Ziegler 7

COTTAGE No. 6

Columbus Hamilton 3
(3) Leo Hamilton 6
Leonard Jacobs 3
James C. Wiggins 3

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitt 8
(2) Cleasper Beasley 9
(11) Paul Dockery 13
(14) Donald Earnhardt 14
(5) George Green 11
Lacy Green 4
(14) Richard Halker 14
(11) Roy Helms 12
(4) J. B. Hensley 7
(3) Raymond Hughes 7
(2) Robert Hampton 9
(3) Vernon Harding 5
Lyman Johnson 4
(3) J. C. Long 6
(3) Robert Lawrence 12
Charles McGowan 7

(2) Elmer Maples 11
(5) Arnold McHone 12
(3) Ernest Overcash 6
Loy Stines 5

COTTAGE No. 8

(4) Cecil Ashley 9
Clifton Brewer
(4) Jack Hamilton 13
(2) Otis Kilpatrick 6
(12) James Quick 12

COTTAGE No. 9

(8) J. T. Branch 13
(9) David Cunningham 9
(3) Robert Gaines 9
Osper Howell 9
(2) Mark Jones 11
Grady Kelly 2
Harold O'Dear 13
James Ruff 7
Thomas Sands 10
Horace Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

(14) John Benson 14
(2) William Furches 9
(9) Robert Goldsmith 11
(8) Earl Hildreth 12
Edward Murray 7
(14) Fred Owens 14
(6) Theodore Rector 12
Canipe Shoe 2
Monroe Searcy

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Odell Almond 12
(5) Ernest Brewer 10
(5) William Deaton 13
(6) Woodrow Hager 12
(2) Hubert Holloway 11
(2) Tillman Lyles 12
(2) Howard Sanders 10
Robah Sink 11
J. R. Whitman 11

COTTAGE No. 13

(4) James Brewer 12
Thomas Fields
(2) William Griffin 11
Melvin Roland 6

COTTAGE No. 14

(4) Raymond Andrews 10
(4) John Baker 9
(14) Mack Coggins 14
Robert Deyton 11
(5) Audie Farthing 13
(3) Henry Glover 8
(14) William Harding 14
John Hamm 9
Norvell Murphy 12
(5) Charles McCoyle 10
Roy Mumford 7
Henry McGraw 8
(3) James Roberson 10
Charles Steepleton 9
(2) J. C. Willis 4
(13) Wallace Woody 13
Jones Watson 9

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 5
(5) Philip Holmes 11
George Duncan 9

———o———

Nothing is so easily lost as that which we feel so sure about that we do no longer work for it. This goes for many things from muscle building to a place in the sun.—Selected.

C364

SEP 19 1940

THE UPLIFT

(Orange County)

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VOL. XXVIII CONCO NO. 37

'Tis the star-spangled banner. Oh! long
may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING
AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh! say does the star-spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner. Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then, conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—Francis Scott Key.

———o———

SCHOOL DAYS

The time has come for the return of thousands and thousands of young people to the schools throughout the nation. The tramp of their feet and the echo of their merry voices has been heard on every street corner as these youngsters—the hopeful future citizens—wended their way to some school of learning.

Equal opportunities are offered every man's child regardless of class, race or creed. The transportation of children in school buses makes available the privileges offered in our modernly equipped schools, with teachers of superior advantages.

In this progressive age with splendid school facilities in reach of every home, there is no excuse for illiteracy.

The progress made in education in North Carolina in the past 25 years has far exceeded the expectation of the masses.

The public school system in Concord and rural Cabarrus is a concrete example of just what has been accomplished in this state and other states for education of the youth of the land.

The older citizens of Concord can recall when Concord had one central school building for the entire community, and there were one teacher school houses throughout the rural districts. The picture presented today is different.

In Concord there are one handsome high school with approximately one thousand students; two primary schools adequately equipped for 604 students; the Coltrane Grammar School with needs of all textile plants with an attendance of 603 students and the Logan School for the negro children with 726 students.
356 students; the Long School conveniently placed to meet the

There are 3,289 students in the city. In the county there are seven consolidated schools with 4,632 students. This makes a total of 7,921 students in the county. The accomplishments for better schools in Cabarrus County tells the story of the work done throughout the state.

* * * * * * * * *

TREATMENT OF DELINQUENTS

In this issue we carry a lucid article by Rev. J. L. Howe, superintendent of the Kansas Division, Society for the Friendless, taken from the "Oasaycap Chronicle," a periodical published at the Boys' Industrial School, Topeka, Kansas, an institution for delinquents. This article shows there is always a cause for every offense of the so-called bad boy, and that it should be treated just as a physician treats any and all of his patients. The article tells that the downfall of the boy is largely due to misdirected discipline by parents.

The boy should receive most kindly consideration, so that when he mingles with his little friends he carries himself in a manly manner, showing neither the crestfallen air of inferiority complex nor the camouflage of superiority complex. Therefore, the mentally sick boy's case should be studied by those who know and understand boys' problems, and the proper treatment should follow. We suggest that the friends of the underprivileged child read this article on page .

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COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

In the debate over compulsory military training we believe that Governor Clyde R. Hoey has expressed the views of the majority of patriotic North Carolinians in the telegram which he sent to the national emergency committee of the Military Training Camps Association.

The governor's message follows:

"I am definitely in favor of compulsory military training and believe that Congress should enact the measure providing for this training without delay. I do not endorse any specific provision of the pending bill because I am not sufficiently familiar with these, but I do endorse unequivocally compulsory military training and urge speedy action. North Carolina believes definitely in providing every means for national defense and wishes the work to go forward without too much governmental red tape delays. We need more guns, more airships, more tanks more bombing and pursuit planes, and more men, and we want action in the letting of contracts and in the procuring of an army."

It is interesting to note in this connection that preliminary returns from a poll conducted by the National Emergency Committee shows that only one governor in 18 has declared direct opposition to compulsory training.

In a survey of editorials in the nation's daily newspapers, the committee has found that 90.5 per cent favor selective compulsory training, while percentage for the mid-west dailies is almost as high—87.5 per cent.—Morganton News-Herald.

ANNUAL DENTAL CLINIC

For three weeks, Dr. A. D. Underwood and Dr. O. W. Holloway, of the State Board of Health, held a dental clinic here, under the supervision of Dr. Ernest A. Branch, director of the department of oral hygiene, a most valuable member of the State Board of Health. Dr. Branch is recognized as an authority in his profession throughout the entire country. His interest in our boys at the Jackson Training School classes him as a friend to boys without a hope, and he is always given a most hospitable reception by the entire personnel of this institution.

The late dental clinic has been completed. Each boy has had personal attention and when any defect was found, it was corrected. The results of this clinic showed that our boys had healthy mouths. Both dentists expressed themselves as being well satisfied with conditions found here. The health of the boys was the equal of any institution in the state. We are proud of this fact and are glad to announce the same to the general public, who makes possible the reclamation of the youths of the state who have had few advantages.

* * * * * * * * *

BIG STRONG SEEING

In an address to a group of artists, Robert Henri, prominent American artist, once said. "The big, strong thing can only be the result of big, strong seeing." We do not have to be artists to get a vital message from that sentence.

To paint a masterpiece on canvas, one must first see things in a big, strong way. And to live a worthy life, build a successful business or render an efficient service, big, strong seeing is the first essential.

We must see over the mountains of difficulty. We must see over the jagged rocks of hardship. We must be able to look across the desert of fear. We must paint in our minds the goal we seek. Then we must follow our big seeing with big doing.

Small, narrow, bigoted, cramped seeing leads but to failure. One cannot do things in a big, strong way while seeing them in litte petty terms.

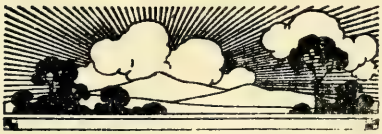
See big! Look up, out of the valley of mediocrity. See yourself as the fine, strong, splendid character that you want to be. See the big possibilities of your position. See your big opportunities for growth and service. See the big potentialities of your business.

Open your eyes and see life with a big mind, a big heart, a big soul. That is the way to live a big life!

* * * * * * * *

NATIONAL ANTHEM WRITTEN 126 YEARS AGO

September 13th marked the 126th anniversary of the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by Francis Scott Key. This poem, written during the British bombardment of Fort McHenry, in Chesapeake Bay, has immortalized the name of this writer. No hymn in the whole history of America is better known or more highly honored by all true Americans than this, our national anthem. All school children should know and better understand the history of "Old Glory." We are reproducing in this issue an article, "As Proudly He Wrote", by Hal Borland, which appeared in the magazine section of the New York "Times."



AS PROUDLY HE WROTE

By Hal Borland

A cruiser is anchored in the Hudson River and as evening nears there is a gathering of men and women along Riverside Drive, opposite it, plainly waiting for something. The sun dips toward the Palisades and the shrill notes of a boatswain's pipe skip across the water. The crowd watches. Men in white assemble on the cruiser's deck in easy ranks. There is a hush and a faint breeze ruffles the national ensign there on the cruiser. Then the band is heard in an opening bar and every man aboard ship stiffens to attention. The flag quivers and the band melody becomes clear. The measuredd beat rises, falls, moves on, and slowly the flag comes down—slowly and in exact time to the music.

On shore nearly all the members of the crowd have been on their feet, most of them bareheaded, a few of them at awkward salute. And thus they stand until the last notes of the anthem die away. It is only a peacetime ceremony—the lowering of the flag at evening, the playing of a melody whose words are known only sketchily to most of them. But it is more than ceremony; it cuts deeper than that. It is history and a nation's pride in itself. It is the simple symbolism of our Union. It is the ceremony known as "Colors," and the anthem is "The Star-Spangled Banner." It does something to the emotions of any American.

It was 125 years ago yesterday that a Georgetown lawyer named F. S. Key stood on the deck of a cartel ship anchored with a British fleet in the Patapsco River below Baltimore and wrote the opening lines of that song. As a technical prisoner on the cartel ship—a vessel employed in the exchange of prisoners—he had watched the bombardment of Baltimore's defenses and he had seen the attack fail. He was a witness to the turning point in the War of 1812—a major crisis in the history of the United States. What he had seen inspired his song.

That morning in the life of Francis Scott Key will always be remembered by Americans. Yet it was only one morning in the life of a man who lived to be nearly 65. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was only one of scores of songs and poems he wrote; yet poetry was an avocation with him. This man was a distinguished lawyer, orator and government official, a churchman, a planter, a father, a man of affairs.

Francis Scott Key was born during the Revolution, in the Summer of 1779, on an upland plantation in the red hills of Frederick County, Maryland. He was of the fourth generation of Keys in America, and all of them had been lawyers, all Marylanders. Yet not all the Keys were fire-eating patriots when the Revolution called for show of loyalties. Frank's father served brieftly in the Maryland militia, then returned to his plantation, married and raised wheat for the army. His brother—Frank's Uncle Philip—obtained a commission in the King's forces. And his uncle—the Dr. Upton Scott from whom Frank received his middle name—was so disturbed that he returned to Ireland until the

war was over. They were a typical colonial family.

After the war such matters were soon forgotton or forgiven, and when at the age of 10 young Frank was sent down to Annapolis to St. John's Academy for an education Philip Key was a respected lawyer in the town and Dr. Scott had resumed his practice where he left off fifteen years before. When Frank had finished school at the age of 17 and turned to the profession of law, as all Keys did eventually, he studied in the office of his Uncle Phiilip because Philip Key was a leading member of the bar of the newly established nation.

By that time Frank Key was emerging as a personality—a young man of family culture and talent. He knew the classics and was an excellent debater; he knew something of politics; he could turn a better rhyme than others in a day when most young men wrote verses, and he made friends easily. Among his friends was a solemn fellow law student named Roger Taney. And among his rhymes were adoring odes dedicated to Mary Tayloe Lloyd, who was known to her friends as Polly.

When he was 21 and had finished his studies with his Uucle Philip, Frank went back to Frederick, where his father was now associate judge, and hung out his shingle as a lawyer. Taney soon followed and fell in love with Frank's only sister, Anne. Two years later both of them were married, Frank to Polly Lloyd, Taney to Anne Key. But there was little enough business in Frederick for a young lawyer, and Frank spent as much time writing verse as writing briefs. One of his early songs was "The Warrior's Return," written when Stephen Decatur returned in triumph from Tripoli. Its refrain ran:

> Where mixed with the olive the laurel shall wave
> And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

And it could be sung to that rousing English melody of the day, "To Anacreon in Heaven." But life could not be all songs and poems, and when Uncle Philip suggested in 1805 that Frank move to Georgetown, he went.

Uncle Philip had gone from Annapolis to Georgetown to have a part in the growing business of the new District of Columbia. He had prospered, but now he wished to enter politics, and he turned his practice over to his nephew, who soon seemed likely to outstrip his brother-in-law, Roger Taney, back in Frederick. Georgetown was the home of the nation's lawmakers and the diplomats from abroad, for in Washington a malarial swamp still separated the Capitol from the Executive Mansion, and it was said that no one could spend August or September there without "intermittent or bilious fever." Frank helped organize the first free school in Georgetown; also he became a friend of diplomat and politician.

Then came the War of 1812. Key was against it, as were most of his friends. The country was prospering. Times were good. Americans were free of England, as free as they needed to be. But what none of them understood was that this was still a federation of States and not a union. It was split by sectionalism, even rebellious in its sectional independence. It was to take some such

common cause as the brash young War Hawks from the new West forced upon the country to congeal those States into a nation.

The first effect of the war was the ruin of business. Law practice fell away distressingly and Frank Key worried and fretted. Like most men of his class, he had property but little income from it, and the war cut off that little. He declared that the war was a baneful visitation of a vengeful God on a sinful people. He turned to literature and thought of starting a literary magazine. He studied song writing. He plunged deeper into church work and for a time considered an invitation to enter the ministry.

By the Summer of 1814 the war was approaching its climax. Napoleon had surrendered and Britian sent a new fleet to America to force the issue. Key enlisted in the militia, but on his only march his most exciting adventure was being thrown from his horse when a wild hog charged it. In August the invaders advanced on Washington. A hastily mustered defense fled at the first round of fire at Bladensburg and the British marched on into Washington to burn and destroy. Of all the dark days of this Republic, that was one of the darkest. But in the flames of the Capitol were forged both British defeat and lasting American union.

Frank Key saw but did not wholly understand; he felt the national humiliation as a new visitation of his vengeful God. Taney came down from Frederick and took Polly and the children back to the safety of the farm. But Frank stayed on. Word came that the British had taken prisoner blustery old Dr. Williams Beanes of Upper Marlborough, family doctor of some of Polly's kinfolk. The arrest was for a minor offense, and Key got permission to visit the British fleet and plead for the old man's release. He went on the cartel ship, won his plea and would have been through with the matter but the bombardment of Fort McHenry was about to begin. He was forced to remain until the engagement was over.

What Key saw in that bombardment was the turning point of the war and the nation. He had half finished his song before the British withdrew, and he drafted all four stanzas on his trip to Baltimore. He called it "The Defense of Fort McHenry," and it had noticeable kinship to that earlier patriotic song, "The Warrior's Return." But now it was the star-spangled banner that should wave, and now it was home, not the brows, of the brave. The new song, like the old one, fitted the tune of "To Anacreon in Heaven."

In Baltimore Key showed his song to his brother-in-law, Judge Nicholson, who agreed that it might be used to rally patriotism. Copies were printed and distributed as handbills. It appeared in The Baltimore Patriot. It caught the popular fancy, but soon it became a song of victory rather than a rallying song for defense. The war was won.

Once peace was restored, there was a strong revival of business. Key's fortunes turned for the better even more swiftly than they had turned for the worse. His song had added prestige to his name, and his ability as a lawyer seemed to grow. He was in demand as an orator and as a member of civic enterprises. He became a power at church conventions. He wrote a number of hymns, some of which are still sung. Always con-

vivial, he joined the Delphian Literary Society in Baltimore, along with Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," and John Howard Payne, famous for "Home, Sweet Home." With such companions he enjoyed his drink, his pinch of snuff and his pipe. For Delphian programs he wrote light verse, such as "On a Young Lady's Going Into a Shower Bath." That phase of his life and writing has been almost ignored.

The years passed and he prospered. His family grew—to six, to eight, finally to eleven. One son drowned in the Potomac and another son, a naval officer, was killed in a duel. But Frank Key's character mellowed with the years. In middle life he turned against background and tradition to become a follower and adviser of Jackson. He backed Jackson in the Peggy Eaton affair—Roger Taney came to Washington as Attorney General at that time—and in the war on the bank. He defended Sam Houston when Houston was haled before Congress for caning Representative Stanberry for a public insult. And in 1835 Jackson named Key District Attorney for the District of Columbia and sent him to Alabama to mediate a complicated land-claims tangle.

That was the peak of his public career. He was known throughout the country. He had helped put Taney at the head of the Supreme Court. He had prospered and was content. Now he turned more and more toward his ancestral home, Terra Rubra, the plantation up in the red hills of Frederick County. At first it was his Summer home, then he began to hasten his arrival there and to delay his departure. He liked the feel of his acres, which were the roots of his being. He liked to ride, and watch his growing crops, and he liked to sit on his broad lawn with his children and grandchildren around him. This was home, and seldom did he go far from his native Maryland, though in 1841 he went to Iowa Territory and returned well pleased. America was good, and it was growing.

He continued active into his sixty-fifth year. In January of 1843 he went to Baltimore on business and caught cold on the way. The cold turned to pleurisy, then to pneumonia. Polly hurried to his side, but he knew his life was lived. He died in Baltimore on Jan. 11.

The next morning The Baltimore American said: "Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," is no more. So long as patriotism dwells among us, so long will this song be the theme of our nation."

To make no mistakes is not in the power of man; but from their errors and mistakes the wise and good learn wisdom for the future.—Plutarch.

PROPER METHOD OF DISPLAYING THE FLAG

There are certain fundamental rules of heraldry which, if understood generally, would indicate the proper method of displaying the flag of the United States of America. The matter becomes a very simple one if it is kept in mind that the flag represents the living country and is itself considered as a living thing. The union of the flag is the honor point; the right arm is the sword arm and therefore, the point of danger, and hence the place of honor.

1. The flag should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset, or between such hours as may be designated by proper authorities. It should be hoisted briskly, but should be lowered slowly, and ceremoniously. The flag should be displayed on all national and state holidays and on historic and special occasions. (However, being the emblem of our country, it ought to fly from every flagpole every day throughout the year, weather permitting.)

2. When carried in a procession with another flag or flags, the flag of the United States of America, should be either on the marching right. i. e., the flag's own right, or when there is a line of other flags, the flag of the United States of America may be in front of the center of that line.

3. When displayed with another flag against a wall from crossed staffs, the flag of the United States of America should be on the right, the flag's own right, and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.

4. When a number of flags of states or cities or pennants of societies are grouped and displayed from staffs with the flag of the United States of America, the latter should be at the center or at the highest point of the group.

5. When flags of states or cities or pennants of societies are flown on the same halyard with the flag of the United States of America, the latter should always be at the peak. When flown from adjacent staffs, the flag of the United States of America should be hoisted first and lowered last. No such flag or pennant flown in the former position should be placed above, or in the latter position to the right of the flag of the United States of America, i. e., to the observer's left.

6. When flags of two or more nations are displayed they should be flown from separate staffs of the same height and the flags should be of approximately equal size. International usage forbids the display of the flag of one nation above that of another nation in time of peace.

7. When the flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at an angle from the window-sill, balcony, or front of building, the union of the flag should go clear to the peak of the staff, unless the flag is at halfstaff. (When the flag is suspended over a sidewalk from a

rope extending from a house to a pole at the edge of the sidewalk, the flag should be hoisted out from the building toward the pole, union fiirst.)

8. When the flag is displayed in a manner other than by being from a staff, it should be displayed flat, whether indoors or out. When displayed either horizontally or vertically against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the flag's own right, i. e., to the observer's left. When displayed in a window, the union should be displayed in the same way; that is with the union or blue field to the left of the observer in the street. When festoons, rosettes, or drapings are desired, bunting of blue, white and red should be used, but never the flag.

9. When displayed over the middle of the street, the flag should be suspended vertically with the union to the north in an east and west street or to the east in a north and south street.

10. When used on a speaker's platform, the flag, if displayed flat, should be displayed above and behind the speaker. If flown from a staff, it should be in the position of honor, at the speaker's right. It should never be used to cover the speaker's desk or to drape over the front of the platform.

11. When used in connection with the unveiling of a statue or monument, the flag should form a distinctive feature during the ceremony, but the flag itself should never be used as the covering for the statue.

12. When flown at halfstaff, the flag should be hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the halfstaff position; but before lowering the flag for the day it should be raised again to the peak. By halfstaff is meant hauling down the flag to onehalf the distance between the top and the bottom of the staff. If local conditions require, divergence from this position is permissible. On Memorial Day, May 30, the flag is displayed at halfstaff from sunrise until noon and at fullstaff until sunset; for the nation lives and the flag is the symbol of the living nation.

13. Flags flown from fixed staffs are placed at halfstaff to indicate mourning. When the flag is displayed on a small staff, as when carried in a parade, mourning is indicated by attaching two streamers of black crepe to the spearhead, allowing the steamers to fall naturally. Crepe is used on the flagstafls only by order of the President.

14. When use to cover a casket, the flag should be placed so that the union is at the head and over the left shoulder. The flag should not be lowered into the grave or allowed to touch the ground. The casket should be carried foot first.

15. When the flag is displayed in the body of the church, it should be from a staff placed in the position of honor at the congregation's right as they face the clergyman. The service flag, the state flag, or other flags should be at the left of the congregation. If in the chancel or on the platform, the flag of the United States of America should be placed on the clergyman's right as he faces the congregation and the other flags at his left.

16. When the flag is in such a condition that it is no longer a fitting

emblem for display, it should not be cast aside or used in any way that might be viewed as disrespectful to the national colors, but should be destroyed as a whole privately, preferably by burning or by some other method in harmony with the reverence and repect we owe to the emblem representing our country.

CAUTION

1. Do not permit disrespect to be shown to the flag of the United States of America.

2. Do not dip the flag of the United States of America to any person or any thing. The regimental color, state flag, organization, or institution flag will render this honor.

3. Do not display the flag with the union down except as a signal of distress.

4. Do not place any other flag or pennant above or, if on the same level to the right of the flag of the United States of America.

5. Do not let the flag touch the ground or the floor or trail in the water.

6. Do not place any object or emblem of any kind on or above the flag of the United States of America.

7. Do not use the flag as drapery in any form whatsoever. Use bunting of blue, white and red.

8. Do not fasten the flag in such manner as will permit it to be easily torn.

9. Do not drape the flag over the hood, top, side, or back of a vehicle or of a railroad train or boat. When the flag is displayed on a motor car, the staff should be affixed firmly to the chassis or clamped to the radiotor cap.

10. Do not display the flag on a float in a parade except from a staff.

11. Do not use the flag as a covering for a ceiling.

12. Do not carry the flag flat or horizontally, but always aloft and free.

13. Do not use the flag as a portion of a costume or of an athletic uniform. Do not embroider it upon cushions or handerchiefs nor print it on paper napkins or boxes.

14. Do not put lettering of any kind upon the flag.

15. Do not use the flag in any form of advertising nor fasten an advertising sign to a pole from which the flag is flown.

16. Do not display, use, or store the flag in such a manner as will permit it to be easily soiled or damaged.

———o———

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm. It moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Bulwer.

MEETING THE DELINQUENCY PROBLEM

By Rev. J. L. Howe

Any case of juvenile delinquency can be accounted for on the basis of one of three factors or a combination of them: physical defect, mental or emotional derangement, or environment. A careful study of the difficulties of any boy or girl who has failed to make satisfactory social adjustments or who has come into direct conflict with the law will reveal some abnormal physical condition, or some mental defect, emotional instability, or development has been in a bad environment. Serious cases are likely to be a combination of these factors.

If this analysis is correct then it follows that an intelligent approach to the problem demands that a scientific study be made of a young person to determine the source of his difficulty. Diagnosis should precede treatment. First, know what is wrong, then proceed with the treatment. This order is followed in the business world. A request for a loan at the bank is followed by a searching inquiry into all the factors that go to the establishing of credit. And application for a position is accompained by letters of recommendation and references to the end that the employer may know the fitness of the applicant. The same principle is followed by a farmer. He does not buy an animal for stock raising purposes without knowing the pedigree of the "critter." And in medicine, the first thing the doctor undertakes to do is to discover the nature of the ailment of his patient. Diagnosis is the first law in medicine. The public does not stand for experimentation on human beings. That must be done on guinea pigs or goats. The relatives and friends of the sick demand that the physician know his stuff or they will go to someone who does.

But for some reason we have not learned to treat socially sick people that way. Peace officers, for the most part, kind and sympathetic toward the embryo convict can do little else than watch and warn him, and his parents, until he does some overt act that compels them to "pick him up." What then! He is taken into court. The procedure is then to determine the innocence or guilt of the offender. Traditionally that is the business of a criminal court—did the defendant commit the act of which he is charged. If the evidence is sufficient to place the guilt on the person, then in most cases the law prescribes, not the treatment, but the punishment. (We are encouraged to note that those counties or cities that have juvenile courts are developing techniques that deal with children as such rather than treating them as adults.)

But in Kansas juvenile courts are not prepared to make scientific studies of delinquents. If it is the first offense in court the boy will be warned and probably paroled to his parents or a relative, if any of them will take him. As a last resort he will be placed in the Boys Industrial School.

The history of this method of "treatment" is not very encouraging.

Assuming the boy has come into his present condition because of one or more of the three things named above it becomes apparent that if he is to be understood, the "trial court" in his case must be a trained physician with adequate laboratory facilities—an experienced psychologist or psychiatrist and a sociologist, the physician to make the physical examination, the psychologist to determine the mental and emotional status and the sociologist to analyze the environment factors. Few boys get into juvenile court as a result of just one "bad" act. It is nearly always the last in a series of escapades that all the neighbors and peace officers have been quite aware of. It is therefore not very important that guilt for the particular offense for which he was brought into court be established. But it is highly important that the reasons for the boy being in court determined. Until this is done, so far as modern investigation can do it, tucking the boy away in the institution to be dealt with in groups of other boys as bad or worse than himself and as little understood is not likely to produce beneficial results. The history of this method of dealing with delinquent boys is sufficient proof of the statement.

A few eastern states have well organized bureaus for the study of boys and girls who cannot get along with other people. These young folks are not thought of as criminals and they are not treated as such. These bureaus work on the theory that there is a reason for a boy's failure to get on successfully with his fellows. The personnel of these bureaus are experts in their fields. They bring to bear on the boy's problem every means of investigation to discover why he acts, at times, in defiance of accepted standards of conduct.

Perhaps an illustration will make more clear their method and the results sometimes secured. We will call the boy Richard. He had come to be thought of as a common thief. Stealing was a habit with him. He took things from others whether he had use for them or not.

Richard was a sophomore in high school and was doing good work. Finally he was "caught in the act." His high school principal took sufficient interest in him to get his case into the hands of one of these bureaus of investigation. He was first given a thorough physical examination which showed him to be a normal, healthy boy, with no physical defects.

The mental test rated him slightly above the average. Further study brought out the fact that Richard had been a veritable thorn in the flesh to his lady teachers all through his school. He got on well enough with his men teachers. Practically all his stealing was from women and girls, rarely ever did he take things from his boy friends or from men.

Richard had one sister, three and one-half years older than he. She was the idol of the home. All the love and affection of the parents centered on her. It was discovered that Richard was an unwelcome comer to the home. He was in the home but not of it. All through his life his mother had made him conscious of the fact that he was not wanted. Though sixteen years of age he did not have his own bed room, just slept on a cot in the dining room.

The conclusion of the bureau was that the entire background of Rich-

ard's life had combined to produce in him an intense hatred for women and girls. Something in the earlier years of his life had set him off on the particular tangent of stealing to get even with members of the opposite sex—these folks, whom he felt, had robbed him of life's fuller meaning.

The bureau said Richard should not be sent to a reform school but should be sent back to his parents on certain conditions. They were to get him a simple set of tools and help him get a small shop set up in the basement of the home. He was to be encouraged to get into a Boy Scout troop or a 4-H club through which normal social habits would be certain. Then the parents were to take Richard into the home, make him a member of the family and seek to undo the harm that had been done him in their attitude toward him.

Richard went back to high school, graduating two years later as an honor student. That is several years ago. He is now a master mechanic in a good job, is married, has a good home and is a law-abiding citizen. Richard was the kind out of which criminals are made. But we do not believe he was a criminal when he was looting girls' lockers in high school. Any so-called normal boy placed in his situation would undoubtedly have developed abnormal habits. An understanding of his difficulty followed by intelligent treatment made a good boy out of what was thought to be a bad boy.

While progress is being made toward such a handling of delinquent boys and girls, Kansas does not have the facilities for making these scientific studies. A Bureau of Juvenile Research is one of the State's greatest needs. Expensive? Yes, but it would be economy in the end. But why think of the expense if young lives could be saved from shame and disgrace to usefulness and service?

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Corinth, in Greece recently witnessed a memorable testimony to the Apostle Paul. While the world nearby was shaking to the thunders of war, and trembling at the sibilance of propaganda just as deadly, the authorities of church and city unveiled a memorial bronze plaque to St. Paul, which carried the text of his deathless exaltation of love (1 Corinthians 13). The plaque, a gift by Mrs. Lora Knight of Santa Barbara, Calif., follows by two years a similar plaque erected by the St. Paul's famous but futile address there. This, too, it is understood, carried the text of the apostle's address. For the present the Corinthian plaque is affixed beside the entrance to a new church building which bears the apostle's name; but it will eventually be erected on the city's main thoroughfare as an emblem of the city and its spirit. A movement is being launched to erect similar plaques in other localities to commemorate St. Paul's journeys throughout Greece. Who wants to give a plague?—Selected.

BROWN MOUNTAIN LIGHTS HAVE NOT DISAPPEARED

By Hobart A. Whitman in Charlotte Observer

The Observer's recent editorial on the two famous mysteries of Western North Carolina, the rumblings of Bald mountain and the strange lights over Brown mountain, has been read with much interest. May I say that the Brown mountain lights have not disappeared as I have been observing them at intervals during the last few months from vantage points along the Yohnalosse road from Blowing Rock to Linville, Jonas Ridge Bald ground, and Wiseman's View on Linville mountain. A layman's curiosity has prompted me to probe into the myster and I will set forth my observations for "round table" discussion.

Approaching the mystery of the lights from three angles, the first that came to my mind was: where are the lights? Are they actually over Brown mountain or are we seeing lights that are really further away than they appear to be?

The second question was: What are the lights? Are they a natural emanation from the ground or are they artificial lights that appear supernatural when viewed from a distance?

The third angle of approach was: What makes the lights seem to rise up, move around like lanterns and finally disappear? Do the lights actually do this or is it an optical illusion? What conditions would make a light appear so large at a great distance and give the strange red-orange color that is characteristic of the Brown mountain lights?

I will give you my observations from these three approaches and try to show that there is really no mystery about the lights, only a natural phenomenon brought about by looking at artificial lights through atmospheric conditions peculiar to the area around these lights.

Having observed three or four of the brighter lights that I could identify from different vantage points over a period of several weeks I borrowed a telescope transit and made a triangulation of these lights from two stations whose exact locations were known on a topographic map.

The first angles were taken from Table Rock on the evening of June 26th. By tying in at zero on Chestnut Knob I found the angles on three lights that had been previously seen from Wiseman's View and other vantage points. On June 27th I took angles from Grandmother mountain on the same lights and established the following intersections:

The largest light centered over Hickory, 40 miles away; the second light intersected over Valdese, and the third light a little southwest of Morganton. The cluster of smaller lights lined up with small towns in Catawba river basin between the northern mountain ridges and South Mountain. A few lights that appeared and disappeared, always in the same location, must originate along roadways.

By lining up the transit on the ridge of Brown mountain while it was still daylight I knew when the lights appeared if they were actually on

Brown mountain or some where beyond it. All the lights were beyond Brown mountain and the nearby ridges when they began to show.

From Wiseman's View where so many lights seem to be along the Brown mountain ridge, the actual location is somewhere beyond and triangulation shows the lights to originate along the slopes of South Mountain as in Hickory, Valdese, and Morganton.

I am convinced that there are no "Brown Mountain Lights" on Brown mountain or within 20 miles of it, at least as seen from observation points from the north and west. Now, the question is: What are the lights?

I have checked with geologists on the possibility of emanations of light from mineral sources. They say that at such great distances fox-fire or phosphorescence could not be seen; all such phenomena can be seen better as you approach nearer to the origin. The Brown mountain lights seem to disappear as you get nearer and they are not visible from low-altitudes. Therefore I do not see how the lights could be emanations from natural ground sources. I checked rocks on Brown mountain ridge and had them analized to see if there was any unusual element there. Nothing unusual was found. It seems apparent that the lights must be artifical. The triangulation on the three main lights over Hickory, Valdese, and Morganton would indicate city lights or stationary lights of some kind. There is a ball park near Hickory which is lighted at night and this must be the large light which appears so bright.

Through the telescope these individual lights break up into three or more smaller ones showing that there is a concentration rather than one light. The other lights that appear and disappear at irregular intervals seem to be head-lights along roadways. It is interesting to note here that my picture from Wiseman's View tallies exactly with a picture taken by an Asheville photographer some eleven years ago from the same spot. The bright light identified as the ball park at Hickory appears less bright in his picture which suggests that the flood lights may not have been erected at that time.

The question of the moving around and bursting of the lights has been answered by watching them through field glasses and the telescope transit. The lights are absolutely stationary and they only appear to rise up and move around when you imagine them to do so. I have proven this to a native of Jonas Ridge who accompanied a party of people to the Ball Ground to see the lights. He was silent on that subject after looking through the glasses at the light which he thought moved around.

I see only one explanation of the strange appearance of the lights. We look at the lights from a high elevation where the air is clear through a layer of atmosphere that is hazy in the lower elevations and see a magnification of the true lights. It is like looking at some object under water from a distance above it; you see the object appear actually nearer and larger than it really is. Thus the Brown mountain lights which are 20 or 30 miles beyond Brown mountain are magnified and appear nearer through the haze layer of atmosphere and are colored by dust particles in the haze. This atmospheric condition is pecular to this region perhaps because of the expanse of the Catawba Valley, the horseshoe ring of moun-

tains to the north, and the ridge of South Mountain to the south.

In conclusion I still enjoy looking at the Brown Mountain Lights, which are strange and fascinating, but I cannot believe that they are supernatural or caused by peculiar emanations from the ground. Furthermore I have not seen any kind of a light appear actually on Brown mountain or as near as Brown mountain or other ridges. Leave it to a scientist to probe into the mysteries of refraction and reflection and I shall follow him as far as I can on that basis of the solution of the Brown Mountain Lights.

Newland, N. C.

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"GOD BLESS AMERICA"

Many a resident goes about whistling a song that pleases his fancy. It isn't a love-sick ditty or a jitter jig but a patriotic air that is catchy and stirring. It recently caught the nation's fancy when it played an important part in both of the political campaigns. The song was written in 1917 when Irving Berlin composed it for a patriotic musical show. However, it went to sleep and nothing was heard from it until Kate Smith gave it life and feeling on a radio broadcast on Armistice evening in 1938. "God Bless America" is now sung with fire and fervor and seems to be a national anthem. Due to the radio this air is popularized to such an extent that it really does ring, "From the mountains, to the prairies, To the oceans white with foam." It is easy for any voice to handle and this helps make it a hit.

With the many stores selling lapel pins of colored American flags, of ladies bracelets of small flags fastened by chains, of emblems for coats bearing the words, "God Bless America," we are having a wave of patriotism that isn't all hysterical. This song is sung in public assemblies, open air meetings, baseball games, band concerts. Perhaps you did not know that Irving Berlin gets no money as profit from the thousands of sheets of this music that are sold. Every penny goes to the Girl and Boy Scouts. "God Bless America, my home, sweet home."

—Mooresville Enterprise.

INDIANS MIX RITUAL WITH 'STORE' PILLS

By Paul F. Ewing

The American Indian medicine man once dreamed a dream, played a game or drove out evil spirits to cure illness.

Now he takes a powder—the kind drug stores sell.

A little shamefaced, often hesitantly, the medicine man is joining his tribesmen in offices and hospitals of reservation doctors

With them, he examines x-rays, listen to an interpreter explain pneumo-thorax treatments and asks the doctor, with outstretched hand, for an aspirin to cure his wife's headache.

Not that the medicine man is giving up his prerogatives. Far from it. In colorful tribal regalia, armed with the inevitable medicine bags rattles and drums of his profession, he continues to treat illnesses and leads his tribe in worshipping the spirits that crowd his world.

Since the medicine man is such an integral part of Indian religion, the Indian service makes no attempt to stamp out his practices. Indians are given the same opportunity to choose their religion as whites.

"Only through demonstrating the advantages of modern medicine and hygenic habits do Indian service physicians expect to supplement the actual physical services of the medicine man," one official said.

Sometimes—not often any more—the medicine man goes farther and becomes the sole "attending physician" where disease strikes.

Just the other day Wy'um tribesmen who spear and net salmon from the rocks of Celilo, picturesque Columbia river Indian village, held their sacred salmon dance.

In rough wickiups of wood the Celilos beat tom-toms. chanted and danced to appease the salmon god and bring fish into the river next year.

On the cliff above Celilo falls the medicine man made ritualistic offerings to the god and assured him that no Indian had fished at Millie island, where ascending salmon throng. If some luckless Indian did, the Celilos say, a great white horse would rise from the water and carry him away.

In the midst of the dance, illness overcame Chief Tommy Thompson, the braided old tribal leader who respects the white man's sanitation so much he has repeatedly appealed for government funds to tear down Celilos hovels and erect a model village.

The dance went on; Chief Tommy feared to offend the salmon god. Stretched on a rude pallet in his wickiup. the pain-wracked old chief rejected the tribal council's advice that a doctor be called. Instead he sent for the medicine man

While chanting Indians surrounded their prostrate leader, the medicine man sang his incantations and pounded the chief's chest to drive out the sickness.

Chief Tommy recovered.

The Department of Interior's office of Indian affairs looks upon the incident as an oddity. The Indians

health division was organized in 1924. Today, Indians have increased from the pitifully small remnants of a few years ago to 351,000 persons and are building up faster than any other group in America.

The white man's diseases which decimated them are being cured by the white man's medicines and increasing natural resistance.

Tribal customs, superstitions and religions are stiff barriers which give way but slowly.

Consider the Navajo to whom illness is a serious matter. If a person dies in a tribal hogan, it will be occupied in the future by "Tsindi" devils —and nothing will tempt a Navajo to enter it again.

Mummy cave in Canyon Del Muerto (canyon of the dead), Ariz., contains more than 100 skeletons of Navajo women, children and aged men massacred by a marauding band of Mexicans in 1804. Warriors of the tribe left the bodies as they fell and Navajos still shun the canyon. Only a few white men have seen it.

When the government started construction of its new hospitals on the Navajo reservation at Crown Point and Fort Defiance, Ariz., the plight of the squaws was acute.

Medicine men protested vociferously. Men of the tribe wavered, but the women loved their bronze-skinned children and knew the hospitals—although the places were inhabited by devils because men died there—were meant to help. The squaws quietly slipped away to get modern treatment for their ailing papooses.

The medicine men saw their power waning and gave up. They participateded in dedication ceremonies and some of them have even entered the hospitals for treatment—which was the reaction the government hoped to get.

The Navajoes, the most populous tribe in the United States with its 50,000 members, are extremely poor. The amount of a Navajo medicine man's treatment varies with the patient's ability to pay and the Indian service hopes to influence the tribesmen to stop impoverishing themselves for such treatment.

Civilization is changing Indian medicine. Rituals used when Lewis and Clark struggled through the wilderness to discover the landward approach to the Columbia river would be largely unrecognizable now.

F. W. LaRouche, of the office of Indian affairs tells of a popular Seminole medicine man of Florida, where the Indians live as they did in pre-Spanish days, who continued his ancient rituals but added the use of iodine in treating boils.

This same medicine man, LaRouche adds, often calls upon an Indian service nurse to treat his wife while he conducts incantations over his own followers a few yards away.

Tribesmen of the eastern seaboard and the southwest, in close association with white men for 300 years or more, continue practices handed down from even older times.

The Menominees of Wisconsin, an Algonquin tribe, saw their first white men in 1634 and have fought beside them in every war since. Their reservation has the only Indian G. A. R. post in the nation.

Still, medicine men play an important role in their lives. Dreams of the "thunderers"—some ancient predecessors or mighty gods long unidentified—and the "spirit women" are

interpreted by the Menominees into health, success and good luck assurances through games.

The women play dice and "double-ball," the men lacrosse. With the games go songs and dances designated by the "spirits."

In ancient Indian communities, rituals were no more elaborate but were considerably more grim. A medicine man whose patient died often was killed by irate relatives or ransomed his life with all his possessions.

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NEW POTATO VARIETY GETS WIDE ACCLAIM

The Sequoia Irish potato, one of N. C. State College's latest contributions to the field of horticulture, is receiving abundant praise in many sections of the United States where it has been tried on an experimental basis.

M. E. Gardner, head of the college's horticulture department and co-developer of the potato with Robert Schmidt, said research men in a large number of states as well as in Canada, Mexico, and Cuba have reported excellent results with the Sequoia.

A late potato, the new variety has outyielded established varieties consistentently during a five-year test period in this state. During the past half-decade, the Sequoia averaged 347.5 bushels to the acre. In the same test, Cobbler yielded 224 bushels, Katahdin 218 and Chippewa 263.

Gardner explained its high yielding ability is attributed largely to its marked resistance to leaf hoppers, flea beetles, and blight, all deadly enemies of the crop. It has been estimated that leaf hopper alone reduce yields in Western North Carolina each year from one-third to one-half.

Approximately four acres of Sequoia were grown in 1939 in an isolated seed plot. From this, between 80 and 100 seed samples were distributed to co-operators and growers in the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Cuba.

Practically all reports which have come in on the performance of the Sequoia have painted glowing pictures of its possibilities.

AT WHAT SPEED

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

To live in our day, you must "step on it" or "speed it up" or "hurry along" or "shoot it." Keep running in high gear and you will meet the demands of our day and generation. But how fast and how far can you go before the inevitable crash comes? Then there's time out for repairs and usually the repairs don't make a perfect situation.

Fortunate is that person who can set the guage for a life purpose and keep going at a continuous rate to the consummation of a completed task.

The enrichment of personality accrues from many sources; neither is education attained by gorging with facts contained in books or distributed though an institution of learning. Frequently a student with a fixed goal of getting a diploma sacrifices the essential that will give value to his intellectual training. Some cut down on food expense proper rest, exercise and recreation until the physical vehicle through which their training must function is entirely inadequate. High speed robs an individual of the beauty of his environment. Living under the pressure of tense effort one soon becomes oblivious to surrounding beauty and loses the capacity for extracting those things that give sweetness and joy to life. Malcolm Spencer interprets beauty as an overplus of value, and why shouldn't the over-abounding life make a universal appeal.

A woman who took great pride in exalting the virtues of her father once remarked: "Yet father never could see any fun; mother always had to discover it for him, but after she had discovered it, he enjoyed it more than anyone else." Thus it happens that there are heralds of beauty who point the way to the beautiful in nature and in humanity and men learn to forget the hardness and bitterness that the years bring with them.

Everybody is going somewhere and why not? Transportation is perfect and the attractions great. The cry of youth is, "I don't want to be missing anything." But there is the point. Going at so high rate of speed, you do miss something. A student in college was impatient to get through his college course because he was in a hurry to get into business and make enough money to retire. There were compensations all along the way, if he had not passed them in his haste.

Nature is always lavish to those who have apprecation; and the world's best actors are those who are playing the real game of true living.

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"Truthfulness is a corner stone in character and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation."—Jefferson Davis.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We recently received a card from Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, who is spending his vacation in and around Philadelphia. In this message, written in the famous Wanamaker Store, he stated that he found many good Roosevelt Democrats up in that section.

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Mrs. Hazel Madry, of Greenville, a case worker for the Pitt County department of Public Welfare, was a vistior at the School last Monday. After having spent her vacation at Rock Hill, S. C., she was on her way back home, and passing through this section, stopped in to see the Pitt County boys here.

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While the rain last Tuesday was very much needed for some purposes, it certainly interfered with hay-curing and the harvesting of our corn crop. The corn fields were too wet for several days for trucks or wagons to enter, and hay fields were not dry enough for use of our tractor-mower.

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Mr. Charles Milner, head of the bureau of visual instruction, extension division, University of North Carolina, called at The Uplift office last week. He seemed delighted with the manner in which the work of the School is being carried on, and assured us that he would soon make a return visit for the purpose of taking several reels of motion pictures of the various activities here.

—o—

Messrs. R. E. Connell and A. L. Weaver, of the State Auditor's office, Raleigh, are spending several days at the School, auditing the books and records for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1940. They have been making visits to the institution for several years, and, by the expert manner in which they carry on their work and their most pleasing personalities, these two gentlemen have made a host of friends here, among both boys and officials of the School.

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Henry Daniels, who left the School about twenty-five years ago, was a visitor here this week. For several years he has been employed on an oil tanker, and has visited many foreign countries. While a boy here, Henry was a house boy at Cottage No. 2. Because of his high-pitched, clear voice, he acquired the nickname of "Madame Pedro." He seemed very enthusiastic over the growth and progress of the School, and expressed himself as being proud of the fact that he once received training here.

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On Friday of last week, Dr. M. B. Bethel, Cabrrus County Health Officer, assisted by one of the nurses on his staff, administered the first of three vaccinations for the prevention of typhoid fever, to 175 boys at the School. We are very proud of the fact that all of our boys receive this treatment at proper intervals, also carry a scar showing they have received smallpox vaccination, and that all of them have a negative Wasserman report. This is a very unusual record among a number of boys as large as the group at the School.

Two of our boys were summoned to their homes this week because of deaths in their respective families.

J. T. Branch, of Cottage No. 9, was called to his home in Micaville last Wednesday on account of the death his father. No other details are available at this writing.

Leonard Dawn, of Cottage No. 6, was allowed to go to his home in Gastonia last Wednesday, he having received word that his brother was drowned in the south fork of the Catawba River. This lad and several companions were playing in the water, and not knowing that recent freshets had washed a deep hole in the shoal, fell in and was drowned.

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Bitter weed, the bane of all dairymen, seemed to have taken over our pasture land. We are not alone in this, for we see pasture hillsides between the School and Concord covered with the beautiful yellow blossoms of bitter weed. A mouthful of this weed may be immediately detected in milk. Our pasture is in bloom with this obnoxious pest, and the mowers recently spent several days in an effort to stamp out its growth. It was raked up, hauled off and placed in huge piles where it will remain until dry enough to burn. Some of these days there will be a large bon-fire, and our dairyman will probably rejoice to see the smoke rising skyward.

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A calm after a storm is always noticeable in nature, and members of our office face report that the same applies to bookkeeping. For some time they have been assidvously devoting their efforts to the preparation of the budget for the next biennial period. On former visits to the office we noticed them hard at it, but on our last trip there it was quite evident that the work had been completed and reports sent to the proper department in Raleigh. We are informed that now comes the task of making up a biennial report, covering the activities of the School during the past two years, which is supposed to be completed in the next few days.

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The baseball season came to a close with the Training School team holding fourth place in the Cabarrus County League, and now our thoughts turn to football. A number of minor casualties and one injured nose have made the infirmary attendants conscious of the fact that football practice at the School has begun in earnest. The candidates for the team are now practicng daily, and the boys seem determined to place a good team on the field by the time the date for the first game rolls around. An interesting fact in this connection is that two boys eligible for conditional release have asked to be allowed to remain at the School until the end of the current season. Messrs. Liner and Corliss, who are supervising the practice, report that prospects for a good team this year are favorable.

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Dr. F. A. Bower, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Kannapolis, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He is an able preacher, and spoke to the boys in a most understanding and interesting manner. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the sixth chapter of II Kings, in which is related the story of Elisha making the axe to float, and the subject of his

message to the boys was "Making Iron to Swim."

According to the law of nature, said the speaker, iron sinks immediately when thrown into water, but there can be exceptions to this law, as in this case, the exception being brought about by God's help. Such occurrences may seem miraculous, and quite often, only those who know God can understand them. Even such weaklings as we can, with God's help, make iron to swim.

Dr. Bower then pointed out the following instances in which men had accomplished so-called impossible things: The life of Jerry McCauley, the drunken sot, who, in middle life became converted and gave the rest of his life to the service of others was, in a sense. a miracle. Andrews, who built the railroad from Old Fort to Asheville, through a very mountainous section, was told that the task was impossible, but with faith and a crew of faithful workers, it was done. Robert Fulton was told that it was a very foolish idea to think of building a boat of iron and expect it to float, but today we see giant vessels of steel all over the world.

God does not always complete the task of making iron to float, said Dr. Bower. The axe head was made to float, but the man who had lost the axe was asked to reach in an take it from the water. God goes as far as man is unable to go but He expects us to do what we can.

In conclusion the speaker brought out the fact that we can be just what we ought to be. It may seem impossible for us to do so, but we should always remember the story told in the Scripture Lesson—with God's help, we can make even iron to swim.

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GIVE 'EM A BREAK!

When youngsters are absorbed in their own affairs they live in a world of their own. Such things as traffic and danger don't enter their heads. The thoughtful driver is fully aware that they may not be paying the slightest attention to his warning.

Maybe you'll lose a few minutes in the course of a day by anticipating possible accidents, but you won't lose as much time as the man who hits a child. You will save yourself untold grief and anguish by being careful.

Last year about 4,000 boys and girls under fifteen years of age were struck and killed by automobiles.

Nearly 100,000 were injured—many of them crippled for life.

Be constantly on your guard for the child who may dart in front of your car without a moment's warning. He's thoughtless, of course. But weren't you, also, at his age? Give 'em a break!—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL — AUGUST

The number following boy's name indicates the number of times he has been listed on Honor Roll since January 1, 1940.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Mack Bell 8
Aldine Duggins 6
Robert Hampton 6
Olin Langford 6
Claude McConnell 5
Max Newsome 5
John Reep 5
Melvin Roland 2
Walter Sexton 3
Carl Tyndall 3
James Tyndall 4
Eldred Watts 3
Floyd Williams 6

—B—

David Cunningham
Leonard Franklin 2
George Gaddy
James Roberson 2
Wayne Sluder
Brice Thomas 2

SECOND GRADE

—A—

John Bailey 5
Plummer Boyd 2
William Harding 3
Leo Hamilton 6
J. B. Howell 2
Alfred Lamb 8
Spencer Lane 2
J. P. Morgan 4
James Mondie 3
Houston Turner 2

—B—

Cecil Ashley 7
Wesley Beaver 4
Percy Capps 2
Robert Goldsmith
Jack Hamilton
Winley Jones 3
James Massey 2
Lloyd Mullis
Lewis B. Sawyer
George Tolson 8
Louis Williams
Frank Workman 2
James C. Wiggins 5

THIRD GRADE

—B—

Paul Godwin 4
Lacy Green 5
Howard Sanders 5
Richard Starnes 3

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

George Green 2
Mark Jones 3

—B—

Robert Chamberlain
Martin Crump 2
Paul Dockery 5
Hubert Holloway
John Ingram
James Johnson 3
Charles McCoyle 2
Hardy Lanier 6
Canipe Shoe
Ronald Washam

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Quick
Jack West

—B—

Robert Bryson 7
Woodrow Hager 6
James Puckett 2
Joseph White 2

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Ray Bayne 6
Harold Donaldson 3
A. C. Elmore

Dallas Holder
Robert Keith 2
Edward Murray 5
Theodore Rector 5
J. P. Sutton 6

—B—

Roy Helms 2
Gilbert Hogan 3
Fred McLemore 2
William Padrick 6
James Quick 3
Arvel Ward 5

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles 4
Jack Cline 5
Quentin Crittenton 2

—B—

James M. Hare 2
R. J. Lefler
Charles Smith 4

———o———

MY COUNTRY

America! When first I heard
The music of that matchless word
My youthful heart with rapture stirred.
My Country.

As oft' I knelt at mother's knee
At twilight's hour in infancy,
She taught me how to pray for thee,
My Country.

Land where my mother lived and taught;
Land where my sire for freedom fought
Land that our martyred blood hath bought,
My Country.

Lives there a man so mean, so base
Who cannot in thy history trace,
The struggle for a peaceful race,
My Country.

All we've fought for in the past
Let us maintain while time shall last.
With truth and duty holding fast,
My Country.

While "Peace with honor" we proclaim
The starry flag which bears thy name,
We'll let not overt act defame,
My Country.

Blest burden of my prayer and song,
To thee my life, my strength belong,
I love thee whether right or wrong,
My Country.

I'll live, I'll work, I'll die for thee
Dear land of my nativity.
Take all my life holds dear to me,
My Country.

—Julia W. Galloway.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending September 8, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Noah J. Green 11
(4) Edward Johnson 13
(4) Frank May 13
(2) Weldon H. Warren 12

COTTAGE No. 1

James Bargesser
Charles Browning 6
(2) William G. Bryant 7
Everett Case 6
Howard Cox 7
John Davis 7
Eugene Edwards 6
Porter Holder 7
(2) Carl Hooker 8
Bruce Link
(2) Clay Mize 11
(2) Everett Watts 10
(2) William C. Wilson 12

COTTAGE No. 2

Bennie Austin 12
(3) Charles Chapman 5
(4) John D. Davis 10
Joseph Farlow
Virgil Lane
(4) William Shaw 11
(2) Arna Wallace 8
Clarence Wright 5

COTTAGE No. 3

(3) Lewis Andrews 14
John Bailey 10
(2) Lewis Baker 8
(2) Earl Barnes 13
(2) Grover Beaver 8
(2) James Boone 11
(2) William Buff 3
Kenneth Conklin 7
Jack Crotts 6
(2) Max Evans 10
Bruce Hawkins 8
Roscoe Honeycutt 7
(2) Harley Matthews 12
(2) William Matthewson 11
Otis McCall 9
Robert Quick 6
Wayne Sluder 7
George Shaver 10
(2) William Sims 13
William T. Smith 8
(2) Harrison Stilwell 12
John Tolley 10
(2) Jerome Wiggins 10
(2) Louis Williams 11

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 8
Plummer Boyd 10
Paul Briggs 8
William Cherry
(3) Quentin Crittenton 7
(2) Arthur Edmondson 9
Paul Godwin 11
(8) Gilbert Hogan 10
John Jackson 10
(2) Hugh Kennedy 7
(3) Ivan Morrozoff 13
J. W. McRorrie 11
(4) J. C. Nance 12
George Newman 7
Eugene Puckett
(2) Robert Simpson 4
George Speer
(5) John Whitaker 6
Oakley Walker 10
(15) Melvin Walters 15
(5) Thomas Yates 6

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Theodore Bowles 13
(2) J. C. Bordeaux 6
(3) A. C. Elmore 10
Monroe Flinchum 11
Charles Hayes 5
Sidney Knighting 8
Leonard Melton
(3) J. C. Reinhardt 13
(3) Currie Singletary 7
Donald Smith 4
Fred Tolbert 8
(3) Hubert Walker 13
(2) Dewey Ware 11
(2) Henry Ziegler 8

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 5

(4) Leo Hamilton 7
(2) Leonard Jacobs 4

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) John H. Averitte 9
(3) Cleasper Beasley 10
(12) Paul Dockery 14
(15) Donald Earnhardt 15
(2) Lacy Green 5
(6) George Green 12
(12) Roy Helms 13
(4) Raymond Hughes 8
(5) J. B. Hensley 8
(4) Vernon Harding 6
(2) Lyman Johnson 10
(4) J. C. Long 7
(4) Robert Lawrence 13
(2) Charles McGowan 8
(6) Arnold McHone 13
(4) Ernest Overcash 7
Ernest Turner
Alex Weathers 11

COTTAGE No. 8

Reid Beheler 14
Martin Crump 4
Jesse Cunningham
(3) Otis Kilpatrick 7
Spencer Lane 3
(13) James Quick 13

COTTAGE No. 9

Holly Atwood 11
Mack Bell 11
(9) J. T. Branch 14
Percy Capps 7
(10) David Cunningham 10
(2) Osper Howell 10
(3) Mark Jones 12
Daniel Kilpatrick 10
(2) Harold O'Dear 14
(2) James Ruff 8
(2) Thomas Sands 11
Richard Singletary 11
(2) Horace Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

(15) John Benson 15
Robert Davis 3
Charles Frye
(10) Robert Goldsmith 12
(9) Earl Hildreth 13
Fred Jones 8
Julian Meritt 7
(2) Edward Murray 8
(15) Fred Owens 15
(7) Theodore Rector 13

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Odell Almond 13
(6) Ernest Brewer 11
(6) William Deaton 14
Treley Frankum 9
(7) Woodrow Hager 13
Eugene Heafner
(3) Tillman Lyles 13
Clarence Mayton 8
James Mondie 11
James Puckett 8
(3) Howard Sanders 11
Charles Simpson 8
(2) Robah Sink 12
Jesse Smith 3
Norman Smith 5
George Tolson 13

COTTAGE No. 13

(5) James Brewer 13
Kenneth Brooks
(2) Thomas Fields 2
(3) William Griffin 12
William Goins 4
James Lane 10
Jordan McIver 9
John Murdock 4
Randall D. Peeler 7

COTTAGE No. 14

(5) Raymond Anderson 11
(5) John Baker 10
(15) Mack Coggins 15
(2) Robert Deyton 12
(6) Audie Farthing 14
(4) Henry Glover 9
(15) William Harding 15
(2) John Hamm 10
(2) Norvell Murphy 13
(2) Roy Mumford 8
(6) Charles McCoyle 11
(4) James Roberson 11
(2) Charles Steepleton 10
(3) J. C. Willis 5
(14) Wallace Woody 14
(2) Jones Watson 10

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 6
(2) George Duncan 10
(6) Philip Holmes 12
Harvey Ledford 6
John T. Lawry 9
Redmond Lawry 9

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SEP 23 1940
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 21, 1940 NO. 38

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A BLESSING

Not to the man of dollars,
  Not to the man of deeds,
Not unto craft and cunning,
  Not unto human creeds;
Not to the one whose passion
  Is for the world's renown,
Not in the form of fashion
  Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
  Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
  Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors
  Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly-hearted,
  Cometh a blessing down.

—Mary Frances Tucker.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING
AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

BROUGHT UP—SENT UP

This striking sentence appeared rather recently: "If more children were brought up fewer would be sent up." Little more need be said on that subject. It carries our thought to that ancient Biblical verse: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

There are still those who tell us that nowhere else are Christian parents doing so inadequate a piece of service as in the field of child training. Part of the reason for that state may readily be accounted for. Years ago the home and the school and the church were the centers of life for both young and old. The home then had a chance to contribute its share toward an uninterrupted and constructive character-building process in the field of religion. In these modern times, with the home on wheels, children are scarcely in one place long enough to have definite religious impressions made on them.

If the very structure of our social life has been so completely changed as to provide parents little opportunity for a full and rich home life, then it follows we have failed to a considerable degree in providing other agencies which would take over their responsibility. But the question of how is not the main issue here.

Of primary and imperative importance is the fact that does not lessen with the centuries, that children must be brought up aright if we are to have an enduring civilization. In our modern life, while parents still hold a prominent place in the nature of the children, it will be granted that their influence is of necessity less continuous and impressive than it was thirty to forty years ago.

What is true, however, is the stubborn fact that if somebody,—the home, the school, the church,—does not see to it that children are brought up in the fear of God, then in many cases they will be "sent up."—Selected.

———o———

THE LIBRARY ENLARGED

One of the most valuable assets of this institution is the library, opened in 1933, by Mrs. E. E. Peele, of Charlotte. It has been placed in large and convenient quarters and will from time to time be made more complete in furnishings.

The library of the Jackson Training School has increased to such

an extent that from the assembling of a few books, today we can boast of a library that compares with other school libraries of the state. It is a fitting tribute to the ladies who have labored so faithfully to make it a success. We have today a total of four thousand books, Reference 153, History 341, Fiction 2,118, Poetry and Art 238, Philosophy and Religion 301, Scientific 430, Miscellaneous 600.

We learn from Librarian Hollingsworth that the classes are given weekly access to the library. For instance, the sixth and seventh grades are allowed the privilege of the library Monday morning and afternoon, the fourth and fifth grade classes Tuesday morning and Tuesday afternoon, the third and second grade classes Wednesday morning and afternoon, the first grade classes Thursday afternoon, and the Indian boys Friday morning.

It is interesting to note that the boy whose conduct entitles him to the privilege of the library may borrow a book or magazine for a week with the right of renewal. This will make an average exchange of three hundred and fifty books weekly.

The information gained after a visit to the library is that books for the small boys of the first, second, and third grades are needed. We give this information not alone as a suggestion, but as an appeal for books for the small children.

Mr. Hollingsworth is managing the library in the most acceptable manner. He is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, has had experience of twenty-two years as a teacher and is thoroughly qualified for the position he holds at the Jackson Training School.

The opportunity is taken here to thank Mesdames J. B. Efird, P. H. Efird, and H. E. Lester for the large number of books placed in Mrs. E. E. Peele's hands and delivered to the library last Sunday.

* * * * * * * *

DEVELOPING THE AESTHETIC

When the late Mrs. Sally P. Williamson, of Chicago, gave $50.00 a number of years ago to help beautify our campus little did we realize that the crepe myrtles which were placed here and there in

places discernable both from the inside and the outside of our grounds would grow to be such lovely trees as we have seen during these late summer and early autumn days. These trees together with many shrubs and fall flowers have produced a riot of color that harmonizes with the fast changing leaves on our many trees, particularly the maples.

While the immediate thought in planting trees, shrubs and flowers is to make our campus more lovely for our own eyes, that is to say, the eyes of both students and staff, as well as visitors, one is bound to feel that boys who live here for weeks and months, and some for years, will in time to come, when they have their own homes, simply demand of themselves and of their wives to make their own homes comely. Impressions gained thus in childhood are beyond measure. There are some who fail to observe. Others keep their eyes unconsciously alert, and find the aestetic in them being fed day by day. It is hoped that other friends of this School will see fit to add their recognition to this and similar influences which can be inculcated in the hearts and minds of our boys in training here. It is hoped in the future that our boys will be taught the names of trees and shrubs and flowers as an elemental part of their education, as a necessary contribution to these things which help to sweeten and beautify every day living for us all.

* * * * * * * * *

EIGHTY PER CENT IS OUR RECORD

During the months of July and August we released 74 boys. Some had been here for longer periods than others. But each one released was allowed to go home because we felt that he had been here long enough to have grasped those fundamentals which have to do with a fine, clean and virile sort of citizenship. Many adjustments will have to be be made by them at home. Greater freedom, entirely different contacts, less orderly daily schedule, mingling with normal family life, where mother, aunts and sisters should receive their due consideration, these and other changes will have to be reckoned with and cared for as if most of them were something new. But, in most all of these the public school, churches and Sunday Schools will help the parents and families in their part to be done.

Now the very interesting feature of this "return to family life" is that, according to our records, 80 per cent will make good. Legislators and voters, take note of this! When we think of the many and varied sums authorized by the Legislature each two years, are there many of them that produce a more worthwhile result, if records count for anything? While we do have boys here who have come because living conditions at home were far from satisfactory, and what they did was not so much of a nature to send every boy away from home for awhile, unless things were as they were,—we do know that many a boy who comes here came because he was headed toward a life of unwholesomeness to society, destructive not only to himself but to those boys in the community upon whom he had a very subtle influence. And then for 80 per cent of these boys to return to their communities, no longer as liabilities, but as assets, working and living to add their part toward constructive citizenship,—why it is an expenditure of money, time, energies, patience and talents that bring in most satisfying results.

* * * * * * * *

WE INVITE OUR FRIENDS TO VISIT THE SCHOOL

The Legislature decided in 1907 to establish the Stonewall Jackson Training School, the site later decided upon was in the vicinity of Concord. The School was opened on January 12th, 1909, with one boy. Little did the founders then realize not only the widespread need for such a School, but the influence it would wield in 31 years' time. The physical plant, with its vast acres under cultivation, its stately buildings, its well-kept barns and other structures and its campus growing more attractive each year, all are things that we feel the State should be most proud to show to any people outside of our State. But it is the human values emphasized here that those who know us best like to stress, and naturally we find a deep satisfaction in every kind word said. For it is our purpose to transform and mould character here. We feel that we have a staff that has a vision, and we trust that our labors in this task, —and it is a task, will not be in vain.

Therefore, since this School belongs to the tax-payers of North

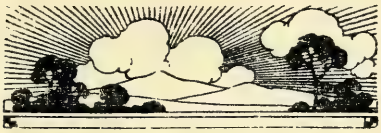
Carolina, we hope that they will have the urge to stop by and see us, so that we may show them what it is that we are seeking to do here. We would like for them to meet members of our staff and to see the boys at work and play.

* * * * * * * *

ONLY THOSE IN SCHOOL LIFE CAN UNDERSTAND

Public and private schools are proud to send forth their graduates into various phases of community life. But did you ever think of the problems involved when student leadership has left the campus to have to begin all over again developing new leadership among those left behind? And our case is really more difficult than in public and private schools. They have the lapse of months, in which time the incoming pupils have had time to think about the fact that they are soon to assume responsibilities, and leadership and they come to school fully cognizant of some of the responsibilities that will be thrust upon them.

When our "graduates" leave us, the incoming group from which new leaders must be trained are right here, and have an immediate shock as to the part they are to play in helping us to build up, and continue, with them as our new leaders, the "esprit de corps" which we want to exist here. This continual change, however, has its charms along with its problems.



THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

By W. E. Aughinbaugh, M. D.

A physican can often parry the scythe of death and even slow the flow of the sand in the hourglass of life. To be a good surgeon one needs a hawk's eye; a lion's heart and the delicate hand of a lady. When life hangs in the balance the doctor becomes a hero and when he saves one from going over the brink into eternity he is a demigod. The country doctor usually has more brains at his command to do wonderful work than any fifty of the greatest industrialists of the world—and he makes less fuss about it and gets less publicity.

The country practitioner is a surgeon, a physician, a specialist, a pharmacist and a friend and advisor to his clientele. Many of them are forced to maintain small drug stores in their offices where they may compound prescriptions.

Dr. Edmund Russell lived and practiced medicine in Lewistone, Maine, for fifty years and in 1882 did the first appendicitis operation in that state, the patient being a wealthy sportsman who had gone to the Rangley Lakes to shoot moose. In the early winter Dr. Russell was called to the home of a guide in Rangley, distance of 75 miles and told to come immediately as a man was there very ill.

The weather was below zero, the ground covered with snow so deeply that even the fence post tops could not be seen. Hitching his two horses tandem to his sleigh he drove with his son, also a doctor, and arrived at the patient's bedside in 24 hours. The patient was placed on the kitchen table and immediately operated upon, a badly diseased appendix being removed.

Leaving his son to attend the sufferer, the elder physician started for home immediately because he was expecting the arrival of several new citizens that week. He recalls reaching Farmington, Maine where he had changed horses previously and left his own mares to rest. Bundled in furs he went to sleep knowing that his own fresh horses would bring him home.

His wife heard the sleigh approach and when it stopped at the barn, found the doctor almost frozen and unconscious. Taking her husband into the house, where he was revived she opened the barn. admitted the horses and fed them after giving them a good rub down. Next morning, Kit, the lead horse was found dead in her stall. The exertion had been too much for her. The doctor however went about town attending his patients the next day.

A month later, a city man walked into the physician's office and asked, for his bill saying: "I am the man whose appendix you removed at Rangley. What do I owe you?"

"That is up to you," answered the doctor, whereupon the man handed the medical practicioner $500.00 and departed, profuse in his thanks.

"That was the only fee of more than $100.00 I ever received in my fifty years at medicine," commented the elderly doctor "for most of my patients paid me in cord word, hogs, beef, calves, vegetables chickens and eggs. But," he concluded with a smile, "if I had my life to live over again I'd be a doctor."

A PEEP INTO THE PAST

(Dare County Times)

The Indian medicine man used tobacco as a remedy for everything from toothache to rheumatism. The red men thought that this herb was a gift from the "great spirit."

F.W. Fairholt gives Franklin credit for relating the following Indian tradition concerning the orgin of tobacco: "In the beginning we had only flesh of animals to eat. Two Indian hunters killed a deer and broiled a part of it. A young woman descended from the clouds and seated herself on a hill.

"One hunter said to the other, 'It is a spirit. She has smelt our venison; let us offer her some. They gave her the tongue.

"She was pleased wiht its flavor and said, 'Your kindness shall be repaid. Come here thirteen moons hence, and you shall find the reward.

"They returned at the appointed time. Where her right hand touched the ground, maize was growing; where her left hand touched, beans were growing; and where she sat they found tobacco growing."

In North America. tobacco was used everywhere. Not a tribe was found that abstained. It has been said that the Indians used tobacco as Europeans used watches. In reckoning the time they had no clocks that they might say. "I worked thirty minutes." The answer would be, "I smoked about one pipe of tobacco."

The medicine men used the leaves in many ways to treat various ailments. The Indians chewed, snuffed and smoked to cure their ills; and sometimes applied the leaves to the injured spot.

Today, smokers exhale through the nostrils; but some of the Indians did the reverse, for they inhaled through the nose by means of a forked cane. When the forked ends were inserted in the nostrils, the other end was applied to the burning leaves of the herb. This smoking instrument was called "Babaco"; and from it comes the name "tobacco." White men associated the word with the weed not knowing it was the name of the "pipe." Raleigh's colonists, who came to America at a later date, found the red men using the name "uppowoc" for tobacco.

The Indian mounds give up pipes that show elaborate workmanship. They are sculptured with figures of executed with a strict fidelity to nabeast, birds, and reptiles. All were ture; the attitudes are characteristic, and the very habits of the creatures are given occasionally.

If the fifteenth century Indian could walk into the American, the Duke, or the Reynolds tobacco factory, he would say, "Those people have beat us at our own game."

———o———

Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world.—Cervantes.

SPEECH THAT IS KINDLY

(The Alabama Baptist)

Much time and thought are given nowadays to ensure correctness of speech. It is well that it should be so, for one who can express himself gramatically and clearly is much more likely to catch the ear of his audience, and hold its attention, than one who has a meager vocabulary and a poor delivery.

It is not enough, however, that one's speech should be cultured. One might be able to talk properly from the viewpoint of the grammarian and the stylist, and yet his speech might be highly undesirable. He might even have the eloquence of a Demosthenes, and yet possess a heart loveless and compassionless. What then would be the value of his eloquence? Says Paul, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity (love), I am become as sounding brass or a tingling cymbal." Speech, to be truly effective, must flow from a heart inspired by love. If it lack this inspiration, it may amount to little more than meaningless sound.

Ranking far higher in many respects than an eloquent tongue is a gentle one, a kindly one—a loving one. The wise man says, "pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones;" and "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." How true are his words! How often we have seen anger stilled by gentleness of speech prompted by thought that knows the power of reflected love!

How is this gentleness of heart to be attained? How is kindliness of speech to be fostered? Jesus is our Exemplar here as elsewhere. Sometimes He refrained from saying anything, as on the notable occasion when he stooped down and "with his finger wrote on the ground." Sometimes He spoke with vehemence, as when He cleared the money-changers and those who sold doves out of the temple. But though Jesus expressed Himself thus strongly on occasion, can we doubt the depths of His love, even as He spoke, for poor materially-minded humanity?

Those who would habitually be kindly of speech should often pray the prayer of the Psalmist, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." Praying thus, we pray not in vain. Such praying cannot possibly fail to show itself in speech that is kindly.

He that respects himself is safe from others; he wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.—Longfellow.

RURAL LEADERSHIP

(Smithfield Herald)

The wide open spaces have always been a factor in the development of strong men. Take any small town or city and most of the leading men, the men filling posts of importance in business or the professions, have their roots back on some small farm. Many of our great preachers recieved their inspiration as they followed the plow and communed with nature. The same thing can be said of educators, lawyers, doctors merchants. There is something about rural life that sends one "toiling, rejoicing, onward." A great many reared on the farm stay on the farm, some because they have too, an increasing number because they want to. Others are impelled to seek new fields of endeavor and they carry with them into their chosen vocations something of the ruggedness of the soil and the clear thinking of rural solitudes.

Until recent years, this could hardly be said of women leaders. The farmwoman's circle was limited often to her family, certainly to her neighborhood. No doubt her strength of character, gained from meeting well her home obligations, was imparted to the sons she sent out into the world; but leadership outside the home was rare.

Home demonstration work has done more to bring out qualities of leadership in rural women than perhaps any other single agency. Rural women are now taking their places in lub life, in the church life, in community uplift in a manner that stamps them as leaders even beyond their isters in the city whose opportunities are supposed to have been more promising.

To be convinced of the advance of rural women, read the ten "musts" which Mrs. Dudley Bagley, past president of the North Carolina Federation of Home Demonstration clubs, commends to farm folks as desirable goals. These "musts" show that rural women are no longer bound down by the four walls of an unattractive home, but using their home life which is being enriched with outside contacts, as a starting point they are developing a civic consciousness that will bring the joy and satisfaction that Mrs. Bagley covets for farm people.

These "musts" are:

1. We must develop desirable standards for home and community living.

2. We must appreciate the place of the home in the social order.

3. We must learn to manage our income so that it will best contribute to better living.

4. We must learn how to use our leisure time so that we may grow and may benefit our community.

5. We must always consider the promotion and maintenance of health.

6. We must be willing to lead, if the occasion arises, and be especially alert in helping others to develop leadership.

7. We must foster a family relationship which will give the members a necessary feeling of security.

8. We must co-operate with community and civic projects which will benefit general welfare.

9. We must learn to adapt new ideas to our own use.

And combining all the others, Mrs. Bagley listed the tenth "must" as: We must discover and use the opportunities, joy and satisfaction which may be derived from rural family life.

———o———

GOOD GIFTS

A smile is worth its weight in gold,
  When we are feeling sad and blue;
Its value hardly can be told,
  'Cause we take on a hopeful view.

A little kindness means so much
  To weary pilgrims here,
Just like a golden touch
  That brings with it "Good Cheer!"

Faith is a jewel, too;
  It teaches us to trust;
Dark hours and days it pierces through,
  Thereby dooming our fears to dust.

When life seems not at all worth while,
  Then think that it will better be:
And link your hopes with a smile,
  For surely, better times you'll see.

Now charity is the greatest gift
  Ever given to mortal man,
With power of strong urge to uplift
  Beyond each earthly creed or clan.

Good gifts encourage man who knows
  That he's the possessor of them;
Yet richer far, he that bestows
  Those gifts abroad to bless all men.

—Selected.

PAPER BOTTLES

By M. D. Crehan

Paper boxes, paper cans, paper cups, paper glasses and paper bottles! The familiar glass and tin containers, used extensively for so many years, may soon be antiquated—"a thing of the past"—replaced entirely by "streamlined" paper containers.

After many experiments and years of research, a process has been perfected for producing paper which possesses a "non-wilting" quality and which is impervious to liquids. A certain chemical solution is responsible for this forward step in the paper-making industry.

According to recent estimates, paper bottles can be manufactured at less expense and therefore retail at lower cost than rival glass and tin containers. All kinds of soft drinks can be stored safely in the new type containers. They are trustworthy carriers also for oil, kersosene, gasoline and many other kinds of liquids.

Paper bottles may perhaps solve an ever-present motoring problem, too. Broken glass on highways and streets has indirectly caused discomfort to many drivers who have had to change a "flat" caused from a glass puncture.

Paper bottles might also aid the many "clean-up" and "better health" programs sponsored annually in many sections of the country. Paper containers can be destroyed quickly and effectively with fire. Glass and tin containers must, of course, be disposed of with other refuse that will not burn.

The stagecoach of yesterday gave way to smoke-belching monsters of iron. The horse and buggy were forgotten in the glory of the horseless carriage. Electricity replaced the flickering candles and gas and oil lamps of the pioneers. Even as these and countless other once-upon-a-time necessities gave way to modern inventions and discoveries, so too, may paper bottles supplant the familiar tin and glass receptacles now used. And, the World of Tomororw may even scorn such containers quite as much as the World of Today is amused at the stagecoach, the horse and buggy, and the oil lamp of the World of Yesterday.

The man who makes no mistakes lacks boldness and the spirit of adventure. He is a brake on the wheels of progress. There are no thrills in his life. And there are no monuments to his memory.—Selected.

FALL OF PARIS WAS IT'S SIXTH IN HISTORY

(Capper's Weekly)

When Paris surrendered to the German Army recently it was the sixth time that world-famous city capitulated to an attacking foe.

Its first experience of this nature goes back nearly twenty centuries, to the year 52 B. C., when it was a village on the Isle de la Cite in the Seine River. Known then as Lutetia, it was the capital of a Gallic tribe, called the Parissi which later gave their name to the city. Julius Caesar and his Roman Legions were its first captors but before they could occupy the town the population burned it to the ground.

It will be news to most persons, not students of history, that the city was in existence even before the time of Christ. For more than four centuries the Romans held possession of it. It was during that period that the foundations were laid for a future city of beauty and grandeur, for the Romans, among many other improvements, built a great amphitheater, several temples and an aqueduct.

Late in the Fifth Century, perhaps about 490, a warlike tribe of Franks led by a remarkable youth named Clovis, who had turned Christian, attacked and captured Paris from the Romans. It was in these tribes that the French nation had its origin and Clovis often has been called the first French ruler. The dynasty continued under Clovis II and Clovis III.

The Danish invasions of Western Europe, including England, brought the next downfall to Paris in the Ninth Century which marked the beginning of a long era of feudalism in which Paris played an increasingly important part.

In 1422 the English under King Henry VI took Paris. It was during the French campaigns to retake the ciyt that Joan of Arc played her historic part in 1429 but the English remained in posession of the city until 1463 when it was restored to Charles VII, then king of France.

During the Napoleonic wars the armies of England and Germany, then allies, occupied Paris after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo.

The city next capitulated to the Prussians in 1871 at the end of a four-month siege when the inhabitants were on the verge of starvation.

The city of Paris has suffered less from destruction during all these wars fought for its possession than from its own citziens in revolutionary outbreaks. Fortunately, this year, the declaration that it was an "open city" before its capture again saved it from war's destructiveness. It was during the French Reveolution late in the Eighteenth Century that the city suffered untold damage. Again in 1815 the city's fall was a signal for an insurrection against the Napoleonic dynasty which resulted in restoration of Louis XVIII to the throne. There was a repetition of this destructive outbreak after the Prussians gave up possession in 1871 and the Commune started its brief

but bloody and destructive reign.

The history of Paris is typical of Europe which has been plagued by wars for 2,000 years. And the end is not yet.

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No matter when your birthday was, you will begin to grow old only when you begin to let go of life.—Exchange.

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FIGHTING FOREST FIRES WITH PARACHUTISTS

(Pathfinder)

'cutist wears a heavy canvas suit—with ankle, knee and body braces built in—and a helmet with a metal mask. The 'chutist also carries an 8-pound radio, to report progress of the fire, and 200 feet of rope so that he can slide to the ground if he lands in a tree. When he lands, he radios that he is safe and his fire-fighting tools are dropped by another parachute.

The Forest Service reported last week that it now has 16 parachutes and is training men in their use for summer. Headquarters of the 'chutist brigade will be in the Chelan national forest at Winthrop, Wash., and in the northern Rocky Mountain region—areas where many forest fires break out each year. If the hopes of Forest Service officials come true, many a fire that other-wise would create costly economic damage will be nipped in the spark by the prompt arrival of a few 'chutists.

Annually in the United States, there is an average of nearly 172,000 forest fires, representing a loss in timber amounting to between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000.

If forest fires can be attacked quickly, there is little likelihood that they will gain damaging headway. But even when spotted from observation towers soon after their start, it is often difficult to reach them in time over mountainous terrain. Last week, the U. S. Forest Service believed that it had found a solution to this problem.

Tried experimentally last fall, the idea is to drop fire fighters in parachutes near a forest blaze that is just getting under way. The 'chutes drop at a speed of 12 feet per second and are equipped with flaps so that they can be steered. Tests last fall indicated it was safe to jump in mountainous terrain, though some risk is involved.

To insure safety, however, each

A WEED OF LEGEND AND USEFULNESS

By Ruth I. Simon

Bits of summer sky cut into ragged stars and dropped by a dusty roadside, that is chickory. As we examine carefully the flower heads which grow close to the woody sprawling stem, we are almost certain that their clear blue is a mistake. So closely do they resemble their relative, the dandelion, in their formation that we feel the blossoms should be yellow. All of the twenty or more blue rays are tiny florets, each one producing a single seed.

Chicory is a traveler. From its ancestral home in the Far East it wandered through Europe and eventually found its way to our shores. In the hundred years of its life here, it has become so completely at home that it is often a troublesome weed. It prefers to live in the north and eastern states, but may be found pioneering for a new home in the far west and south. Often it keeps bad company, for with the obnoxious ragweed we find it occupying neglected fence corners, covering vacant city lots, decorating our roadsides, and invading open fields.

But we should always remember that, although chicory must be classed as a weed, it is a flower of beauty and one with a long record of usefulness. Before the birth of Christ the poorer classes of India and Egypt found in it a staple food. Peoples of Europe and some in our own country use its fresh young leaves as a delicious salad green. Usually they blanch them first, sometimes by covering them with a flower pot until they turn white, sometimes by tying the outer leaves over the inner ones, and sometimes by growing them in a warm, dark cellar.

It is as an adulterant for coffee, however, that chicory is best known, and it is even grown commercially for that purpose. Its large roots, roasted and ground, add color and body to cheap grades of coffee. Some even perfer their coffee so adulterated, and were our universal drink suddenly unavailable, we might make a palatable beverage from chicory roots alone.

Among the many flowers which could serve as clocks none is more accurate than chicory. At the first appearance of the sun the flower head begins to open wide and expands until a single blossom often measures two inches across. As soon as the sun passes noon it begins to fold, and by night its rays are tightly clasped together. Never does it venture to open at all if the day is dark and the rain falls.

In his poem, "Humble Bee," Emerson called our chicory by another of its common names, succory, as he wrote,—"Succory to match the sky." Even Virgil knew this plant as a weed, and wrote,—"And spreading succ'ry chokes the rising field." This name, preferred by the poets, refers to the large fleshy root. Blue sailors is as picturesque a name, if a little more modern, than the old legend which relates that once

the sun god visited the earth and loved Florilor of Rumania, "Lady of the Flowers." When he asked that she marry him she refused, and in anger he turned her into the flower of her choice, the chicory.

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SCHOOL AND PATRIOTISM

Occasionally charges are made that certain schools and universities are teaching un-American doctrines. Before Adolf Hitler startled the world by his savage attack on peace-loving nations that had done nothing to deserve the treatment they got at the hands of Hitler we paid little or no attention to such charges, but now it is different.

Lee R. Pennington, of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and administrative assistant to Edgar J. Hoover, told the Rotary Club of Washington, D. C., on August 14th, 1940:

"The teaching of 'doctrines wholly un-American' in the Nation's schools and colleges is one of the greatest problems facing the FBI in its national defense work.

"American youth are falling prey to 'preachers of ideologies foreign to our way of thinking.'

"Doctrines wholly un-American have gotten into our educational institutions, and students are listening to influences which are trying to make us a Nation divided against itself.

"The FBI is doing all within its power to uncover instances of classroom discussion of un-American topics, but help of all law-abiding citizens is needed to carry on our fight."

"We know there are instructors in schools throughout the country teaching subversive subjects, but it is a mystery to the FBI why such practices are permitted to exist when they could be stopped easily before they get a foothold.

"Parents should talk to their children, learn what is going on in their community schools, and report any cases of subversive activities directly to the FBI.

"So-called Fifth Columnists are using a 'softening process' —undermining American youth for the 'final kill.'

"The FBI has recently conducted a series of conferences with State and municipal authorities to map a plan of attack on these evil forces. We have found that these un-American teachings have not alone crept into our schools but into our pulpits and in many instances, the daily press.'

The FBI agent warned his listeners to avoid hysteria, combat the problem calmly and offer concerted co-operation with United States authorities.—Marshville Home.

FORESTRY PROGRAM IMPORTANT

(The Morganton News-Herald)

Western North Carolina should take real interest in the broad forestry program proposed by the North Carolina Forestry Association. It is of vital concern to this entire section. For too many years our forests were slaughtered with a recklessness that took nothing into consideration except the money that the lumber brought at the moment. We are suffering now from the waste. No doubt the cause of the floods of the past month can be traced partly to the barren mountains and hillsides, stripped of their forests.

The dozen objectives proposed in the 12-point program of the Forest Association deserves full and cooperative support:

1. More adequate forest fire protection on a statewide basis, supported by an increased state appropriation.

2. Acquisition and development of a system of state forests as demonstration areas in the management and use of non-farm land; also acquisition of more state parks.

3. Development of community forests by counties, towns and cities to provide employment for local labor. and as a source of income; a protection of watersheds.

4. A forest research program to develop better practices of forest management, improved methods of cutting timber, better methods of manufacturing forest products and new uses of wood.

5. More adequate facilities for forestry instruction.

6. An enlarged program of "Farm Forestry" education and extension as an aid to farmers in developing their woodland.

7. More emphasis of forestry in the schools by use of more information and materials.

8. Cooperation of lumbermen, pulp and paper industry and other users of forest products to develop a system of timber cutting that will provide a sustained yield year after year.

9. Reforestation of all idle lands not suited to or needed for agriculture and to increase production of state nurseries.

10. To obtain fullest cooperation between owners, sportsmen and game officials to develop a program of wild life protection and management on a basis of mutual benefit.

11. An equitable system of forest taxation which will promote and make possible the growing of timber as an industry.

12. To secure cooperation of the state highway and public works commission, advertisers, and owners. and the public in developing and maintaining beauty of the highways.

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To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune.—Sleected.

THE SCHOOLS AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

(N. C. School Bulletin)

Most of us are prone to accept theoretically the fact that the schools have a part in the national defense program. We look at the question in its broadest terms and say, "Yes, we hold a key place in training the youth of the land—our system of schools is a first-rate example of American democracy; and, of course, we will defend the schools and the things for which they stand." We continue, "And we shall always uphold the public school teaching processes and through them instruct the youth in what it means to be patriotic, to be a good citizen, and to enjoy the privileges and freedom of a democratic nation."

We are of the opinion that in this hour of our national crisis that we must do more than make passive acceptance of the "defense of American democracy program. We believe that positive action executed vigorously and with dispatch should be the order of the day. The schools are in position- to play a central role in this program. Our role concerns the intellectual, physical and emotional preparedness of the youth. We should begin now in North Carolina to plan our program of action, and set up objectives to promote through the existing public school facilities.

Some suggestions for the promotion of this program are the following:

1. Our course in citizenship education should be taught thoroughly. In such a course the differences in our American way of life and that of other nations should be clearly defined. Our children should be taught something of the history of how this great country came about and to what extent it is in danger at the present time.

2. We should broaden and make more effective our program of health and physical education.

3. We should strive to eliminate all illiteracy in our State. Programs are under way in some counties, but the need in other units has not been reached.

In addition to these very definite school activities, local committees may be appointed to engage local educative and public opinion forming agencies in a unified program for the defense of democracy. Forums and panel discussions may be organized. Newspaper and radio cooperation should be secured to aid adult citizens to reach sound conclusions on the questions of the day. American Education Week this year will serve to center attention on the whole program of Education and the Defense of American Democracy.

For assistance in any program which the schools wish to promote in this respect, material from the following organizations are available:

U. S. Office of Education, Washington, D. C.

The National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Educational Policies Commission, Washington, D. C.

A pamphlet "Education and the Defense of American Democracy", issued July, 1940, giving certain ideas and suggestions concerning the national program may be secured from this last named organization at 10c per copy.

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TELL THEM SO

We never miss the water till the well is really dry,
'Tis then that we appreciate its worth;
Tis not until the little flowers hang their heads and die
That we miss their cheery fragrance here on earth.

'Tis not until the loving voice of one we held most dear
Is stilled in death, to greet us never-more,
That we comprehend its meaning, and repent in bitter tears,
Of our inappreciation, long before.

We take so much for granted as we journey down life's way,
And neglect to give the credit where it's due;
We fail to show our gratitude for willing, helping hands,
So ready to assist us, and so true.

God gave to us our loved ones all, that happy we might be,
In their sweet association here below;
And without their love and kindness, life would drab and dreary be;
We would miss the deep affection they bestow.

Then why not give their laurels while they're still among us here?
Why wait until they're gone, and can not know?
Why hesitate to speak the word of gratitude and cheer,
That could comfort them and keep their hearts aglow?

It's such a little thing to do, but means so much to them,
To know their efforts were not spent in vain;
Then let us not forget to show them by each word and deed,
That the memory of their love shall e'er remain.

—Ada L. Leimback.

J. EDGAR HOOVER URGES WOMEN TO HELP CHECK CRIME

By Catharine Woolley

"Woman's place may primarily be in the home. But today an emphatic need for her exists, also, in the law courts of this country."

J. Edgar Hoover, Director since 1924 of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, made this startling statement with quiet positiveness.

He went on to explain that if women would take an afternoon off now and then, and go with their knitting to sit in the juvenile or criminal courts, their very presence would be a powerful factor in cleaning up local administration.

I was interviewing Mr. Hoover at FBI Headquarters in Washington—in the vast edifice of the United States Department of Justice. A few minutes before, while waiting to be ushered into his private office, my eyes had traveled down the dizzying rows of steel files which house millions of criminal fingerprint cards. They represent the records, old or incipient, of America's crime army of 5,000,000 murderers, robbers, thieves, and other gangsters.

The Chief of the G-Men called a respite in his crowded hurried, 16-hour day to give practical, pertinent answers to my question: "How can women aid in the war on crime?"

As I faced this youthful-appearing crusader, who has hunted down notorious gangsters and virtually wiped out kidnapping, he proffered to American women a potential star role in the drama of crime prevention, the importance of which may surprise even well-informed members of civic-minded groups.

He said, "The crime problem can be solved if women will resolve now, today, to dissipate public apathy regarding politically controlled police departments and courts." We now have an annual count. he told me, of 1,500,000 major crimes such as manslaughter, robbery, and assault—amounting to a serious crime every 21 seconds, day and night in the United States.

Intelligent women are, of course, fully aware of sinister political influences operating in their cities. But Mr. Hoover believes that we women need a starting point, at which the helpless, "What can we do about it?" attitude is converted into a civic program of correction that will get at the basic causes of local corruption and crime.

The FBI has Public Enemy No. 1—who, unlike Dillinger, "Baby Face" Nelson, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, the Barker boys, and Alvin Karpis, has never been withdrawn from circulation. This enemy, according to Mr. Hoover, is Old Man Politics."

"Too many times," he said. "the local officer finds the handcuffs on himself instead of on the criminal—because of political influence. Three things must be done for the law enforcement officer. You must train him, pay him, and untie his hands.

"Time after time," the chief of America's "Scotland Yard" continued, "the officer who makes the arrest is instantly enmeshed in efforts of

politicians, the ceaseless activities The aid of questionable attorneys, the influence of venal local and state politicians, the ceaseless activities of subversive elements, and the power of the ballot are all suddenly enlisted against him."

This malign influence, Mr Hoover declared, whispers to the courts daily; penetrates the prisons; and even creeps into the meetings of parole boards.

If women knew the pressure exerted by corrupt politics on our homes and communities," he declared, "they would bring about a moral revolt. They would give the law enforcement officer—now harried by threats when he attempts to make a case against anyone under political protection—full freedom to apprehend and prosecute criminals."

"But how can we women begin?" I asked.

By getting some answers to "Who?" "What?" "How?" and "Why?" he told me. And he went on to explain:

"Who, for example, are the law-enforcement officials in your town? What are their records? Are personal and educational standards for such positions high? Are salaries commensurate with efforts? If not —why?

"Women should inquire closely into the records of all local candidates for office," he continued, "and work for the election of reliable individuals. If they will do this—law enforcement will gradually be removed from political control."

A women's group interested in checking local crime might well begin with the police department, Mr. Hoover pointed out. Even their avowed interest. their announced intention to investigate, would bring sudden improvement. Let them begin asking questions. Let them ask, for instance, "What is the proportion of policemen to population?" and "Is there a police training school? If not, is it because the department is influenced by bad politics, or run according to ideas long outgrown?"

Mr. Hoover paused here to tell me about the remarkable course of training offered in Washington by the National Police Academy of the FBI, to which policemen travel from all parts of the country to take training.

Every citizen, man or woman, should know to what extent crime detection in his home city is aided by applying the newer methods based on laboratory science.

"You women should find out," the criminologist urged, "whether or not your police department co-operates with the FBI by sending fingerprints to Washington. Many seemingly harmless individuals, arrested for minor offenses may be wanted for far more serious crimes by Uncle Sam.

"Is your local police headquarters a 'dump'?" he went on. "Is its equipment antiquated? You women should demand to know; and should take measures to correct any bad conditions you find. And in this connection—watch city appropriations and budget cuts that may impair the efficiency of the police department," he warned.

Parole procedure in any large town or city will also warrent careful study, Mr. Hoover said emphatically. "The local women's club should find out who the members of the parole boards are. And whether they undermine

the honest judgment of courts by turning loose desperate criminals to prey on society."

Here the Director of the FBI made it clear that he strongly favors the parole system, but that he has seen it shamefully abused by scandalous administration. On the other hand the rehabilitation of convicts granted legitimate freedom is of the utmost importance. So we need the right kind of parole, and a real chance for reform.

Mr. Hoover warned women sharply against the insidious influence of "sob sisters." These are the uninformed, misinformed sentimentalists who weep over the murderer and ignore the wreckage he has left in other lives: they are silly women who use their influence in getting sentences reduced and all kinds of clemency granted.

"Today, as never before. law enforcement needs the unflinching support and clear thinking of every American woman," he declared.

Returning to woman's "place" in the courts, Mr. Hoover stressed the need of women's clubs or groups watching criminal cases. The local women's clubs should inquire why the murderer or swindler was not captured, or if captured not convicted. The women members should protest, through their organization, against the tricky postponement of trial and the disappearance of witnesses.

We need in this country a campaign of education to teach our citizens to be alert. Are death sentences in murder cases being commuted, and the murderers freed in less than 10 years? In most cases—yes. Few Americans realize that the average sentence served for murder in the United States is less than a decade! Women must combat the drowsy acquiescence to such a betrayal of justice.

"You women must also recognize the importance of serving on juries when called," he insisted soberly. "Your determination to throw an influence for good into the balance against evil must replace your natural repugnance. Of course you do not like the atmosphere of the courts. But the courts desperately need you —need the co-operation of all law-abiding citizens. I have seen obvious murder cases, where the prosecution could not persuade a single frightened witness to testify against the slayer. So the murderer went free—a menace to society."

"You women should stand ready to support the truth. And you must educate your children to an attitude of solidarity with the forces of law. See that your husbands—businessmen and shopkeepers, perhaps victimized by racketeers—do their duty before the grand jury. Make it known that you women want courageous co-operation with law enforcement, and that you expect it of your men."

Then there is that other broad field of local reform which is, beyond all question, a job for the women. I am referring to the lack, in nearly all our cities and towns, of safe, adequate playground space for children. Here is one of the very roots of our American crime problem—a challenge to all American women who love children and who care about the nation's future. Every woman of you should ask herself: "What play facilities does my town offer its boys and girls? What are we adults doing to interest and protect the children in their leisure hours?"

Here is a field of study very close

to John Edgar Hoover's heart. Not only does he love children, but he has observed over and over the tragedy of the neglected child making his way from corner crowd to grown-up gang.

Twenty per cent of all crimes in this country today are committed by youngersters who have not reached the voting age, the record reveals. Indeed, Mr. Hoover declared, our "public enemies" sometimes begin their criminal activities as young as at six years.

Take Tony, for instance. Tony was thrust into a world of neglect by the arrival of a new baby. After five or six years of such treatment, attention seemed the sweetest of awards.

So Tony stole some bananas from a pushcart; while the "gang," hiding around the corner, observed in admiration. "Tony got the bananas!" "Tony got away from the cop," they exclaimed. Applause was music in Tony's starved little ears. He stole again—and again. Joining a grown-up gang was the subsequent step. Today Tony is serving a life sentence for murder.

"We must look on any infraction of the law, however petty, as a local firebrand, a potential menace that may blaze across the country," Mr. Hoover warned. "'Pretty Boy' Floyd, a petty-larceny-law evader in the beginning, ended his career as a desperate gangster, terrorizing the entire nation."

The gangster and his tribe, it is estimated, cost the United States $15,000,000,000 a year—$120 to the individual taxpayer. If we could eliminate this cost for three years, we would pay off the national debt.

The women of the community, Mr. Hoover asserted. must find out whether local service organizations are functioning so as to meet the needs in our young people's lives. Their job is to see that supervised hobbies, recreation, and play, with attractive leadership, replace street corners, poolroom and saloon.

I bespoke the need of girls' clubs in many industrial centers—to companion the Boys' Club movement. And Mr. Hoover agreed that this is the type of project that gets to the roots of crime. For the most part, he said, all youthful criminals represent misdirected energy.

He declared that women's clubs should check up on near-by tourist camps—to make certain that the camps are decent, well-regulated places rather than a menace to youth and a possible hideout for gangsters. Also "dine-and-dance" halls, and all other resorts of dubious entertainment on the outskirts of town, where the environment might lend itself to criminal activity, should be carefully investigated.

Mr. Hoover, for years, has been pointing to the home—that is to parental discipline—as the most effective crime deterrent there is in any young life; whereas the lack of it is tragic—a breeder of crime.

Alvin Karpis, he pointed out, was a pampered youngster. He rebelled against discipline and craved anything possessed by another. When he was sent to a reformatory for burglary, he escaped. And his parents refrained from notifying the authorities. The state penitentiary was Alvin's next stop on a road that led to murder, bank robbrey, kidnapping, and life imprisonment at Alcatraz.

"When a youth commits a crime it is generally because older persons have, consciously or unconsciously, committed a greater crime," Mr. Hoover said sternly. "We need a

return to the old rugged standards of discipline in America today—especially to religious training and to confidence and comradeship between parent and child.

"We must transfer the small boy's misplaced hero-worship of the gangster—fostered at times by sordid films and a sensational press—to admiration for the courageous, intelligent officer who tracks down the criminal. We should teach our youth that the fight for political and social honesty is the most exciting and absorbing career he can follow. Certainly there's never a dull moment in it! Crime resists reform."

Juvenile delinquency has markedly decreased, he added, in cities where "youth squads" have been attached to the law-enforcement staff.

"Tell the women of this country: you cannot change a vicious political system by turning silently away from it," J. Edgar Hoover told me as we parted, "or wipe out robbery and murder with a gasp of horror. There is just one way to fight crime in your town or city. Do something—and start now!"

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Have read a great deal about the "Seeing Eye," the trained dog that leads blind people around, but had never seen one work until a few days ago when one was spied in Monroe caring for a blind man who was selling magazines for an honest living. It was enthralling to watch that dog work. The man was guided by a short leash, one end of which was fastened to the dog's harness while the man held the other end in his hand. When a red light was approached the dog would stop until it turned green. At cross streets where there were no signal lights that dog would stop and look both ways to see that no automobile was approaching before guiding his blind master across the street. At one such crossing an automobile was parked in such manner that a clear vision could not be had. What do you think the dog did? He crept slowly around the automobile and then carried the blind man safely across. That dog was more careful and used better judgment in crossing streets with his master than most people use. After seeing that faithful dumb animal work and observing how carefully he cared for and protected his blind master, I am compelled to have greater respect for dogs than ever before.

—Marshville Home.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop force have been making repairs and painting the front porches at Cottages No. 1 and No. 2, making a decided improvement in the appearance of these buildings.

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On September 15th and 16th, regular days for the reception of new boys, six lads were admitted to the School. After a three weeks' stay in the Receiving Cottage, they will be assigned to other cottages.

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The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School last Thursday night was "Whispering Enemies". The comedy shown at the same time was called "Peaceful Neighbors." Both are Columbia productions.

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The cotton picking season really got under way at the School this week. The bolls opened rapidly and the boys from several school rooms were pressed into service to assist the regular outside forces in picking cotton. We are speeding up this work in order to gather as much cotton as possible before any rain falls upon it.

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Mrs. R. S. Young and Mrs. S. J. Ervin, of Concord, visited the School last Tuesday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited the vocational departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building, infirmary, gymnasium, swimming-pool, and other interesting places on the campus. These good ladies have long been interested in the work we are trying to carry on here and were delighted to have them call on us.

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The weather during the past week has been fine for our force of hay-makers. Load after load of nicely-cured lespedeza hay has been seen passing our window daily en route to the stock and dairy barns. Some of the loads looked like those pictured on the cover of the old-time Farmers' Almanac. On a recent stroll down toward the dairy barn we noticed some visitors from Concord very much interested in watching our boys and the huge hay fork in action.

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Did we hear someone say something about "tater-diggin'" time? At any rate several boys passed our "sanctum-sanctorum" the other day with huge sacks on their shoulders. Upon inquiry as to what the sacks contained, the reply was sweet potatoes. They were fair-sized, clean-cut in appearance, free of disease, and wholesome when cooked, some of the best seen here in years. One small youngster brought a mammoth potato to the office the other morning. It was nearly as large as his head and tipped the scales at exactly five pounds. We would judge this to be a "right smart tater" for poor land.

The appearance of this large potato caused a lively discussion among a group of employees as to the best method of preparing it for eating. Opinions along this line were varied. The first one stated a preference for cutting it up in thin slices, frying in butter or lard, and when about done, adding a sprinkle of salt; another wanted it steamed, mashed and a

little butter added; a third said she would just like to have a raw piece to eat right then; the fourth party wanted it baked in a hot oven until completely done; still another voted in favor of having it candied; the last person questioned said he wanted it made into a pie. After hearing the members of this group voice their opinions—each one presenting a good argument in favor of his or her choice —we arrived at the conclusion that it would be a extremely palatable no matter how it was prepared. If any of our readers know of a better way to prepare this "tater" than those mentioned, we'd like to hear from them.

—o—

Rev. T. W. Hager, pastor of Westford M. E. Church, near Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Christ feeding the five thousand, as related in the sixth chapter of St. John. In his most interesting talk to the boys he stressed the important part played by the small lad who furnished the five loaves and two fishes, resulting in the feeding of the multitude.

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Hager told the boys that each one in his audience had a great life before him, and that the best thing to do in order to make that life really worthwhile was to decide right now to live for God and the advancement of His kingdom here on earth. In later years, said he, they would be able to look back upon the time when they were from ten to sixteen years old and realize that it was the most carefree period of their lives.

Selfishness and greed, continued the speaker, are the causes of most of the misery in the world today. In order to rid mankind of so much suffering, men must put themselves in the background, exalt Jesus, and learn to render service to others.

Rev. Mr. Hager pictured the miracle referred to in the lesson as follows: A great crowd of more than five thousand had gathered to hear the Master. The time came for them to eat, but all that could be found was that which a small boy had brought for his lunch, consisting of five small loaves and two fishes. It seemed absurd to think of such a small amount of food as being sufficient for so many, but Jesus commanded his disciples to have the people sit down. While the crowd probably was composed largely of adults, here was an opportunity for a small boy to be of servire. Like all normal boys, he was very hungry. His mother had prepared this lunch for him. He could have kept it for his own use. Hungry as he was, this lad decided to give what he had to Jesus. It was not the size of the offering that counted, but the fact that he gladly gave the Master all he had was evidence that he wanted to be of service to others. There was nothing selfish about that lad.

The same opportunity comes to boys today, said the speaker. If they will give what talent they possess, be it great or small, it will multiply in rendering service to others, just as the loaves and fishes multiplied after having been blessed by Jesus. Any good deed done for others will always result in multiplied blessings for ourselves.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hager urged the boys not to give up when hardships came their way, but to follow the leadership of Jesus. He is the

only one who is able to guide us safely over the dangerous places along the great pathway of life.

Accompanying Rev. Mr. Hager on this visit to the School were his son, Clarence, and Mr. M. F. Isenhour We were very glad to have them with us on this occasion and hope they may find it convenient to return in the near future.

MY BOY AND THE FLAG

I want my boy to love his home,
  His mother, yes, and me;
I wan't him, wheresoe'er he'll roam
  With us in thought to be.
I want him to love what is fine,
  Nor let his standards drag,
But, Oh! I want that boy of mine
  To love his country's flag.

I want him when he older grows
  To love all things on earth;
And, Oh! I want him when he knows,
  To choose the things of worth.
I want him to the heights to climb
  Nor let ambition lag;
But, Oh! I want him all the time
  To love his country's flag.

I want my boy to know the best,
  I want him to be great;
I want him in life's distant West,
  Prepared for any fate.
I want him to be simple, too,
  Though clever, ne'er to brag;
But, Oh! I want him through and through
  To love his country's flag.

I want my boy to be a man
  And yet, in distant years,
I pray that he'll have eyes that can
  Not quite keep back the tears
When coming from some foreign shore
  And alien scenes that fag,
Borne on his native breeze once more
  He sees his country's flag.

—Edgar A. Guest.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending September 15, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wayne Allen 2
William Drye 10
(5) Noah J. Green 12
(5) Edward Johnson 14
(5) Frank May 14
Mack McQuaigue 9
Jack Warren 13
(3) Weldon H. Warren 13

COTTAGE No. 1

(3) William G. Bryant 8
(2) Everett Case 7
Charles Cole 6
(2) Howard Cox 8
(2) John Davis 8
(2) Eugene Edwards 7
Ralph Harris 5
(2) Porter Holder 8
(3) Carl Hooker 9
Burman Keller 8
(3) Clay Mize 12
(3) Everett Watts 11
(3) William C. Wilson 13

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Bennie Austin 13
(5) John D. Davis 11
Donald McFee 13
(5) William Shaw 12
Peter Tuttle 5

COTTAGE No. 3

(4) Lewis Andrews 15
(3) Earl Barnes 14
(3) Grover Beaver 9
(3) James Boone 12
(2) John Bailey 11
(3) William Buff 4
(2) Jack Crotts 7
(2) Robert Quick 7
(2) George Shaver 11
(3) Harrison Stilwell 13
(3) Jerome Wiggins 11
(3) Louis Williams 12

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Plummer Boyd 11
(4) Quentin Crittenton 8
(3) Arthur Edmondson 10
(2) Paul Godwin 12
(9) Gilbert Hogan 11
(2) John Jackson 11
(3) Hugh Kennedy 8
(4) Ivan Morrozoff 14
(2) J. W. McRorrie 12
(5) J. C. Nance 13
(2) George Newman 8
(3) Robert Simpson 5
(2) Oakley Walker 11
(16) Melvin Walters 16

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Theodore Bowles 14
(3) J. C. Bordeaux 7
Collett Cantor 12
Robert Dellinger 2
(4) A. C. Elmore 11
(2) Monroe Flinchum 12
(2) Charles Hayes 6
(2) Sidney Knighting 9
(2) Leonard Melton 2
(4) J. C. Reinhardt 14
(4) Currie Singletary 8
(2) Donald Smith 5
(4) Hubert Walker 14
(3) Dewey Ware 12
(3) Henry Ziegler 9

COTTAGE No. 6

Edward Batten 4
Charles Beal
Robert Dunning 6
(5) Leo Hamilton 8
Edward Kinion 5
Jack Reeves
Reitzel Southern 2

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) John H. Averitte 10
(4) Cleasper Beasley 11
(13) Paul Dockery 15
(16) Donald Earnhardt 16
(7) George Green 6
Richard Halker 15
(13) Roy Helms 14

(5) Raymond Hughes 9
(6) J. B. Hensley 9
(5) Vernon Harding 7
(5) Robert Lawrence 14
(5) J. C. Long 8
(3) Charles McGowan 9
(7) Arnold McHone 14
(5) Ernest Overcash 7
(2) Ernest Turner 2
(2) Alex Weathers 12

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Reid Beheler 15
(2) Jesse Cunningham 2
Jack Hamilton 14
(4) Otis Kilpatrick 8

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Mack Bell 12
(10) J. T. Branch 15
(11) David Cunningham 11
George Gaddy 8
Robert Gaines 10
James Hale 2
(3) Osper Howell 11
Grady Kelly 3
William Nelson
(3) Harold O'Dear 15
(3) Horace Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 11
James Hodges 11
O. D. Talbert 9
Torrence Ware 4
Claude Weldy 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(16) John Benson 16
(2) Robert Davis 4
(2) Charles Frye 2
William Furches 10
(11) Robert Goldsmith 13
(10) Earl Hildreth 14
(2) Fred Jones 9
(2) Julian Merritt 8
(16) Fred Owens 16
(8) Theodore Rector 14
Monroe Searcy 2
James Tyndall

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Odell Almond 14
Jay Brannock 10
(7) Ernest Brewer 12
(7) William Deaton 15
(2) Treley Frankum 10
(8) Woodrow Hager 14
Hubert Holloway 12
(4) Tillman Lyles 14
(2) Clarence Mayton 9
(2) James Mondie 12
(2) James Puckett 9
(4) Howard Saunders 12
(2) Charles Simpson 9
(3) Robah Sink 13
(2) Norman Smith 6
(2) Jesse Smith 4
(2) George Tolson 14
Carl Tyndall 10
Eugene Watts 11
J. R. Whitman 12

COTTAGE No. 13

(6) James Brewer 14
(2) Kenneth Brooks 2
(4) William Griffin 13
(2) William Goins 5
(2) James Lane 11
Douglas Mabry 5
(2) John Murdock 5
Jack Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 14

(6) Raymond Andrews 12
(16) Mack Coggins 16
Henry Ennis 5
(7) Audie Farthing 15
(5) Henry Glover 10
(16) William Harding 16
Troy Gilland 7
Marvin King 9
Feldman Lane 10
(3) Norvell Murphy 14
(7) Charles McCoyle 12
(3) Roy Mumford 9
Henry McGraw 9
(5) James Roberson 12
John Reep 10
John Robbins 12
(3) Charles Steepleton 11
(4) J. C. Willis 6
(3) Jones Watson 11
(15) Wallace Woody 15
Jack West 8

COTTAGE No. 15

Aldine Duggins 2
Beamon Heath 8
J. P. Morgan 6
Claude Moose 6
J. P. Sutton 9
Arvel Ward 4

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Raymond Brooks 7
(3) George Duncan 11
(7) Philip Holmes 13
(2) Harvey Ledford 7
(2) John T. Lawry 10
(2) Redmond Lawry 10
Thomas Wilson 10

———o———

FRIENDS

If you had all the lands and gold
It's possible for man to hold,
And if on top of that could claim
The greatest sum of earthly fame,
Yet had to live from day to day
Where never human came your way,
You'd trade the gold you had to spend
To hear the greeting of a friend.
What joy could come from splendid deeds,
That no one ever cheers or heeds?
Fame would be empty and absurd,
If of it no one ever heard.
The richest man, without a friend,
Is poor with all he has to spend;
Alone, with all that could be had,
A human being would be sad.
Not in ourselves does fortune lie,
Nor in the things that gold can buy;
The words of praise that please us well
The lips of other men must tell;
And honor, on which joy depends,
Is but the verdict of our friends;
All happiness that man can know
The friends about him must bestow.

—Selected.

C 364
SEP 30 1940
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 28, 1940 NO. 39

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GOOD WILL

The most precious thing in the world is good will. It is something as fragile as an orchid, and as beautiful. It is more precious than a gold nugget, and as hard to find. It is as powerful as a great turbine, and as hard to build. It is as wonderful as youth, and as hard to keep. It is an intangible something, this good will of others, yet more to be desired than much gold. It is the measure of a man's success and determines his usefulness in life.—Exchange.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

UNTO THE HILLS

Our way led us through the mountains of North Carolina last week. Often we had occasion to lift our eyes unto the hills. It was good for the soul. They were so steadfast and sure. Clouds could cover the peaks and the lightning could flash but after the passing of the storm the mountain would be seen washed by the rain and glistening in the sunshine. Year after year and century after century they stand unmoved and unmovable. They stand unchanged in a changing world. Little men happen on the scene for a brief while and pass off but the mountains abide. The enduring, the unafraid hills how calm they are! They have looked down upon generation after generation of men and are now looking down on us. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills" and refuse to become frightened at the little doings of little men. These mountains make us think of God. From whence cometh my strength? It comes not from the hills but from the God of the hills. They in their bigness, their calmness, their stability remind us of God and it is God who is our strength. God is bigger than man and his will will prevail and his purposes will be accomplished. We look upon the hills and think upon God and a feeling of peace and of confidence steals into our souls and we know that all things work together for good to them who are at one with God. God give us calmness of soul and an abiding faith in Thee, Thou God of the hills!

Charity & Children.

———o———

MAKING HIS ADOPTED STATE "STATE-CONCIOUS."

We have one citizen who, in 1913, after wandering around in many States, his home state being New York, decided at last to settle down in Washington, N. C., there to edit a weekly paper that had for a long time led quite a checkered career so far as financial stability was concerned. Soon the people in that community found that they had a citizen whose paper was readable, whose personality as an editor was above that ordinarily seen in their midst, and whose citizenship was of a unique type. Soon his

paper began to be quoted considerably, and his stories repeated here and yon. Right there he stayed until 1933 when he went to Raleigh, there to begin a service for the State that has been increased in value ever since.

Carl Goerch, editor of The State, is a man who deserves the gratitude of every Tar Heel. His readable, homey, and fascinating weekly has become as "sine qua non" in the homes of thousands of our citizens, particularly among native Tar Heels. He saw that this State had a sort of family tie that he had not seen elsewhere. He saw that through the University, State College and W. C. U. N. C., along with such colleges as Wake Forest, Davidson, and the Junior Colleges there had been molded into the lives of Tar Heels a bond that was most extraordinary when compared to other States in which he had lived.

It was this that he found which he proceeded at once to enlarge, enhance and eliven still more. He has made a great success of it. He travels around asking local people of leadership, if they know of any unusual legends, stories or lore of the past,—or of the present. After many give him negative answer he then begins to prowl, knowing how easily to meet and talk to every type of person, until before he knows it, he has unearthed some very interesting bit of local legend or history which the natives have merely taken for granted for so long that they little realize the import of the same to people all over the State. This digging with his spade of persistent curiosity has certainly reaped ample "archeological" findings for which all Tar Heeldom are not only proud to get, but are thus brought into a closer bond than ever, to further emphasize the unity of our people.

But it would be unfair to think that any editor, any wide awake person could come to our State and accomplish what Carl Goerch has accomplished. He is a thoroughly democratic sort of man who loves people, whose imagination runs along lines of knowing what the common run of people want to read, how they want it put to hold their attention, and how they eat alive personal incidents concerning men and women whose names are fairly well known all over the State. So often he uses the first names of people couching his story with such local color as to take his readers right to the spot where the alleged happening took place. A born story teller,

like others of his ilk, he cares little whether all of it is true or not so long as he puts forth a good story.

He is our candidate for a Degree at the University, having won a recognition that is unique and almost universal within our State, making its citizens State-Concious in a way that we know of no other person being able to do.

* * * * * * * *

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

It was our lot to be in the mountains during the two floods of August,—at Valle Crucis,—in that superb region where life seems to go along like one glad, sweet song. The general run of people up there are of a very small income. When a car is owned it is kept for a long time. There is no garage anywhere around. No machine shop where electric fixtures, etc., can be taken for repairs. But that does not mean that tools, farm implements, household fixtures and cars are not cared for. Those folks have long ago found out that to have a thing done, it is not only cheaper and better to do it yourself, but it is only way to have it done. If some man can do it better than some one else, simply ask your neighbor to come and help you do that thing; while at some other time you will go and help him with something that you can be of help to him.

Because the flood had us marooned for eleven days, the battery in our car "went dead". So when we were walking home from church on the Sabbath Day, —up Clark Creek Road,—after having preached for the Seventh Day Adventists,—we stated to the leading layman, our host,—on our way to dinner, "My car has gone dead, and just cranking will do no good. I cannot get to Boone to have the battery charged. What must I do?"

"Don't let that worry you. Give each cell in your battery a dose of Epson Salts, a table spoonful." He replied.

"But, I have no distilled water," was my further worry.

"O, that is all bunk. Get some water from your spring, or from the stream running through your yard. Better not use water out of the pipe, where any iron might have gotten in touch with it. Then put your car on the hill and the first chance you get to

cross that stream where the bridge has been washed out, you start out and if you have as much as a quarter of a mile in which to ride up and down, why your battery will be built up in less than 15 minutes."

Later when all came out as my Adventist friend told me, and I was telling a group at the local post office of the efficacy of my friend's advice, the Postmaster quickly retorted, "Well, I am powerfully glad that you did not give your car a dose of castor oil. It might have run away with you!" Nothing further has been done to that battery!

Then on the day when we were to leave, and we had to cross three streams where the bridges had been washed away, and water had gotten around the spark plugs and in the carburetor, one mountain friend came up and said to our son, "Go borrow a tire pump from a car at that next house." When we replied that nothing was the matter with the tires, he said, "Well, after you have wiped all the water you can out of the carburetor and from around the spark plugs, you can then blow all of the wet spaces dry." There was an immediate spark, and away we went.

Of course in a community where life's activities are divided and subdivided as they are, with a variety of trades and business interests, life goes along prosperously when different ones have an opportunity to apply their trades. However, there is something very stimulating to be around people who are resourceful, who do not get panicky when something untoward happens, and who have the mental point of view of, "Well, it is going to be fixed, and we are going to fix it," instead of entire reliance upon some one else to fix the trouble,—having to spend money for the same.

These are merely chance instances of this sort of resourcefulness shown by our beloved mountain friends whose isolation has brought about self-dependence and made "necessity (be) the mother of invention."

* * * * * * * *

MUCH TRAFFIC DETOURED

When this School was founded it was with careful consideration placed outside of a town, yet on a main highway. But at that time one did not think that in days to come U. S. No. 29 would be spoken

of at a later time as the South's Golden Road,—as per Johnathan Daniels, editor of the News and Observer, in "A Southerner Discovers the South." Consequently the noise and danger incident to the heavy traffic that has developed during the past fifteen years over this main artery of N. C. and the South have been no less than a nuisance to us. So when two years ago the new No. 29, cutting the distance from Concord to Charlotte from 22 to 20 miles, was built, in no sense did we feel that we would be "out of the picture" when said route did not come our way. Although much traffic still comes by us, there is a lessening of continuous and noisy traffic that is most refreshing. Particularly is this to be noted during school and religious service hours when the thundering of trucks and buses was bound to distract the attention of students whose line of wisdom allowed their wandering eyes to seek more attractive things to see.

* * * * * * * *

WE MISS IT

While there are no boys now at the School who were here when we had the Cabarrus County Fair, those of us who are of the staff remember well what pride we took in exhibiting our live stock at the Fair, receiving many blue ribbons, and adding to the interest that the boys took in caring for the live stock. Then there was the added interest shown by the boys as they viewed their own live stock with that from dairies and farms around. While there was much of the nuisance in caring for hundreds of boys at a Fair, with all the possibilities of getting away from the eagle eyes of those in charge, at the same time the educational value of the Fair to our boys was a feature that could not be minimized.

ELIAS HOWE—INVENTOR

By A. Hoyt Levy

I can still hear the "Klop-klop-klop" as my mother worked the treadle that turned the big wheel that guided the belt to the little wheel that set in motion the needle that drew its thread from the spool which locked with the thread drawn from a hidden bobbin and ran a line of tiny stitches across the cloth which would soon be transformed to a suit of underwear for me or an apron for herself or any one of a hundred or more things that were honestly "made out of whole cloth."

And I can still see the shiny brass medallion with the benign face of Elias Howe in bas relief on the black plate of this wonderful sewing-machine.

And the good neighbors who came in to "loan" the use of the machine. For not many of the families on our street owned one of these marvelous machines that could sew together a garment in a fraction of the time it took to sew it by hand, stitch by stitch.

To me, as I stood fascinated by the swiftly dancing silvery dart, Elias Howe, the man whose face was there before me, was the greatest inventor of all time. And though, in my youthful exuberance I may have raised him to a higher level than he rightfully deserved, I still have no apology to offer. For, simple as his sewing-machine may appear in this day of the flying machine, Elias Howe was a great pioneer inventor acclaimed by the entire world of his day.

Acclaimed—but like so many pioneer inventors, not until he had suffered disappointments that sapped his strength and taxed his courage to the limit.

Although Elias had acquired an estate of $2,000,000 at the time of his death, most of his life was spent in dire poverty. While working out the mechanism of the sewing-machine, he and his family were able to subsist only through the help of a friend who had confidence in his ability to carry his idea to success. When a patent was finally granted him, the public did not seem to grasp its value. Disheartened, he sailed for England. There he consumated a deal with an English corset manufacturer who paid him $1,000 for the sole English rights to manufacture the machine and a royalty of $15 on every machine sold. The English manufacturer, however, was a sharp, unscrupulous business man. Instead of selling the machine to others, he used it only for himself which gave him an advantage over his competitors so that the royalties, upon which Howe depended most, were nil.

The unscrupulous English manufacturer had his counterpart in America, for upon his return home, Howe found that a concern of considerable wealth had infringed on his patent. Now a long, legal battle ensued, the wealthy infringer claiming priority. But despite the poverty that he suffered, the persistence which he had displayed throughout his life had not abated and after eight years of litigation his legal claim to priority was established.

Howe was now 35 years of age—still a young man. His patent had 13 years to run. At the age of 48, Elias Howe and his precious patent both expired.

———o———

PEOPLE WILL TALK

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do,
  For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,
  For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean,
If upright, honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way,
  For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
  For people will talk.

If threadbare your clothes, or old-fashion your hat,
Someone will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say,
  For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made,
  For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course, you will meet with all sort of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use,
  For people will talk.

—Scottish Rite Bulletin.

NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY AND THE PRESENT WORLD CRISIS

By Dr. C. C. Crittenden

Seven years ago a man named Hitler came into power in Germany, and the entire course of world history was altered. Before Hitler it had seemed that the democratic system was gradually spreading to the far corners of the earth. But Hitler changed all this. Under his system, government by the people is all wrong and the nation should be controlled by a fuehrer, or leader. The citizen exists merely for the state, and individual and popular rights are worth less than nothing. In relations between nations, treaties, efforts at peaceful agreements, and respect for law and order count for nil, and only force counts.

As Hitlerism has marched from one victory to another, Americans have suddenly found themselves faced with a situation which a few years ago would have seemed utterly unbelievable. The very foundations of civilization appear to be crumbling beneath our feet. A world revolution threatens to engulf us in its tide.

In this crucial situation. we North Carolinians have something of very real and very timely value to offer the nation and the world. We possess in our State an example of how a democratic government can function efficiently, how it can actually be made to work.

From the beginning North Carolina has been the province of the common man. The first permanent settlers in her territory were neither aristocrats nor paupers, but were mere plain, ordinary people, in search of better farming lands.

In the stormy period of the Revolution, North Carolina produced no Washington or Jefferson or Franklin or Adams. But it was the common, ordinary North Carolina frontiersman who wiped out Ferguson's force at King's Mountain and who made it hot for Cornwallis at Guilford Courthouse.

During the period a century ago whne the South was a region dominated by large planters, North Carolina remained a state of small farmers, with only an occasional large-scale planter and slaveholder.

In the War for Southern Independence, North Carolina could claim no Lee or Jackson, but she supplied no less than 125,000 men to the Confederate cause, more than were given by any other state.

The notable awakening and progress of our State within recent years has been on a broad popular basis, and we have been able to avoid the extremes of wealth and poverty which have come to plague certain other sections of the country.

A few years ago when we were given the opportunity of placing the statues of two of our great men in Statuary Hall in Washington, it was no accident that both of the men we chose were of humble origin. Zebulon B. Vance and Charles B. Aycock, one from the mountains of Buncombe, the other from a farm in Wayne,

typify the genius of the common people of North Carolina.

It seems, therefore, that we have something of immediate value to offer the natiion and the world. But our people do not as yet understand the measures of our accomplishment. so that we need to make our social organization, our system of government, and our history better known, both to ourselves and to the nation at large.

One of the places where this can be most effectively done is in our public schools. It would seem appropriate if this year our teachers would make a special effort to instruct their pupils about the State in which we live. For this purpose it will probably not be necessary to make any drastic changes in the curriculum.. Instead, wherever possible, information about North Carolina might be worked into existing courses.

In this connection the lessons of history will be especially pertinent. It would not be wise to distort the facts, but, without any misrepresentation, there is enough of heroism and courage and self-sacrifice in the story of our past to inspire the patriotism of every North Carolina child. "The Lost Colony," the struggles of the early colonists for self-government, the expliots of Daniel Boone, the heroism of Johnston Blakeley, the charge of the North Carolina trrops at Gettysburg, the career of Washington Duke and other recent industrial pioneers, the "Old Hickory Division" and the breaking of the Hindenburg Line in 1918— these are examples of the type of material which might be used.

Finally, it would be well if in the present emergency teachers would stress duty, responsibility, and discipline. Too many of our citizens have become accustomed to accept the benefits of our American way of life without being willing to assume the responsibilities. We need to remember that our country did not win its independence and achieve its present position of world leadership without heroism and sacrifice and even bloodshed on the part of our ancestors. In the existing world crisis there is a need for stressing the duty of every child to love and support the nation and the state in which he lives.

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THE WORLD'S NEED

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DICKENS AND HIS PETS

By Mary Hammond

As a boy, the famous novelist, Charles Dickens, was very poor and lived in a large city where there was little room or food even for a stray dog or cat. But when he was older and could afford to buy a large place of his own, he kept a yard full of pets.

In his novel, "Barnaby Rudge," one of the characters was a raven. But this raven was no imaginary bird. He was not only an important character in the book but also an important and very real member of the Dickens' family. He joined them in 1840 while they were living in London. Dickens named him Grip and he proved to be such an accomplished, entertaining fellow, that the author soon decided to use him in his novel.

But about twelve months later a sad calamity occurred. For several days Grip had been failing in health. He seemed listless and refused to take his usual amount of exercise. But Dickens refused to become alarmed at first, because he remembered that once before the raven had been a bit ill after swallowing some white paint. However, during the afternoon Grip became so much worse that a doctor was called. The doctor promptly gave him a dose of castor oil. Grip then spent a peaceful night.

The next day he grew worse again and Dickens later wrote to a friend:

"Toward eleven o'clock he was so much worse that it was found necessary to muffle the stable-knocker. At half-past, or there-abouts, he was heard talking to himself about the horses, and to add some incoherent expressions which are supposed to have been either a foreboding of his approaching dissolution, or some wishes relative to the disposal of his little property; consisting chiefly of half-pence which he had buried in different parts of the garden. On the clock striking twelve he appeared slightly agitated, but he soon recovered, walked twice or thrice along the coach-house, stopped to bark, staggered, exclaimed 'Halloa old girl' (his favorite expression) and died. . . . In profound sorrow, I am ever your bereaved friend C. D."

Grip was later stuffed and stood in his master's study. Then there was another raven in the Dickens' family; but he also had a fondness for eating putty and paint, so died quite suddenly one day in front of the kitchen fire.

Dickens had a sweet little canary, Dick, who was greatly loved by him and his children. Dick lived to be sixteen years old.

Dickens' interest in dogs was inexhaustible. He had several himself and particularly liked large ones noted for their strength and courage. His dog, Sultan, was a cross between a St. Bernard and a bloodhound, built like a lioness and so strong that he could break his kennelchain. Another dog, Don, was a giant Newfoundland, and Linda was a St. Bernard.

Dickens always took the best care of his dogs, but one time while visiting in Italy his smaller dog, Timber Doodle, became terribly infested with fleas. Dickens was so concerned

about the way the poor little pup was suffering, that he had the dog's hair all cut off.

"He looks like the ghost of a drowned dog," the author wrote. "It is very awful to see him slide into a room. He knows the change upon him, and is always turning round and round to look for himself. I think he'll die of grief." But a few weeks later, Timber's hair started growing again and the fleas did not bother him so badly after that.

Dickens had always been very fond of going on long walks, so he and his dogs had had many happy tramps together. But during the later years of his life, a strange attack of lameness overtook him. One day while hiking with Turk and Linda, his two big dogs, he suddenly became lame and had to limp the last three miles home.

The dogs were usually boisterous companions, but they instantly recognized their master's condition and stopped dead still. During the remainder of the journey they crept along by his side never leaving him for a second. He was greatly touched by their sympathetic understanding and often referred to the incident as an example of a dog's intelligence.

DRESS AND PERSONALITY

The selection of clothes reveals personality. Even the matter of color usually tells whether the wearer is vivacious or stolid, glad or sad, blanced or flighty. We speak of good taste in dress. Some people seem to inherit the ability to select clothing that will make them look their best; others wear their clothes seemingly as a concession to civilization with no regard for beauty or fitness.

Clothes are on the surface. What a truism! Yet they tell our friends more than we realize. Soiled, unpressed clothing suggest that the wearer lacks a sense of orderliness, is a bit careless in his thinking as well as in his clothes. We do know of a genius here and there whose dress would refute this statement. But who of us is a genius?

Uniforms reveal the soldier, his rank and his regiment. Pastors wear clerical clothing, revealing their profession. A party dress tells the world there is to be a party, while a suit of overalls advertises work ahead.—Selected.

EASTER TELEVISION

By Leonora Sill Ashton

Everyone who has given any thought to the principles which govern television knows that the higher the equipment, which transmits the program at one point and receives it at another, can be placed, the farther that program can be projected.

This fact formed one of the reasons for the choice of Whiteface Mountain in the Adirondacks to recieve the telecast of Easter services and people thronging churches on Easter in New York. It was transmitted from the National Broadcasting Company television station on top of the Empire State Building in that city. Whiteface is the third highest peak in the Adirondacks. It is also in convenient line with the relay television station, maintained by the General Electric Company, near Schenectady, New York.

This second reason points to the wonderful new discoveries and developments which are constantly being made in this latest of the great results attained through the medium of electricity.

It is only within recent months that this "network" of television has been made possible. In other words, it is only lately that television experts have been able to relay their programs from one point to another, as in the case of radio broadcasts.

This relay station of the General Electric Company stands in the Helderberg Mountains, one hundred and twenty-nine miles north of the Empire State Building. Receiving television programs from the National Broadcasting Company there, it is able to pick them up and re-broadcast them to points farther away.

Whiteface Mountain, in addition to its other advantages for the purpose of television, was equipped with a weather bureau station where the transmitter with its companion receiver could be placed advantageously. Here was a third reason for the spot being chosen for the record distance reception of a regular television network program. And here, on Easter morning a little group of weather men and television engineers were able to see Easter services conducted in New York, and crowds of people thronging the churches there.

The scientifics facts of this achievement will form an interesting chapter in television history, in which one may be sure will be included the story of the efforts of the men who made the feat possible.

The mercury stood at eighteen degrees below zero, and hurricane winds were sweeping the sides of the Adirondack Range on that March day, when a director of a meteorology station, a weather observer, and two electrical engineers started on the six-hour grind of their journey up the mountain, carrying with them the mechanical equipment for the the telecast on Easter.

The Memorial Highway which runs up Whiteface Mountain is five miles long. That day it was drifted with snow to depths of from ten to twenty-five feet, and the final mile was crusted with ice.

In the face of the wind, the drifts, and the almost certain icy incline, the drivers of the Lake Placid dog

teams refused, one and all, to take the trip, as it had been expected one of them would do.

Daunted by neither weather conditions nor this failure of means of transportation, the four men of the expedition put on snow shoes, and placing the two hundred and fifty-three pound load of television equipment on a tobaggan, started up the mountain on foot.

Half-way to the weather station, one of them who was taking his turn dragging the tobaggan, lost his foothold and began slipping down an ice-covered drift towards the ridge of the mountain. He managed to brace himself against a piece of rock blown bare of the snow until he was able to recover his balance. In the meantime, the other three tugged at the rope holding the tobaggan with its precious burden to keep it from dashing over into a drop of one hundred feet down the mountain side.

The last ice-crusted stretch of the journey was made in cold which registered five degrees below zero, with a wind blowing at the rate of fifty-three miles an hour, and with the mountain peak, where the weather station stood, wrapped in thick clouds.

Leaving the television receiver near the top of Whiteface, the men crawled through the mist on their hands and knees until the station was found.

On Easter Eve, the receiver, covered with frost in spite of its heavy covering, was carried by them over the ridge of the mountain where the television antenna was hoisted to its place. In spite of a wind blowing at the rate of seventy-seven miles an hour, the first test of the television network signal came through strongly that night.

When Easter dawned on the snowy heights, the wind had risen to a velocity of over one hundred miles an hour; but undisturbed and undistorted, the vision of Easter services and Easter churchgoers in the city far down by the sea, made its way clearly through the miles of tempestous space.

A knowledge of the marvelous control which men have gained over the mysterious elements of electro-magnetic force was thus brought nearer than ever before to man's intelligence.

Line by line as we read the story, the efforts of those four men remind us that such knowledge and its adaption to actual use is only possible through the undying power of the mind and spirit of man, in his search to fathom the mysteries of God's world.

The man who is satisfied with his lot in life is a failure. The successful person never quits, never stops and examines his accomplishments with the feeling that he has done well. There is always more to be done. And if one does not continue to conquer difficulties, he is a failure.—Selected.

THE RESCUE OF TUI-TOTO

By Miriam E. Mason

Under the shade of the great sausage tree in the yard of her African home, Mookale had been grinding m illet seed between two stones, stopping now and then to rest and to play with Tui-toto, her baby leopard.

Tui-toto was six weeks old; sleek, beautiful, and as tame as a house cat. It was the little girl's special pet. She had found it in the woods a month ago, a scared little orphan cat whose mother had been killed by a hunter, and she had rescued it just in time from the yellow hyena which would have eaten it.

"Mookale loves you" the little girl whispered into the ear of the little leopard which played with the bangles of dried seeds and pods about the wrist of its mistress. "Mookale loves you with all her stomach"

"Kuramichi, little one!" Mookale started at the sound of the voice behind her, and the grinding stones slipped from between her knees. She had not heard the witch doctor or known that he was coming up from behind her.

Mookale answered respectfully and bent to scrape her spilled seed from the ground. The witch doctor did not have all his decorations today, but even without the white paint, skulls, skins, drum and other things he gave the little girl a feeling of fright. His eyes were sharp and cruel. His hands were greedy. He pointed to the baby leopard's sharp little teeth, and spoke in an oily, cruel voice: "They will make fine charms some day with which your father may protect himself from the crocodiles."

The medicine man's dirty hands played with the dangling belt of charms, which made a wide belt about his fat stomach. Mookale looked and felt a sickness at her heart. There were many sharp curving claws on that belt of charms; there was a fine array of teeth of all sorts.

Mookale knew, as any intelligent little African would know, that the teeth and claws of leopards make the very finest of charms. It was no wonder she felt a sickness at her heart.

The medicine man spoke in a pleasant tone: "Where is your father, Mookale? I would have a talk with him."

Mookale was glad for the answer she could make. "My father has gone over to the hill where the people of the Tribe of God live. Today those people are getting their wealth. It will come in three great thunder wagons and there will be great heaps of it. My father will watch them open up their wealth."

The medicine man grumbled angrily. "It will be better for your father if he stays away from the hill of the people of the Tribe of God. Can he call on them when he eats too much and gets sick? Do they have charms to keep the crocodiles from eating him and his family? And how can their wealth keep the monkeys from getting into his garden and eating all his beans?"

Mookale made no answer; she knew she was not expected to. There was a strong enmity between the witch doctor and the white people. The witch doctor was fiercely jealous. He did not wish his people to associate

with the white missionaries at all.

Mookale was afraid of the white missionaries, too, of course. She had heard many strange things about them. She had no desire to go to the hill where their houses stood. But she could not see any harm in going to see them open up their wealth which arrived in dozens of boxes, barrels, and trunks on the great thunder wagons which moved by white man's magic. It was always an exciting occasion for the people when the missionaries' supplies came. They flocked from the villages for miles about to see the white people unload and open up their supplies. Mookale herself would have loved to go today, but there had been things for a daughter to do at home and she had not been permitted that pleasure.

Now the medicine man spat scornfully through teeth which were blood red with the root which he had been chewing.

"When your father is back tell him I wish to talk with him," he said warningly. "Tell him I have heard that harm is about to fall upon him and it can only be turned away with my help."

He gave a final look up into the branches of the sausage tree as he turned and waddled off. Tui-toto had scrambled up there and lay hidden.

"And take good care of the leopard," he called back. "It would be better if you would tie a rope around its neck and fasten it to the ground. Then it would not be likely to run into the woods and get lost."

As soon as the medicine man was safely out of sight Mookale held out her arms with a tender little call. "Come, Tui-toto; come my little pet, my baby leopard."

The little animal did not hesitate. It clambered down from the sausage tree and ran to curl itself against Mookale's knees, purring happily. Now that the medicine man was gone, it showed no desire to run away. It did not like the medicine man. Perhaps some keen animal instinct warned it that medicine men prefer leopards to anything else for their charms. A medicine man can become almost wealthy from one leopard. The leopard's claws, its teeth, some of its bones, make charms which the medicine man can sell for great wealth. And a leopard's skin is the medicine man's favorite garment. Tears ran down Mookale's cheeks as she hugged her pet and remembered the medincine man's covetous looks toward Tui-toto. She remembered, too well, that his cape was getting mangy and ragged, quite bare in spots and faded into colorlessness. Tui-toto's skin was sleek and glossy. When Tui-toto grew a little bigger—but Mookale would not allow herself to think of that.

"Ai, ai, perhaps it would have been better, if I had left you that day in the woods," she sighed, rubbing her pet's ears. "What if the hyena had killed and eaten you then? What if you had strayed because your mother had been shot by a white hunter? Then I would never have loved you so?"

She went back to her millet grinding, her slim young body bending in regular rhythm over the grinding stones. Her dark eyes were very thoughtful. The medicine man had left word that he wanted to talk with her father. Well did Mookale know what the talk would be about. The

medicine man wanted to bargain with Mookale's father for the baby leopard which was Mookale's pet.

"I will not believe that harm is going to come to my father," she said, sturdily to herself. She looked all around. Now in the forenoon it was pleasant and peaceful in the village clearing. The black night with its fears was gone; the smothering white heat of noonday had not yet arrived. Birds called from the trees, and the wild monkeys' voices out in the deep woods, had a pleasant sound.

"Perhaps the medicine man only says that harm is coming because he wants to frighten my father and make him give away my pet," thought Mookale. It was a daring thing to say; a thing so daring that she almost shivered herself. But the little girl had courage and intelligence. She belonged to the tribe of Swahili, most intelligent of all African tribes. And she was handsome and brave and healthy beyong the average of her tribe. "Little Blackberry," that was the meaning of her name, Mookale, and she was as plump and pretty and bright as a ripe blackberry hanging on the bush.

Tui-toto purred and stretched out like an affectionate kitten across Mookale's shoulder. Suddenly the little girl felt the animal stiffen, its claws hard and sharp against the bare skin of Mookale's back. With a quick little hiss of alarm, the leopard sprang out of Mookale's arms again and in a twinkle was high up among the branches of the sausage tree, hidden from view.

Bewildered, Mookale looked around. Had the witch doctor come back? Could it be that there were white strangers about? The question was answered in an instant. There was a loud babel of chattering and talking, the sound of dozens of voices strangely like human voices.

But it was not humans that emerged in a crowd from the forest depths. It was a flock of monkeys, led by one big old grandfather whose fringe of white whiskers all about his face made him look more than ever like a dried up old man.

Chattering and laughing, the monkeys ran for the bean patch of Mookale's father. The green pods hung in rich clusters from the vines, a great temptation to the monkeys which loved the juicy vegetable. With shouts of pleasure the monkeys began to pull big handfuls of the beans and stuff them into their mouths.

Mookale was wild with dismay. This often happened, that the monkeys came in and destroyed the bean patches. They seemed to take pleasure in tearing the pods from the vines. It was not hunger which drove them to steal, because their forest home was full of rich roots and berries and foods of all sorts. But nothing seemed to make them happier than to come in and strip the bean patch of some unlucky gardener.

Mookale seized a stick and ran at the monkeys, scolding and threatening. But they only laughed at her and continued to pull the green pods and stuff them into their mouths. When the little girl went close enough to an especially greedy monkey and gave it a sharp slap with her stick across the shoulders, the old grandfather came toward her with a threatening cry, his lips curled back over long, yellow teeth; a rock in his hand.

But Mookale, plucky little fighter

that she was, gathered up a piece of rock in her own hand and flung it at the monkey. It hit him in his stomach and he gave a grunt of anger. Then, as if completely disgusted, he turned suddenly and called to his followers. They rushed out of the bean patch and into the deep forest as suddenly as they had come.

Her courage had saved most of the beans. Of course, the monkeys had eaten many of them, and they had done damage to the patch. But without Mookale's defense, the bean patch would have been completely destroyed; every bean eaten, even the green vines uprooted.

"Perhaps if I say nothing about it my father will not know that the monkeys were here," she thought as she went back to her millet grinding. Fathers never examined the bean patches. That was the duty of women.

The witch doctor had charms for sale against that very thing, "to protect green beans and bananas from the monkeys and elephants." The witch doctor was eager to do business with Mookale's father these days, coming of his own accord to visit him. Usually the witch doctor sat lazily in his hut and let the people come to him to buy their charms.

"I will gather the beans myself without being told. I will not wait for my mother to tell me," sh e planned. Somehow, if possible, she must keep her parents from knowing about the monkeys' visit.

At evening Mookale's parents came home. They were tired and hot, but they had had a wonderful time standing among the crowd which gathered outside the missionaries' village to watch the white people unpack their wealth.

Only the baby, Mookale's older sister's child, did not seem happy about the whole thing. He whined, and a look of pain overspread his fat baby face.

"He ate much today," said Mbola, the young mother. "He ate many bites of ripe mango, and I gave him a few sips of the banana beer, too. Yet it should not hurt him. He has good magic."

She lifted and shook the charm which was tied about the baby's wrist. The charm was a hollow bit of wood tied to a garss fiber, and it had been purchased from the medicine man for ten chickens. It was to permit the baby to eat all it wished without indigestion.

Mookale's mother spoke softly to her young daughter:

"They had many charms at the white man's medicine house, too. The white mamma showed them to me. They had great boxes and baskets of charms. Those charms would cure many sicknesses and troubles. If you had asked, maybe they would have given you another charm for the baby's stomachache."

Mbola shook her head.

"I would be afraid. My father would not like for me to use the white charms. You know it makes the witch doctor very angry for us to go to the hill of the people of the Tribe God even to watch them unpack their wealth. The witch doctor says that harm will come to us all because of our father's wickedness."

A little chill came over Mookale which was not caused by the swift coming twilight. No, she must not let her father know about the visit of the monkeys, for who could say that it had not happenen because he

had disobeyed the witch doctor's wishes?

Mookale played with the fretful baby while her mother cooked the green corn and millet mush in an iron kettle. Mbola, turning the green ears in the ashes, chattered on about the excitement of the day.

"There was a white man there who was buying animals," she said. "He paid good money for them; coins and also copper wire. Kiboba's son who lives in the next village sold him two young monkeys and got a great coil of wire. Now Kiboka's son will have wealth to buy a new wife!"

Mookale spoke indignantly, trotting the little baby on her knee: "I would not want to sell my pet animals to those white men to be made into charms!"

"They do not make the animals into charms," said Mookale's mother eagerly. "That is the strange thing. They take them across the water to their country where there are no wild animals. They give them a nice home and good food. They pay good money for monkeys. And here we must buy charms from the medicine man to keep the monkeys away!"

Mookale's mother shook with laughter and Mbola joined in. Only Mookale did not laugh, her dark eyes filled with shadow. Tonight she would sleep with her head pillowed against the sleek spotted fur of Tui-toto. But who knew how long it would be until that beautiful fur was made into a cape for the medicine man's fat body?

When morning came, the baby was still ailing and feverish, crying with pains in his head and stomach. To make matters worse, Mookale's father felt far from well. He had pains, too. Some people might have blamed it on the large amounts of banana beer which he had drunk the day before, but Mookale's father had another reason.

"It was you foolish women who coaxed me to go to the white man's place," he scolded. This was not quite the truth; his wife and daughter were much to polite to ask for anything, but they sat quiet and did not argue. "The witch doctor warned me of harm. He told me to stay away from the hill where the white men live. If I had listened to him instead of going there—ai! ai!" he groaned, as a sharp pain beat at his temple.

Mookale was making a collar of grass for Tui-toto when the familiar, disagreeable voice of the medicine man smote upon her ear that forenoon.

"Is your father at home, daughter? And did you tell him I wanted to talk with him?"

The witch doctor was dressed up this morning. He had daubed his face with white ashes which gave it a ghastly look, and his greasy body was hung with black and white monkey skins. He carried his drum with him, too. That meant that he had come prepared to work. Already he must have received news of the sickness in the family.

Mookale pointed to the hut where her father sat. The witch doctor started toward it, and then turned back to the little girl.

"The leopard, Mookale. Is it still here, and safe? Ah, I see you are weaving a colar for it. That is right. Make it strong. And while you are about it, you had better get some strong fibers for a leading rope."

Mookale was silent, but a look of determination came into her dark

eyes. She put the last touches on the fiber collar. Then she fastened it about Tui-toto's sleek neck. Just beyond the sausage tree there were long, tough grasses which made a good leading rope. She gathered some of these grasses and braided them quickly into a rope which she fastened to the leopard's collar.

"Come now, my little pet, we are ready," she whispered into Tui-toto's ear.

She swung the little animal across her shoulder and slipped like a fleet shadow out of the yard, out of the village clearing and into the deep gloom of the forest.

"You shall not be cut up to make charms for that medicine man," she promised in a passionate whisper. "No, never. You are mine. I found you and saved you from the hyena. Why should the medicine man have you to make himself wealthy!"

She rubbed her hand down the leopard's smooth back till the little animal purred happily. It felt warm and heavy against Mookale's bare shoulder. It was growing fast. Perhaps it would not have been many months before it would be too big for a little girl's pet; too strong and fierce. The thought of giving it up hurt sharply, but it was not that thought which was unbearable enough to drive Mookale to her brave, dangerous act. She could not endure to think of her beloved pet slaughtered and cut up into charms which would then have to be bought for a great price from the witch doctor.

At the thought of the witch doctor shivered a little and broke into a swift trot. At this very moment, perhaps, the witch doctor was bargaining with her father for the leopard. When he found sickness in the family, he would have something to talk about. And if they discovered that the monkeys had been among the green beans—Anybody in Africa knows that the witch doctor is able to make harm come to people if he so wishes.

"If he knew what I had done perhaps he would send a dreadful rainstorm after me now," she thought, hurrying. Now the dim forest trail had led her to one of the good roads which wind like wide red ribbons through the forest. This was the road which led to the hill of the people of the Tribe of God.

Mookale's heart thudded heavily as she came out on this road. She had been on it once before. Last year she had come with her mother and father and sister to watch the white people unpack their wealth. Then she stayed close behind her mother. Now she was alone, ready to face the terrible dangers of the white man's settlement by herself. But she did not shrink. Her determination to save the life of her pet had made her brave.

Suddenly a new and terrifying sound like thunder, and for an instant Mookale thought that the witch doctor was sending a thunder storm after her to punish her.

Tui-toto stiffened and wriggled, and struggled to get away, and Mookale was scarcely able to hold it. The noise behind her sounded again; now it made her think of the sound which elephants make. Could the witch doctor be sending the wild elephant after her?

Quickly Mookale looked back, and what she saw frightened her more than she would have been frightened by tropical thunder or stampeding elephants. It was one of the white

man's great thunder wagons, and a white man sat in the front of it, his eyes looking at her behind the shining glass windows which he wore over them. The thunder wagon bellowed at her, aloud, angry bellow like the roar of a buffalo. Tui-toto fought to get away, hissing and scratching at Mookale's shoulder.

The monster behind her came closer and closer. No matter how fast she ran, Mookale could not keep ahead of it. Its loud breathing and its thundering bellow, like an angry bull, confused her. Once she looked back, and as she did, she stumbled and fell flat on her face. She still held tightly to the rope tether which she had woven for Tui-toto, but she thought, "This is the end. The thunder wagon will crush me as the elephant's foot crushes a hyena. But anyway, the witch doctor will not get Tui-toto's teeth and claws for his charms!"

The thunder wagon did not step on her. It stopped. Two white men sprang out, and then Mookale felt herself lifted up. One of the men spoke to her in the Swahili language. His voice was very kind.

"Why did you not get out of the way, child? I was afraid I had struck you! Are you hurt?"

Mookale shook her head, but great tears ran down her cheeks. The thunder wagon had caught her. Now she would not get to her destination. Maybe she would never get home at all. She had heard strange tales of these white men.

The other man stroked the baby leopard and Tui-toto did not seem afraid, but lay quietly on his arm and purred in a friendly way.

"A beauty, and see how tame!" said the man. He looked at Mookale. "Is it yours? Where were you taking it?"

Suddenly the words poured forth. Mookale began eagerly to explain the peril to Tui-toto. She finished. "I am taking it to the hill of the people of the Tribe of God. There is a man there who is good to animals and I want to ask if he will take Tui-toto across the water away from the medicine man. . ."

She added proudly, "I will pay him. See, I have charms. I will give him this antelope horn which is filled with magic to make me get a good husband. I do not want Tui-toto to be cut up into charms."

The white men laughed heartily. "Nor do I blame you!" said the man who held the baby leopard. "You are a brave little girl. And you have won your desire. I know that the white man will save your pet and you will not need to pay him. He will pay you yards and yards of good American cloth!"

Mookale was breathless with delight. "Is this true?" she asked at last. "How do you know?"

"How do I know?" Her new friend laughed. "Because I am the man who buys the animals!"

The other man spoke. "Come. We will take you in the truck to the White settlement. They will give you something good to eat, and a new bracelet for your arm. There are some little white girls there who will show you their dolls. Afterwards we will take you back home with your riches."

Mookale looked at the big hot thunder wagon, and then at the two men. Fear fought with desire, but desire won. She permitted herself to be put into the seat of the truck. She trembled when the motor started and

the wheels began to roll, but her trembling was more than half delight.

It was dusk when Mookale came back home, riding in one of the thunde wagons with the white men. Tui-toto was not with her, but she had brought a great roll of the white American cloth which her mother liked so much, and she had brought a box of soap, some lumps of salt, and a great sack of empty tin cans, a prize indeed! There was likewise a box of tablets for indigestion, and a beautiful rubber doll which cried when its stomach was pushed.

Mookale felt like a queen.

All the villagers came out at the noise of the thunder wagon, and they looked and listened respectfully while the white man explained his bargain with Mookale. They looked at Mookale with respect. No girl of that village had ever had so much wealth. Truly, her father was a lucky man.

That night Mookale slept happily with her rubber doll pressed against her cheek. Peace and good cheer lay in the house of her father, for the white man's medicine had done wonders for stomachache. Mookale knew that she would have something to talk about all the days of her life till she was an aged grandmother. Her danger, her wonderful visit in the white man's village, her wealth, her ride in the thunder wagon; not one in her family had had such wonderful experiences.

And Tui-toto would never be made into charms for the witch doctor. Even in her sleep, Mookale smiled happily.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN?

Those who think the number 13 unlucky should take a look at the National Arms of the United States. Above the head of the eagle are 13 stars, each wing has 13 feathers. The olive branch has 13 leaves, and there are 13 arrows on the crest. On the scroll carried by the eagle is the famous motto, **E Pluribus unum,** which contains 13 letters. On the Great Seal of the United States is engraved an unfinished pyramid with 13 steps, the Mace of the House of Representative consists of 13 ebony rods bound together, and there are 13 bars on the national shield across the breast of the eagle. When the U. S. A. became a nation there were 13 states, 13 representatives signed the Declaration of Independence, 13 stripes, of alternating red and white were on the first American flag, together with 13 stars. And 13 guns announced the fact to the world from the camp of Washington. Finally, this paragraph has 13 facts concerning the number 13.—Tit-Bits.

THE DIVINE URGE IN DISCONTENT

By Rev. Levi Dawson

I stood on a hill overlooking the city as night was beginning to fall. At first I could distinguish places and buildings I knew, but as the dusk deepened into darkness individuality was lost in a blur. I could not tell which were roads and which rows of houses. In the black-out not even the neon lights betrayed the presence of a cinema. Everything was indistinct, except here and there a church spire pointing upwards out of the blur towards the stars. Those spires seemed to express the discontent which God has placed within man, and ever presses upwards to him.

The word "spire" originally meant "a green shoot," and referred to the blade of grass pushing its way from the dark ground towards the sunlight. It is the root of the word "aspiration," which expresses our highest longings. The first spire was made when man first put his hands together and said his prayers. These things are not merely symbols of a divine discontent within our hearts. They are reminders of the strange paradox that final satisfaction only comes to the heart that is satisfied.

All man's great achievements have come because he was discontented. Every discoverer or scientist or explorer, every new invention, has been possible because in some mind there was an urge to press on. The world lacks the upward urge. We have been content for so long to live on an animal level, to be part of the great blur of things. The story of the past years is a story of horizontal living. We have abolished heaven in our thinking, and with it have gone most of our ideals. Man has forgotten his God and been content to eat and sleep and toil, to drug his mind and soul with the cheap magazine and regular doses of the cinema. He has forsaken his destiny and, losing his aspiration, has lost his inspiration.

And yet there comes the voice of God: You were not meant for that. You were meant to be sons of the Kingdom, not slaves feeding swine. You were made so that you find no rest in contentment but only in doing the will of oGd. It is a vital word. So many of us have become satisfied. We have made our decision to belong to him and we have stopped there. We have regarded our conversion as an end instead of a beginning. If ever man had a conversion to talk about it was Paul, and yet at the end of his life he is still following after, still pressing on, still struggling upward. That holy aspiration is not merely a Christian duty, it is the very lifeblood of religion. For lack of it men have become dead, and a church that is not pressing on is damned.

Holiness, whether in man or church, is not a state of mind. It is a vision to follow after. The glory of the Christian life is that there is always something beyond, something more wonderful to pursue. That is the secret of the eternal newness of our faith. It is also the way of life for men and the world.

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

By Griggory Dole

When Mr. and Mrs. William S. Gilbert visited Naples in 1838, they had the terrifying experience of having their two-year-old son spirited away from his nurse and carried off by Italian banditti. A ransom of one hundred and twenty-five pounds was demanded, and as the Gilberts had means, it was promptly paid. Soon William Schwenk, Junior, was restored, evidently none the worse for the adventure.

By the time young Gilbert was fourteen and attending King's College at Cambridge, another English boy, only eight years old, had already learned to play all the wind instruments in the Royal Military College band at Sandhurst where his father was the bandmaster and instructor. His name was Arthur Seymour Sullivan.

Destiny moves strangely. Twenty-five years later Gilbert and Sullivan had formed one of the most memorial partnerships in the history of the theatre. Their light operas were the rage of delighted audiences in every English - speaking country. Today, more than a half century having passed, they seem to have become immortal.

You must have heard some of the tunes with words which fit so perfectly. Hardly a season passes but what many high schools revive them. If you have been in a school where rehearsals were going on, or better still, been a member of the cast, you do not need to be told how irresistible this music is.

The collaboration between Gilbert and Sullivan was one of the oddest associations in the history of the theatre. The partners themselves offered a strange contrast. Sullivan, the younger, was a short, rather stout, kindly man who had once been a choir boy in the Chapel Royal and who, early in life, was hailed, because of his hymns and oratorios, as one of England's leading young composers. Gilbert, on the other hand, was very reserved, often rude in bearing and gifted with a stinging wit—perhaps the latter having been developed by his training for the law which he had given up to write poems for humorous magazine and later, plays for the London theatres.

Their first opera *Thespis* was a failure in 1817. But their next work *Trial by Jury* was a decided hit and was to be followed by a long series of triumphs—*The Sorcerer, H.M.S. Pinapore, The Pirates of Penzance, Patience, Iolanthe, Princess Ida, The Mikado, Ruddigore, The Yeoman of the Guard,* and *The Gondoliers. Pinafore,* with a run of 675 nights, set up a new record for the London theatres. To protect their American production rights. *The Pirates of Penzance* was first presented in New York. *The Mikado* almost duplicated the *Pinafore* run, and probably remains the favorite.

The operas made fortunes for both men. They also brought riches to their producer, Richard D'Oyly Carte, and in the beautiful new Savoy theatre which he had built especially to present these works, electric lighting

was introduced for the first time in any London theatre, in 1881.

The collaborators worked together in a very different way than the world supposed. As a matter of fact, neither of the partners ever showed any strong fondness for the other! A large part of their association was by help of the postman. Gilbert would work up a plot and then mail off a whole quantity of the verses to Sullivan. The composer would then busy himself with the music, seldom troubling the librettist for any changes.

With riches, friends, an adoring public, a new theatre and a loyal manager, it seemed too bad that Gilbert's and Sullivan's closing years should have been clouded by falling out. Jealousy may have crept into their relationship. Friends of the composer were forever urging him that comic librettos were beneath him and he should do bigger things. Queen Victoria certainly did not help matters when she knighted Sullivan in 1883, and ignored his associate. When *The Gondoliers* was presented, by royal command, at Windsor Castle in 1891, Gilbert's name was not even mentioned on the program!

But the separation really came about over a very small thing—the new carpet for the Savoy Theatre, which D'Oyly Carte purchased and charged in part against the accounts of his two associates. When Gilbert discovered this upon his return from India in 1889, he was furious, but when Sullivan refused to join in his protest, the partners agreed to part company.

For three years they had nothing to do with each other. Then a reconciliation was brought about and they wrote two more operas, *Utopia, Limited* and *the Grand Duke*, but something had gone out of their work, for neither were great successes. When *The Sorcerer* was revived in 1898, Gilbert and Sullivan responded to curtain calls from opposite sides of the stage, but the audience noticed that they did not bow to each other. They never saw each other again. Two years later Sullivan was dead. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Gilbert lived on until 1911. Wealthy, distinguished, honored by the knighthood which King Edward bestowed in 1907, he never lost the wit which had sparkled in the operas. One of his country neighbors was Sir Thomas Day who had risen to a fortune and title through his great jam business, but who hated to have anyone refer to the way he had made his money. One day Gilbert's dogs broke loose and killed several of Sir Thomas' partridges. Highly indignant, the latter sent off a haughty complaint. Gilbert replied: "Dear Sir Thomas: I have just received your letter about the loss of your partridges and I am taking steps to keep my dogs from trespassing on your preserves in the future. Yours sincerely, W. S. Gilbert. P. S. You will pardon the use of the word preserves, won't you?"

Before he died, Gilbert had tried one collaborator after another. But all had disappointed him. There had been but one Sullivan. Sir Arthur's most ambitious work, the grand opera *Ivanhoe*, is forgotten today. But the joint work of the two men lives on. Somewhere on the North American continent or the British Isles or Australia one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas is always being played.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger spent Saturday afternoon of last week in Durham.

—o—

The regular weekly motion picture show in the School's auditorium last Thursday night consisted of the popular attraction, "Judge Priest", starring the late Will Rogers, and a short educational feature, "Filming Big Thrills." Both are Twentieth Century-Fox productions.

—o—

We recently recieved a post card, picturing the old historic court house in Flemington, N. J., from R. D. Shropshire, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School several years ago. "Shrop" said he would write us a letter soon and give an account of his activities since he visited the School about two years ago.

—o—

Ivan Morrozoff, chief linotype operator in our printing class, has been helping out for a few days in an emergency in the "News-Leader" plant at Mooresville. Some time ago, Morrozoff worked on this paper for a week during an unusually busy period. We are informed that he did some very good work over there and that his employer was very well pleased with his services.

—o—

A recent letter from Horace McCall, a member of our printing class more than twelve years ago, stated that he was getting along very nicely down in Shreveport, Louisiana, where he has had a little printing establishment of his own for several years. "Horse" asked to be remembered to all of his old friends among the members of the School's staff of workers and expressed the desire to visit us soon.

—o—

On Friday of last week, Dr. M. B. Bethel, Cabarrus County Health Officer, accompanied by a member of his staff, visited the School for the purpose of completing the annual typhiod vaccination. Nearly two hundred boys were treated this year, each receiving three "shots" at intervals of one week. This has been the custom at the School for many years and the value of the treatment may be realized when one notes the absence of typhiod fever in the health report of the institution.

—o—

On Friday of last week our football team played its first game of the season, meeting the China Grove High School reserves on the local field. The visitors won by the score of 40 to 0. The score would seem to indicate that our lads made a poor showing, but it must be recalled that it was their first game this year, after a very short period of practice. Only two members of the squad were held over from last season, the rest of the team being composed mostly of boys who never played a game of football before coming to the School. With a little more experience they should be able to make a better showing.

—o—

James Martin, a former member of the Cottage No. 10 group, who was employed in the bakery during the greater part of his stay here, recently wrote Mr. Liske, officer in charge of that department. James left the

School, November 2, 1939, and is now an enrollee in CCC Company No. 426, located near Ravensford, N. C. In the letter to his former instructor, this lad expressed his appreciation for all that had been done for him while at the institution. Concerning his present occupation, he wrote that he was getting along fine, liked his work very much, and had been promoted to the rank of first sergeant in his company.

—o—

Although the drone of airplane motors and detonation of bursting bombs may be far away from us, they have aroused a great interest in flying among our boys. A sudden wave of toy airplanes seems to be the center of attraction at the School, and in all sections of the campus may be seen groups of boys with model flying machines of all descriptions, each one trying to make his model outclass those belonging to his companions. The lads here have separate personal accounts at the office, and each week are allowed to order magazines, candy, toys, etc., from one of Concord's variety stores. Seldom does one of these weekly orders go from the School that the item in greatest demand is airplanes. In addition to those purchased, many of the boys derive much pleasure from flying models of their own construction.

—o—

Mark Witty, of Greensboro, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 2, who left the School, April 18, 1929, was a visitor here last Tuesday. For two years after returning to his home, Mark attended high school; he then secured employment in a hosiery mill, where he remained about one year. About eight years ago, Mark obtained a position with the Duke Power Company, working with a line repair crew. Four years later he was transferred to the meter record office, where he is still employed. His age is now twenty-five years; he has been married about four and one-half years, and has a son nearly two years old, whose pictures he proudly exhibited to friends at the School.

Mark was on his way back home after having spent a two weeks' vacation period in Florida. He expressed gratitude for what the training received at this institution had done for him, stating that he had been getting along very well ever since leaving us.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by our old friend, Gene Davis, who led the boys in singing a number of hymns, and Harold Patrick, leader of religious education, Hawthorne Lane M. E. Church, Charlotte, who brought the boys a very timely message. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the calling of Andrew and Peter, as found in Matthew 4:17-22, and the subject of his talk was "Follow Me."

At the beginning of his remarks Mr. Patrick told his listeners that despite the fact this was his first visit to the Jackson Training School, he felt very much at home, because he once held the position of chaplain at the South Carolina Training School, Florence, S. C., for four years. Speaking of the calling of Andrew and Peter, he said they followed Jesus for two reasons: (1) Because they knew Jesus needed them to help carry on his work on

earth; (2) Because they also knew they needed Jesus. He illustrated these facts by telling several interesting stories, one of which follows:

Upon her son's going away from home for an extended period, a mother asked the boy to go to the art gallery and look at a certain picture before leaving. The boy, not being specially interested in art, could not quite understand this request, but promised to go, just to please his mother.

Upon opening the door leading into the room where the picture was hung, the lad was sure he saw someone in the dimly lighted room, praying, so he reverently closed the door and waited outside for the person to finish. After waiting, he thought, long enough, he entered the room to discover that what he thought was someone praying was the famous painting of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane. For a long time he stood and gazed at the painting. then called for his mother to come and look at it with him. As she stood by his side he said, "Mother, see the expression on Jesus' face. It is the expression of fear. You have always said Jesus was never afraid—not even to die, but he seems to fear death in this picture." The mother replied, "No, my son, it is not the fear of death expressed in the face of Jesus, but fear that the work he was leaving would not be carried out by his followers," and then she retired from the room.

Alone, again, the boy looked at the picture. As he started to leave the room, he had to return for another look. The Master's voice seemed to say to him, "Follow Me." At the door a second time, he turned again and said fervently, "Oh, Man of Galilee, if there is anything for me to do, you can count on me."

In conclusion Mr. Patrick told the boys they should never hesitate to follow Jesus, holding themselves ready at all times to be guided by his example—that of rendering service to mankind.

ONE DAY AT A TIME

One day at a time
Is all we have
To live. So let's be brave
And lift our eyes to the morning skies
And walk on gallantly!

One day at a time,
And this is life.
We see the dawn and then
The twilight comes and it is night.
One day at a time
Is all we have to live!

—Boston Traveler.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending September 22, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Wayne Allen 3
(2) William Drye 11
(6) Noah J. Greene 13
(6) Edward Johnson 15
Carl Justice
Robert Maples 9
(6) Frank May 15
(2) Mack McQuaigue 10
(2) Jack Warren 14
(4) Weldon Warren 14

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) Bennie Austin 14
James Blocker 9
Jack Cline 8
(6) John D. Davis 12
Virgil Lane 2
(2) Donald McFee 14
William Padrick 3
Richard Patton 2
(6) William Shaw 13
Charles Smith 4
Charles Tate 2
Newman Tate 3
(2) Peteer Tuttle 6

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Plummer Boyd 12
(5) Quentin Crittenton 9
(4) Arthur Edmondson 11
(3) Paul Godwin 13
(5) Ivan Morrozoff 15
(3) J. W. McRorrie 13
(6) J. C. Nance 14
(3) Oakley Walker 12
(17) Melvin Walters 17
John Whitaker 7
Thomas Yates 7

COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Theodore Bowles 15
(4) J. C. Bordeaux 8
(2) Collett Cantor 13
Harold Donaldson 9
(3) Monroe Flinchum 13
(3) Charles Hayes 7
(3) Sidney Knighting 10
Everett Lineberry 6
Ivey Lunsford 7
James Massey 6
(3) Leonard Melton 3
(5) J. C. Reinhardt 15
(5) Curry Singletary 9
(3) Donald Smith 6
Richard Starnes 6
Edward Thomasson 2
(5) Herbert Walker 15
(4) Dewey Ware 13
(4) Henry Ziegler 10

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 6
(2) Robert Dunning 7

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley 10
(3) Reid Beheler 16
(3) Jesse Cunningham 3
(2) Jack Hamilton 15
William Jerrell
(5) Otis Kilpatrick 9
James Quick 14
Frank Workman 9

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Mack Bell 13
(11) J. T. Branch 16
Percy Capps 8
James Connell 2
(12) David Cunningham 12
(2) George Gaddy 9
(2) Robert Gaines 11
(2) James Hale 3

(4) Osper Howell 12
Mark Jones 13
(2) Grady Kelly 4
Loyd Mullis 4
(2) William Nelson 2
(4) Harold O'Dear 16
James Ruff 9
Thomas Sands 12
Lewis Sawyer 3
Richard Singletary 12
(4) Horace Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

(17) John Benson 17
William Bennett
(3) Robert Davis 5
William Dixon 6
(3) Charles Frye 3
(12) Robert Goldsmith 14
(11) Earl Hildreth 15
(3) Fred Jones 10
Everett Morris 5
(17) Fred Owens 17
(9) Theodore Rector 15
(2) James Tyndall 2

COTTAGE No. 12

(5) Odell Almond 15
(2) Jay Brannock 11
William Broadwell 10
(3) Treley Frankum 11
(9) Woodrow Hager 15
Eugene Heafner 2
(2) Hubert Holloway 13
(5) Tillman Lyles 15
(3) James Puckett 10
(5) Howard Sanders 13
(3) Charles Simpson 10
(3) Norman Smith 7
(3) Jesse Smith 5
William Suites 7
(3) George Tolson 15
(2) Carl Tyndall 11
(2) J. R. Whitman 13

COTTAGE No. 13

(5) William Griffin 14
Vincent Hawes 10
Jordan McIver 10
(3) John Murdock 6

COTTAGE No. 14

(7) Raymond Andrews 13
John Baker 11
Edward Carter
(17) Mack Coggins 17
Robert Deyton 13
(2) Henry Ennis 6
(8) Audie Farthing 16
(6) Henry Glover 11
(17) William Harding 17
(2) Troy Gilland 8
John Hamm 11
(2) Marvin King 10
(2) Feldman Lane 11
(4) Norvell Murphy 15
(8) Charles Mc Coyle 13
(4) Roy Mumford 10
(2) Henry McGraw 10
(6) James Roberson 13
(2) John Reepe 11
(2) John Robbins 13
(4) Charles Steepleton 12
(5) J. C. Willis 7
(16) Wallace Woody 16
(4) Jones Watson 12
(2) Jack West 9

COTTAGE No. 15

William Cantor 5
(2) J. P. Morgan 7
(2) J. P. Sutton 10
(2) Arvel Ward 5

INDIAN COTTAGE

(4) George Duncan 12
(8) Philip Holmes 14
(3) Harvey Ledford 8
(3) John T. Lawry 11
(3) Redmond Lawry 11
(2) Thomas Wilson 11

No trouble is as big as it looks at a distance.—Selected.

OCT 1 0 1940
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 5, 1940 NO. 40

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OUR FLAG

Hail to our flag, and may it wave
  Wide over land and sea!
Though others love a different flag,
  It is the flag for me.

And that's the flag for all our land
  We will revere no other;
And he who loves the symbol fair,
  Shall be to us a brother.

The glorious stars and radiant stripes
  With youthful joy I see!
May no rude hand its beauty mar!
  It is the flag for me.

—The Sentinel

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WAKE UP, AMERICA!

'Most every day in the papers I read
Of all the guns and things we need
To make our country strong, that she
Need fear no foe on land or sea.
'Most everywhere there spreads alarm
That we are doomed unless we arm,
And so we build our tanks and planes;
We spend our wealth, we rack our brains
That we invincible might be
On land, in air, and on the sea.

Wake up, America! please take heed;
Arms are not our greatest need.
But come today, my friend, with me
To the House of Prayer and we shall see
The reason for this great alarm—
Why people shout that we shall arm;
Why hearts of men are cramped with fear
That maybe it "can" happen here.

We enter now the House of Prayer.
O God! the few souls that are there—
Row on row of empty pews.
Sit down, my friend, and let us muse.
Outside the highway's choked with cars—
How crowded all the shows and bars!
And no one seems to know or care
How empty is the House of Prayer.

Wake up, America! please take heed:
Arms are not our greatest need.
Is this the land that in God trusts,
When on His house the doorknob rusts?

Exalted shall the nation be,
O God, that puts her trust in Thee.

Forgive, O Lord, we pray, our sin;
Thy house again we enter in,
For Thou art He Who set men free.
Our hearts again we turn to Thee;
Nor shall they fail because of fear

Knowing that our God is near.
Exalted shall our nation be.
We'll have no foes across the sea.

—Wilbur Seybrecht.

———o———

JUST THE SMALL SIZE TYPE

It is no less than humorous at times when we hear of some people who everlastingly lambast Hitler, or any other dictator of a nation. It is not that they condemn a dictator for what he demands, what he stands for, and all the age old values that he is tearing down. The amusing part is that the one who does most of the "cussing out" in regard to dictatorship is often the very one who in his own, small way, in the sphere of his own domain, has all of the ingredients of a second rate dictator. He lacks the brain, the ability and the opportunity to do the damage of one who has along with his selfish and egotistical and dominating spirit a real leadership based upon his ability and a personality that draws other men unto him whether or not. But, it is not his fault that the community or enlarged area has not suffered more from his second rate-ness as an egoist.

We have heard of farmers, of superintendents, of overseers, of leaders and owners in all sorts of enterprises, of lawyers, of clergymen, of presidents of societies, of parents, of those who by virtue of their contributions to a church, or their seniority of residence in a church or community, have brought untold unhappiness and at times misery to those unfortunate enough to be affected by the dictatorship exerted by the pee wee variety among men and women. Yes, there are slave drivers still to be found, whose lashing tongue, whose continual fault finding, and whose inhuman tone of voice make life a burden to those working under them. And all such in a so-called Democracy!

Not only is "a little learning a dangerous thing," but likewise "a little authority, (in the hands of an egoist and small-minded, pinched-spirited person), is a dangerous thing." And the sad part of it is that in realms where many are affected, as in large industrial plants, etc., the dictator over the workers, so unloved by them, is the man who is humble enough in the presence of his superior

who knows not that such a condition exists among people who have to continue to work under such unfavorable conditions.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT A BIG DIFFERENCE TODAY.

Any one who has any knowledge of the workings of the Salvation Army can see a great difference in its methods and general procedure as the years have gone by. The "Army' is old enough now to have recruited leaders from its own ranks, "unto the third or fourth generation". Naturally this has produced a higher type of person, a deeper spirit of justifiable pride and commendable loyalty. It has been accused of becoming somewhat "soft" as the days have gone by. They have changed as the world has changed. We hope their zeal and ardor will not change. There are two features of their work which has grasped the imagination and support of the public generally.

Care of transients has been almost entirely turned over to them these days. In this they have the police and clergy as their strong backers, as both of these have untold numbers applying for night's lodging. It would be an eye-opener for any one to visit a modern Salvation Army transient home. The strict discipline exerted, the cleanliness required, the comfortable and clean beds to sleep upon, and the work exacted when the transient comes early enough, all are far beyond the environment of most of the men and women who are "guests" in these homes. The man in charge is usually one who has been along the same way, but has been reformed, and now is willing for a small sum and his keep to take charge. He is usually kind, but always exacting, as well he should be, when dealing with the riff-raff of society that nightly comes to him. Intoxication is tabooed, as is any sort of fussing and fighting. The sanitary inspector could run in on one of these homes at any time and give it a clean slate.

Secondly, the work of the "Army" with the boys through its Red Seal Club is beyond estimate. In this we have a modified form of Y. M. C. A. and Scout work among underprivileged boys who otherwise would hardly ever come in touch with the social life given them in their halls, with games, clubs and privilege of seeing ball games free. The "Knothole Gang" soon becomes a respectable

group of rooters in the bleachers, with little desire to get into mischief when they leave the game.

* * * * * * * *

A FINE PIECE OF SOCIAL SERVICE

It would be a fine thing, if there could be established throughout the State an organization known as "Friends of J. T. S. Boys", friends who would at once take under their friendly oversight the boys from here who return to their former homes,—there to experience a somewhat dangerous form of "freedom". Families are not enough. Church Schools, Bible Classes or Churches should devise some way to soften the strangeness and possible fear of being looked-askance-at that sensitive natures are liable to undergo after many months away from home. Much tact and consecrated common sense would be needed. There is a well-cultivated field to be cared for, that no weeds of old pals and habits will be allowed to take root and crowd out the good grain planted while here.

* * * * * * * *

OBSERVE WARNING SIGNS

Paraphrasing Abraham Lincoln's famous utterance, Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division, said this week that "you can ignore some warning signs all of the time, and all warning signs some of the time, but you can't ignore all warning signs all of the time."

The safety director made this comment after looking over a report which showed that 13 North Carolinians were killed and more than a score injured during the first six months of this year as a result of smashing into bridge abutments, overpasses and underpasses.

"There is no conceivable excuse for accidents of this nature," said Hocutt. "It is true that a good many highway bridges in this state and some overpasses and underpasses are dangerously narrow, but every single one of them is plainly marked. It will take lots of time and money to widen all these bridges and underpasses, and meanwhile it is up to motor vehicle operators to pay attention to the signs the State has erected to call attention to these hazards."

Hocutt stated that every one of the 60 highway bridges and

underpasses into which automobiles smashed during the first half of this year were plainly indicated by large warning signs. These signs read "Danger—Narrow Bridge," or "Slow—Underpass Ahead," or some such warning message.

"You just can't continually ignore warning signs without eventually coming to grief," Hocutt declared. "My advice to drivers is to read and heed every highway warning you see. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you might be able to ignore a sign without meeting with an accident, but you never know which time is the hundredth.

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THE RESTLESSNESS OF YOUTH

How often people say discouraging things about young people,—their restlessness being one special taunt, generally by older people who long ago have found themselves, and who now want repose and quiet, but whose memory fails to go back many years. They forget that they too were once young, and that restlessness is as much a part of the growth of a young person as is the change in bodily form. Restlessness is to the mind and spirit what excessive exercise is to the body. It must be on the way to doing something, thinking about something, trying to get this or that throught shaped in a way that satisfies honesty of conviction.

Of course it is a very dangerous route for restlessness to travel when the outlet for it is via the automobile, travel at night, late hours, unchaperoned parties,—with a roadhouse accessible and inviting. If the restlessness of youth could only be directed in the right paths, along constructive lines on research without all the many pitfalls along the way!

All of which means that restlessness should never be condemned, but encouraged to go forth as a discoverer or pioneer searching for something that will benefit and bless mankind, —with the undeniable injunction that no pioneer or discoverer can accomplish much, can go far, unless he maintains a sound body and alert mind, which mean temperance and judgment in all things, regular sleep and plenty of it, wholesome food and drink that enriches and not enfeebles.

JUMPING TO SAVE TREES

By Wilfred Brown

An airplane droning over the Cascade Mountain range summit swoops low when the pilot sights smoke rising in a slender spiral far below. He can catch the red gleam of flames spreading slowly in a widening circle through the deep carpet of pine needles.

The fire started by a tremendous bolt of lightning that struck from the heavens during a brief thunderstorm of the night before. It is not yet much of a blaze, but by the time fire fighters could reach it, nearly exhausted after a long climb through the mountains, it might be roaring out of control, leaving behing it grim skeletons of trees and hundreds of acres of blackened waste.

The pilot slows the engine and circles the plane. Out from the cabin drops a tightly bound pack. It hurtles earthward for a minute, then a brown square of burlap loosens and the wind whips it into a parachute. A yellow streamer floats out behind to mark its course. The burden loses speed, and finally floats slowly to the ground among the trees at some distance from the fire.

Then a side door opens and a grotesque, white-clad figure who might be a deep sea diver, or a fanciful creature from another planet, stands outlined for a moment. Then he jumps.

The jumper's parachute billows out above him, and he pulls the tight rope one way and the other, to guide the course of his descent toward a bare spot among the trees.

Within minutes after he lands the man has climbed out of his specially-constructed, padded suit and hiked to his pack, a short distance away.

A little longer and he is at work with his grubbing hoe, axe and shovel, digging a trench or "trail" around the fire.

The fire trail cuts through the fallen leaves and dry humus to the bare ground beneath. It is perhaps two feet wide and four inches deep. When the fire burns to the edge of the trench, unless the flames are leaping high or a strong wind is blowing, it automatically goes out.

Dropping experienced fire fighters from planes, to halt little forest fires before they have time to develop into disastrous blazes, is the latest and most spectacular move of the United States Forest Service in its battle against the greatest enemy of trees. The first tests were made last year in the Chelan National Forest of Washington State, and the experiment is being continued this year. Foresters believe the method will save millions of dollars worth of timber in the years to come.

The parachuting fire fighters are particularly effective in controlling fires started by lightning. A summer storm rolling along the mountain tops frequently will clear the air for a few hours—and at the same time start as many as a hundred new fires, wherever the bolts of lightning strike.

A lightning fire usually is not a serious matter at the start, but when lightning strikes in an inaccessible spot it may be many hours, or even a day or more, before men traveling on the ground can reach the scene.

And in the fire season, when the woods are tinder dry, every hour is important.

The parachuting fire fighter wears a canvas suit heavily padded with sponge rubber, to protect him from injury against rocks or tree limbs when he lands. A steel-reinforced helmet guards his face and head, and steel braces protect him from broken legs or sprained ankles. He carries a coil of stout rope, to use in descending to the ground in case he lands in the top of a giant tree. With his parachute checking his fall, he descends to the earth at a speed of about fourteen feet a second.

The pack that the fire fighter drops before he jumps contains a shovel, axe, hoe, flashlight, canteen of water, two days supply of food, compass, map, first aid equipment and perhaps other supplies. The yellow streamers aid in locating the pack, should it drop at some distance from where its owner lands.

When the fire is under control, the fighter waits until it burns itself out, usually not longer than two days. Then he shoulders his pack and hikes out to the nearest road, trail or emergency airport.

Dropping fire fighters from planes is the most recent development of Uncle Sam's foresters, but airplanes have been used by the Forest Service for many years.

Each fire season the Forest Service delivers tons of supplies by air to crews of isolated fire fighters, dropping the supplies without damage attached to cheep burlap parachutes.

One plane once carried four tons of supplies to a fire crew at one load, and dropped canned goods, meat, bread, cooffee, eggs, tools and even baled hay and oats for the pack horses. Not even one egg was cracked. The plane did as much work in an hour as fifteen pack horses could have done in most of a day.

While airplanes aid fire fighting from the air, the Forest Service looks for the new mechanical trench digger to become one of the most effective weapons on the ground.

This device, the invention of Assistant Supervisor James Bosworth of the Kanisksu National Forest staff in Idaho, can do as much work in a day, under favorable conditions, as three hundred men.

The mechanical trench digger is powered by a small gasoline engine. It somewhat resembles a wheelbarrow, with a rotating digger attached. If its path is reasonably clear, it can dig as much as fifty feet of trench a minute, and go a long ways toward corralling a bad fire in the course of a day.

Theh trencher weighs only ninety-six pounds—weight is a major matter to consider in the forests where there are no truck roads. It can be carried on a man's back without too much difficulty in case of emergency.

Only second in importance to battling fires at the scene is keeping in touch with headquarters, and for this purpose the Forest Service has devised a miniature shortwave, two-way radio set.

The radio is compact and weighs only a few pounds, but it is effective under favorable conditions for as far as five hundred miles. Even when atmospheric conditions are most unfavorable for radio reception the equipment usually will cover a large enough range to keep field crews in constant touch with headquarters.

Patrol cars operating over forest roads are radio equipped.

For a number of years the Forest Service used ultra-high frequency radios, similar to those used by police cars, but they were not effective over long distances.

Another aid to fire fighters, at the scene of each major blaze, is a portable weather station. The observer, who is attached to the United States Weather Bureau, keeps a constant check on wind directions, temperatures, and the highly important humidity, or moisture content of the air. The lower the humidity, of course, the greater the fire danger.

Five mobile weather bureaus are maintained for western forests, while the large bureaus at Seattle, Portland, Ore., San Francisco and Missoula, Mont., issue special daily "fire weather" reports during periods of danger.

But the greatest benefit that the forests of the United States have received in recent years has been the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Forest Service officials say that the C. C. C. boys have contributed to saving thousands of acres of valuable timber from destruction, and the good work that they have done will continue to bear fruit for generations.

C. C. C. crews have built thousands of miles of roads and trails into the heart of the forests and made millions of acres of rough mountain country easily reachable by fire fighting crews.

But that is only a part of the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Hundreds of thousands of acres of now almost worthless land that once bore stately forests will some day be covered with forests again. The boys who planted the trees will have been gone many years before their forests reach maturity, but their work will be a lasting blessing.

In addition to providing timber, the new forests will aid in checking flood dangers and soil erosion, and provide vast recreation areas. Many scientists also believe that forests have some influence on the weather, and that an area will become hotter and dryer when the trees are gone.

Fire still is a great destroyer in the forests of America, but the men who look after our trees are making progress. Last year fires burned over about 350 thousand acres of national forest land in the United Staets. But that was only about one fifth of one per cent of the territory guarded by the men of the Forest Service.

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MY PRAYER

Teach me to do the best I can
To try to serve my fellow man.
Teach me to lose the selfish need,
And glory in the higher deed,
That paves the road and lights the day
For all who chance to come my way.

—Selected.

THE HURRICANE WATCH

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

When Col. Lindbergh spanned the Atlantic Ocean on his epoch-making solo flight he gave great impetus to the development of aviation, both in actual flying and in all the closely allied branches that, correlated, make for safety in the air. Trans-Pacific and trans-Atlantic flying schedules are now automatically maintained, and another link in world transportation has become an everyday accepted fact.

Shortly after that first daring flight, America's Number One intrepid flyer took off on a flight around the Carribbean. Anything might have happened on that flight. for the Carribean, peaceful and calm most of the year, is subject to tropical hurricanes that annually trace a regular path across the lower West Indies, through the Caribbean into the Gulf of Mexico and so out over the Atlantic. It was a dangerous flight for weather observatories were few and far between in those early days; the United States Weather Bureau maintained an observatory at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and a station in the nearby Virgin Islands; the Panama Canal Zone Authority had an observatory in Panama; and the Cuban government maintained one Cuba. More recently, the United States Government, in co-operation with the Weather Bureau, established a station on little Swan Island, off the coast of Central America. The joint observatories of these stations were inadequate to forecast flying weather conditions over the now famous Lindbergh Circle, and when Col. Lindbergh made the first tropical flight he might concievedly have met the fate of the venturesome pioneers.

His first Caribbean flight, though, blazed the way for a regularly scheduled passenger and air mail route that has operated successfully for a number of years. Each flight during hurricane weather is nowadays adequately proctected by weather forecasts obtained from no less than thirty-eight ground stations located around the Lindbergh Circle. Hurricane weather is seasoned from June to November, and the "overseas twisters" are apt to vary considerably in extent and in intensity. Pan-American Airways System orders out its hurricane watch early in June each year, so that a guard is kept over the twenty-two countries and colonies of the Caribbean area during the hurricane season.

For a moment or so let us digress from aviation and take note of what from aviation and take note of what the hurricane watch—designed primarily to safeguard life and property in the air—means to the government and countries of the Caribbean, for the airways system does not selfishly keep the information garnered from their chain of meteorological observatories for their own exclusive purposes. A well-organized system of advance warnings of the approach of hurricanes is issued to communities in the path of the oncoming hurricane, and throughout the storm radio communication is maintained when all other means of notifing the outside world has been destroyed, so that rescue and

relief aids may quickly be rushed to stricken areas on subsidence of the storm. Government files and official dispatches indicated that Pan-American Airways System has prevented the loss of more than 20,000 lives in the past ten years, and has rightly been credited with being the largest life-saving institution in the world." Not a single hurricane has managed to enter the Carribbean undetected in advance since Pan-American Airways established its first airline service through the West Indies ten years ago. Advance notice has literally saved millions of lives and billions of dollars' worth of property.

With more than ten years of experience in battling tropic weather, Pan-American has perfected technique for the detection of hurricanes to the point where they are even able to plot the exact course each hurricane will follow. It is now an exact science, so exact in fact, that the actual point at which a hurricane will strike and the exact hour of its arrival can be foretold hours, even days, in advance.

With the approach of hurricane weather all thirty-eight meteorological stations around the "Lindbergh Circle" are ready for active service, each under the jurisdiction of an expert meteorologist. Each of the stations had been designed so that it is capable of withstanding winds over 200 miles an hour, and the radio equipment has been constructed so that it is proof against both the high winds and the heavy rains which are characteristic of a hurricane.

Direct schedules are maintained with the key radio station at Miami. Florida, and if the Western Carribbean or Gulf of Mexico is threatened, schedules are maintained with the division terminal of Pan-American Airways System at Brownsville, Texas.

From the Straits of Florida to the Amazon River, fifteen upper air stations are first put into operation. These are located at strategic points at distances of a few hundred miles apart, so that a complete coverage of the upper air is maintained. Red rubber. hydrogen-filled ballons, are sent to altitudes ranging between 20,000 to 50,000 feet, so that the approach of a distant hurricane may be noted, for it is out at the lower dications of a distant approaching fringe of the stratosphere that inhurricane may be observed. The upper air soundings are reported by radio to the Miami office every six hours, and so accurate are the reports that the approach of a hurricane is known for six to ten days ahead of any other indication, but the exact location of the center of the approaching storm cannot, as a rule, be so easily determined.

Should these reports indicate high altitude winds of hurricane character the twelve ground stations which form the basic network of the West Indies are put on twenty-four-hour duty. Should, however the approaching hurricane be of sufficient proportion, another eleven stations are brought into action. This latter set of meteorological stations reach from the north coast of South America, and thence from Yucatan via western Cuba to Florida.

The fifteen upper air stations concentrate on high altitude observations exclusively, but the other stations furnish additional data relative to sea conditions, and it is by a correlatian of sea-measurement (size and direction of swells) and upper air

conditions that the meteorologists are able to gain an approximate estimate of the storm's center, and this is usually known from four to six days in advance of the cyclone.

Once the sea assumes a hurricane tone all stations go aloft to study cloud formations. High cirrus clouds, as they are termed by meteorologists, are fibrous in structure, feathery in appearance and different in movement from less lofty clouds. The high-cirrus formation is a precursor of hurricanes, and precedes the hurricane by two to four days. From one to three days before the arrival of the hurricane convex or conical cloud masses, cumulous formation as they are termed, will appear resting on dense horizontal cloud clusters. The barometer is affected, and the meterorological bureau at Miami is kept informed. The barometric pressure, the charted swing and velocity of winds, the sea condition, and the cloud and humidity readings all aid the bureau in finding the center and probable course of the approaching storm.

This information is, of course, of greatest use to the countries and communities in the path of the storm in making preparations to withstand its onslaught and thus save both life and valuable property. It also aids the airlines to avoid storm areas by re-routing their flight operations. The fast flying clipper ships have a speed of three miles a minute, and can easiily maneuver around even the fiercest hurricane, for, at maximum, it could only move forward at a speed of fifteen miles per hour, rarely more than five miles. Flying over trans-Carribbean airlines has scarcely ever had to be delayed more than a few hours and, strange as it may seem, though this area is annually subjected to hurricanes, only three times in the past ten years has any service over these routes been delayed for longer than twenty-four hours.

All the collected weather reports (received from the hurricane watch at points all over the Caribbean) at the Miami base of the Pan-American Airways System are relayed first to the United States Weather Bureap at Miami and then to Jacksonville, as a reciprocal arrangement exists between that bureau and Pan-American Airways, so that the latter's meteorologists receive supplementary reports from ships at sea. With all this data correlated, the exact center of the storm is determined, and the course of the hurricane is plotted hourly. It is now said to be "under control," and no hurricane goes beserk on Pan-American Airline's meteorologists once they have determined its course from available reports which are made at frequent intervals.

Now comes the part of rescue and relief work, for no hurricane breaks without doing considerable damage, as much as that may have been lessened by preparedness. All available flight equipment and volunteer flight crews are kept in readiness at protected airports nearest the threatened area. Medicine and food supplies are gathered together, and doctors and nurses are held ready to do their part in aiding the stricken area. In addition to the ground radio station in the path of the storm, an airliner is assigned for duty as a supplementary radio station—for usually other means of communication are completely annihilated—and this latter station is placed at the disposal of the local government for the organiza-

tion of outside relief, for a report to Red Cross headquarters at Washington, for the important intergovernmental messages relating to the storm, and for press reports by which the outside world is kept advised of prevailing conditions.

And so aviation, meteorology and radio have combined to make life safer for those who fly the tropical skies as well as for those who live in the Caribbean countries. We will always have hurricanes and other hazards—but science is fast devising ways and means of lessening them so that major storms will blow almost harmlessly over the Caribbean. Pan-American Airways System's "hurricane watch" has rightly been called "the largest life-saving institution in the world," for not only does it warn countries in the path of hurricanes, but it is always on hand to maintain communications and rush relief to the afflicted area from the outside world.

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Those who never retract or alter their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.—Selected.

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THE UPWARD LOOK

(The Lutheran)

In a recent conversation a brother clergyman referred to a story he had read, of which the title might have been, "The Penny Seeker." It described a man who in early youth had found a cent on the ground—it was "easy money" and he decided to devote his attention to coins lost by previous travelers. In the course of years his treasure had the value of fifty-one pennies.

John Bunyan in his great allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," pictures an even less attractive "way of life," but one of which most of us have seen followers. He directs attention to a character whom the pilgrim overtook traveling in the same direction as himself. But his eyes were engaged in searching the dirt and filth through which he was passing. Perhaps the American writer, Lincoln Stebbins 'descriptions of cities excited the phrase, "muck-raker," from recollections of Bunyan's book. Certainly it fits with entire accuracy those whose habit it is to devote themselves to the contemplation of what passes as "of the earth earthy," but in fact is of the dirt dirty.

In recent decades there has been an outpouring of books that claimed the merit of realism, but of which the authors seemed to have only human passions, misfortunes, crimes, and needs. The scenes depicted are slum sections of cities and swamp areas of the country. The characters are becoming sourcees of infection and the agents of evil's powers of destruction. The stage and screen have not hesitated to use such books and such authors as sources of drama and thrill. Millions are exposed to

vivid representations of super-crimes and gaudily garbed lust.

That people can be found who are dirty, vicious and incapable is the usual apology for such products of the human mind. Tobacco roads, dust bowls, and dead ends are exploited and the higher levels of living are presented as the results of unfair discrimination among us, whereby a favored few enjoy happiness at the cost of mass misery. Christianity's teachings are not infrequently derided as the dope which the few administer to the many in order "to lord it over them."

But such conclusions relative to the gospel of our Lord are no more correct than are the superstitions of pagans when they see what man has wrought. The power of our religion lies in its uplift of the vision which it calls for and sustains. The plowman finds purpose in turning over the soil and seeding it. He is inspired by discerning that his toil is a form of obedience to his God, Who has given him dominion over the works of His hands. He does not seek in swamps and morasses the water that his fields need for bounteous harvests. He looks to the sky, to the hills and to the springs and streams. His is the upward look, which is rewarded by finding and following the divine in the midst of us.

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OF VITAL IMPORTANCE

Last year on August 15th was celebrated the silver anniversary of the Panama Canal. This anniversary did not pass by unheralded for its important role in the life of our country is too great to disregard. The linking of the two oceans was not a dream but became a reality with the completion of the Panama Canal. They celebrated the success of the canal as a commercial lane or traffic which showed a monthly increase in traffic and tonnage. The Panama Canal is a vital link in our present scheme of national defense and today, August 15, on its 26th anniversary, when the government makes plans to protect it from any invasion, we salute the canal with special concern. The farmers of the west who use this canal for shipping to the east are anxious for it to be preserved. Transportation of produce is important. But most important is the fact that the canal may have many more birthdays to unite the east coast and the west coast as one.—Mooresville Enterprise.

THANK GOD FOR AMERICA

(Selected)

There is a legend told of a boy who came to a capital where men from all countries were met to talk about life and living. And he turned to an old man to ask, "How can I tell which is an American and which a European—since all are speaking one language?" The old man pondered a moment, and in time he began to speak. And he was heard to say . . . .

"Look around you carefully, my son. If he wears a worried countenance—he is an American fighting for business. If he wears a gas mask—you will know he is a European fighting to live. Listen carefully—and if you hear him speak out boldly, unafraid, a free man—you will know he is an American. If you hear him speak in a bated whisper, fearful, turning his head left and right to see if he is being overheard—you can be absolutely certain of one thing—he is not an American.

Walk among children, my son, and if you hear talk of camps where children play under blue sky you will know they can be Americans. If you hear whispers of concentration camps to which men are exiled—you will know they are not Americans.

"Walk into homes, my son, and if you find food and comfort and hear echoes of laughter and young people speaking of their dreams of tomorrow, you will know they can be Americans. If you find tables bare of food and warehouses loaded down by supplies stored for war—if you find children who no longer dream but count each tomorrow as one more day towards a new devastation, you will know you are in an old world, my son.

Walk into schools and universities—and if you find teachers who are free to teach and pupils who are free to inquire—you will know you are very likely in America, for there you will find the sons and daughters of all men, all free to learn and to speak regardless of race or religion. But if you find rigid regimentation, and you find schools are barred to some, and open to some, and only what one man belivees to be true is taught and offered as education and knowledge, you will know by the heads which are bent down and the eyes from which all spark and love of life and living are gone—you will know you are in an old world, my son.

"Do you find men who worship God as they believe in their hearts—do you find men free to speak out, to write and to read and feel no terror—you will know you are in America, or in one of the few remaining countries where such freedom still lives, my son. Do you find men marching behind one man—living dead men, who do as one man wills—do you find fear and foreboding and hunger and pain and a complete surrender of liberties for which men died centuries ago—you will know you are in an old world, my son, where dead men walk and chant a hollow, empty, melancholy dirge of blind obedience to a man by whose words they and their children eat or go hungry, live or perish . . .

"Go into legislative assemblies. Do you hear a man stand up to protest and declare his political opposition; do you hear debate which is free; do you hear men vote and say, 'No, I vote no,' even when majorities say

'Yes.' Do you hear men rule in courts of law and say, 'This law which you have passed is illegal because it violates our constitution, our bill of rights and our sacred concept of freedom.' If you do, you may know that that is the American way, my son. But if you find men waiting for one man to say what tomorrow shall bring, and you find all men who surround him chanting agreement as do many puppets—knowing disagreement would bring agonizing retribution, swift and terrible, then you will know you are in a dying world, my son,—where a few men are free—where all which remains of centuries of civilization is a tiny fragment growing smaller each passing hour. You will know you are in a world, my son, where life is a strange interlude between wars—between generations which are born only to die in pain and travail and mud. Realizing all this, my son, you will say in the quiet of your heart, as many millions of Americans are saying . . .

"Thank God for America!"

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When all is done and the battle of life is over, our work will be a testimony and a witness to our real worth.

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LITTLE PEOPLE

By Lois M. Ankewitz

The train percolated into the white-washed adobe station in excellent time. It was only three hours late. A handful of passengers alighted; a plump French merchant; the wireless operator of the telegraph station back from a holiday; several Colombian gentlemen; a few natives picturesquely clad in white shirts and trousers, immense wide-brimmed straw hats, and colorful blankets folded across one arm against the need of the chill South American night; and Chip.

Chip was the last passenger to alight. Each passenger seemed to have taken some pains to look trim upon arrival—except Chip. The Frenchman, while he perspired in rivers, managed to look trim, washed, and brushed; the Colombian gentlemen looked almost cool—they were used to the climate—and certainly neat and self-possessed; the natives were not impressive, but their khaki trousers, washed white in the local arroyo, indicated that they were in the habit of being clean, and their faces smiled triumphantly above the arduous difficulties of a journey. Chip, however, was frankly sooty; his brown hair, unbrushed, lay in lanky, damp locks upon his forehead; his mouth had the slack sullen twist of the spoiled boy who is concerned with being very uncomfortable; his white suit looked as if he had slept in it, which was not surprising. He had.

He stepped stiffly down from the train, to be immediately overwhelmed by a host of smiling sun-browned porters, who begged in liquid Spanish

to carry the maletas. One of them, wider of smile, broader of shoulder, caught Chip's eye, and Chip, cross and impatient, gestured to his bags. The smiling one picked them up. Chip noted idly that his smile, though wide, was a bit apprehensive. His brown eyes kept rolling from right to left along the sun-baked road, and he hurried unnaturally for a peon.

In truth, Juan was apprehensive. If the "Mister" caught him here he would be sent back to the consulate prontamente—and Juan, the wild and adventurous, had other plans. If this Americano were generous, now, with his tip . . . .

Even while Juan hurried, the Mister pulled up at the station. The radiator of the station wagon was steaming an indignant demand for water. The Mister slid from behind the wheel. He was tall, angular, and unsmiling, and his grey eyes held the absent look of a man whose mind is not concerned with the thing he is immediately doing, but is fastened on some inward thought. He was dressed in a lightweight gabardine suit, and wore a white helmet. The peons had christened him the "Mister" as a respectful literal translation of "senor." Unaware of Juan's presence, the Mister loped into the station with a bucket for some water. Juan, however, had spotted him—just in the nick of time. Resourcefully, he glanced at the Americano for some hint of where to put the bags. Chip looked around with annoyed, troubled eyes. Where was the car, anyhow? He remembered that his father had said there would be a station wagon. His eye brightened as it found the Mister's smoking conveyance. He pointed to it.

Now Juan knew that station wagon well. He had even driven it upon occasion. But, diplomatic as ever, he resisted any inclination to tell this young man that this automovil could not possibly be his, since it belonged to the Mister. Instead, he put the bags inside and held out an eager brown paw.

At that precise moment the Mister emerged from the station with the bucket of water. His eyes, roaming over the small crowd, sought and found Chip standing beside the station wagon. He looked at him carefully, trying to size him up at a distance. Obviously, he was Doctor Lathro's son! Tall, fair-skinned, with the sun glinting on the brown shock of hair, he looked like a young Viking. Taking in his unkempt appearance, however, the Mister smiled dourly. He had to admit that no man would catch Doctor Lathro dead looking like that! He watched Chip's hand go into his pocket, dig out some coins and proffer them to—Juan! Not until that instant had the Mister realized that the man on the other side of the station wagon was Juan! He made a dash for him, the water slopping from the bucket as he ran.

"Hi!" he shouted. "Don't give him that money. Stop it, I say!"

Chip stared at him arrogantly, calmly slid the coins into Juan's impatient palm, and watched the porter run down the sunny road. "Of course, I'll give him the money," he said insolently, "he earned it."

The Mister looked him up and down, started to say something, thought better of it, and stopped. What would be the use?

Chip, satisfied that he had squelched this upstart underling, spoke in patronizing tones. "If we're to reach

Bogota tonight, don't you think we'd better start? Or does everybody in this benighted country forget there is such an element as time?"

The Mister stared aghast. The insolent young jackanapes! Then the solution occurred to him. Of course, the kid thought he was Lathro's chauffeur! Keeping quite calm—it was never his way to let anger overwhelm him—he explained courteously.

"I'm the consol here. The train came in so late that you won't be able to reach Bogota tonight. Your father asked me to look out for you, so I've arranged for you to stay at the consulate until morning."

Without further ado, the Mister climbed into the station wagon, and Chip, perforce, followed him. He hadn't much choice. After all, he couldn't stand and bake in this concentrated sunlight.

As they rode through the town, Doctor Lathro's son eyed it with obvious distaste. Yet, the town of Buenavista was a pretty South American town. Groups of adobe huts faced upon narrow lanes paved with white, crushed shell. Around many doors climbed purple bougainvillae and red-pepper plants. Tall palms waved gently on the outskirts of the town against a background of the blue Pacific, and the white-tipped Andes loomed high in the far distance.

"Whoever named this burg 'Buenavivita' sure had a sense of humor," grumbled Chip. "'Good View!' I don't see anything good about it. Jungle and sea! What time do they pull the cowpaths in—eight o'clock?"

The Mister did not reply. Only a slight red touching his cheek bones betrayed his state of mind. They pulled up before a long adobe structure, supported by concrete piles, around which a garden rioted in lush bloom. A solid little person, motherly as a clucking hen, appeared. The Mister introduced her as Nurse Brown. Buenavista did not afford a doctor. Chip had the grace to feel uncomfortable before her in a two-day-old beard, but he only said, imperiously, to the Mister: "Look here, I can't stay here until morning. I've promised some people I'd meet them at the Casino in Bogota tonight. I'll hire an automobile to take me there. I can't understand what father means by not sending the car!"

The Mister and little Nurse Brown apparently did not even hear him. They were talking anxiously together. Chip caught the words, spoken in low tones, "Juan—money—goodness knows where he's got to by now—have to find him—of course—right away." Then the Mister climbed into the station wagon and started off again.

Nurse Brown turned to Chip, and bustled him indoors. "I'll show you your room, Mr. Lathro. I know you will want a bath before anything else. ll want a bath before anything else. I've had experience with that train, myself!" She smiled at him enigmatically. Chip thought her smile just a bit disdainful, and knowing the poor figure he cut in his wrinkled clothes, with his unkempt beard and general frowziness, his blood began to boil. "Thank you!" he drawled, looking down at Nurse Brown. "I'll be grateful for the bath. I still don't find it possible to endure a night in this place, however. I must get on to Bogota."

"Oh, you won't be able to do that," began Nurse Brown, but she had no

opportunity to finish. A cry from the back of the house disturbed her. "It's Maria," she explained. "I'll have to find out what's the matter with her. I'll see you at dinner."

At dinner, the Mister had not returned. Nurse Brown kept looking anxiously through the window for him.

"I do hope he isn't having trouble with Juan," she murmured at last. "I wonder if you would run down the road and tell Pepe to watch for him? You'll find Pepe in the cookhouse facing the road."

Chip rose languidly. "If Pepe speaks English, I'll be glad to."

Nurse Brown looked at him inquiringly.

"The last time I attempted Spanish," Chip explained, "was in Madrid. I was on a tour there one summer. I fell in love—or thought I did—with a Spanish girl, and tried to ask her to marry me in her native tongue. She must have misunderstood me, however, because she offered to help me start a truck garden."

Nurse Brown laughed long and merrily. "That's the Spanish way of saying 'no thank you, kind sir, my heart does not belong to you! That is, if she said, 'senor, I give you pumpkins.' "

"That's what she did say," admitted Chip. Nurse Brown's merriment ceased.

"I think, perhaps, I'd better tell Pepe, myself," she said with a worried frown.

Chip, self-assured once more in the knowledge that he looked very nearly his handsome best, felt slightly affronted. He had gone out of his way to be charming and amusing to this lady, and she still couldn't get that sour, lanky consul off her mind! People just didn't treat him like that.

"Don't you think our worthy consul takes himself and his job a bit too seriously?" he asked. "He seems to try so hard to be important. I recall that someone did tell me that he had tried the diplomatic service and got kicked out—for inefficiency."

Nurse Brown's nice eyes flashed dangerous sparks. "No. He wasn't successful in the diplomatic field. He lacked finesse, and charm, and suavity, and tact. He found out that he wasn't cut out to be a famous man. That his name would never go down in the archives of history. So he took a little job, instead, and tried to make a good, big job out of it. He had an idea that he could make his country's name a name to be remembered with gratitude and kindly feeling in this little corner of this country—and he's succeeding, too!"

Chip smiled, the superior smile of an adult reasoning with a child. Well, really," he argued, "you wouldn't call anything done in this coastal backwater of any importance between nations, would you? The idea's absurd. And what man would waste his life on a bunch of shiftless, lazy peons who lived in huts and couldn't work three days in the seven without folding up?"

"Listen, little boy," said Nurse Brown, sweetly, "I don't know why I should take the trouble to explain to you, but I will.

"The natives aren't lazy, and they aren't shiftless, no matter how much you and your kind say they are. They're sick! Can you understand that? If I put you on a diet of plantains and cassava and breadfruit, how long do you think you'd be standing upright? You'd have all kinds of stomach trouble before a week was

out. That's what's wrong with these people. Stomach trouble. And pellagra.

"If you've ever traveled through the poor sections of our own South maybe you've seen them suffer the same thing because they live on a diet of fatback and turnips. These people can't work more than three days at a time. When you see their teeth chattering, it isn't because they're trying to talk faster. It's because they've got fever.

"They've always got fever. If they had the right diet they wouldn't have pellagra. If they had ten cents to buy quinine with, they wouldn't have fever. But they don't have the right diet; and they don't have the ten cents. Therefore, they're mostly sick. Too sick to work. Is that quite clear to you, now?" Nurse Brown stopped to catch her breath. Humiliated by the term "little boy" Chip debated the possibility of withdrawing with dignity from her irate presence. But spoiled as he was, imperious, arrogant, and sometimes bad-mannered, he was studying at the "Hopkins" in Baltimore to become a doctor, and here was information which was professionally interesting! He decided to stay.

Having caught her breath, Nurse Brown continued, less vehemently. "That's what he is trying to do. Teach them some farming methods, so that they can plant other nourishing foods; that's why he's trying to establish a fund for a permanent supply of quinine for this place; that's why he has taken twenty-five troublemakers out of the local jail, and is teaching them in some other field than that of local mischief-making. That's why he's trying to get the politicians of this country interested in exploiting their own oil fields, creating business and work for their own citizens, and trade for this little seaport town.

"You wouldn't understand all the ramifications of plans like that, but maybe you do get the general drift —which is life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

Chip was disturbed. Nurse Brown obviously didn't think much of him. Obviously she thought the consul the greatest man on earth—pretty nearly. This was surprising. Chip wasn't used to it. Mostly people made a great deal of fuss over him.

Nurse Brown strolled to the patio, still a little flustered. She was experiencing some remorse for being so harsh with the boy, but after all, he was pretty impossible. "Do him good," she decided, hardily.

Chip remained in his chair, resentment growing. She had had the temerity, too, to call him "little boy." Besides being forced to stick a whole night out in a dull back-water, he was going to be subjected to long sermons, was he? Not if he knew it first! He glanced out the back window, quite casually. In the roadway was a sleek-looking little mare, already saddled. Chip brightened with a brilliant idea. He needn't even wait to hire an automobile!

Tired, hot, unfed, unbathed, utterly weary, the Mister returned to the consulate about two hours later to find poor Nurse Brown in tears. Young Mr. Lathro had gone; gone and taken Arabella, the horse; and Juan had returned.

The Mister's face brightened. This, at least, was good news, for if the authorities found Juan outside of Buenavista, they would, most assuredly, have arrested him. He was on parole to the Mister only so long

as he stayed in the Mister's territory. The authorities had had too much trouble with poor Juan to admit of leniency, and the Mister, whose hobby was lame ducks, had been very worried.

His relief at Juan's return, however, was short-lived. Nurse Brown tearfully explained that something was wrong with Juan. That was why he had returned. Hurriedly, the Mister sought Juan in his quarters, where he sat, his usually smiling brown face troubled almost out of recognition. He talked to the Mister in a rapid flow of Spanish, then followed him as he returned to the big house.

"Yellow Jack," the Mister quietly informed Nurse Brown. "Yellow Jack, and not a doctor in seventy-five miles!"

The two stared at each other blankly, while the terrified Juan looked on. If these two, these two supremely capable beings were afraid, then, indeed, were they all lost. Yellow Fever! There was no worse term in Juan's limited vocabulary.

"Twenty of them in the jungle, somewhere, Juan's seen. And how many hasn't he seen? And young Lathro's gone off with the only horse!" Nurse Brown's eyes grew large.

The Mister straightened his shoulders. "We'll need extra bedding, water, extra room. Juan, run down the road to Senora Garcia. Ask her for sheets and pillows. Nurse, you get down to the telegraph station. Try to get a doctor from somewhere as soon as you can."

He started out of the house, leaped into the station-wagon—he seemed to have spent the day in it—and started the motor.

"What are you going to do?" asked Nurse Brown, running beside the car as it started down the road.

"Find that crazy idiot. I can't get into the jungle with a truck. I've got to have that horse. There isn't another one in the town!"

As he sped down the road, slow anger boiled inside the Mister. Dozens of lives hanging in the balance—and that idiot boy had taken Arabella! Didn't the young fool know he could not get up the Andes at this hour? He'd have to get him. He thought of Juan's terrified eyes. Yellow Jack! They had thought it dead forever! But it was not dead. Malignantly, it had come back to terrify and slay. Dozens of lives; Dozens of lives!

As the station-wagon was strained to the breaking point and the miles slid beneath him, the sound of the motor began to carry a refrain in the mind of the Mister: "Though they walk through the valley of the shadow of death, be Thou with them. Be Thou with them."

The Mister had long ago formed a very modest estimate of his own capabilities, and long ago, too, he had eaten the saltless bread of humility. Yet, his stern and simple faith held out to him one surety—God would not let a man down who was doing his best. And he was doing that. He had few talents, but he had not buried them.

He never could tell afterward just how he managed to find Chip, but when he did catch up with him, Arabella was stubbornly stalled on a mountain road facing uphill, several cars stood at a standstill facing downhill, neither Arabella nor the cars being able to pass. The owners of the cars, indignantly gesticulating were assisted in their protesta-

tions by two guards, who, quite evidently, had the gringo under arrest for blocking the road.

Was the road not plainly marked for down traffic at this hour of the evening? Did the Americano not know—even if he could neither read nor see—that the road was not wide enough for two lanes of traffic, being cut out of the heart of a mountain? Did the Americano not know that traffic was regulated so that at certain hours one went up, and at certain hours one came down? Did the Americano seek death on a mountain precipice? Did the Americano seek to keel others?

The Mister rescued Chip as best he could, after a few hurried and placating explanations. Then he coaxed Arabella back down the trail. It took them nearly an hour and a half before they were finally on their way back in the station-wagon—Arabella riding in the back to keep her as fresh as possible for an arduous night's work. If the Mister were slightly bitter, even Chip acknowledged that he had reason to be. He began to apologize for his hasty departure earlier in the evening.

"Save your apologies," said the Mister, caustically. "If you're not responsible for a score of dead men tonight, you'll be lucky."

"What do you mean?" asked Chip, apprehensively. The Mister let him have it squarely.

"This makes the second time today you've gone against my wishes. Doesn't it occur to you that I might know a little more about this place than you do? And have very good reasons for saying the things I say? I asked you not to give that money to Juan this afternoon. He and a dozen other of his cronies are on parole to me. I am responsible for them. If they venture to leave Buenavista they are parole-breakers, subject — it needn't matter for what reason—to rather rigorous punishment. Juan doesn't have much discretion. No one around here gives him money. Everyone knows that as soon as he lays his hands on any, he will gather up his cronies and leave town. Everybody likes Juan. He's a good workman, a pleasant, helpful fellow.

"He did just what I knew he'd do,—went back into the jungle to get his friends, after you'd given him money. Only.. something.. happened. Yellow Jack's broken out in the interior. Juan brought the news back. There are dozens more down with it than even Juan knew about, probably."

Chip's face was pale. "What did I have to do with that? Kind of lucky I gave your friend the money or he wouldn't have found out about the yellow fever, would he? Besides, I thought Yellow Jack was practically wiped out!"

"That's what the whole world thought, but it isn't. The scientists say it's being carried, now, by traveling bands of monkeys. I don't know. I'm no doctor. I only wish I were. And you've cost me hours of time. I've got to have Arabella to get through the jungle and the swamps. I've got to pick up as many of the sick as I can and get them back here to Buenavista. It's the only chance in the world they've got."

Chip thought, swiftly. "If you're going back in the swamps you stand a first-class chance of coming out with Yellow Jack yourself."

The Mister laughed derisively, "You thought of that, too?"

Chip flushed. "Have you got a doctor?"

"Not yet. We're trying to get hold of one. It'll be hours, probably, before he can get here, though."

"Listen, sir," said Chip, respect in his voice for the first time that day, "I've been all kinds of a fool, and I guess it isn't much use to say 'Sorry,' but I'm studying to be a doctor in Baltimore. That's why I came out here. Dad wanted me to meet one of the big shots, so's I could get a chance at getting into his hospital in Bogota when I came out of school. I could help—that is if you'd take a chance on me."

The Mister smiled, his lips tight about his teeth. "Somebody's got to take a chance," he said grimly.

They spoke no more until they pulled up before the door. Lights were burning all over the house. Evidently, Nurse Brown was preparing for the holacaust. The peons were gathered in the doorways of their ghostly little cottages, nervous, fearsome, the women wailing.

Chip shivered, his lips white in his face, the few freckles on his nose standing out. "My grandfather was in a regiment in Panama when Lazear died," he whispered.

The Mister nodded and together they unloaded Arabella from the rear of the station-wagon. Nurse Brown came out of the house. She did not look at Chip. "They're sending two doctors from Bogota. It'll be morning before they get here."

"I'll bring them in," said the Mister, grimly. "You two do the best you can."

Without more words he was off.

Chip remembered that black night all his life after. Nurse Brown tacitly accepted him as her superior. In emergencies like this there is room for only one captain, and it should be the man's responsibility.

All night they worked side by side. Time after time, the mister came back, two or three sick men dragging upon a bamboo cart behind him. Silently, stoically, they kept going like machines. By nine o'clock in the morning, after fourteen hours of gruelling labor, Chip's eyes felt like hot coals burning in his head, his hands were numb, his every action mechanical. By two o'clock, with the sun turning the place into a burning caldron, he made a pact with himself that when the Mister stopped, he would stop. It was a matter of stubborn pride with him not to stop before, though he dropped where he stood.

At three-thirty the Mister dragged in the last weary couple. One hundred and twenty-one men, women and children in all stages of Yellow Fever! From red-rimmed, bloodshot eyes the Mister smiled at Chip, a slow, infrequent smile. "I reckon," he said, "that there's an awful lot in prayer. I prayed for a good man —just one good man—to back me up, and He sent one!"

Chip flushed with pleasure, but went right on working. The Mister took Arabella—poor, weary, Arabella, out once more. "I've told all the folks around to clear out of the danger zone by morning. I think I've got them sufficiently frightened. Anyhow, I'd better go back and warn as many more as I can. I guess you won't need me here."

Chip shook his head. His mind was hazy, his body about ready for collapse, and he began to doubt his own wisdom. After all, he wasn't a doctor. Why didn't they come? They could at least pass on what he'd done. He wasn't even an interne! He'd only

been at medical school two years. Everything he'd done had been mostly guess.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, he had been ready to drop. He had thought he couldn't stand any more. At eight o'clock he knew he could stand anything! Nurse Brown was a limping blur beside him, her soft voice the only real thing in a nightmare of pain and delirium. At nine o'clock six men were dead of 121. He guessed that that wasn't a bad percentage. But as each one had gone, he had flinched with fear. Why didn't those doctors get here? Suppose he'd done something wrong?

The Mister came back, this time in the station-wagon. The doctors were with him. They went from room to room.

Dr. Hernandez looked at him. "A good job, young man. I couldn't have done a finer."

The Mister clapped him on the shoulder. "Good boy!" was all he said.

Chip was trying to choose his words carefully. A lot depended on them. He eyed the Mister, as he sat on the veranda steps drinking in the cool, quiet beauty of a South American night, from the corner of his eyes.

Chip's mind wasn't working very fast. He had realized in the course of the past twenty-four hours that Nurse Brown had been right. The big people weren't always the ones who were getting the medals and the publicity. He remembered something his father had once told him. Any ordinary man, he had said, could measure up to an emergency; do a big thing, once or twice in a lifetime. But it took the really big people to make a fine job out of a dull, uninteresting, little piece of business.

Chip felt like sleeping. He had had a bath and something to eat. He was a bit the worse for wear, but the other two doctors were taking charge of things, and he could get some sleep—if he could find a place to sleep. However, he had to get this off his chest first.

"I hope you won't mind, sir," he said, a little uncomfortably, "but I've wired my father that I'm not interested in that hospital in Bogota. If it won't inconvenience you, I'd like to spend the summer here."

An irrepressible gleam of pleasure lighted the Mister's eyes. "Won't your father be disappointed? I understood him to say that he wanted you to come out here and meet one of the big people."

Chip leaned back with a sigh of relief, drifting off into slumber. "No," he murmured, "he won't be disappointed." His voice drifted into an unintelligible whisper, "I may be a chump in a lot of ways, but never let it be said that Chip Lathro didn't know one of the 'big people' when he saw him."

Side by side they slumbered beneath the benevolent South American night.

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We best preserve our liberty by relying upon ourselves alone for all those things that make life desirable.—Seneca.

THE DAILY BREAD OF MEXICO

By Antonia J. Stemple

Every first-time visitor to Mexico is immediately very much interested in making the acquaintance of the tortilla. the peculiar native bread, universally eaten by all classes. A meal in the colorful republic south of the Rio Grande is never considered complete without stacks of grey, wafer-thin, circular, flat cakes which look much like our own cold buckwheat cakes, although only a fraction as thick. The taste for this particular form of flapjack or daily bread generally has to be acquired by those not to the manner born. First taste is usually a keen disappointment. Instead of being delectable as one might expect from the time, patience, care and material consumed in the making, the tortilla is about as appetizing and palate-pleasing as a weatherbeaten chip of wood and as dry, leathery, colorless and unexciting as fresh putty. When the tortilla is folded over and filled with a meat or vegetable mixture, something like a sandwich, it becomes an enchilada. The prosaic foundation being more or less disguised by the filling used in it, enchiladas are a decided improvement on the simple tortilla.

The tortilla makers are always much in evidence in the marketplaces, in the public squares, or wherever a few people are liable to congregate anywhere in Mexico. The process of making is very simple. The dough, made of maize, as the corn of Mexico is called, and water, is taken in little dabs between the palms of the hands and slapped and patted with resounding smaks until flattened out very thin, to the circumference of a saucer, or smaller. It is fascinating to watch the women slapping the dough and passing it from one hand to the other with rhythmic motion. When shaped the cakes are tossed atop small tin or other metal charcoal braziers and cooked until they blister and puff slightly. Then they are flopped over and cooked on the reverse side, after which they are transferred to a basket lined with a cloth, and are then all ready for consumption. In the marketplaces and at street corners, scores of stoical, industrious Indian women sit behind their primitive braziers shaping and cooking tortillas all day long, pausing in their monotonous task only long enough to make a sale. Apparently no shortening or leavening of any kind is used in making tortillas, which may be one reason for their peculiar character. At all events the tortillas makers are a characteristic and picturesque feature of the Mexico scene, and one is scarcely over beyond the sound invariably associated with their production.

"Without popular education no government which rests on popular action can long endure."—Woodrow Wilson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

An unusually large amount of late string beans were gathered this week and issued to the various cottage kitchens, along with other Fall produce.

—o—

James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, who has been seriously ill for some time, is showing a decided improvement, according to the latest reports from the infirmary.

—o—

Ivan Morrozoff, chief linotype operator in our printing class, after having helped out in emergencies in the "News-Leader" plant at Mooresville on two occasions, was allowed to go that city last Saturday, where he will be permanently located.

—o—

A few days ago we noticed what had the appearance of hay stacks in one of our fields, but a closer inspection revealed that the huge piles consisted of the pest known as "bitter weed", which had been gathered from our pasture land, placed in piles, preparatory to burning when dry enough.

—o—

Superintendent and Mrs. Boger attended the annual home-coming service at St. Martin's Lutheran Church, in the lower section of Cabarrus county, Mr. Boger's boyhood home, last Sunday. His brother, Rev. W. A. Boger, preached at one of the services, and several of the members, including our superintendent, took part in the day's program.

—o—

William Sims, of Cottage No. 3, who suffered an eye injury while playing at the ball grounds several months ago, and had been treated by Dr. Frank Smith, eye specialist, of Charlotte, was taken to the latter's office for examination last Wednesday afternoon. Dr. Smith stated that Bill's eyes were completely healed and that he could again take his place in school and on the work force.

—o—

On Monday of last week the Albemarle High School football team visited the School and captured a game from the local lads by the score of 25 to 0. This was the second game of the season for our boys, they having lost to China Grove the previous week by a 40 to 0 score. While the School boys failed to score in either contest, it is our opinion that they showed considerable improvement in the Albemarle game, as that team seemed much stronger than the China Grove eleven.

—o—

One of our old boys, Lee Smith, of Greensboro, who left the School about fifteen years ago, called on us the other day. Lee is now thirty-three years old and is employed by

the Revolution Cotton Mills as a carding machine operator. Shortly after leaving the School he enlisted in the United States Army, receiving an honorable discharge three years later. He has been married about ten years and has one child, a daughter aged eight years. In a conversation with one of the School officials, Lee stated that he thoroughly enjoyed his stay at the institution, and that he thought it would be fine if many more boys of the state of North Carolina could spend some time here.

—o—

Charles Williams, a former member of the Cottage No. 12 group, who was employed in the bakery during most of his stay at the School, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. On March 15, 1937, he was allowed to return to his home in Charlotte, where he became a messenger boy for the Western Union, staying there about six months; for the next three months he worked in the same capacity for the Postal Company. He spent the next year in South Carolina, helping his uncle with his farm work. Charles joined the United States Army on June 18th, last. He is a member of Headquarters Battery, First Battalion, Field Artillery, and is stationed at Fort Bragg. He stated that he was a first-class private and was going to try to attain the rank of corporal as soon as possible. He spoke of seeing quite a number of former Training School boys, also stationed at Fort Bragg. Among them are: James West, Cottage No. 1; William Downs, Cottage No. 2; George Worley, Cottage No. 10; and John Owens, Cottage No. 12. Charlie said that he had been getting along very well since joining up with Uncle Sam's fighting farces, and was going to try to see some service in lands outside the United States, preferably in Honolulu.

—o—

Rev. E. O. Peeler, pastor of Ann Street M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of David and Goliath, as found in the 17th chapter of I Samuel, and the subject of his most interesting and helpful message to the boys was "Thou Art But a Youth."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Peeler pointed out that at the time of the occurrence referred to in the lesson just read, the armies of the Israelites and the Philistines were met in a great battle. David, a shepherd boy, had been sent by his father, Jesse, to carry food to his brothers who were in the army of Israel.

Goliath a great giant of the Philistine army, stood out and issued a challenge to any of the Israelites who might have the courage to fight him. While the Israelites were strong men, experienced in battle, none of them were willing to accept the challenge. Finally, David said, "I'll go." His brothers sarcastically remarked, "Why are you not at home, looking after your father's sheep?" David then told King Saul that he would go out and fight the huge Philistine, but Saul said, "Thou art but a youth." However, the lad later prevailed upon the king to let him try, and the latter offered him his suit of armor, but David could not use it. He sim-

ply selected a stone, placed it in his sling, and slew the giant.

The speaker then called attention to St. Paul's words, "Let no man despise thy youth," saying that if we had no youth in the world today with their ideals and visions, this old world would be in a hard plight. Young people are now being faced with difficult tasks. We are living in a fast age and some of us are caught in the lure of things which are decidedly harmful.

Youth, said Rev. Mr. Peeler, has a great work to do in supplying the needs of a hungry world. The world needh dreamers like Joseph; it needs men like David, able to face evil and overcome it. God can use boys today just as the lad was used at the time the Master fed the multitude. He promply gave what he had which, with the blessings of Jesus, provided food for a hungry throng. But food is not the only thing people need. They need friends—those who will treat them kindly in times of distress.

The speaker then stated that a boy's life must be tall and straight, like the pine tree, so that others may see and be guided by it. The boys of today are going to be the builders of bridges and foundations, so that those who follow along in years to come may find the pathway of life a safe road to travel. In this process of building a boy must have a clean heart. We look on the outward appearances, but God looks on the heart. When David was chosen King of Israel the people asked why, and the prophet answered them, saying, "God hath looked on his heart." The Bible tells us, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If we believe, deep down in our hearts, that we can do things. we shall be able to overcome all obstacles. To have courage counts a great deal as character is being built. Some one has said, "Success comes in cans—not in can'ts." The speaker told his youthful listeners that they would find along life's highway many heartaches and sad experiences, and he advised them not to follow the crowd, but to choose a course and follow it.

Life has something for each of us, continued Rev. Mr. Peeler. We must remember the lesson taught in the Bible—that of asking, knocking, seeking, but should not stop there. If we ask, it is our duty to give something in return, for what causes most failures is the fact that so many people are constantly asking but giving nothing in return. They forget that Christ said that it is far more blessed to give than to receive.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Peeler urged the boys to give of their best to the Master, our one true and everlasting friend. Even though we may falter as we struggle along life's highway, Jesus loves us and will guide us safely on our upward journey, if we will only put our trust in him.

He is the great artist who has embodied in the sums of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.—Ruskin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending September 29, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Wayne Allen 4
(3) William Drye 12
(7) Noah J. Greene 14
(7) Edward Johnson 16
(2) Carl Justice 2
(2) Robert Maples 10
(7) Frank May 16
(3) Mack McQuaigue 11
(3) Jack Warren 15
(5) Weldon Warren 15

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

(4) Bennie Austin 15
(2) James Blocker 10
(2) Virgil Lane 3
(3) Donald McFee 15

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews 16
Lewis Baker 9
William Buff 5
Jack Crotts 8
Roscoe Honeycutt 8
Harley Matthews 13
Harrison Stilwell 14
Jerome Wiggins 12
Louis Williams 13

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 9
(4) Plummer Boyd 3
Paul Briggs 9
William Cherry 2
(6) Quentin Crittenton 10
(5) Arthur Edmondson 12
(4) Paul Godwin 14
Gilbert Hogan 12
John Jackson 12
Hugh Kennedy 9
(4) J. W. McRorrie 14
(7) J. C. Nance 15
George Newman 9
George Speer 2
(4) Oakley Walker 13
(18) Melvin Walters 18
(2) John Whitaker 8
(2) Thomas Yates 8

COTTAGE No. 5

(5) Theodore Bowles 16
(5) J. C. Bordeaux 9
(3) Collett Cantor 14
(2) Harold Donaldson 10
(4) Sidney Knighting 11
(2) Everett Lineberry 7
(2) Ivey Lunsford 8
(2) James Massey 7
(4) Leonard Melton 4
(6) J. C. Reinhardt 16
(6) Currie Singletary 10
(4) Donald Smith 7
(2) Richard Starnes 7
(6) Hubert Walker 16
(5) Dewey Ware 14

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 7

COTTAGE No. 7

Cleasper Beasley 12
H. B. Butler
Paul Dockery 16
Donald Earnhardt 17
George Green 14
Richard Halker 16
Robert Hampton 10
Vernon Harding 8
Roy Helms 15
J. B. Hensley 10
Raymond Hughes 10
Lyman Johnson 11
J. C. Long 9
Charles McGowan 10
Arnold McHone 15
Ernest Overcash 8
Carl Ray 9
Loy Stines 6
Ernest Turner 3
Alex Weathers 13

COTTAGE No. 8

(4) Jesse Cunningham 4
Edward Hammond 3
(3) Jack Hamilton 16

John Ingram 9
Spencer Lane 4
(2) James Quick 15

COTTAGE No. 9

(13) David Cunningham 13
(3) George Gaddy 10
(3) James Hale 4
(2) Loyd Mullis 5
(5) Harold O'Dear 17
(2) James Ruff 10
(2) Lewis Sawyer 4

COTTAGE No. 10

Junius Brewer 12
James Eury 2
Delma Gray
James M. Hare 5
Max Newsome 2
Harry Peake 7
Carl Speer 6
Edward Stutts 3
O. D. Talbert 10

COTTAGE No. 11

(18) John Benson 18
(2) William Dixon 7
William Furches 11
(13) Robert Goldsmith 15
(12) Earl Hildreth 16
(4) Fred Jones 11
(2) Everett Morris 6
Broadus Moore
(18) Fred Owens 18
(10) Theodore Rector 16
Canipe Shoe 3
Monroe Searcy 3
(3) James Tyndall 3

COTTAGE No. 12

(6) Odell Almond 16
(3) Jay Brannock 12
(2) William Broadwell 11
Ernest Brewer 13
William Deaton 16
(4) Treley Frankum 12
(10) Woodrow Hager 16
Charles Hastings
(2) Eugene Heafner 3
(6) Tillman Lyles 16
Clarence Mayton 10
(4) James Puckett 11
(6) Howard Sanders 14
(4) Charles Simpson 11
Robah Sink 14
(4) Jesse Smith 6
(4) Norman Smith 8
(4) George Tolson 16
Eugene Watts 12
(3) J. R. Whitman 14

COTTAGE No. 13

James Brewer 15
Wilson Bailiff 3
Charles Gaddy
William Griffin 15
(2) Vincent Hawes 11
James Lane 12
Douglas Mabry 6
Jack Mathis 5
(4) John Murdock 7
Randall D. Peeler 8
J. C. Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 14

(8) Raymond Andrews 14
(2) John Baker 12
(18) Mack Coggins 18
(2) Edward Carter 2
(9) Audie Farthing 17
(7) Henry Glover 12
(18) William Harding 18
(3) Marvin King 11
(3) Feldman Lane 12
(5) Norvell Murphy 16
(3) Henry McGraw 11
(7) James Roberson 14
(3) John Reep 12
(3) John Robbins 14
(5) Charles Steepleton 13
(6) J. C. Willis 8
(17) Wallace Woody 17

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 8
(5) George Duncan 13
(9) Philip Holmes 15
(4) Harvey Ledford 9
(4) Redmond Lawry 12
(3) Thomas Wilson 12

Troubles come through the things we let slip through our lips rather than those we let slip through our fingers.

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OCT 14 1940
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII . CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 12, 1940 NO. 41

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Take my courage—make me proud
  To work and earn my daily bread;
In the problems of the crowd,
  Lord, let me use my head.

Take my service—as the call
  May come. Humanity commands
That work be done; so most of all,
  Lord, let me use my hands.

Take my kindliness—to heed
  Every man—hold none apart—
To help fulfill some other's need,
  Lord, let me use my heart.

—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

COLUMBUS

I see a galleon of Spanish make
That westward like a winged creature flies
Above a sea dawn-bright, and arched with skies
Expectant of the sun and morning-break.
The sailors from the deck their land-thirst slake
With peering o'er the waves, until their eyes
Discern a coast that faint and dream-like lies,
The while they pray, weep, laugh,—or madly take
Their shipmates in their arms and speak no word.
And then I see a figure, tall removed
A little from the others, as behooved,
That since the dawn has neither spoke nor stirred;
A noble form the looming mast beside,
Columbus, calm, his prescience verified.

—Richard E. Burton

———o———

MEETING OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES

Last Thursday, October 3, was the date of the Fall meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School. The weather was ideal, calm and balmy, emphasizing the picturesque setting of the institution. Those attending were: Hon. L. T. Hartsell, chairman and Alex. R. Howard, Concord; Paul C. Whitlock, Charlotte; O. C. Bruton, Mt. Gilead; Mesdames R. O. Everett, Durham; W. C. Hammer, Asheboro; and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham.

The one outstanding item for the consideration of the board members was a review of the proposed budget for the next biennium, prepared by the superintendent. After a discussion of other interests pertinent to the management of the School, the usual social hour was

enjoyed in the dining room of the Cannon Memorial Building, where luncheon was served.

The trustees of the Jackson Training School have an understanding as to the needs of the underprivileged boy, therefore, are deeply interested in the work and realize great joy as sponsors of this institution.

* * * * * * * *

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

The Monroe Enquirer calls attention to the observation of "Fire Prevention Week"—from the 6th to 12th of this month as follows:

Here's a date to mark on your calendar—October 6-12.

During this period, Fire Prevention Week is being observed, and the week isn't something to idly notice, then forget. Fire Prevention is being carried on for you—and for all the other people of this country. It is carried on for your business, and every other man's business. It marks an extensive effort to awaken the American people to the terrible waste fire leaves behind it—and to show how it may be conquered.

Fire Prevention Week is far more than usually important this year. Today, largely due to the rearmament drive, industrial production is on the upward curve, and is slated to go rapidly higher as the drive gains impetus. And the record shows that the danger of fire increases as production increases. That means that fire, if not controlled, can be a very real danger to our defense plans. It takes an intricate industrial machine to make the weapons we need today—all the agencies of manufacture, transportation and assembly must work with the precision of pistons. One bad fire in one key factory might delay for months the production of weapons which we sorely lack.

On top of that, special precautions must be taken against the arsonist and the saboteur—as our experience in other times of crisis grimly proves. Authorities expect efforts to sabotage the defense program—and fire is always regarded as a handy weapon by the purposeful destroyer.

Fire Prevention Week should be observed by all of us—by every man and woman able to read and listen and learn. This is one

place where all, old and young, can be of great aid to the national defense program. Do your part!

* * * * * * * *

LAND, HO!

There has never been such joy on the sea as there was in the early morning over four hundred years ago. All through the tedious night the crew walked the decks of their three frail vessels, eager, doubtful, despairing, eager again.

It is said that Colubus, as darkness closed about his fleet the night before stood on the quarter-deck of the Santa Maria and looked toward the west. After a long time he saw a light that resembled a burning wax candle. What it was or whether it was a light at all, no one knows, for the sailors whom Columbus called to him could see nothing.

It does not greatly matter if Columbus only imagined he saw the light. What does matter is that through the long, long years of waiting the great admiral did not once lose hope. The light that glowed in the west was probably the joy and the assurance of a great faith that warmed his soul. It was the "Land, ho!" of a conquering spirit.

I imagine the "Land, ho!" that rang out from the Pinta in the early morning was like wild bells in a cathedral tower at the dawn of the new year. It was the cry of a sailor gone mad with joy; but the same cry had been ringing for years in the heart of the admiral while he waited and dreamed and believed.

We are all of us embarked on some sort of journey. If we would some day sight land and hear the joyous exclamation, "Land ho!" we must keep it echoing in our hearts, all day and every day, while we wait and work, dream and believe.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

H. S. WILLIAMS

After a lingering illness, for more than a year, Hon H. S. Williams was taken by death Sunday evening, in his home while loved ones watched with tear-dimmed eyes as he passed into peaceful rest.

Mr. Williams was not only a valuable acquisition to the profession he chose, but was a man who had time for the little things in life that often gave comfort to those bowed down by grief or for a lack of material things that gave a hope. He radiated cheer to all who passed his way and was alert at all times to meet the emergencies that confronted him.

In his home he was a gracious host, a kindly husband and exemplary father; as a neighbor and friend he was constant; as a churchman his interest never lagged; and as an outstanding citizen he showed interest in all affairs for the upbuilding of the communuity. This institution feels it has lost a true friend who in his quiet way did things, without the hope of reward, for the uplift of the underprivileged boy. We take this means of extending sympathy to the bereaved family who so tenderly ministered to him during his entire illness.

* * * * * * * *

AFTER PRISON, WHAT?

Some twenty-five years ago Maude Ballington Booth wrote a very searching book entitled, "After Prison, What?" She was pleading for human sympathy for the paroled or pardoned prisoner, or the one who had finished his sentence, depicting very graphically with definite illustrations the tragic repeaters who went back to the old life because strange society to which they had suddenly returned after many years of incarceration had given them not only an indifferent but a very cold and heartless toss of the shoulder. She plead for a chance for these men. It must have had its good effect. At least it told the world of one woman whose work in prisons and out, whose unceasing devotion to the unfortunates whose lives had been all too hardened, had not gone unrewarded in the many who had found new hope in certain homes erected as temporary quarters for men who needed immediate care from sympathetic souls whose imagination made them feel themselves how it must be for one thus to be thrust upon a world so suddenly.

So we want to commend the Governor in his parole system, which even though it may be imperfect in its mere infancy, has in it the elements of real Christian motive and purpose. Undoubtedly many of influence get off very easily in the courts and after

serving for a short time in prison. At the same time when there is every evidence, so far as human estimate is able to evaluate, of reformation, how much better for the person, for his family and for society, not to mention those he has left behind in prison, —as an example for them,—for him to go forth being given a new chance!

* * * * * * * *

OUR NEIGHBOR'S CHURCH AND ITS CONTRIBUTION

In his address before the N. C. Council of Churches on the subject "The Church Co-operating for a Better Tommorrow", R. L. Pope has this to say, "In helping God to bring these dreams into reality for us we will need all the religion we can get. For religion is the great driving force that sends us forth to do great and uselfish tasks. Perhaps we should look over into our neighbor's Church, that perchance we might find some good thing we do not now posssess and add that to our religious experience and equipment. Or should we do as Dr. Edgar DeWitt said every preacher should do in order to have enough religion,—

"Get religion like a Methodist,
Experience like a Baptist,
Be sure of it like a Disciple,
Stick to it like a Lutheran,
Pray for it like a Presbyterian,
Conciliate it like a Congregationalist,
Glorify it like a Jew,
Be proud of it like an Episcopalian,
Practice it like a Christian Scientist,
Propagate it like a Roman Catholic,
Work for it like a Salvation Army lassie,
And enjoy it like a colored man."

Then he goes on to say, "The N. C. Council of Churches provides a means of co-operation to achieve these much desired ends, and it is only through the co-operative efforts that we can hope to accomplish them, or stem the tide of evil that is engulfing the world."

SOURCES OF INSPIRATION FOR SOME OF OUR GREAT HYMNS

By Rev. H. Hagedorn, S. T. D.

Hard work is a most important factor in producing writing of any merit. Racine is one of the great French writers. He once boasted of the ease with which he accomplished his work. One day he met Boileau, the great French critic, who had the conviction that nothing is as important as hard work. Racine said, "I have a surprising facility in making my verses." To this Boileau replied, "I wish to teach you to make them with difficulty, and you have enough talent to learn soon." Racine took the advice seriously, and every line of his best poems shows that he learned "to make them with difficulty." Dante once said, "You must work, as nature works, in fire." That is to say, you must burn as you work.

Another very important factor is to find an inspiration. It is very interesting to observe how the inspiration has been afforded and how is has worked out in the great hymns which have blessed our world.

Gossip undoubtedly has occasioned much grief in the world, but gossip once was productive of good; it brought to pass one of our sweetest hymns, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away."

Phoebe Hinsdale Brown (1783-1861) was the daughter of George Hinsdale, a composer of considerable merit. Phoebe, however, was left an orphan at a very early age. She was brought up, or I should say "kicked up," by a relative who was keeper of a jail. Her opportunities were very slight, and she was eighteen before she learned to read. Always poor, she was pressed by the daily cares of the household, which included watching over young children and caring for a sick sister who occupied the one finished room in the very humble dwelling. Toward evening, Mrs. Brown would steal away to a near-by grove for meditation and prayer. The neighbors eyed these journeys with suspicion, for Mrs. Brown did not return until after nightfall. They did not hesitate to put their own coarse construction upon her absence. Their gossip came eventually to her ears and the persecuted woman replied in verse. The poem originally bore the title, "An Apology for My Twilight Rambles. Addressed to a Lady." From these lines the great hymn has been taken. Among the prayer hymns it stands almost alone.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895) was an ardent church woman. Her husband, the Bishop of Derry and Primate of Ireland, pictures her as "going from one home to another, from one bed of sickness to another, from one sorrow to another." Upon one occasion, a little girl in her Sunday school class fell dangerously ill, and Mrs. Alexander went to sit by her bedside. As the little girl tossed with fever and her life appeared to be ebbing, Mrs. Alexander composed the hymn, "There Is a Green Hill Far Away."

The poem contains the lines:

"He only could unlock the gate,
Of heaven and let us in."

The child happily did recover and always was proud to refer to this hymn as her very own.

It is not often that impudence wins anything, except possible a box on the ears. Once, however, it formed the incentive for the writing of a hymn. Earl Marlatt (1892-), teacher of history in Boston University, evidently forgot the ignorance that was present before him and fell into highly academic phraseology. One brave student (judged as impudent at the time) interrupted with the question, "Could you restate that in plain United States so that a dumhead like me can understand?" "Do you want me to sing it?" gruffly replied the professor. "Well, it would help a lot," countered the student. The subject which was being discussed was immortality, and Professor Marlatt obliged, and the result was a hymn on this subject, "Spirit of Life, In This New Dawn."

As yet it is not found in a great number of hymnals, but it is a hymn that is deserving of place.

Occasionally one hears of a preacher who, because of love for his people, will turn down a call to a larger parish which promises an increased salary. When it does so happen, it is even more rare when the result is a beautiful hymn. Yet just that remarkable thing happened in the life of John Fawcett (1739-1817.) He was pastor of a small Baptist church at Wainsgate, in Yorkshire. He received a call to become the pastor of a faumous Baptist church in London. He accepted, preached his farewell sermon, packed his belongings; but because of the evident heart-break manifested on the part of his people at the prospect of his leaving, he decided to stay. Within a week after this affecting scene, he wrote the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Though his position at Wainsgate netted him a salary of less than $200 a year, and though he received many calls, this true servant of the Lord accepted none of them. He lived his whole life out in Wainsgate, to which field he had come as a young preacher, fresh from his ordination.

For nearly fourteen years, Henry Alford (1810-1871) was dean of the Cathedral of Canterbury in England. Many of his hymns were composed during his solitary walks about the walls of the old cathedral. Cathedrals always inspire awe, and the hymns of the dean, while of high poetic merit, faiil for the most part to meet with popular favor. However, there are up to this requirement:

some few of them which might measure

"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand."

"Forward Be Our Watchword."

"Safe to the Land, Safe to the Land."

There is one, however, which the great Greek scholar penned in response to a call on the part of the young people of the church. It is, "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."

One can hardly imagine that the bustling home activity of a housewife would create the circumstances for the writing of a hymn. Yet Annie Sherwood Hawks (1835-1919) in the midst of just such conditions, was inspired to write, "I Need Thee Every Hour."

Thus, it can be seen that no solemn church service, no transfiguring experience, is required for the inspiring of a great hymn. This good woman found her kitchen, "The house of God, the gate of heaven." Here she felt the very nearness of her Master,

and her profound sense of need for Him every hour of her busy day gave her the suggestion needed. With paper and pencil in hand she wrote the words which had sung themselves into her heart. Her pastor, Robert Lowry, composed the tune for her poem.

Betrothed to a wealthy French merchant, Antoinette Bourignon (1616-1680), the night before her marriage was to be consummated fled from her home disguised as a man. Earlier in her life she had vowed that she would never wed, save to her spiritual Lord. She desired to enter a convent, but her unsympathetic father forbade it. Antoinette converted her bedroom into a cloister. Hoping to divert her from what he felt was an unwholesome mysticism, her father had planned her marriage. Her escape was frustrated. She returned home—not to marry but to spread her doctrines, which thrived despite Roman Catholic opposition. The night of her escape from the impending marriage, or shortly thereafter, she wrote the hymn, "Come, Saviour, Jesus, From Above."

An attempted burglary forms the back-ground of one of our hymns. Simon Browne (1680-1732,) one night was walking along a country road with a companion, when suddenly a highwayman stepped out from behind a rock, and levelling a pistol shouted, "Your money or your life." Browne was an athlete, and he had no intention of yielding either, for quick as a flash he delivered the would-be highwayman a terrific blow, felling him instantly. The blow proved fatal.

Browne, always of tender conscience, was horrified at the thought that he had killed a man, and brooded over the event. All his life thereafter was lived under a cloud. However he served the Lord valiantly, as preacher, expositor, and hymn writer. The hymn which alludes to this sad and shocking experience is,

"And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is passed."

It carries a line which undoubtedly harks back to the experience with the highwayman—"Seek pardon for thy former sins."

There are many tragedies that stir cities, indeed that arouse the whole nation, if not the world. It is not often that such an occurrence inspires a hymn. Rev. Dudley A. Tyng was the well-beloved pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. His labors were being crowned with great success. The revival of 1857-58 was sweeping through the country, and Philadelphia was feeling the spiritual awakening. Rev. Tyng had preached a stirring sermon to 5,000 men, on the text, "Go now, ye that are men, and serve the Lord." It proved to be the last sermon he preacher. During the following week he suffered a terrible accident which proved fatal. The whole city was stunned. The last message came from his bedside was to his fellow workers, and to the men to whom he had last preached. "Tell them," he said, "let us all stand up for Jesus."

Rev. George Duffield (1818-1888), an intimate friend of Tyng's, returned from the sad obsequies with the challenging words ringing in his mind. The result was a sermon, "Stand, therefore," to his flock the following Sunday, to which Duffield

appended the poem, "Stand Up for Jesus." He gave a copy to the Sunday school superintendent, and soon the Sunday school children were singing it, and now the whole world sings it.

A walk through a cemetery inspired one of the finest hymns that we possess for use in time of bereavement. Margaret Mackay (1811-1887) received the suggestion to write the hymn, "Asleep in Jesus! Blessed Sleep," by reading the simple inscription. "Sleeping in Jesus," on a tombstone in a country churchyard in Devonshire. Her account of it is interesting. "This simple inscription on a tombstone in the retired rural burying-ground of Pennycross Chapel, in Devonshire. Distant only a few miles from a bustling and crowded seaport town, reached through a succession of those lovely green lanes for which Devonshire is so remarkable, the quiet aspect of Pennycross comes soothingly over the mind. 'Sleeping in Jesus' seems in keeping with all around. Here was no elaborate ornament. no unsightly decay. The trim gravel walk led to the house of prayer, itself boasting of no architectural embellishment to distinguish it; and a few trees were planted irregu spots."

One would hardly think that when face to face with approaching death would be a very favorable time in which to compose a hymn. Yet that is what Henry Francis Lyte did when his feet steadily carried him to sure death. It is one of the greatest hymns that has ever been written.

Henry Francis Lyte was born in Scotland, educated in Ireland, and preached in England. On September 4th, 1874, Henry Lyte knew that he had not long to live. Despite his rapidly failing health, he wanted just once more to preach in the little church which he had served so faithfully. The humble fisher folk who composed his flock sensed that this was probably the last sermon their beloved pastor would ever preach. It was a Communion service, attended with the greatest solemnity. That Sunday evening, Henry Lyte saw the sun slowly set across the waters of the little bay, which he had seen often before, but which this time seemed to impress him most deeply. Inspired by the sight, he wrote the unforgettable lines:

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's
little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
pass away;
Change and decay in all around I
see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide
with me."

About a week later, he started out to search for a warmer clime. He reached his destination in the southern part of France, but two months later, on November 20th, 1847, Henry Lyte passed away at Nice. The words, "Abide with me," were carved into the tombstone which marks his grave in the little cemetery there, but they are carved far more deeply into the hearts of men.

"There is nothing too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

A GREAT AMERICAN PREACHER

By A. Hoyt Levy

I look from my window upon the site where George Washington's army encamped on Brooklyn Heights just before the Battle of Long Island. I try to visualize the scene—the tents, the camp-fires, the poorly clothed and equipped men, the General and his aides in a house at my left—but my imagination is too heavily taxed. For my view into the retrospect is obstructed by the neighboring apartment houses, the skyscrapers across the river, the ferry-boats plying between Staten and Manhattan Islands, the ocean liners moving slowly toward and from their piers. The only link between that retrospect and the present that I can see is the Statue of Liberty in the harbor, holding aloft the torch of freedom for which these ghostly men had fought.

About seventy-five years later and within a stone's throw of this historic site there was built a historic church. Except for the stained glass in its windows and the name inconspicuously placed. it bears little resemblance to the usual house of worship. Unpretentious in its architecture, its southerly side now covered with nearly a century's growth of clinging ivy, lacking spire and steeple but fronted with a portico and four cylindrical columns, it has rather the benign appearance of a tired old town-hall in a sleepy village. Indeed, it served in its youth much like a town-hall, for here came each Sunday as many as could crowd into it to hear the greatest preacher of his time.

The Reverend Lyman Beecher was said to have been the father of more brains than any man in America. These brains were divided among eleven children of whom Henry Ward, born June 24th, 1813 was the eighth.

Though reared in a Puritan atmosphere and graduated from Lane Theological Seminary where his father was on the faculty, Henry Ward Beecher did not preach hell-and-damnation but kept his sermons earthy and alive by preaching on topical subjects. His unconventional preaching frequently shocked the more staid members of his flock, but filled the church to capacity.

His first church, where he served both as preacher and sexton was in Lawrenceburg, Indiana. Here he had a flock of twenty members, nineteen of whom were women. The identity of the one brave male member is lost to history. After two years of service in Lawrenceburg, he was given a pulpit in Indianapolis with a larger membership and of balanced proportions in sex.

On Brooklyn Heights, one of the select residential sections of Brooklyn, N. Y., a city noted for its many and varied churches, a new church was nearing completion. Word had come to its members that a young preacher in Indianapolis, by his eloquence, was filling the hitherto unfilled pews. And so, from the new Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims, in the City of Churches, and in the year 1847, came the call to Henry Ward Beecher —a call that held him here through forty-one turbulent years.

Henry Ward Beecher has the rare distinction, so far as my memory serves, of being the only American

preacher of note who was never referred to, in conversation or in print, by his title of Reverend or Doctor. Never before or since his day have the sermons of any other preacher attracted such widespread interest. As an orator, he was incomparable. With his eloquence and his voice of organ tone, he touched the chord of every human emotion.

At repartee he was master. Never was he caught off his guard. Once in the midst of an impassioned passage while pleading the cause of the Union in England during the Civil War, a drunk in the gallery stood up on his chair, flapped his arms and crowed like a rooster. Beecher was equal to the occasion. He drew his watch from his pocket, looked at it incredulously, then looked up at the man. "What!" he exclaimed, "morning already? I wouldn't have believed it—but the instincts of the lower animals are infallible." On another occasion during the same lecture tour, while addressing an audience sympathetic to the Confederate cause, he stated that "the voice of the people was the voice of God." From the far part of the hall a heckler shouted, "The voice of the people is the voice of a fool, ' whereat Beecher shot back, "I said the voice of the people, not the voice of one man." By such repartee he actually gained the respect of his hearers who had come to scoff but stayed to listen.

Back in Brooklyn, Plymouth Church was no place to take a Sunday nap. Situated a few minutes walk from a ferry to New York, its pulpit became a national platform. For Henry Ward Beecher was not a student of books. He cared naught for the prescribed rules of oratory. "I always have floating in my head," he once said, "half formed thoughts that I would like to utter," and he had his own unconventional way of uttering them.

The finest compliment that can be paid to the memory of this great preacher is that, "Henry Ward Beecher has no successor."

On February 27, 1887, after having preached a stirring sermon, he returned to his home, lay down and passed quietly away. His own words, from his sermon at the time of Lincoln's death, may well be said of Henry Ward Beecher, "The great leviathan lay down and was still." And like Lincoln, his fame will go down to posterity.

———o———

NO OBJECTIONS

There should be no objection to the registering and fingerprinting, under law, of the nation's aliens. The only objection might come from someone who is living in this country, enjoying its privileges and protection, illegally. These aliens in line will gladly comply with the law as they understand why it was made. Not so long ago only criminals were fingerprinted, or persons suspected of crime. Now this process of identification is used in cases of accident or death. It is used in identifying employees in many industries, in government positions.—Mooresville Enterprise.

SARDINE CANNING INDUSTRY

(The Staley Journal)

When is a sardine not a sardine? Chiefly at any time before it is dipped up by the fleet and taken to the canning factory. Prior to that time it was probably either a small herring, a pilchard, a brisling or a sprat. It is in the transfer from the ocean to the can that these small fish lose their identity and go out into the world as sardines. But there is no stigma attached to this loss of identity—rather just the contrary. In the ocean they are just a lot of little fish—in the cans they are sardines and in demand for all sorts of meals from expensive hors d'oeuve to cheap fish-and-tea lunches.

The general name of sardines originated when small fish were first packed in oil on the Island of Sardinia, in the Mediterranean about 1830. Small tunny and pilchard which were used chiefly at first, came to be known as sardines, but when the popularity spread to other parts of the world various types of fish were used—but all packed under the name of sardines. In Norway, which early became known for its high grade sardines, bristling and sprat were used chiefly. On our own western coast the pilchard is canned, but the sardine canners in Maine, which is the center of the industry in the United States, use herring exclusively.

The first cannery to start operations in this country was opened in Eastport, Me., in 1876. While the men of that district had been fishermen for generations this particular type of fishing was new to them. Their equipment was the best the period afforded but it was not made for mass production, and a day's pack seldom exceeded 30,000 cans of sardines. Today, with improved technique and automatic machinery, the usual day's pack is generally between 200,000 and 400,000 cans.

Sardine canning starts at scratch —with catching the fish. Along the Maine coast this is a profession practiced by a group of men who know herring and their habits as well as the herring themselves. It is a profession which requires of its followers great patience as well as an excellent knowledge of tides and marine weather.

The small herring which Maine uses for sardines, spend their first winter in the lower strata of water not far off shore. In the spring their search for food brings them inshore which proves a final trip for tons of them. Although their inshore trips are usually made at night and in the dark of the moon the fishermen are waiting for them. It is customary for the captain of the seining crew to set out in a dory about dusk to locate the fish.

This is the part of the task which takes the most patience. Cruising about, watching for silvery flashes in the water, he must stop occasionally to listen for another telltale sign —the flipping of the fish as they play on the surface. He also watches the gulls, for they will hover over a school of these fish and help him locate them. Sometimes this watchful waiting goes on for a week before the captain is rewarded by discovering the fish.

When he does find the school he

rows around it carefully, to determine its size and the general direction in which it is moving. When the fish reach a place where they can be caught—usually a place where the water is not more than 36 feet deep at high tide—the captain hurries back to his large boat and assembles his crew for the take.

Arrived at the scene the crew first makes one end of the big seine fast to the shore, leaving the balance of the net in the dories. Then, the dories towed by a power boat, the seine is quickly stretched out and the fish imprisoned. This seldom takes more than five minutes, but is actually the smallest and easiest part of the task. The real labor starts when the crew begins working the seine around into a circle or pocket. To imprison the fish it has been stretched from the mainland across a bay or inlet. Now the job is to work the heavy net into a pocket, keep the fish from escaping, and still prevent them from smothering.

We who so off-handedly buy a can of sardines in a shop, have no idea of the hours of hard work necessary before these fish are ever landed in the boat. The net, 200 fathoms of which weigh almost 800 pounds when dry, takes on a great deal of weight when wet. To pocket the catch it must be carefully worked around, while anchors and floats are used to keep it from collapsing. If the seine collapses the the fish will be smothered, and if this happens that cove will be shunned by herring for several years.

With the fish in the net there is still more work to do before they are safe in the canning factory. This is definitely no hit and run job. Arranging the seine takes the best part of the night so it is generally morning before the captain can get word in to the factory, giving his estimate of the size of the catch. In the old days he or one of his men rowed ashore with the message. Now most of the boats are equipped with radios, so the message can be sent that way.

By evening the boats for loading the fish have arrived at the scene and during this second night the loading is accomplished, bringing the fish into the canning factory the next morning. This work is timed in this way, so as to leave the fish in the water, but unable to feed, for twenty-four hours. This clears their digestive tracts of all food.

Even the transfer of the fish from the seine to the boat must be handled in a certain way. The usual method is to run a net—called a purse net—inside the pocket and purse up and drain as dry as possible enough fish to load the boat. From this net the fish are lifted by dip nets of three to five bushel capacity into the hold of the boat. As each net load of fish is dumped into the hold salt is sprinkled over them generously. A load of six hundred bushels of fish will use about 3,400 pounds of salt.

Along the Maine coast most of the boats used for bringing in the fish for the sardine factories are Diesel powered and about 60 or 70 feet long. A boat this size can bring in six or seven hundred bushels of this rather odorous cargo. And bring it in the crew must. The skippers, the same men who know the habits of the herring well enough to locate them, also know the Maine coast and can, and do, take in their boats under various circumstances. Just as they must locate the school of fish at night, and spread their nets in the dark, so the trip in is generally made at night. Herring

are no respectors of weather, so the skipper must be prepared to bring his boat in through fog or rain or storm.

Not all the activity connected with the business takes place on the boat, for when word reaches shore that the school is located, things begin to happen in the factory and neighboring town. Women of the community, who work in the factory, have been listening for the warning whistle while they have been going about the housework. When that whistle blows they know the fish are coming and they will work that day at the factory. Their work begins after the inspectors have done their bit.

Inspectors—both factory men and representatives of the Bureau of Fisheries of the Maine Department of Agriculture—go over the catch carefully to see that the fish are in proper condition for packing, and to be sure they have been doing no further feeding.

The fish are flushed into the factory after they have been inspected and measured. From the tanks, in which they are first received, theirs is a continuous journey until they are packed ready for shipment. They start this journey on wire mesh trays, called flakes, upon which they are taken into the cookers. Here they are exposed to live steam for periods varying from eight to fifteen minutes, which cooks them. Following the cooking process they are dried under forced ventilation at a comparatively high temperature. After about thirty minutes of this they are ready for the packers.

Packers, who are the neighborhood women, who were summoned by the whistle, make quick work, neat jobs of finishing and packing the fish. They snip off the heads, discard all except perfect fish and lay them in the cans in the neat, compact manner which has made the term "as close packed as sardines" one of general use.

As the cans pass from the packers on automatic conveyors to the sealing machines, a measured quantity of heated oil is poured into them. Through the years various oils have been tried for this purpose and one by one, for very good reasons, most of them have been discarded. Recently Maine packers have been using the edible soybean oil, and the growing demand for it among these New England packers proves the satisfaction it gives.

This oil is replacing the olive oil which is hard to obtain because of war conditions, and cotton seed oil which was formerly used to a great extent. It is taking the place of these other oils because it does not mask the flavor of the fish, does not harden when the housewife stores the canned sardines in her refrigerator, and leaves no "tallowy" taste.

After the oil has been added to the contents of the can, the can is sealed and then, still on its carrier belt, taken to a big retort which holds thousands of cans. When the retort is filled it is closed and the contents exposed to a temperature of 240 deg. F. for half an hour. At the end of this time the heat is turned off, and the cans are cooled by water sprays before being discharged into the washing machines.

Although the washer is thorough the cans must stand another inspection before being packed. This testing and packing is done by hand so that there can be no chance of a damaged can being included in the carton.

This year war in Europe has been bringing about some changes in the sardine packing industry in quiet New England. Norway, which has always been famous for its smoked sardines, is out of the market, but Americans have acquired a taste for those Norwegian sardines. With the keenness which has for generations marked the New Englander, those Maine packers are now smoking sardines, in the Norwegian fashion.

"We have faith in education as the foundation of democratic government."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

MAKING OVER OLD FURNITURE

By John H. Jollief

Down in the basement of your home, or stored away in the attic, or perchance lodged elsewhere on the premises, you may have an old piece of furniture long since discarded and thought perfectly useless. Why not dig it out of its secluded spot and convert it into a thing of beauty and usefulness? You can do the job in your spare time and you will be proud of your handiwork.

Assuming that you do have such an object or obtain one let us see just what can be done about it. First, examine the wood. Scrape off the old varnish. If you are not familiar with old woods, ask someone who is. If it happens to be one of the fine old woods in use a few generations back, as cherry, maple, black walnut, or mahogany, you are indeed fortunate. So much furniture is veneered these days that an old piece made of solid walnut or other valuable hardwood is indeed a lucky find for the person handy with tools and simple finishing materials.

If you do not wish to do the piece over—planning only to refinish it—clean carefully after removing the original varnish coat. Finish the cleaning process with gasoline. Now sandpaper thoroughly. For a simple inexpensive finsh which will leave a beautiful soft gloss, use beeswax. Prepare this by putting a lump of beeswax in a closed mason jar and covering with turpentine. When the beeswax has reached the consistency of vaseline, it is ready to be rubbed into the wood. However, it will require time to attain this condition. Let dry and polish with a soft cloth. Two weeks later apply a second coat. and sucessive coats if you wish but polish thoroughly each time.

In case you plan to do the piece over, converting it into a modern useful article, here are some suggestions which should prove helpful.

An old-fashioned sofa may be made into a chaise lounge by removing part of the back and an arm.

An old cabinet sewing machine may be changed into a useful music or toy cabinet. Remove the machinery and put in the necessary shelves.

A few days ago in the home of a

friend I saw what was once an organ. He had worked it over into a writing desk. The job showed excellent planning and fine workmanship. Now instead of collecting dust in a corner it is serving that home in a useful capacity.

An old wooden bedstead may readily be converted into a settee.

Have you an old washstand? Make a dressing table out of it.

If you have one of those old time spool cabinets with legs, it may be changed over into a useful "highboy" for storing such things as silver, napkins, and table doilies.

Leaves from an old extension table may be worked over into a serviceable bookcase.

If the piece cannot be worked over because of breaks why not tear it down and use the salvaged parts in the construction of pedestals, stools, or other handy articles for the home?

Explore the premises from basement to attic. Don't overlook the garage or barn if you have either. Confer with the neighbors on the possibility of finding pieces suitable for working over. You may find just the piece to make over into that music cabinet, bookcase, or writing desk you have been wanting for some time. You will have much fun in working it over and the satisfaction you will get in the years to come while using it will be well worth all efforts expended.

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OLD WORDS, NEW ACCENT

It is encouraging in these days when the world is in a turmoil to find leaders who have come to the conclusion that there are no short-cuts to those goals which the human race is striving to reach. There are plenty of such leaders in the country today, but so many of them have apparently gotten off the track, and are seeking new formulas.

Last week, Dr. W. P. Few, president of Duke university, a man who has guided the development of a small educational institution into one of the nation's greatest institutions, told the student body and faculty in the opening address of the new school year that "education again should emphasize the dignity and value of useful work."

"We must learn to speak some old words with a new accent," he said—"duty, character, work."

"We must try to build again a nation of workers. It will not be safe to commit the destinies of a great country into idle hands! but the destiny of any nation is safe in the keeping of people who think straight and who work, either with their hand or in other creative ways."—Exchange.

TOO FAST

(Lutheran Young Folks)

Even roadside advertisers have learned that people travel too fast to read signs and stop in time to investigate and purchase unless the sign is posted several hundred feet away from the selling booth. It is the peculiarity of car drivers today that they refuse to go back. If they pass a place, no matter how good it may be, they go on supposing that they will find as good a place a little farther down the road. Maybe they will; maybe they will not. Possibly the next place will likewise be passed before it is noticed. Some of these sure-to-be-seen signs catch the eye soon enough for the fast driver to make up his mind to begin slowing up in time to stop where the good things are for sale.

But it is not alone in driving fast along a highway that good things are passed by and missed. In other phases of life similar practices are common. It is not far from the truth to say that this is a fast age; it is much too fast for many—they fail to see and to secure much that is available and that would be valuable to them. People read in such a rush today that often they miss what the author is aiming to tell. The rush from headline to headline, from department caption to department caption, from illustration to illustration, is at such speed that many readers miss the beautiful and wholesome thoughts more or less buried in the "reading matter." No tribute is ours if at the end of a day we must reply when asked, "Whom did you see today?" "Oh, nobody."

Religious things get the same treatment. We are in such a hurry. We want to get to crowns and rewards immediately. We have no patience for meditation. We want God to do it all and hand over the results. We expect to enjoy the full benefits of the Church, but we can't pause long for them; they must be in ready-wrapped packages to be grabbed while we run. Maybe we need some big signs to catch our attention, so that we will not run past the distribution points.

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UNDERSTANDING HEART

O God, if there is but one rare gift for me
Of all the gifts I might receive from Thee,
I ask the sweetest one of all; to do my part
I need, dear God, an understanding heart.

A heart that beats with others' joys and woes,
No explanations needed, a heart that knows;
There may be lovelier gifts that I might ask,
But give me this—with it I'll do my task.

—Blanche Tromble Evans.

A SPOT OF NATURE

(Selected)

Variety-loving, prolific nature puts into a yard-square spot of open field or undisturbed lowland more growing things than can be counted and classified in hours. A glance shows fine specimens of this and that, plants whose names we know. But there are Probably scores of others we have not noticed before. Some have flowers others have not. Some are just grasses of one kind and another. Our general name for all is weeds Not many of us have botanical knowledge sufficient to tell much, if anything, about the things that grow in this small spot.

We wonder of what use these things are. Surely most of them might be destroyed and we would be no poorer. We pass by most of these as of no concern to us. But a casual observation shows that bees and bugs and worms and all sorts of living creatures have been very particular in choosing this or that green thing as their home, or at least feeding place. Fickle moths and butterflies skip from plant to plant as if seeking indefinitely and without purpose but never finding a place to stay. Some animal passes and ruthlessly tramps down scores of plants and grasses, some to bear the scar of the careless foot through thhe season. A man with a scythe, bent on tidying up a part of his realm, makes a swing or two and clips the top from everything except the wee, humble plants that keep close to the ground. We wonder why these weeds grew at all.

Most any spot where people live shows up about as wide a variety of persons. Again we wonder why they are there and of what worth they are. We see a few hundred of them, apparently all different, but know only one or two, and perhaps none at all. The whole mass might be destroyed and our course would not be changed. Scarcely a thought do we give to them; their joy or sorrow, their success or failure, their life or death does not concern us. In some spot of earth each of us has a place, but to what end, and with what worth?

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In counting the costs of war, the books cannot be balanced until the peacetime accounts have a chance to be cast up. The following analysis from "Rural Roads to Security" (Bruce Publishing Co., 1940) offers a sobering contribution to such a balance sheet: "Since 1921 there have been 60,000 fewer babies born every year. (This is supposed to be the U. S. A.; European nations have been harder hit.) The business of producing baby shoes is on the downward trend. The demand for our industrial and agricultural products shrinks. There comes a smaller demand for housing, clothing, and even for what are called the luxuries of life. The attendance at football games will drop. Old folks do not go to these pageants of youth. Perhaps the best business to enter will be the production of false teeth."—Selected.

OUR NEED IS MEN

By Charles E. Jefferson

We have fallen on easy times. Life is luxurious. Ours is an age of cushions and rose water. But there is arduous work to do. The trumpet has sounded, calling us to battle. Our cities are so many battlefields on which resolute and flint-willed men must wrestle in terrific struggle with the forces of the devil. We have a Gospel equal to the world's needs. All we lack is men. Never will Christianity subdue our American cities until there is brought into the field an army of Christians of firmer texture and sterner temper than that possessed by the cohorts now engaged. Some plead for endowments, and others advocate a change of methods, but what we want is men. The members of our churches, as a rule, are altogether too flexible and obliging. They do not know how to strike hard nor are they willing to stand their ground. There is widespread fear of being counted narrow, but there is a narrowness which leads to life. "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" So said the broadest man that ever lived. There is dread of bigotry, but what is bigotry? If placing the kingdom of God first and compelling all things else to bend to it be bigotry, then what the world now needs is bigots. Bigots is the persecution of others who do not agree with us. The steadfast and stubborn defense of those things which we deem of importance is sweet reasonableness and imperative duty. It is significant that the one thing which Christ first looked for in the men on whose shoulders he wished to roll the world was something which he designated as rock. As soon as a man whose temperament had in it ingredients capable of being fused into granite came under his eye, he gave him a new name—"Rock." Later on when the tides of the world were flowing away from Jesus, this man with the new name stood erect and declared that notwithstanding all learned men were saying one thing and all the people another, he still was convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, the Son of the living God. It was then that the Lord declared that he would build his church on rock. It is the only rock which can withstand the assaults of the empire of death.

Every man is at his best when he adds enthusiasm to whatever he honestly believes in.—Wanamaker.

RED-CLOAKED LADY

By Ivy Bolton

"It is the prettiest dress in the world." Janet Stanhope surveyed herself with satisfaction. "No one will ever guess that I am just seventeen. Did ever a girl have a nicer father than mine! Think of it, a silken petticoat. quilted and embroidered, an overskirt of satin all of my own, blue silk stockings and silver shoes! Oh, it is a royal gift from the dearest father in the world."

"You have not opened the other box, my dearie," old Nurse Gillian said. Her wrinkled face was full of smiles as she looked at her nursling. Her first one had been Janet's mother and she had cared for Janet ever since the child had been left motherless at three.

"Another box? I did not see it." Janet's fingers were busy in a moment with the string. She threw back the lid and gave a cry of rapture. "A cloak, Nurse Gillian, furlined and scarlet! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

She put it around her and drew the hood about her dimpling face. She made a picture as she stood there, a slender figure in blue and scarlet, with the flush on her cheeks and the little brown curls on her forehead. Her eyes were starry with delight over her first finery.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Aunt Dorcas stood in the doorway, a grave figure in her black dress, snowy kerchief and finely wrought cap on her head. "You will be completely spoiled, Janet."

"Saw you anything so lovely?" The girl was quite unabashed. "Look at me, Aunt Dorcas. Shall I not be the belle of the ball?"

"Vanity of vanities—"

Janet ran over to kiss her. "I know all you want to say about your conceited niece. It is not a real ball—just a masquerade—and pretty is as pretty does—and I am only a child who should not be going at all. O Aunt Dorcas, did you not love your first ball?"

"Mine was a ball, child and not a mere masquerade. Maidens of seventeen have no business to be thinking of such frivolity. They should be spinning and sewing and learning to be good housewives. But there," she relented at the sight of the girl's eager face, "Your spinning is not so bad and you can cook as well as the best, so I will say no more except to tell you not to let that curly head of yours fill up with nonsense before your time."

Janet gave her a kiss and danced down the big oak staircase to knock at her father's door. She flung it wide and stood there. Squire Stanhope raised his head and surveyed her. He looked startled for a moment—she was so like another Janet. Then he smiled as she ran across the room and he felt her arms about his neck, her kiss on his face.

"It is the loveliest present I have ever had, Father dear," she told him. "Look at me well."

She threw aside the cloak and faced him for a moment, then she dropped on the low stool at his feet.

"I wish you were going too, Father. You would have looked so handsome and I even put a mask for you in the carriage yesterday."

He looked ruefully at the band-

aged foot extended before him. "It is better, but I should make a poor cavalier with this gout," he said. "You are sure you know just where to go, Janet? And Lady Dalton is sure to be awaiting you at Wideacres?"

"I know the way. Lady Dalton said she would wait at the entrance for me. You need not worry. Jonas will take good care of me, you know."

"I can trust him and your own good sense, my maid." His hand touched hers caressingly. "Be not late for your masquerade and tell me all about it on the morrow."

"I will. You will not be lonely, Father? I will stay if you are."

"As if I would let you, child. There is no news of the fighting up Culloden way?"

"None at all. Jonas said the soldiers were everywhere when he came in to say the carriage would be ready." Janet donned her cloak as she spoke and adjusted the little black mask. She ran out into the hall and down the Manor steps into the coach that waited for her. Old Jonas mounted the box, cracked his whip, and they were off.

Janet leaned back against the cushions, her excitement forgotten in the wish that she could comfort her father. He had never been the same since the dispute over that silly boundary lines. Until then the two families had been such close friends. Mistress Throgmorton had been so good to motherless Janet, and Jack, two years the girl's senior, had petted and teased her by turns. The quarrel had grown to bigger proportions since the Jacobite troubles began. All Scotland was talking of this new young Prince Charlie, of his bravery, his good looks and his Stuart charm. The Throgmortons like the majority of the people of Inverness had received him enthusiastically. The minority, of whom her father was one, stood staunchly for King George.

"We have no right to throw the country into civil war," Janet's father had said sternly to Squire Throgmorton as the two men met in the village street. "The Hanoverians give us a peaceful rule. Why should we overthrow them for another King? It is best to let things bide as they be."

"Renegade and traitor," Squire Throgmorton had shouted. "That is what you are, Stanhope. The Stuarts are Scottish kings and we are bound to support them. You are a traitor to your country and your race."

Her father's weapon had flashed out and only Janet's frightened cry had stayed his hand. Squire Throgmorton had turned on his heel. "I will not fight before the lassie, but I am done with you, Stanhope," he had said. That was the last meeting.

Janet suspected that Jack was with the Prince now.

The ride was not a comfortable one. The deep ruts threw the coach from side to side. Suddenly there were voices loud and authoritative and Jonas drew to a stop. He got down from his high seat and looked in at the window.

"We have to wait here, Mistress Janet. Soldiers are ahead. There has been fighting up Culloden way. This is the Five Oaks Tavern and ye'll be more comfortable in the parlor."

Janet got out. The tavern seemed very full. Near the door a gypsy crone was telling fortunes to the soldiers. Janet saw shrewd dark eyes watching her.

"The red-cloaked lady, it is she,"

the woman whispered as the girl passed.

Everyone bowed to her and Janet drew her hood closer about her face. This was fun. They were treating her as a grown up lady.

"You will be quite comfortable here, your ladyship," the landlord said bowing low and showing her into the parlor. Janet bowed silently. For whom could they be taking her? she wondered.

The wait was only for fifteen minutes. She heard soldiers march past and then the landlord escorted her to the door. The gypsy was there alone and pressed close to her. A clawlike hand clutched the girl's arm.

"Over by the glen," the woman whispered. "Be swift, be swift. Two gallant gentlemen depend on ye, my leddy."

Janet got into the coach. What could the gypsy mean? "Two gallant gentlemen—" She made up her mind.

"Stop at the glen, Jonas," she said. "I have to get out there for a moment."

"The glen, Mistress Janet? Are ye daft on such a night?"

"It is part of the game," she told him and, grumbling, he drew up.

The glen was a thickly wooded little hollow deep in mud. Janet saw two figures under the trees. One flashed a dark lantern in her face.

"The red-cloaked lady," he said and she recognized Jack Throgmorton. "Your Highness will be safe now."

The other young man came forward. He bowed low. "My gratitude is yours, sweet lady," he said. "You have a plan? These redcoats are too near for comfort."

"I do not think I understand," Janet began. Jack gave a start of dismay.

"Janet!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here? We looked for Lady Caithness."

"I saw naught of her," Janet told him. "The tavern is full of soldiers. Perhaps they stopped her farther down. A gypsy spoke to me."

"There is a mistake." There was dismay in his voice. "We have been hopelessly defeated at Culloden. The Prince is in danger. If he were off the road and in a house, perchance I could find a horse. He could then ride northward where friends would care for him.

Janet hesitated. The affair was none of hers, but Jack's misery touched her heart. She knew what capture would mean for them both.

"I am going to Wideacres," she said. "It is a masquerade and Father was not well enough to come. By good luck I have his mask in the coach. I will take His Highness there and if you can get a horse, Jack, he can slip away in the midst of the merriment.

"But what will he do for a costume?"

"He will go as the Bonnie Prince," Janet said calmly. "It is the best disguise of all."

Jack stared at her. "My faith but you are quickwitted," he said.

"Come," Janet said imperatively. The Prince followed her to the coach.

"A belated guest of whom the gypsy told me, Jonas," was Janet's explanation. She entered the coach and handed the young man the mask. A few moments later they were at Wideacres. A merry girl came out to meet them accompanied by Lady Dalton.

"Janet, you are here at last. Come quickly and mingle with the guests. Then they will not know who you are.

Who is this?" She turned to the young man.

"I name no names," Janet laughed. "The Bonnie Prince, Lady Dalton."

"A bold costume and an effective one," Lady Dalton declared. "The minuet is starting. Janet. Perhaps your escort will be your partner for that."

The minuet was one to be remembered. Janet went through her steps gracefully, but her partner was superb. There was clapping of hands as it ended. Janet looked in wonder at the Prince. No one could have guessed by word or motion of his that he stood in mortal peril or that he was hopeless fatigued. He turned quietly and walked with her to the back of the room.

"I would know the name of my benefactress," he said in a low tone. "It is not Lady Caithness, I know. But it was a red-cloaked lady."

"A gyspy woman mistook me for Lady Caithness," Janet answered. "I am Janet Stanhope, Your Highness."

"She was to wear a red cloak," he returned. "Here comes Throgmorton to tell us of the horse. The mistake brought me an equally brave lady."

Jack had fashioned a mask for himself. He bent over Janet. "The horse is outside," he whispered.

"Go quickly," Janet pleaded. "And you," she looked at Jack. "Come back and play the Prince's part for an hour."

He added and she waited anxiously. In a few moments Jack was back. He wore the Stuart colors and the Prince's mask and blue cloak. Janet held out her hand. "You must dance the quadrille with me," he said.

How she got through that dance she hardly knew. It was as they were walking back to Lady Dalton, that they heard a young man talking.

"The soldiers will be here in half an hour," he said. "Every house is to be searched. Prince Charlie is somewhere in the neighborhood."

"I had better go," Jack whispered. "It will never do for me to be taken here in your company."

Janet laid a shaking hand on his arm. "But if they take you—"

"They will shoot me of course. I knew I could not get away."

"They shall not." Janet spoke with determination. She ran over with him to Lady Dalton.

"I must go at once," she said. "Thank you for taking care of me."

"You are going before the unmasking? Are you ill, child? Your face is white and your hands cold."

"It is nothing much but I must go home. You will make my excuses?" She kissed her charperone. "Thank you." She put her hand on Jack's arm.

"This way," she whispered. She ran lightly down ths steps. Jonas came at her call. She got in with her escort.

Once the door was shut, she turned to Jack. "Get that plaid off and put it under the seat. Lend me your cloak and take mine." She threw the blue one around her and put the red one on the lad. "Draw up the hood well, and go to sleep," she commanded. "We shall be stopped at the tavern."

He laughed as he obeyed. In a few minutes the lights of the tavern shone out. A hoarse voice shouted "Halt." An officer opened the coach door.

"You will descend?" he asked.

Janet leaned forward. "Not in this slush. I pray you. And Auntie is asleep."

"Your name, mistress?"

"Janet Stanhope of Stanhope Manor."

"She be a loyalist, sir," the innkeeper spoke. "Squire Stanhope is staunch for King George. The little mistress has been to a party."

"Pass on then." The door closed. Janet leaned back white and shaking. "Auntie" woke up as he heard her sob. His hand went tight on hers.

"You brave maid. Do not cry now."

"Back already, child?" Aunt Dorcas exclaimed as the girl came in. She stared at the boy in the girl's cloak.

"It is Jack. He is a wayfarer and beg's a night's lodging. The guest chamber is ready I know. I am going to father."

"Such goings on," Aunt Dorcas cried. Janet opened her father's door. Jack threw off the cloak.

"I had to bring Jack home, father," Janet explained as the Squire stared. "He is in danger. Help us, please. He has been out with the Bonnie Prince and—and so have I." She dropped on the stool and hid her face against him with a little sob.

"I have no business here, Squire Stanhope," Jack interposed. Let me tell you of your daughter's bravery and then I will fare forth and take my chance."

"Sit down here and get warm." The Squire spoke gravely. "Now, sir, what have you been doing?"

The tale lost nothing in the telling. Janet felt her cheeks grow hot as she listened to the boyish praises heaped upon her. "And now I will go, sir," Jack ended.

"I think you will be safer here," the Squire returned. "You children had best go to bed. I will send some other clothing for you to wear tomorrow, lad. It will be wiser to dispose of these."

Janet came down a little late the next morning. Her father was in the hall leaning upon his cane. Opposite him in full regimentals was a tall officer and, at the open door, a white-faced Squire Throgmorton. Janet shivered as Jack came and joined her.

"The prince escaped us last night." the officer was saying. "It was by the connivance of some young lady. We suspected Lady Caithness, but she was detained at Glengarry. We are also rounding up these young Jacobites. Young Throgmorton is not at home."

"No, he is here as my guest." Squire Stanhope spoke quietly. "You are welcome to search, but Prince Charles is not in the house. These ladies are my sister, Mistress Dorcas and my daughter Janet."

The officer bowed. "Your word is sufficient, sir. If you vouch for the young man, there is nothing more to be said. Where was he last night?"

"With by daughter at Wideacres at a masquerade," The Squire answered.

"I will bid you all a good morning." The officer went out.

"You—you saved my lad." Squire Throgmorton's voice broke. "You—forgive me, Philip—"

The Squire's hand went hard on his. "Come and let us have breakfast. Give me an arm, Throgmorton. I am still very lame. We were two old fools to let a boundary or a king spoil our friendship—all is well. The thanks are due my daughter—who like your son went after the Bonnie Prince last night."

"She saved him and Jack too—a

maid," Squire Throgmorton marvelled. "She did," Jack averrtd. "She was our brave, true-hearted, red-cloaked lady."

FOR TODAY

There may be grief across the way
  And bitter discontent;
Beyond the margin of today
  A disillusionment.
And in the past there may be pain
  And sorrow and regret,
And all that may not come again
  Of yesterday's dull fret.

But here, today, are sunny hours,
  And here is joyous laughter;
And here are trees and birds and flowers
  And love to bluest rafter.
Enough in this small space of time
  To keep me, come what may;
For all the joys of life are mine
  Just for today.

I do not borrow discontent
  From yesterday's dull room,
I do not grieve for troubles meant
  To pass away and soon.
Away, tomorrow's pain and fear!
  I'm joyful as can be
That love and joy and faith are here
  Today, in all I see!

—Marion B. Shoen

INSTITUTION NOTES

Some of the members of our outside forces have been very busy for the past few days unloading several carloads of coal at the Southern Railway siding on the School grounds.

—o—

Some of the outside forces started on another pressing task the first of the week—that of gathering sweet potatoes. This is more than a week's job for the workers, and at this writing they have not progressed to the extent to enable us to announce the total number of bushels expected. We can state, however, that these are the smoothest and nicest potatoes we have raised in many years.

—o—

Our boys enjoyed an extra motion picture show this week. A box of films was left here by mistake early last Monday morning, and was shown that night. It was entitled "Women With Wings." The feature attraction at the regular weekly show on Thursday night was "The Man in the Iron Mask," a United Artists production. While the mistake in delivery of the films for the show on Monday was our lad's good fortune, we hope some other dealer along the line was not inconvenienced because the picture charged to him was sidetracked.

—o—

We are glad to welcome two new members to the School's staff of workers. On October 1st, Miss Frances Redwine, of Charlotte, assumed the duties of secretary and pianist at the institution, succeeding Mrs. George L. Barrier, who resigned. Mr. Roy Blackwelder, of Concord, is the latest acquisition to the teaching staff here. He succeeds Mr. George L. Barrier as fourth grade teacher and cottage officer. He took up these duties last Monday morning.

—o—

We are glad to announce that our farm forces have completed the task of gathering a large crop of lespedeza hay. They are still mowing some lespedeza for seed. While we may not have more tons of hay than were ever grown here in one season, we are sure the quality is far superior to any ever raised at the School. It was cured under perfect weather conditions, and with the exception of a few loads, was stored away without having been touched by a drop of rain. With huge silos full of ensilage, hay barns filled to capacity, and corn stover in abundance still to be cared for, the question of feed should not trouble our dairyman and those in charge of other live stock.

—o—

Rev. Robert S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. The subject of his message to the boys was

"Bread", in which he called special attention to the 35th verse: "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger: and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that the feeding of the multitude, referred to in the lesson, was a most wonderful miracle. Jesus being a master teacher, took that scene—hungry men and women being fed—while it was fresh in the people's minds, and said to them, "I am the bread of life." When we consider that statement we must take for granted that everyone gets hungry, and it requires food if we are to be satisfied. We all have another appetite, if we are normal, and that is we want to be better, love God more, make something really worthwhile of our lives. Hardly a person gets down so low that he dosen't look up with a longing for a higher or better life.

Some people, said the speaker, when told that in order to regain their health they must have proper food—a variety different from what they have been eating—will say, "I can't do it. I never want anything to eat." There are people who get so sick in their souls that they cease to hunger for better things. Both of these classes of people are exceptions rather than the rule.

How simple are the figures of speech in Jesus' teachings. As there is universal hunger all over the world, God has provided sustenance. Jesus provided for the needs of all men when he said, "Whosoever will, may come." Jesus, the Bread of Life, meet the needs of all. Just as he healed the sick along the shores of Galilee, lifted up the faint, restored sight to the blind, he is able to keep us from being sin-sick—he can save our souls.

We may receive this bread of life by faith, accepting Jesus in this manner: (1) We must come to him—keep him ever near us. (2) We must believe on him. By our belief we get most of our spiritual blessings. Through faith we become more like him, can meet death and have a hope for eternity. (3) We must partake of him. In some way, when we take Jesus, the Bread of Life, into our souls, we become his by faith. We can receive him whether we understand just how he saves us or not.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that throughout the entire world people are hungry for the bread of life. There is work for us to do. If we are true Christians we can do our part in helping to get the bread of life to those who need it. God wants us to have the bread of life and we should be only too glad to share it with others. A Christian life is not a selfish life—a true Christian will do all in his power to bring joy into the lives of his fellow men.

Duty makes us do things well, but Love makes us do things beautifully.—Phillips Brooks.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending October 6, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Butler
(4) William Drye 13
(8) Noah J. Greene 15
(3) Carl Justice 3
(8) Edward Johnson 17
(3) Robert Maples 11
(8) Frank May 17
(4) Mack McQuaigue 12
William Shannon
(4) Jack Warren 16

COTTAGE No. 1

William G. Bryant 9
William Blackman 2
Everett Case 8
Albert Chunn 4
John Davis 9
Porter Holder 9
Clay Mize 13
Everett Watts 12
William C. Wilson 14

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) James Blocker 11
Herbert Branch
Jack Cline 9
(3) Virgil Lane 4
(4) Donald McFee 16
Charles Tate 3

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Lewis Andrews 17
John Bailey 12
Grover Beaver 10
James Boone 13
(2) William Buff 6
Max Evans 11
Bruce Hawkins 9
Jack Lemley
William Matthewson 12
Otis McCall 10
Robert Quick 8
Wayne Sluder 8
George Shaver 12
(2) Harrison Stilwell 15
John Tolley 11
(2) Jerome Wiggins 13
(2) Louis Williams 14

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Wesley Beaver 10
(2) William Cherry 3
(7) Quentin Crittenton 11
(6) Arthur Edmondson 13
(5) Paul Godwin 15
(2) Gilbert Hogan 13
(2) John Jackson 13
(2) Hugh Kennedy 10
(5) J. W. McRorrie 15
(2) George Newman 10
Eugene Puckett 2
(19) Melvin Walters 19
(3) John Whitaker 9
(3) Thomas Yates 9

COTTAGE No. 5

(6) Theodore Bowles 17
(6) J. C. Bordeaux 10
(4) Collett Cantor 15
(3) Harold Donaldson 11
(3) Everett Lineberry 8
(3) Ivey Lunsford 9
(3) James Massey 8
(2) Paul Briggs 10
(5) Leonard Melton 5
(7) J. C. Reinhardt 17
(7) Currie Singletary 11
(5) Donald Smith 8
(7) Hubert Walker 17
(6) Dewey Ware 15
Henry Ziegler 11

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Robert Bryson 8
Robert Dunning 8
Leonard Jacobs 5
Woodrow Wilson 6
William Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte 11
(2) H. B. Butler 2
(2) Paul Dockery 17
(2) Donald Earnhardt 18
(2) George Green 15
(2) Richard Halker 17
(2) Roy Helms 16
(2) Raymond Hughes 11

Robert Lawrence 15
(2) Arnold McHone 16
(2) Ernest Overcash 9
Marshall Pace 5

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley 11
Reid Beheler 17
(5) Jesse Cunningham 5
Sidney Hackney 3
(2) Edward Hammond 4
(4) Jack Hamilton 17
Otis Kilpatrick 10
Frank Workman 10
(3) James Quick 16

COTTAGE No. 9

J. T. Branch 17
James Connell 3
(14) David Cunningham 14
Robert Gaines 12
(4) James Hale 5
Osper Howell 13
Mark Jones 14
(6) Harold O'Dear 18
(3) James Ruff 11
Thomas Sands 13
Horace Williams 8
William Nelson 3

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Junius Brewer 13
(2) James Eury 3
(2) Harry Peake 8
(2) Carl Speer 7
(2) O. D. Talbert 11

COTTAGE No. 11

(19) John Benson 19
William Bennett 2
Robert Davis 8
(3) William Dixon 8
(14) Robert Goldsmith 16
(13) Earl Hildreth 17
(2) Broadus Moore 2
(19) Fred Owens 19

COTTAGE No. 12

(7) Odell Almond 17
(4) Jay Brannock 13
(3) William Broadwell 12
(2) Ernest Brewer 14
(2) William Deaton 17
(5) Treley Frankum 13
(11) Woodrow Hager 17
(3) Eugene Heafner 4
(2) Charles Hastings 2
(7) Tillman Lyles 17
(2) Clarence Mayton 11
(5) James Puckett 12
(7) Howard Sanders 15
(5) Charles Simpson 12
(2) Robah Sink 15
(5) Jesse Smith 7
Peter Taylor 2
(5) George Tolson 17
Carl Tyndall 12
(4) J. R. Whitman 15

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) James Brewer 16
Kenneth Brooks 3
William Goins 6
(2) William Griffin 16
Vincent Hawes 12
(3) James Lane 13
John Murdock 8
Rufus Nunn
(2) Jack Wilson 12

COTTAGE No. 14

(9) Raymond Andrews 15
(3) John Baker 13
(19) Mack Coggins 19
(3) Edward Carter 3
Robert Deyton 14
(10) Audie Farthing 18
(8) Henry Glover 13
(19) William Harding 19
John Hamm 12
(4) Marvin King 12
(4) Feldman Lane 13
(6) Norvel Murphy 17
Charles McCoyle 14
Roy Mumford 11
(4) John Robbins 15
(4) John Reep 13
(8) James Roberson 15
(6) Charles Steepletton 14
(7) J. C. Willis 9
(18) Wallace Woody 18

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 9
(6) George Duncan 14
(10) Philip Holmes 16
(5) Harvey Ledford 10
John T. Lawry 12
(5) Redmond Lawry 13
(4) Thomas Wilson 13

CAROLINA ROOM
OCT 21 1940

THE UPLIFT

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FRIENDS

Life is sweet because of friends,
And things is common we share.
We live on—not because of self—
But because of people who care.
It is giving and doing for somebody else:
On that, life's splendor depends.
And the joy of this world, when you sum it all up,
Is found in the making of friends.

—Help Thy Neighbor.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

OUR NATION'S PRAYER

O Lord, a sacred peace we crave:
For this, with all our leaders brave
We pray that Thy Almighty Hand
Will guard and guide our wondrous land.
We'll melt with love the swords of men
To make of them the noblest pen.
With this, dear God, our hope and aim,
Let us enshrine Old Glory's fame.
For us our fathers died by sword,
And loved ones spent their lives, O Lord.
Give us unselfish hearts like theirs
To prove our worth as loyal heirs.
Direct our thought to holy deeds,
Let love abide among all creeds;
Pray, keep us in Thy watchful care,
We seek, dear Lord, Thy help in prayer.

—Reverend F. C. Young

—o—

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

The parents hold first place in molding the character of the child and the teachers of the many classes of all schools wield an influence that equals that of the parents. The little mannerisms and the ideals of the teachers soon become a part of the student and follow him through life. The teachers unconsciously leave their imprint on the students. The students absorb the strong points as well as the weak points of the teacher as displayed in the school room.

Thus the opportunity presented to the teachers to build strong

character carries a great responsibility. They teach not only by precept but by example.

The following activities of the school department of the Jackson Training School have been given us by Mr. Johnson, principal of the school department:

At 7:45 the whole school assembles in front of the administration building for the purpose of line detail. When all are assembled, they are called to attention and stand at salute while "Old Glory" and our State flag are raised; then all in unison give the Pledge of Allegiance. From this formation the boys in the work section go to their respective jobs and the school section begins its march toward the school building.

The boys who go to school in the morning exchange places with the boys in the work section in the afternoon.

From 8:00 to 8:20 A. M. is calisthenics time for the boys in the morning school section, and from 1:10 to 1:30 P. M. is calisthenics time for the afternoon school section. This twenty minutes of coordinating exercises keeps the body physically fit and the mind mentally alert, besides the wonderful disciplinary effect it has on the boy.

After calisthenics, each grade is dispatched to its room, where a short devotional exercise is held before regular work begins.

There is no "home work" at our school. All books are left in the school room and the afternoon boys use the same books that the morning boys use. From this constant use you naturally would expect our book bill to be large. On the contrary, it will average less than a dollar a year per pupil.

We have seven grades and seven teachers (all men). Our average teacher's load is between 25 and 40 pupils. We promote twice a year: February and September. Boys are admitted to the institution on the 1st. and 15th. of each month, and in this way we are constantly receiving new boys in the grades. Parole months are January and August, thus the reason for promoting twice a year.

Exceptionally bright boys are often promoted twice a year. We do not have many in this class, but we do have a few who make excellent school records. The I. Q. of most of our boys is not as high as the I. Q. of the average public school child. Most

of our boys were misfits or problem children in their home school, and occasionally we have problem boys too, boys of very low mentality. One "bad boy" has as demoralizing an influence in our school room as the "bad boy" in the public school.

Placing a new boy in the proper grade is no easy task. Each boy is given an intelligence test, and with this result and an achievement test we can usually get him properly placed. Special effort is made to place a boy in a grade he can make, and then require him to do his best. If placed too high he is apt to say, "I can't understand. There is no use for me to try."

Our boys, as a rule, take pride in caring for their books and desks. Many of our desks have been in constant use for more than 25 years, and on examination you will find no initials, flags, etc., cut in the top. This can be credited to the constant vigilance and training of the teacher rather than the inherent desire of the boy to keep it that way. Vandalism is discouraged at all times.

We have no way of judging our attainments except by comparison. We are very proud of our record when we compare the progress the average boy makes in our school department with the progress he made before he was sent to us.

A very small per cent of our boys continue their education after leaving our school. Quite a few take a year or two in high school, but very few finish college. We have a few college graduates whom we are very proud to have had a chance to help mold their lives. As stated before, very few continue their education, therefore we feel it our duty to lay special emphasis on the fundamentals: spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic and English. We believe that if our boys master the "three R's" they will have a pretty good foundation on which to start life anew when they are permitted to return to society.

* * * * * * * *

KNIGHTS OF YOUNG AMERICA

Concord has a thriving youth and young men's organization that ought to extend far beyond the confines of its home town in days to come. Under the guidance of John H. Suther, who for years has been a leader in Scouting, there is a strong, healthy organization,

based upon Scouting, Church, Civic Club and Knights of King Arthur, at work and "going places" in and around Concord. Recently a second Round Table was established in Charlotte, and plans are in the making to establish others in nearby towns and cities.

Mr. Suther and his boys, feeling that boys formerly under his charge as Scouts had outgrown Scouting and desiring to enter as young men into civic life, with a real desire for service, approached one of Concord's citizens, laying before him their desires in these regards. That citizen, having had much dealings with boys and young men, saw in the request made to him to formulate ideas, principles, constitution and by-laws, a real challenge. For weeks he worked upon it, and now a printed booklet gives the whole story.

Feeling that we in this country had learned much by the way that Hitler and Mussolini went after the youth in their countries, this citizen decided to make capital of certain youth enthusiasms, interests and ideals, all for the better order of things in our own land. Also, feeling that nothing permanent could be created unless it was primarily based upon religion, and that what this country needed in the present crisis was a Christian view point in all things, this Order has been built upon four basic principles,—RELIGION, EDUCATION, PATRIOTISM and SERVICE. In its religion it requires Trinitarian belief. But it very definitely denounces racial and national prejudices, seeking in all of its educational requirements and all of its program of service to have a concept of a real spirit of brotherhood. The educational requirements are graduated so that one may go from one degree to another, each new degree simply widening one's knowledge in Religion, Law, Science, Art, History, Government, Service and practical knowledge of how to make and do things. Emphasis is paid to avocational pursuits, hobbies, that will give a man early in life interests that will bring him much pleasure and relaxation.

The ritual and the whole atmosphere of this order are patterned along the general lines of King Arthur's Court, thus bringing young men into regular use of those phrases and those customs that help to promote reverence, chivalry and comely manners.

This is distinctly a leadership, not a reform movement, the members being specially picked, invited, all with the idea of training potential leaders of today into experienced leaders for tomorrow.

It is the desire of this Order so to influence youth and young men now that when they come to that age when they are supposed to assume leadership and responsibility in the Church and in the community they will already have had experience that will enable them to be of far greater service in these fields of action.

For such an organization to be formed here in this School might mean much not only to our leaders of the future but to these same leaders right while they are here in the School. At any rate we hope that many of our "graduates" will in time to come take advantage of such an organization when they get back home.

* * * * * * * *

THE RED CROSS.

The Red Cross is a unique sort of organization. When one thinks of how far reaching it is, and the variety of people taking part in its program, did you ever stop and think of how few criticisms one hears against this wonderful organization? Did one ever hear of any money scandals regarding this custodian and dispenser of millions of dollars? Did one ever hear people talk of politics in the Red Cross? Or favoritism? Of petty dealings? We have not. And we believe we know some of the reasons.

The aims, the program and the deeds of the Red Cross are pitched upon a high plane, so much so that it makes an appeal to the best of our people. The voluntary helpers, the lack of niggardliness in handling funds, yet the careful accounting for everything spent and the quality of work demanded even of voluntary helpers,—these are some of the appealing features of this wonderful movement. And it is a "movement", for the simple reason that it steadily goes forward to bigger and better accomplishments.

We have said may times, "Be at any gathering of the Red Cross, be it in committee meetings, large gatherings, banquets or what not, and you have only to look over the group there present to assure yourself that among that group you find your community's ablest, most dependable and most patriotic, not to mention the unselfishness and the wide-awakeness shown by these worthy citizens."

WONDERS OF THE PAST

By H. Paul Caemmerer

We should be interested in nations of the past because our civilization is based upon theirs; we are a part of it. There is an attempt made at the present time in some countries to discredit what the past has achieved for the welfare of mankind and offer to the world a new way of life. Yet there are six thousand years of recorded history that must be taken into consideration, and a better course would undoubtly be to consider and study the nations of antiquity with a veiw to profiting by their experiences. The wonders of the past also have their message.

We include in these wonders our Bible, which has come down to us through the ages. It contains a definite assurance of a life hereafter, an eternal life, which is to continue beyond our three-score years and ten, more or less, on this planet. Therefore the Bible may well be considered our most valuable inheritance from the past.

The leading nations of former days all had, in one way or another, a belief in a life hereafter. Perhaps the Pyramids of Egypt stand as the most outstanding example of it. About 1880 there were discovered five pyramids at Sakkara, sixteen miles south of Cairo and five miles west of the Nile, containing religious texts dating from 3000 to 2600 B. C. These texts have come to be known as the Pyramid Texts, and are the oldest religious texts in existence. The walls are covered with several hundred lines, chiselled in stone, of inscriptions containing hymns, prayers, thoughts of a future world and a life therein—a glorified Egypt in which their king was to dwell in a land of trees and flowers, beautiful gardens, meadows and great rivers. The "Bible" of the Egyptians was the Book of the Dead, which included numerous thoughts on immortality that were taken from these Pyramid Texts. Also, one of the chapters consisted of a rigorous set of questions asked of the departed Egyptian by forty-two judges, representing the forty-two ancient provinces of Egypt. To determine his fitness in the presence of Osiris, his heart was weighed in a scale and had to balance the feather of truth. The hundreds of objects that were placed in the pyramids and tombs were to serve the Egyptian in the future world.

Similary there was unearthed in a royal cemetery in Babylonia in recent years a tomb of a nobleman, together with the remains of the members of his court who died with him so that they might render service to him in the hereafter. From that same region out of the far distant past came the exclamation of Job: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

The word Paradise comes to us from Persia, an Oriental word meaning a park or recreation ground, a Garden of Eden. The gods of the Greeks dwelt on Mount Olympus and the Muses on Mount Parnassus. The Romans deified their emperors at death. Both Greeks and Romans erected numerous temples in honor of the gods. Unfortunately they did not have a revealed religion, which Christianity has given to the world.

Religion had a prominent part in

the lives of the people of ancient times, and a number of the monuments in existence are evidences of that fact, consisting of temples. statuary, paintings, votive offerings. Thus art has been the handmaiden of religion. "Art confers immortality in a sense. A noble, artistic representation immortalizes the cause symbolized, the thought embodied, the individual portrayed."

The first person to enlighten us on places mentioned in the Bible was Saint Helena, the mother of Constantine. Her aim was to locate places prominent in the life of Christ, so she made a pilgrimage to Palestine in A. D. 325, when nearly eighty years of age. She was instrumental in having the Church of the Holy Sepulchre built in Jerusalem, and the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, the oldest church in Christendom, and where Jerome spent the last years of his life translating the Greek and Hebrew Bible into the Latin language known as the Vulgate. He died in Bethlehem in A. D. 420. By his translation he introduced the treasures of the Eastern Church into the West.

During the Middle Ages anyone who had visited Palestine and brought back a palm was called a palmer, and it was one of these palmers, Peter the Hermit, who in 1095 aroused a crusading spirit throughout Europe. This resulted in a number of expeditions, known to us as the Crusades, undertaken by the Christians of Europe, including kings of England and France, for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. They resulted in the capture of Jerusalem and the establishment of a Christian kingdom in Palestine in 1099.

Then followed the great cathedral building age in Europe from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries. Thus today there are such great monuments as St. Peter's in Rome, St. Mark's in Venice, the Duomo in Florence, the cathedrals of Seville, Pisa and Milan, and numerous others in France, England Spain and other countries.

The Renaissance of the fiftheenth and sixteenth centuries was a revival of the art of Greece and Rome, and many of the great masterpieces of the primitives—the artists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries —and of Raphael and Michælangelo —illustrate Bible themes. Before the invention of printing, about 1450, the stories of the Bible were told either orally or in sculpture and painting.

About 1760 the excavations by Winckelmann at Pompeii and Herculanuem, brought to light remarkable works of art of the Hellenistic Age, which followed the reign of Alexander the Great (325 B. C.) over an empire subsequently taken over by the Romans. The New Testament was written in Greek because of the widespread use of the Greek language in the time of Christ.

Early in the nineteenth century a student and scholar of Andover, Massachusetts, Edward Robinson was seized with a desire to identify places in Palestine mentioned in the Bible, and for the first time a trained scholar, possessed of a sound cricital method in historical and topographical research, explored Palestine. This was in the year 1838. He is regarded as the founder of Palestine exploration. and his great work, "Biblical Researches in Palestine," in three volumes, published in 1841,

is "a quarry book in which investigators will dig for a long time to come."

The "Father of Assyriology," in which Babylonia is generally included, is Sir Henry Rawlinson, who joined the East India Company in 1827, organized the Persian Army in 1840-1842, and conducted extensive excavations in Assyria and Babylonia. It was he who discovered and copied the most notable Triumphal Monument of Darius, at Behistun, which with its cuneiform Assyrio-Babylonian, Elamite and Persian writing, has served as the Rosetta Stone of these Oriental nations. In 1845 Sir Austen Layard conducted extensive excavations at Nimrud, the ancient Nineveh, and discovered thousands of clay tablets, which are now in the British Museum, as are also gigantic winged human-head bulls and lions. He published his researches in a notable book entitled Nineveh and Babylon.

In recent years, that is the early part of the twentieth century, the German Oriental Society conducted extensive excavations in Babylon under the direction of Robert Koldeway; the University of Pennsylvania under Dr. Hilprecht, and the University of Yale, under Dr. Albert T. Clay. At present the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago is conducting excavations in both Babylonia and Assyria, and in Palestine, especially at Megiddo, on the great highway near Nazareth, between Egypt and Assyria.

The archæological work that has been done in Egypt goes back about a century and a half, from the time Napoleon took a group of scholars with him during his conquest of Egypt in 1798. The first great treasure found was the Rosetta Stone, in 1799, which years later, in 1822, was translated by Champollion, a French scholar, and which has given the key to the learning of the ancient Egyptians. Among other notable Egyptologists to be mentioned are Maspero, Mariette, Lepsius, De Morgan, Flinders Petrie, Howard Carter, who discovered the Tomb of Tutankhamon in 1922; James Henry Breasted, most notable Egyptologist of this country at the time of his death in 1935, and George Reisner of Harvard University.

Early in March news was received of the discovery of the Tomb of the pharoah Psou Sennes, second king of the twenty-first dynasty, by the French Egyptologist Pierre Montet, at the site of the ancient city of Tanis, west of the Nile delta, built by Rameses II. The pharoahs of the twenty-first dynasty ruled Egypt at the end of the Rameside period, that is about 1000 B. C. This makes Psou Sennes a contemporary of King Solomon, and some think he was Solomon's Egyptain father-in-law. It is thus believed that the discovery will reveal interesting information concerning Egypt and Palestine not hitherto known.

In Asia Minor and in Greece various archæological societies of different nations, mostly Great Britain, France, Germany, and also the Archæological society of America and several universities, and certain individuals, have been conducting investigations. Best known perhaps is Henry Schliemann (1822-1890), excavator of of the sites of Troy and Mycenæ. Born in Germany, he became a citizen of the United States in California the year that state was admitted to the Union, 1850. While clerk in a

store he read the Iliad and was seized with a desire to find the site of that ancient city. He made considerable money as a contractor during the Crimæan War, and in 1870 began to explore and excavate, at his own expense, the ruin-heaps of Hissarlik in Troas, Asia Minor. He continued the work for twelve years, maintaining that it was the site of ancient Troy. In like manner he commenced in 1876 to excavate the site of ancient Mycenæ in Greece. The results of his extensive labors were later published in monographs.

Sir Arthur Evans, in 1893, conducted singularly successful excavations on the island of Crete, where his investigations have carried Mediterraneah civilation back to at least 2000 B. C. He points out a relationship with Egypt that is remarkable.

On the mainland of Greece several nations, through archaological societies, have conducted extensive excavations during the past seventy-five years. The Academy at Berlin, 1870 to 1880, spent $250,000 at Olympia; French explorers worked at Delphi, 1890 to 1900; the British School at Sparta; and the American School at Corinth. German excavators made remarkable discoveries at Pergaman in Asia Minor. In 1924 the University of Michigan, under the direction of Dr. D. M. Robinson, conducted remarkably successful excavations at Antioch in Pisidia. He discovered an acroteria, which proved to be that of the Temple of Augustus. This led to the unearthing of a great city, including a grand stairway, on whose steps Paul and Barnabas must have walked. Of course, as can be inferred, these discoveries in Asia Minor, these discoveries in Asia Minor, Greece and Rome, have added to our knowledge of the *New Testament.*

Ancient Rome is a story in itself. Our interest in it is fostered by the American Academy in Rome, incorporated by the Congress of the United States in 1905, where numerous leading artists of this country have been trained.

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A SWARM OF WORDS

The Frenchman was disgusted with the English language. "For example," he remarked, "take the word 'crowd.' This means a lot of people. That is easily learned. But a crowd of ships is termed a fleet, while a fleet of sheep is called a flock; on the other hand, a flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves called a gang, while a gang of fish is called a shoal. A shoal of bullocks or buffaloes is called a herd; a herd of soldiers is called a troop; a troop of partridges is called a covey; a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde. A horde of logs is called a heap; a heap of oxen is called a drove; a drove of blackguards is called a mob; a mob of robbers is called a band, and a band of bees is called a swarm!"

A swarm of words must be an essay.—Exchange.

HOSPITALS, PHYSICIANS AND PUBLIC HEALTH

(Stanly News and Press)

Since health is of primary importance to all citizens, the current issue of the University of North Carolina News Letter, the principal topic of which is the title of this editorial is of particular interest. North Carolina has been making a tremendous amount of progress in health work, both public and private, but there appears to be room for considerable improvement.

In 1911, there was only one county in North Carolina with a full-time health organization, but in 1940 there are 76 counties, out of 100, which have such organizations, according to the News Letter. For several years in the early days of county health work, North Carolina ranked first in the number of counties served by full-time health organizations, and has always ranked near the top in this respect. Only three states were ahead of us in 1933, and three in 1938.

In the matter of hospital beds, per 1,000 population, North Carolina ranks 45th in the roll of states, which is not such a good showing. Even South Carolina ranks 42nd. New York has 14.01 beds in all hospitals for each 1,000 inhabitants and Mississippi 4.39. North Carolina has 5.05 beds per 1,000 inhabitants, while the national average is 8.9 beds, or nearly twice the North Carolina average.

The *News Letter* also gives an interesting table on the number of inhabitants per physician licensed to pratice medicine in North Carolina, and figures for each of the counties in the state are given. The population figures used are for 1930, while the number of physicians listed are as of June 1, 1939, which would mean that there are actually more people per physician than is shown.

In 1936, according to this table, North Carolina ranked 46th among the states with one praticing physician per every 1,346 inhabitants. In the list of counties, Durham ranks first with 186, or one for every 261 inhabitants. This is undoubtedly explained by the large number of doctors at the huge Duke hospital. Tyrrell county, 100th on the list, has one physician for her 5,164 inhabitants.

Stanly county ranks 43rd on the list, with 21 physicians, or one for every 1,439 inhabitants. This does not quite equal the state average.

With medical science doing more and more for the human race, it would appear that North Carolina needs more and more physicians and hospitals. However, the bright part of the picture seems to be her full time health organizations which practice a great deal of preventive medicine. Perhaps continually increasing efficiency of these organizanations will reduce the need for physicians and hospitals to the point where the differences between state and national averages will not indicate what the present figures today undoubtedly indicate—that many persons who need medical attention are not getting it.

PINONS FOR YOU

By Doris Gale

In New York you may buy a little bag of small, smooth, brown pinon nuts in a delicatessen or a confectionery store or, measured out in a wooden cup, from a pushcart vendor. Purchasing this familiar treat is a very casual process for, you see, that bag of southwestern sunshine and romance costs you but a penny.

You may buy pinon nuts elsewhere, but New York is the most important ultimate outlet for the nuts in this form. In Albuquerque, New Mexico, several shelling companies have recently gone into the business of preparing pinon nuts for use in the making of candy. This angle of the trade seems to be on the increase, for shelled pinons have "caught on." But probably there will always be people who enjoy cracking their own nuts.

Pinon nuts are a most interesting product, a strangely little known industry. The harvesting of pinons is said to be the greatest of all "wild" nut crops. The trees from which these seeds fall are actually dwarf nut pine trees. They do not bear regularly, but New Mexico, eastern Arizona, and southern Colorado are always the main centers of production. Consequently, the chief marketing are Gallup, Magdelena, and Alburquerque.

Generally good crops may be expected about every three or four years, but they sometimes vary as to section. Somewhere, in some southwestern forest, a good crop usually occurs every other year. Many old-timers cling to the belief that fair harvest may be made only after seven years, though the facts have proven this a fallacy. However, so uncertain is the pinon nut crop that sections have been known in which good crops did not occur for fifteen years.

Forest rangers on the national forests are of great assistance to the pickers and dealers of this unique industry. Each year the rangers make an early advance report as to the prospects of that year's crop on their respective ranger districts. This helps in locating the producing areas in time for the pickers to make an early start on the harvest, though they come from some distance away. Buyers have their own scouts, too; and these men make their crop estimates months in advance.

The bumper crop, the largest ever gathered, dates back to the year 1936. But that really is not so far to gaze backward past small harvests, when we consider that this has been a commercial industry for about twenty-five years, and that the Indians have used pinon nuts as a food item for many years more. In 1936, the bumper crop showed a total of eight million pounds for which the pickers received about seven hundred thousand dollars. An average amount for a picker to gather in a single day is about twenty pounds. A pound contains from fifteen hundred to two thousand nuts. Consider, then, how swift and sure the fingers of pinon nut harvesters must be. Anyone may pick the nuts, and when children accompany their parents, the family's average jumps considerably. Pickers are usually paid from eight to twelve cents per pound of nuts.

In New York pinon nuts are sometimes called Indian nuts, though usually without any understanding of the reason for this nickname. Navajo Indians and Spanish-Americans make up the largest body of pinon nut gatherers. It is an important source of income to the Navajos, particularly; and they have the reputation for being the best and most efficient workers.

The harvest usually begins in September or October. The pine cones, after developing for two years, then mature. They open of themselves and the pinon nuts, or large cone seeds, are released to fall to the ground. At the same time, the pickers are beginning to arrive, for news of the best producing sections has already come to them. The length of the harvest season will vary. When there is a good crop, it takes a heavy winter snow to drive the pickers away. Several times Navajo Indian harvesting groups have been caught by the snows some distance from the reservation and without sufficient stocks of provision. They were trapped, but soon rescued. However, after the snow melts, in the springtime, nuts are often left on the ground. They are picked up then, but not the moist ones; for these would probably spoil in storage.

During the harvest season, in Autumn, Navajo families come together prepared to spend the many necessary weeks on the spot. They travel in wagons. Camp is made in the center of the woodland, with pinon branches forming the side walls of their hand-made shelters, and a canvas held on top by poles. A campfire is made inside. Other pickers come in cars and trucks, using ordinary tents as living quarters. Then there are the family groups who, living near by a pinion harvest, go into the woodlands on holidays, making the days a combination of picnic and extra money earning. There are individuals, too, who may leave their regular jobs for the pinon season, finding it more profitable.

There are several approved methods of picking or harvesting the crop. When the cones are just opening, early in the season, a canvas or blanket may be spread on the ground under a tree, and the branches shaken to drop the nuts. This is considered one of the quickest and easiest ways. Later, the pickers sit under a tree in the midst of a veritable bed of nuts, and work both hands busily along the ground. Old lard cans are used to hold the handfuls.

Some pickers sweep or rake (with homemade brooms and bamboo rakes) the nuts together, thus making piles of needles, litter, and nuts. Later, they eliminate the debris by putting the matter through screens of pinon wire, or hardware cloth. This is much quicker than the hand picking method.

Very interesting and ingenious machinery has been created by these harvesters, in the pursuit of speed. One such item is a suction machine similar to a vacuum cleaner, having an eletric motor and a nozzle that moves slowly over the ground picking up the nuts. The inventor spent five years perfecting this device.

That is the story of the harvesters. After they take their sacks of pinon nuts to the nearest reservation trading post, and turn them in in exchange for clothing, blankets, and provisions, the pinons have several more journeys to make. The trading posts sell

them to wholesale companies in the nearest towns, in sacks of about one hundred pounds. Then, in car lots of about forty thousand pounds each, the pinons are shipped to market. Though other cities do receive some, New York takes about ninety per cent of the marketed crop. Before you get them, the pinons have been roasted and, incidentally, sterilized. In some cases they have also been polished.

The Southwestern Forest and Range Experiment Station of the U. S. Forest Service has recently begun a study of this tree, and is carrying on experiments to increase the yield by the culture methods of thinning, pruning, and water conservation, as well as by plant breeding. This industry is one of growing importance.

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SHOES

The ancient Egyptians wore the high-heeled shoe, originally invented by the Persians to get as much of the foot as possible out of contact with the hot sands of the desert.

During the fifteenth century shoes ended in points which grew longer and longer till they had to be stuffed with moss to keep the wearer from tripping over them. When they reached 18 inches in length, the points had to be held up by chains fastened to the thigh or the knee.

The clergy, during this period, raised objections to the style, because the long points prevented people from kneeling in worship. Eventually Parliament limited the front overhang to four inches.

King Louis XIV, of France, wore a pair of solid platinum shoes on special occasions. Cardinal Wolsey, during Henry VIII's time, performed church ceremonies while wearing shoes of solid gold. Louis XV, of France, wore a different pair of shoes for every waking hour of the day.

King Henry VIII—noted for his many wives—began the fad of broad-toed shoes. He was afflicted with gout, and this was the only type of shoe he could wear in comfort. All who pretended to be of importance in his court imitated the style; the toes of this type of shoe eventually reached a width of from 10 to 14 inches. Parliament finally passed a law restricting the toe-width of shoes to 8 inches.—Fact Digest.

THE ISLAND WITH THE WRONG NAME

By Pauline Tyson Stephens

Greenland is not green, and not much of it is land. Whiteland, or Brownland would have been a more appropriate name for this large island than Greenland, but regardless of the name, Greenland is a most interesting land. In many respects it is one of the most remarkable places in the world.

Lying northeast of Canada, out in the far northern end of the Atlantic Ocean, the island is so far north that it is almost entirely within the bleak Arctic Circle. Outside of Australia, Greenland is the largest island in the whole world. It would just about cover our state of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas. So we can see that with only a few thousand inhabitants, Greenland is not very crowded.

The formation of Greenland is an interesting story in itself. Long ago the place where the island now rises was only a huge sheet of ice on top of the ocean. Then somewhere back in the distant past, volcanoes got busy. In great gulps the fiery monsters spat and fumed and spewed until they blew up rocks enough to form a heap above the top of the ocean's surface. At some points the rocks were piled into mountainous peaks as much as two miles high.

We have said that Whiteland might be a more appropriate name for this large island called Greenland. For there is a very special reason. Fully three-fourths of the island's surface is covered with a gigantic sheet of solid ice. Imagine, if you can, a cake of ice large enough to lie over the top of several of our own states put together and you will have an idea of the enormous size of the sheet of ice that covers most of Greenland. In some places the ice is more than half a mile thick.

This great sheet of ice does not all stand still. At regular intervals, huge lumps of the ice break off from the main sheet, and slip down the sloping sides of the land. Then, with a mighty plop, they fall into the Atlantic Ocean. These lumps we call iceburgs. Once in the ocean, the iceburgs are hazards for ships that are sailing across the Atlantic. They have been the cause of many shipwrecks in the past. Nowadays, the crews of ships watch carefully for iceburgs, and try with all their might to avoid them.

Even Brownland would be a suitable name for Greenland. The small part of the island that is not covered with ice is covered with brownish-grey lichens and mosses, so that it seems to give an impression of all shades of tan and brown. Only in a few spots of the land not covered with ice do you find bright colors. This is because of the extreme cold. The temperature is only slightly above freezing even on the longest summer day. Perhaps the flowers cannot resist a whole summer of days that are more than twenty hours long, even though these summer days are cold, for all along the coastland of Greenland, dozens of varities of flowers

relieve the brownish shades of the land.

Because of the cold, agriculture is impossible in Greenland, but the strong, yellow-skinned natives of the island do like their vegetables. and are able to grow radishes, broccoli, lettuce, and turnips.

Vegetables are not the main diet of the Greenlanders, for fish is as much a part of their daily diet as bread is a part of ours. Because of the long coastline, the main industries are whaling, sealing, hunting, and fishing.

Not all of the polar bears in the world are in the zoo, for a good portion of them are still in Greenland. The bears have the company of auks, eider ducks, seals, reindeer, and jackrabbits. The skins of animals help furnish clothing and shoes for the people.

Had you been wondering just why this place that is not green was named Greenland? More than a thousand years ago Eric the Red sailed from Norway and discovered the huge icy island now known as Greenland Then is had no name. Eric the Red was not very careful about the truth, so to persuade the people of Norway to move over to the newly discovered land, he described the place as one that was luxuriant and green. But like most untruths, the untruth about Greenland was soon discovered.

However, the appealing name of Greenland was enough to induce several thousand Norwegians to settle there. They took their high type of civilization and the Christian religion with them. So now in Greenland there are several Christian churches that were built five hundred years before Columbus came to America.

The present-day inhabitants of Greenland are Eskimos, with the addition of a few Europeans. They are kind, good-natured, honest and intelligent people.

Greenland, despite its ice and cold, holds an important place in the affairs of the world.

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A SWISS PAPER DESCRIBES SOME CHURCH MEMBERS

From high up in the Alps comes an editorial paragraph from La Vie Protestante that is well worth reading because it reminds one of some folks to be found in the United States of America. Surely all nations are akin.

Here is the paragraph in question:

"When you have a toothache you go to your dentist. When you have a pain you go to your doctor. When you need a pair of shoes you go to a store. When you have any important affair, you upset your routine and go to your banker, lawyer, notary, government office, or the principal of your children's school. But when you have something wrong with your soul you stop going to church, stay at home full of bitterness and wait for years for your pastor to call on you. When he arrives you heap reproaches upon him. Is it normal? Your pastor has office hours, and a telephone. What are you waiting for?"

—N. C. Christian Advocate

A CURE FOR JITTERS

(Selected)

Before prescribing we relate an incident that occurred when we were very young and inexperienced in the ministry. In connection with a funeral service on a hot August day, one of the mourners was suddenly taken with what to us looked like a dangerously violent fit. Her relatives seemed similarly alarmed and promptly acted on our advice to summon a physician. When the latter arrived, he dismissed six of us who were engaged in holding his patient, and himself impressed her into quiet. His manner implied that she was in no physical danger and cessation of attention by the friendly neighbors was the signal for her to go quietly to her room. She was the victim of hysteria.

We relate the incident at length, because we suspect that the state of mind popularly known as "the jitters" may be real or "imagined" in the sense of cure. One very frequent kind that we have met in the most casual way recently is that which takes form of nervous and disconnected conversation about subjects that none of us can really explain to the satisfaction of an inquirer. For example we met this last mode of jitters on September 2, when a neighbor woman accosted us at the street corner as we waited for the street car. "What did we think of the war?" "Of the Germans?" "Would we (America) get into it?" and "When would it end?" Now we have asked ourselves all those questions and found them very complicated and in fact unanswearable. We admit our ignorance and resume the routine of our work.

For the kind of jitters that is induced by over-concentration on unexplainable situations, the best cure is a plunge into the activities of an occupation in which we have full confidence in our ability to do the work. It may be one's routine of office, shop or household. Maybe we should go for a walk or attend a meeting. Sometimes payment of a social obligation to a friend (a visit) "snaps us out of it." A recreation properly chosen is a cure.

Church services are both cures and preventatives. Relative to much that is of vital concern to us here on earth, we do not have the answers. Only God is the ruler of destiny, individual and national. He is very capable—worthy of our entire confidence. The Church's prayers and Scripture sets us into His way of life and calms our troubled spirits.

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The look without is an index of what is within. It is hard to conceal the thoughts of the heart.—Shakespeare.

JOHN BURROUGHS' COUNTRY

By Paul V. D. Hoysradt

Young hikers and adventurers will today find the Catskill Mountain country,— the region with which the name of John Burroughs, the writer and naturalist, is so closely linked, —an untiring field of exploration. There are peaks to climb, streams to fish in and if you are looking for a canoeing adventure, you might try a trip down the East Branch of the Delaware River.—from Arkville to Hancock,—just as Burroughs himself did one summer quite a number of years ago.

A few miles west of the Hudson River these mountains rise to a plateau 2,000 feet up, which extends westward for nearly fifty miles. Such figures may not impress explorers of the Rockies, but to weary city folk who flock there in increasing numbers each summer, the Catskills offer a refreshing haven of rest and recreation.

There are three ways to enter these uplands and each offers a thrill. The southerly route out at Kingston, which passes on the south side of the vast Ashokan Reservoir, offers the spectacle of New York City's water being shot aloft like snow at the æration plant. The middle route from Palenville to Haines Falls makes an awe-inspiring climb through the Kaaterskill Clove, with hairpin turns and yawning gulfs. The nothern route, due west out of Catskill, culminates in the three-mile breathtaking panorama at East Windham.

However, if you want a mountain to scale you can follow in Burroughs' footsteps and ascend Slide, the highest of all the peaks, with an altitude of 4,204 feet. Hunter Mountain, 4,025 feet high, is the next highest, and there are others which lure young and old scalers toward the blue zenith. From any summit the vast. trackless wilderness unfold for miles and miles, and the realization dawns of how large a part of our country is still unhabited—quite untouched by man.

Catskill villages are small for the most part, but some have a unique interest. Chief of these is Woodstock where artists swarm each summer, their bright smocks adding color to the church-crowned village square. This community has lured distinguished sojourners for some time, not alone painters and sculptors, but musicians and writers. An art exhibition goes on there all summer, changing every two weeks. In the early days the late George Bellows was a resident, and Eugene Speicher —to mention one of many—is painting there today.

There are many places—Tannersville, Hunter, Fleishmanns, Pine Hill and Stamford—which seem given over to boarding houses, but escape from the city throngs is easy when the wilderness lies so near. Stamford has become society's summer capital. Catskill, on the Hudson, was once the home of Thomas Cole, who painted the mountains long before any artist invaded Woodstock.

One of the loveliest valleys lies along the East Branch of the Delaware. It was down this stream that John Burroughs made his boating trip a good many summers ago. Inside of a week he built himself a boat,

a flat-bottomed scow of pine, twelve feet in length; the sides were made of three-quarter-inch stuff and the bottom of light half-inch material. For the voyage he carried old blue army blankets, a rubber coat, boots, fishing-tackle, a revolver, cooking utensils and provisions.

The first day he made only eight miles and his venture seemed somewhat cheerless, with wet clothing and all. But later he ran into companions along the way,—two boys racing on rafts who dropped their floats to voyage with him a distance. At another town where he had to go ashore to mail some letters, a group of boys led him in triumph up the street as if he were a New World explorer! His trip ended at Hancock after he covered fifty miles in all. The adventure was chronicled in his volume "Pepacton."

Whether traveled by canoe, afoot or by car, this valley is as delightful as it looked to John Burroughs long ago. A fine, new highway passes through such curiously-named hamlets as Shavertown and Shinhopple, and each turn affords some new vista of beauty. Houses and cars are few, but nature has outdone itself, with a succession of lovely hills amid lush, green meadowland.

No visit to the Catskills is complete without taking in the view from "the old Mountain House," not far from Haines Falls. This is the panorama to which Carl Carmer devotes a chapter in his recent work "The Hudson." Fenimore Cooper also celebrated it, for Natty Bumpo is supposed to have looked out upon the Hudson valley from this point. It is a spectacle one does not soon forget.

There is another spot, near the village of Roxbury, to which Catskill pilgrims come. This is the high upland field, near his old home "Woodchuck Lodge," where John Burroughs, is buried. A huge boulder looms directly behind the little plot. "Here," the naturalist once wrote. "I climbed at sundown when a boy to rest from work and play, and to listen to the vesper sparrow sing, and here I hope to rest when my work and play are over—when the sun goes down—here by my boyhood rock."

Friends saw to it that his wish was carried out. The roses are still luxuriant in that lonely pasture. On the mountain across the valley the fields run up like a mottled, yellow-and-green checkerboard. Amid the peace and beauty of these hills the spirit of the naturalist still seems to be brooding.

Civilization had better find a way of doing away with war, or war will do away with civilization.—Dr. Preston Bradley.

GREENS FOR HEALTH

By Guy A. Cardwell

Vitamins and mineral salts stored in green things provide cheap health insurance during the winter months. Cows cropping grass, and rabbits nibbling lettuce, have the edge on many humans. By nature they prefer what is good for them—the tenderest shoots and the greenest plants.

If you are training for a marathon or hoping to tip the scales at an additional ten pounds, you won't find the necessary calories in salads. Keep to your beefsteaks and potatoes then. But for the body-building minerals, such as iron and calcium. salad plants are an essential. Thanks to improved methods of growing, refrigerating and transporting, some form of this highly perishable food can put in an appearance at the dinner table every day in the year.

Most important of our salad crops is lettuce with its four types, the crisp head, the butterhead, cos or romaine, and leaf. Though its rise to popularity is recent, lettuce can trace its origin back hundreds of years to a plant carried from Europe to the Himalayas. It derives its name from "Lactuca" of classical times, whose milky fluid served the Romans as a freckle remover and sedative. In the Seventeenth century LETTIS won a reputation for cooling a "hot and fainting stomacke." Crisp head lettuce is the reining favorite in the markets from coast to coast.

On its home ground in the East the butterhead holds its own. Smaller, softer than Iceberg, the main commercial crop of Western lettuce growers and of growing importance with Florida and Carolina growers, the butterhead has straight edged leaves of a rather coarse texture. It gains its name from its tender golden heart leaves. Not so handsome as its western rival, the butterhead makes up in flavor for what it lacks in looks.

Of the several varieties—White Boston. Big Boston, Unrivaled, May King—Big Boston is the only one offering competition to Iceberg in the carload movement of lettuce and then only in limited areas.

Cos or romaine is another heading lettuce. This tall thin member of the lettuce family comes to market in the spring and fall. Its elongated head is composed of narrow leaves, bleaching from medium green at the outside to creamy white at the center. Thick midribs give the leaves a crunchy, full body, and flavor is rich.

Leaf lettuce is not grown extensively in a commercial way. Market gardeners, in some sections, like to grow this plant because of its hardy nature, and greenhouse leaf lettuce finds a ready sale at Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and certain Eastern markets. But both the straight-edged, smooth-leaf type of leaf lettuce and the Grand Rapids variety with its wavy, tightly-curled green leaves, are losing ground steadily to the heading lettuces.

Lettuce makes exacting demands wherever grown and by whatever method. It requires good soil rich in organic matter, sufficient water, plenty of fertilizer, a large amount

of hard labor, an even temperature, and protection from its worst enemy—excessive heat. Even after the heads have been cut, they call for special care until they are delivered at the customer's doorstep.

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Be wiser than other people, if you can, but do not tell them so.—Chesterfield.

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A LETTER TO EMMA

By William Roberts

Emma Rueben laid the magazine down with a sigh. Life was so different in the stories, she thought bitterly. The mothers who lived between the pages had fine homes and shining furniture. Servants did their world. They spent their days at clubs and their nights at parties. Not one had to live in an unpainted farmhouse with a sagging barn behind it, with ducks teetering through the yard and chickens roosting on the porch and the tang of a pigpen in the west wind.

None of them had to clean eight lamp chimneys every morning. Their children didn't trudge along a muddy country road to the ramshackle township school. Their husbands weren't farmers who just managed to muddle along with the mortgage each year. Those mothers were accomplishing things: they led the great causes; they gave their children a real heritage; their lives were fruitful and rich. But hers?

Emma looked down at her faded apron with its neat patches. Somehow it struck the keynote of her whole life, poor goods (An old sugar sack, bleached to take out the printing) faded and patched to make do. Her strong brown hands clenched and the big chapped knuckles whitened. Yes, there it was, her life spelled out in letters of faded shoddy; her days a patchwork of dusty fields and crowded kitchen, her evenings blocked out in the squares of sewing and mending. And then some day the worn garment of her life would be folded and laid away. What chance had she for the shining hours of the magazine mothers, with their white hands and lovely clothes, their ease and luxury, their rich and fruitful living? The injustice of it all!

The kitchen door was flung open and banged against the wall as a chubby eight-year-old darted into the room and tossed her battered schoolbag on the table.

"Mom, oh Mom, where are you, Mom?' she squeaked excitedly. It was Jane, the baby of the family, home from the township school.

"Here, Janie," called Emma from her low rocker beyond the range. "And how did it go today?"

"Swell, Mom, I got a hundred in spelling. And looky, I made it for you in drawing today." Jane shook

her black curls out of her eyes as she struggled with the straps of her bag.

"It" was a huge, violently colored Thanksgiving turkey cut from heavy paper, with a cardboard stick at the back to make it stand upright on the table.

"It's beautiful, Janie. I'll keep it always." Emma's voice was soft and warm. The little girl snuggled in her lap, eyes shining.

"I love you, Mom." And in that glow of tenderness Emma was content.

But as she drudged from grey morning to lamp-lit dusk those dull November days the aching discontent with her harried, crowded living returned and grew stronger. What was she getting out of these years of scrubbing and washing, of cooking and baking and preserving, of patching and mending without end? When all was done and her body ached with weariness, what would her children have but a place to eat and sleep and clothes to wear? For them no shining doors would open wide; no heritage of greatness would be theirs. How could God give so much to some mothers for themselves and their own, and give so little to her and hers? What had they done to be left on the fringe of the crowd?

The children noticed the difference and wondered at the separation of her spirit from their own. Dave, the eldest boy, proud of his job in the village general store, would come in, his hair wind blown, his cheeks red with the cold, without his usual shout. Andy and John, the twins who helped their father with the farm, forgot their practical jokes and even remembered to wipe their feet when they came in from the barn, a sure sign that something was wrong. Rob, his touseled hair glinting in the glow of the lamp as he bent over his schoolbooks, would glance at her covertly, a line between his brows. Ralph, her husband, stout and rosy-cheeked and kind, would look up from his catalog and watch Emma as she stared idly into the distance over her sewing. There was a restless wind in the house.

Then one evening at the supper table the solution to Emma's wondering came. The boys were talking about the chicken dinner the ladies' aid was giving that Friday night. "It won't seem like much without Pastor John," said Dave, wistfully. All the boys missed the young minister who had been friend and companion and confidant for six years past, but had accepted a call to the university church in the state capital.

Emma remembered the honest, homespun friendliness of the minister. How he'd come into the kitchen with his red jacket and hunting cap, his gun over his arm, and tease her for cookies. How gay and happy the dinner table was when he'd stay for a meal. And how his steady guidance had helped the twins through dark places and put them on their feet again. Pastor John could set things right for her.

That evening Emma took the ink bottle and pen and writing pad to the kitchen table and laboriously composed her letter. Her fingers were stiff from lack of practice, and it seemed the words were stiff and awkward too. But Emma was putting her heart on paper and Pastor John would understand.

Once Dave had mailed the letter the days dragged as Emma waited for the answer. Finally it came. She took the thick, heavy envelope from the mail box by the road, pushed down

the little red tin flag, and took the letter to her favorite rocker by the range.

"Dear Emma," it began, "What amazed me most about your letter was that it was so untrue. And that's not like you, Emma. Some kind of fog has settled over your hill. I hope it lifts soon, for you aren't happy and cannot be until you face life squarely again and realize the treasures at your hand.

"For instance, you say you're 'poor.' Why, Emma, you're the richest woman in the world, with a husband and five children who love you as they do. Your wealth is in the hearts of your family—a blank which will never fail. Their love will make your dreariest day a garden of hours. I've seen your eyes when Jane put her chubby arms around your neck and curled up in your lap. Then you knew as I do that such affection and trust is the greatest treasure in the world, and you wouldn't trade lives, even for a minute, with anyone.

"You say, 'Our home is so shabby and worn.' Have you never seen it as I have in the winter night, with its glowing windows pouring their gold across the snow? And as I'd come nearer my steps would quicken because I knew the warmth and welcome which was there.

"Bob would be at the dining room table, his hand shading his eyes as he did his homework under the big lamp. Jane would be standing by her father's shoulder as he helped her with her sums. I can still hear him saying, 'No, no, Janie, it goes here, see?'

"Andy would come in from the barn. We could hear the thump, thump, of his heavy boots being shucked in the kitchen.

"John would be lying on that comfortable old glider you wanted moved to the attic, but which stayed in the living room because, as you said, it was six to one against you. But you didn't really care. It was such a comfort to sink down in its familiar hollows and be at peace with a tired body.

"A crunching of the snow outside and a tap at the window meant Dave was home from his work at the general store. How you worried because he was always so late for supper on days when the freight came in. Soon we'd hear him sweeping the snow off his boots on the back step. Then in he'd come with a rush of cold air, that cheerful grin on his face, his hair mussed from the wind. Remember how you fussed because he'd never wear a hat, even on the coldest days?

''Super ready, Mom? he'd ask as he bent to kiss you.

''In the oven for you, Davy,' you'd reply. 'I'll have it ready for you in a minute.'

"'Swell,' Dave would chuckle, 'I'll wash up right away. It's good to be home.'

"Do you know why it was always so 'good to be home,' Emma? Because you made it home.

"'The furniture is so shabby and old.' It is the worn, familiar things we love the best, Emma. Long after your boys are grown and away they'll remember the round, scarred dining-room table at which they did their lessons and played games through the long comfortable evenings. And as they sit at banquets in famous hotels, with fine linen and shining silver, they'll long for the good food, the feasts at home with your mother-magic in them, which made that round table groan.

" 'The children have no chance for fun. I want them to have a good time.' You mean that you're miles from a movie or skating rink and that your home is the play center of the family? What a wonderful thing it is in this harried, artificial age, that you can control your children's recreation for their best.

"Even in playing chinese checkers and rummy at home Jane and the boys have caught from you and Ralph the spirit of the game; fair play, hard play, with not victory but enjoyment as the end. Wherever they go they'll have real recreation, no jangled nerves from defeat or victory, but refreshment from play which is just that. They've learned to play fair and according to the rules. That's more than most folks learn from watching movies and the games which others play. Your children will be ready to play—and work—according to the rules.

" 'All they've known is work since they were little.' They have worked beside you and Ralph, and sharing the load has shown them what real family life is: working together for the common good and enjoying the common increase. You were supremely wise to make them partners then in the farm enterprise: when they knew they would share in the profits of their work they worked with real purpose so that there would be profits. Your custom of talking over the problems of work and life at your evening conferences has given them a practical approach to living most young people gain through bitter later experience. That practical-mindedness and habit of idustry has already borne fruit in Dave's job and Andy's prospects for a position with the state highway crew, over which he's so hopeful.

"And even if Dave should lose his place, as you say he may, with conditions as they are, you've bred in him the courage to keep going after something new. You've taught him resourcefulness to pick up the pieces of his life without crying and to do his best again. That boy is equipped for living, Emma, and you have done the job. You needn't worry about Dave. Any boy who has you for a mother will weather any storm.

"You said, 'We are so obscure and out of the way the boys will have a hard time getting anywhere.' Andrew Jackson came from a backwoods cabin on the frontier. Calvin Coolidge was born in a farmhouse. Governor James was a breaker boy in a colliery, picking coal by hand.

"Obscure? Out of the way? Your boys have the beginning shared by most famous and fruitful men. What others have done they can do as well —if you give them faith in themselves. But you can do this only if you have faith in them, and in yourself, and in God who has given you all this rich store of love and living through the years.

" 'If we were only near an art gallery or library so they could know the fine things of life.' Just show them those changing hills of yours, Emma. The gaudy splashes of autumn, the transparent green of the oats, the lush richness of summer fields, the frost-sharp etchings of winter. There are the originals for the paintings in the galleries. Why need the pictures when you have the models at your hand?

"And of books. Lincoln had only the Bible, but he had the Bible. He had it in his life as well as in his

hand, and he had it so well that with it as his chart of human relationships he guided America through troubled years into calm, under God. Not many books but a good book well read is what helps a boy on with his character. And that is the end of all real reading.

"You feel it isn't fair that you are denied the ease of living some know. Which would you rather do, Emma: buy your little girl a new doll in a store, or give her the rich memory of how you cut off some of your own hair and sewed a wig for her doll when she wanted one with 'real curls'? I remember when you did just that. Jane will recall it with affection when she's a mother, and she'll be a better mother for it.

"And which would you prefer: taking your prim city tots to the zoo for their first view of a cow, or bringing up your children with sympathy for the stock and household pets on the farm? I've seen you lift the soft fuzz of a little duckling in your gentle hands and pet it, and then that tremendous John of yours doing the same. You've taught your children an understanding of nature and animals which will mean for them a rich and tender appreciation of life.

"You think you're obscure and unavailing, Emma. No woman who affects six lives for good is obscure; you're building an empire. Christ changed the world with eleven disciples, and He has given you six. Instead of seeing the drama of life on a stage you're living it with your rich emotions of love and understanding, of sympathy and devotion, of courage and joy. You are really alive. May God bless you in finding His treasures in your hand!"

Emma finished the letter and laid it in her lap. She looked out the kitchen window across the grey fields and saw the sun trace a figure of gold on the quiet sky. Outside the pane a snowbird twittered happily as it searched for crumbs which Rob had thrown out that morning.

Phases from the scattered pages took shape in her mind like gallant little soldiers on parade: .... "building an empire .... instead of seeing drama, you're living it .... a boy who has you for a mother will weather any storm .... you're the richest woman in the world."

The kitchen door slammed and footsteps pattered through the room.

"Mom, O Mom, I got an 'A' in the joggerphy test," cried a glad voice. It was Jane, panting from her run down the lane. Shyly she edged around the stove, remembering.

But what she saw in Emma's face cancelled restraint. Emma opened her arms and the little girl curled up in her lap with a sigh of content. And Emma, stroking her touseled curls, was satisfied. "Lord, I thank Thee," said Emma Rueben.

———o———

Remember when you talk you only repeat what you already know; but if you listen you may learn something.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"An Unexpected Father", a Universal production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the School auditorium last Thursday night.

—o—

The boys are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the Hallowe'en party at the School. This has been a highly delightful event here for several years, and it is expected that this year's celebration will be one of the best.

—o—

Charles Gaddy, of Cottage No. 13, returned from the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital Gastonia, this week, after having been treated for a broken arm. The injured member is still in a cast, but the doctors stated that it was healing nicely.

—o—

During this week many of the officers and matrons at the School attended the Southern States Fair, held near Charlotte, and reported that they enjoyed it very much. We wish to take this opportunity to thank those in charge of the fair for the passes issued to the workers at the School.

—o—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhart Prize for the quarter ending September 30, 1940, as follows:

First Grade—Everett Case, greatest general improvement; Second Grade—John Bailey and Percy Capps, highest general average; Third Grade—Paul Godwin and Calvin Tessneer, highest general average; Fourth Grade—Norman Smith and Ronald Washam, best spellers; Fifth Grade—Currie Singletary, most improvement in spelling; Sixth Grade—James Lane and Beamon Heath, highest average in arithmetic; Seventh Grade—James M. Hare, best in English.

—o—

There was no afternoon service at the School last Sunday, due to the fact that Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, who was scheduled to conduct the service, failed to make his appearance. This was a great disappointment to the boys, for Rev. Mr. Summers has become one of their favorite speakers, and he always brings to them messages that are both interesting and heplful.

—o—

Miss Myrtle Thomas, a former resident nurse at the School, was a visitor here last Wednesday. During the summer months she was located up in the mountains of Western North Carolina, having been employed at the Sylva Hospital. She informed us that after spending some time with relatives down in Lee county, she expected to go to Daytona Beach, Florida, for the winter. During her stay at the School, Miss Thomas made many friends among both boys and officials, and they were all glad to see her on this occasion.

—o—

Frank E. Cobb, a former member of the Cottage No. 2 group, who was allowed to leave the School, April 11, 1938, spent last Saturday night and Sunday here. For about eighteen months after leaving us, he was employed on a farm in Wilson county, after which he went to Wilson, where he assisted a cousin in operating several floor sanding machines. For the

past one and one-half years Frank has been a member of Company M, the National Guard unit in Wilson. He is now stationed at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. In a conversation with us last Sunday afternoon, Frank said that he liked the army life very much. He also stated that he ha attained the rank of first class private and was going to do his best to merit an early promotion. We are glad to report that his wish was granted, for in looking over last Tuesday morning's Charlotte Observer, we noticed a long list of promotions at Camp Jackson, one of them being the advancement of Frank E. Cobb from first class private to the rank of corporal. This lad, now nineteen and one-half years of age, has developed into a very nice young man. While on his recent visit his manner was most commendable. He seemed especially delighted to be able to attend Sunday school and church services with the boys of his old cottage and enjoyed taking his meals with them and mingling with them during recreational periods over the week-end. He seemed very proud of the fact that he was once one of our boys and stated that the training recieved while here had proved beneficial to him in army life.

—o—

James Ford, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 12, who left the School, April 10, 1926, called on us last Friday morning. Upon leaving the institution, James secured employment in a cotton mill at Gastonia, where he worked for about eighteen months. In August, 1928, he went to Boston, Mass., where he shipped as seaman on one of the vessels of the Eastern Steamship Passenger Lines, operating between Boston and New York City, where he was employed for another eighteen months' period. He then became a member of the crew of a tanker belonging to the Standard Oil Company of New York, making several trips to the Philippine Islands and China. Two years later, upon a return trip from Hong Kong, China, to San Francisco, Calif., he shipped on a Texas Oil Company tanker, operating between that port and Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, for about two years. His next sea-going venture was as a member of the crew on a yacht owned by E. L. Doheny, millionaire oil man, of Los Angeles, Calif., spending one season on that vessel. Returning from that cruise, James secured employment in a restaurant in Los Angeles, where he remained for about two years. For the past six years he has been employed as a longshoreman on the docks at San Pedro, Calif., at which place he works as dock man, supervising the unloading of freight from steamers.

James, who is now twenty-nine years old, stated that he liked his present form of employment very much, and, although he still thought a great deal of North Carolina, his native state, he thought California was the place for him, and that he expected to continue to make his home there. He has developed into a young man of fine appearance and has a most pleasing personality. In a statement to some of the School officials he expressed his appreciation for training received here and seemed to take great delight in renewing acquaintances among the "old-timers" on the School staff, who knew him as a boy here.

scj

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending October 13, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(9) Edward Johnson 18
(4) Robert Maples 12
(9) Frank May 18
(2) William Shannon 2
(5) Jack Warren 17
Weldon Warren 16

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) William G. Bryant 10
(2) Everett Case 9
(2) Albert Chunn 5
(2) John Davis 10
Ralph Harris 6
(2) Porter Holder 10
(2) Clay Mize 14
H. C. Pope 10
Jack Sutherland 2
(2) Everett Watts 13
(2) William C. Wilson 15

COTTAGE No. 2

Bennie Austin 16
(4) James Blocker 12
(2) Jack Cline 10
(5) Donald McFee 17
William Shaw 14

COTTAGE No. 3

(3) Lewis Andrews 18
(2) John Bailey 13
L. H. Baker 10
Earl Barnes 15
Clyde Barnwell 12
(2) Grover Beaver 11
(2) James Boone 14
(3) William Buff 7
Kenneth Conklin 8
Jack Crotts 9
(2) Max Evans 12
(2) Bruce Hawkins 10
Roscoe Honeycutt 9
(2) Jack Lemley 2
(2) William Mathewson 13
Harley Matthews 14
(2) Otis McCall 11
(2) Robert Quick 9
(2) Wayne Sluder 9
William Sims 14
William T. Smith 9
(3) Harrison Stilwell 16
(2) John Tolly 12
(3) Louis Williams 15
(3) Jerome Wiggins 14

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Wesley Beaver 11
(3) William Cherry 4
(8) Quentin Crittenton 12
(7) Authur Edmondson 14
(3) Gilbert Hogan 14
(3) John Jackson 14
Edward Jones
(3) Hugh Kennedy 11
(3) George Newman 11
George Speer 3
(20) Melvin Walters 20
(4) John Whitaker 10

COTTAGE No. 5

(7) Theodore Bowles 18
(7) J. C. Bordeaux 11
(5) Collett Cantor 16
(4) Harold Donaldson 12
A. C. Elmore 12
William Gaddy 5
(4) Everett Lineberry 9
(6) Leonard Melton 6
(8) J. C. Reinhardt 18
(8) Currie Singletary 12
(6) Donald Smith 9
Richard Starnes 8
(8) Hubert Walker 18
(7) Dewey Ware 16
(2) Henry Ziegler 12

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Robert Bryson 9
(2) Robert Dunning 9

Leo Hamilton 9
Edward Kinion 6
Melvin Stines 2
Carl Ward 5
(2) William Wilson 7
George Wilhite 5

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Cecil Ashley 12
(2) Reid Beheler 18
(6) Jesse Cunningham 6
(5) Jack Hamilton 18
(4) James Quick 17
William Jerrell 2
(2) Frank Workman 11

COTTAGE No. 9

(15) David Cunningham 15
George Gaddy 11
(5) James Hale 6
(2) Osper Howell 14
Grady Kelly 5
Alfred Lamb 4
William Nelson 4
(7) Harold O'Dear 19
(4) James Ruff 12
(2) Thomas Sands 14
Lewis Sawyer 5
(2) Horace Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) Junius Brewer 14
(3) James Eury 4
Delma Gray 2
James M. Hare 6
(3) Harry Peake 9
Max Newsome 3
(3) Carl Speer 8
Edward Stutts 4
(3) O. D. Talbert 12
Claude Weldy 6
Torrence Ware 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(20) John Benson 20
(2) Robert Davis 7
(4) William Dixon 9
Charles Frye 4
(15) Robert Goldsmith 17
(14) Earl Hildreth 18
(3) Broadus Moore 3
Everett Morris 7
Theodore Rector 17
Monroe Searcy 4
James Tyndall 4

COTTAGE No. 12

(8) Odell Almond 18
(3) Ernest Brewer 15
(3) William Deaton 18
(4) Eugene Heafner 5
(8) Tillman Lyles 18
James Mondie 13
(6) James Puckett 13
(8) Howard Sanders 16
(6) Charles Simpson 13
(3) Robah Sink 16
(6) Jesse Smith 8
Norman Smith 9
(6) George Tolson 18
Eugene Watts 13
(5) J. R. Whitman 16

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) James Brewer 17
(2) William Goins 7
(3) William Griffin 17
(2) Vincent Hawes 13
Douglas Mabry 7
(2) John Murdock 9
(2) Rufus Nunn 2
Randall D. Peeler 9
(3) Jack Wilson 13

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Robert Deyton 15
(11) Audie Farthing 19
(2) John Hamm 13
(5) Marvin King 13
(5) Feldman Lane 14
(7) Norvell Murphy 18
(9) James Roberson 16
(5) John Robbins 16
(7) Charles Steepleton 15
(19) Wallace Woody 19

COTTAGE No. 15

Ray Bayne 4
Wade Cline 3
Beamon Heath 9
J. P. Morgan 8

Eulice Rogers 7
J. P. Sutton 11
Bennie Wilhelm 2

INDIAN COTTAGE

(7) George Duncan 15
(6) Harvey Ledford 11
(5) Thomas Wilson 14

———o———

DOES IT HAVE TO BE THAT WAY?

The other day I read an article informing me that the best way to increase my brain power was to look at familiar objects such as doorknobs or radiators and ask the question, "Does it have to be that way? Could I make it better?"

Whether my brain power is growing I cannot tell, but I am having a lot of fun. You should try it.

You must not be discouraged if your first answers seem rather silly As you go on to examine other objects, you may find that you have "got something." Perhaps your discovery will revolutionize modern industry. Perhaps not. Whether you make a startling discovery or not, it is a fascinating sort of solitaire.

Try it on your furniture. What is its purpose? What does it do? Could you imagine a better way to do it?

Look at your work. What do you do? Why? Is there a better way to do it?

While you are at it, look at yourself. Ask yourself whether you are fulfilling the purpose for which you were created. Do you have to be as you are, or could you be improved?

—Selected

THE UPLIFT

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TRAGEDY

To be a slave when one might be a king, to walk low roads when one might tread the high, to crawl when one might just as well take wings, to take the slime when one might have the sky; to mingle with those whose lives are cheap when with the sons of God one might commune, love the shallow rather than the deep, to choose discord rather than the tune; to dwell in swamps when one might brave the height, to have a hovel for the heart and miss the golden dome where it might dwell in light—is there a greater tragedy than this?—Clarence Edwin Flynn

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

HALLOWE'EN

Did you ever see a witch
  A-riding on a broom?
Or ever see a pumpkin face
  A-grinning at the moon?
Did you ever see a pussy-cat,
  As black at it could be,
Go hurrying through the alley,
  Then scamper up a tree?
    'Twas Hallowe'en! 'Twas Hallowe'en!

Did you ever see a man
  With such a scary face,
With eyes that never winked or blinked,
  But stared right into space?
With a great big mouth from ear to ear,
  Some weedy kind of hair,
And teeth that looked so very strange,
  Because they were not there?
    'Twas Hallowe'en! 'Twas Hallowe'en!

Do you like to see such sights,
  Or do they scare you some?
Can you laugh and call them funny,
  Or does fear strike you dumb?
Well, if you're not just as bold and brave
  As you would like to be,
You'd better stay right in your home,
  And go to bed like me,
    On Hallowe'en! On Hallowe'en

—Elizabeth Witmer Locke.

HALLOWE'EN

The name, Hallowe'en, or All-Hallows-Eve, suggests a relation to religious faith and ceremony. It is the eve before All Saints' Day, November 1st. When the custom of setting apart days to commem-

orate the dead who had been elevated to the rank of saints in the calendar of the Church had gone on until there were not days enough to keep pace with the process of canonization, it was decided to commemorate on one particular day, all those who had no day of their own. Originally the day chosen was May 14th, but subsequently it was changed to November 1st.

Thus while there is a suggestion of a church festival in the name Hallowe'en, the festivities and customs that mark its observance have their root in the picturesque ceremonies and the pagan faith of ancient Druids. Long after the introduction of Christianity into Britain the simple country folk believed in fairies, witches and goblins who plotted against men in the shadows of old ruins or in the forest depths and so late as the seventeenth century farmers were accustomed to make a circuit of their fields on the night of October 31st, with a torch in hand, chanting a doggerel rhyme, thinking thus to protect their crops for the year against the wiles of these superhuman agents. Also, because unseen magic powers were believed to be so active on this night, it was thought to be a particularly propitious time for inquiring into the future and learning what fate held in store. It was supposed that these secrets were revealed in connection with the cracking of nuts, ducking the head into a tub of water for apples, dropping melted lead into a goblet, eating an apple before a mirror, pulling kale, etc.

* * * * * * * *

PRESIDENT FEW OF DUKE

Institutions make men and men make institutions. Sometimes it is difficult to know which is true when some man of note passes. President Few might have passed merely as a conscientious, devout and capable professor of English, if he had never been elected as president of Trinity College to succeed the late Dr. Kilgo, when the latter was elected Bishop. Dr. Kilgo was a man of great parts. Such a man evidently made those to whom was entrusted the power to elect his successor feel that a man of special ability should succeed Dr. Kilgo. They took one of the faculty, a man more or less obscure so far as the state and nation were concerned. They seemed to have made a very wise choice.

President Few was not a man well known in the State, as an

orator, statesman, or a man leading in any movement outside the University. But he seems to have everlastingly stuck to his immediate job, making a great success of it. Mr. Duke must have felt the ability of the man when he left that immense sum of money to endow Duke University. And from all accounts it certainly seems that this man, Few, was a genius of no small proportion. From a rather obscure college Trinity has grown into Duke University, of national significance, bringing to its faculty and to the hospital men of the higest renown in the nation. And the man at the helm deserves most of the credit for the way he has steered the ship wisely along its course. So the "power behind the throne" has thus worked ceaselessly and brilliantly until he was able to see one of the most pretentious groups of buildings amidst a campus adequate for much greater growth, and best of all under a staff in academic, medical, theological, law schools that measures up to the highest standards,—with a hospital that does its extensive deeds of mercy to thousands each year. What a monument to the trust imposed upon a man who made good!

And along with all this the humanity of the man drew friends galore to his side. All the result of quiet consecration to one's duty!

* * * * * * * *

A LIFE OF GREAT SERVICE.

This past week Charlotte and many people throughout the State and to regions far beyond, mourn the passing of Dr. James P. Munroe, at the venerable age of 83. With a life of varied experiences one sees evidences of the strength and the quality of his extraordinary personality. Descended from a distinguished Scottish ancestry, his forebears having been teachers of anatomy in the University of Edinburgh for a whole century, the first one beginning in 1700, this man of genius and a big heart devoted many years of his life, in fact from 1884 to 1914, teaching in Medical Schools. When the School of Medicine in Davidson was combined with the University College of Medicine in Richmond Dr. Munroe moved to Charlotte where he has led a most active and useful life as a specialist, and often times as a practicing physician.

We know of his interest in country people whom he served regardless of any compensation commensurable with what he regularly received for his services. His rounded life is attested by his avocational interests. Music had a great hold upon him. For awhile he directed his church choir in Davidson. Athletics, especially football, gave him an outlet for diversion and recreation. As a leader of men his skill was shown in the way that he did his part in the organization of both the Presbyterian Hospital and the Sanitorium, in Charlotte. He was instrumental in organizing two cotton mills, and was a director in two banks. Besides all these he held membership in most every Medical Society to which it was an honor to belong. Both Davidson and Duke conferred honorary degrees upon him

Here, then we find a landmark, an example of what it can mean for any young man to apply himself wholeheartedly and to live mainly for God and his fellow man. May his soul rest in peace. He fought a good fight. He kept the faith. His course has been well-finished.

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HOW DO NORTH CAROLINIANS DO IT?

When one gets far away from home the sight of a car license from his own state gives one a thrill. When one hears anyone mention a town, or by chance sees some familiar face, regardless of the fact that such a face is the merest chance of an acquaintance,—there is the immediate desire to stop and talk and keep on talking.

Last May while at the National Social Welfare Conference in Grand Rapids, as we wandered about the great exhibit hall, stopping in wonder at all the many organizations of uplift and welfare, and beholding the interminable books, pamphlets, pictures and charts that had to do with the advancement of various societies bent upon promoting their particular organizations, we would see a multitude of charts, some of them showing certain states of the nation in red, we would go up and say, "My, we hate to behold our own state in the red!" "What do you mean?" came in apparent amazement from the keeper of the special display. "Don't you want your state to be an honor one? That red means on the Honor Roll." Our tone of voice would immediately change, as our heart would beat

just a bit faster with justifiable pride. When the man or woman in charge of the booth would ask, "Which is your state?" our answer must have been loud enough to be heard far down the line.

They would say, "We social workers from other parts of the country continually cite your state of North Carolina as one of the most progressive in the nation. Tell me, how do you do it?" That was a question answered only in terms of our own estimate, some of our own people perhaps differing with us; but as quick as a flash we tried to summarize as follows:

Ours is one of the most homogenous states in the Union, racially, socially, religiously and politically. There is no dominating church or political element there demanding how a person shall vote. We have a remarkable set-up in our Greater University with a most liberal and capable president. This means that sociological training has assumed a major role among young people at college. This began back yonder when there were other liberal leaders in our colleges. We have a Dr. Odum at the head of the University's School of Social Work, at Chapel Hill. He and his colleagues have for years talked at all sorts of gatherings, and at last their writings and their organized efforts have borne fruit many fold.

Then I told them about our wonderful high school debates, how all sorts of sociological as well as political and economic topics were assigned for debates each year, and not only did these produce well-informed young boys and girls through their research, later to go further into the various subjects important for social uplift, but likewise the educational value for the body politic who in thousands listened to these debates all over the state, was beyond estimate.

So there you have it. At least a part of it. You readers may naturally have other contributory remarks to make. This has been written to stir up your own thoughts on the subject as well as to arouse your pride to a more intensified degree.

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IT IS BOUND TO MAKE US FEEL GOOD

When our friends go over the state, particularly the local clergy who have preached to our boys, the boys naturally remember them, and when they run up, introduce themselves, and ask questions

about the School, the personnel, all with eyes a-sparkle, showing very definitely that they hold a real affection for the School,—do you blame us for feeling better for having expended the efforts day by day here to produce a condition that will make the boys later feel as we hear they do? One minister tells us he has had during the past three months two instances of this.

Only a few days ago a "grad" returned. He asked to march into the auditorium to Sunday service, along with the "gang", and not with the staff members. The same young man wanted to be allowed to go down in the basement at night and mingle with the boys. "But take this pack of cigarettes first", he said. "They might ask for a smoke, and I want to say that I haven't any." So it may be some of our lads have caught on what we are after.

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AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL CITIES

The following, clipped from an exchange, presents a fine example that is worthy of note. We should do something for the youth of the land so as to discourage vandalism and implant in the hearts and minds of all the spirit of conservation.

New York City has begun a drive against juvenile vandalism in its public schools. Last year 253,400 square feet of glass alone were destroyed in the school buildings, besides the breaking of locks, rifling of desks and stealing of school supplies. Instead of using force and threats the city, under the leadership of Justice Jackson, as head of the Bureau of Preventive Treatment for Juvenile Delinquency, has launched a campaign of constructive contests among the school children. The first contest calls for the selection from among the pupils of a "model for a statue of the typical American boy." For this purpose the Bureau is asking the pupils for 50 to 100-word essays on the typical American boy, each essay to be submitted with a picture of the sender. Out of the twenty-five best contenders a model will eventually be chosen and a statue carved that will become a standing award "to the elementary, junior high or senior high school showing the greatest decrease in vandalism" during the next year. The winner of the contest, acting as model, will receive a medal bearing an imprint of the sculptured figure. This is just a current illustration of the old aphorism about honey and vinegar.

CHEMURGICAL MAGIC TRANSFORMS COTTON

By Jerry T. Baulch in Charlotte Observer

Don't be surprised to discover cotton in almost anything you buy from now on—all the way from wallpaper to ice cream to ash trays.

Chemurgic magic is writing new chapters in the romantic and almost unbelievable story of the South's No. 1 crop.

Flexible glass, wood that can be bent around a pencil without cracking, costume jewelry to match milady's expensive gowns, newsprint—all made from cotton; it sounds like a scientist's day dream. But it's all real; they're items chosen at random from the hundreds of new products in which cotton is finding a place.

Prof. P. K. Cameron, of the University of North Carolina, is conducting experiments having for their aim that not only the cotton boll but the entire plant be harvested like wheat. Then from the cellulose it yields, we'll have brightly colored handles for automobile doors, drapery fabrics, viscose sponges, ornamental braid glimmering in ladies' hats and shoes, washable book-binding, frames for mirrors, soda straws, gowns of rich cellstar velvet, bales of rayon yarn and mountains of paper.

These are products now made from "linters," short fibers removed in the processing of cottonseed.

European blockades and curtailment of purchases have shrunk cotton exports to less than a third of their former bulk. From a pre-war average of shipping 52 per cent of America's cotton abroad, exporters will send out less than a sixth of this year's estimated 12,000,000-bale crop.

The government has on hand a carryover of 8,000,000 bales. An additional surplus of 2,000,000 bales this year will place on hand an entire year's crop.

So cotton merchants—seeing the handwriting on the wall for themselves and the 2,000,000 small cotton farms spread over 16 states from Virginia to California—have turned to the chemist to find new uses for their commodity.

A $500,000-a-year advertising campaign, to be conducted by the National Cotton council through a contribution of five cents a bale on cotton and two cents a ton on cotton seed by mills, was launched to maintain established home markets.

The campaign, given an impetus by years of chemical advancement, is turning to hundreds of small items. Not one in itself is providing a vital market, but all combine to open a potentially vast market.

Out of experiments have come such fancy things as a moisture-proof cigarette tip and colored to match lipsticks (It's colorless for men).

Prosper Ingels, Dallas hotel pastry chef, in co-operation with the National Cotton council, recently introduced ice cream, made with special meal and extract from cotton as a base.

A yet undeveloped field has been opened in plastics through fellowship experiments at the University of Tennessee. The work has produced

ash trays, cigarette cases, automobile fixtures, bathroom tile, jar tops and countless other articles manufactured with cotton linters.

Most important of all new uses have been developed in the construction industry, whose rising fortunes cotton men hope will prove a boon to them.

A big obstacle was hurled with the development of a flame-proof cotton, used for insulation and sound-proofing.

Then the cotton chemist found the answer to buckling plyboard. He introduced a wood, cemented to cotton, so tough and flexible that it could bend around a pencil without cracking. Used as the outside panel of plyboard it holds its share.

By the same process a glass, divided into a series of squares, has been developed for use in homes and offices. It can be curved around posts and irregular ceilings.

Simultaneous with these, a process was developed for using cotton as a means of cementing steel and wood so securely that water cannot penetrate between them. It is finding its way into the manufacture of furniture.

The Mellon institute, sponsoring graduate fellows in cotton research at the University of Pittsburgh has made a casein glue for plywood by abstracting protein from cotton. Not yet on the market, the method used produces more protein (similar to that obtained from skimmed milk) than has been secured from any vegetable.

The Cotton Textile institute has introduced a house with walls of plywood faced with strong cotton duck both on the interior and exterior. Floors and roofs of the houses are duck-covered, and the fabric, like that of the plywood walls, is made both fire and waterproof. It has a variety of colors suited to individual tastes.

As a boon to parents bothered by childish ingenuity for marring walls, the finish given cotton walls is both stain and spot-proof and may be washed without harm.

Manufacturers introduced in July at Jackson, Miss., a cotton roofing, shingled in appearance, but made tough through a cement or asphalt inpregnation. Applied wet, the monolithic roofing seals itself into a waterproof shed within a few hours.

The national defense program, with the necessary construction of cheap but large army barracks,, door for the use of cotton building.

The AAA, seeking to encourage cotton construction, has launched several programs to subsidize manufacturers who market cotton-made products. For instance, a second-year subsidy has been announced for cotton insulation. On this alone the AAA last year gave six cents a pound on 6,700,000 pounds of cotton.

The industry is hitting in its own backyard by campaigning to put cotton bales in cotton wrapping instead of jute.

Cotton canopies are being used extensively for fumigating tobaacco, for curing concrete highways. The weather-proof qualities of cotton are making it adaptable for bagging sugar, flour, salt and various other commodities.

Ever since Grandma started wearing fewer petticoats, cotton interests have been waging a fight to convince women that cotton dresses were just as stylish as silk and men that cotton-made suits would wear as well as wool.

But only recently has the movement borne fruit, thanks largely to an aggressive advertising campaign

by the National Cotton council.

Styles and fabrics have been made to conform to current tastes.

Mellon institute researchers have developed a synthetic cloth that can compete with the other low-priced synthetics.

Threatened in the heavy duty tire field by synthetics—especially rayon —the Cotton council recently announced the developement of a "stronger, more resistant and longer-wearing" cord for use in the manufacture of high speed and heavy-duty tires.

Paper now may be made directly from cotton, instead of rags, through elimination of a heretofore prohibitive stiffness in the lint .

Even newsprint has been developed from cotton. Although the cost of manufacturing keeps it from competing with the woodpulp industry, cotton men think that in this they have a future market.

Out of it, cotton men say, must come salvation for the cotton industry—or else?

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OUR LITTLE WORLD

All of life's activities may be summed up in the one word "experience." And that storehouse of knowledge which we term "experience" is really a "dictator" on the throne of judgment, for it is therefrom that we draw the power to arrive at conclusions and to make decisions.

It seems that each of us live in a little world all our own which is bounded by our physical, mental, and spiritual abilities. As long as we operate within the boundaries of our own sphere, we get along very well, but when it is necessary for us to get "away from home" it is then that we feel our weaknesses and our need for help from other sources. This is not idealism but facts as they pertain to the average man and woman. And that brings us to the point that all men are dependent on each other for protection and security in their struggle for light and knowledge. When we get beyond our own little world we must seek direction from those in whom we have confidence. Every individual needs at least one dependable ally with whom they can converse freely when such need arises. Choose that ally for his knowledge born of experience, for his honesty of purpose, for his loyalty to duty.

Armed with the power of competent and dependable counsel, the scope of our own endeavor increases, and the area of our own little world becomes greater and greater.—Loyd Rime.

THE HARD WAY

By John H. Cowles

A checkup of prominent American business and professional men reveals that many of them gained prominence only after years of hard work. They came up the "hard way." Early in life these men learned that the rewards of business are received only in proportion to the amount of sincere honest work that is expended. That means in most cases, "Six days shalt thou labor," and sometimes the seventh day was not free from work. They found success not easily achieved.

The lesson is hard, and can be learned only by experience. So hard, in fact, that most of those who labored and sacrificed to achieve success want to spare their sons similar experiences. "I want my son to have all the opportunities denied me when I was young" is a common statement by self-made men. I wonder if they have forgotten that this labor and sacrifice put them where they are today.

The question now arises. Will the advantages they give their sons comcompensate for the disadvantages of a soft and easy life? In other words, it is possible that these so-called advantages are really serious handicaps.

A young man who grows up in ease and luxury, while he may be intelligent and likeable, cannot have any conception of what work really is. He cannot know the value of money, nor realize what "earning a living" actually means. His education may be academically complete, yet leave him totally unprepared to make his own way in the world.

Business leaders auureciate this situation. And it is becoming increasingly evident that the boy who has been forced to work his way through school has "the jump" on the boy who breezes through college on his father's checkbook. More and more business firms are turning toward men who have earned at least part of their education. The reason is obvious. A boy who has to work for his education is is more likely to work for his employer.

The attitudes and habits picked up during these formative years inevitably leave their mark. A soft life and easy habits, picked up in adolescent days, can easily carry on through life. The ability to do hard work and like it, to stand alone and unafraid, must be developed early in life.

The hard way still produces high caliber men.

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What you put in your head is very important. What you deliver out of your head is still more important.—Selected.

DAWN LIGHTS THE PEAKS

By William A. McGarry

Baxter Brown was skimming quite delightfully through the night sky, as many other businessmen travel today. Only this was not a business trip. He and Mrs. Brown had zoomed away for a trip around the world —at last! And, as he stretched out comfortably in their aerial stateroom, his spirits still were aglow with the acclaim shown him at the banquet of a previous hour—an exhilarating, satisfying occasion on which he formally retired from the gigantic enterprise he had built up, and for which he had won fame. Soon, in the restful atmosphere, he and Mrs. Brown were startled by a soft and lovely voice close by.

"Fear not, good friends. I am the Goddess Clotho, who, since ancient time, has been known in song and fable as the spinner of the thread of life. You doubtless have heard of my sisters—Lachesis, disposer of lots; and Atropos, the inflexible one, who cuts the thread."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Brown, "you are known as the Three Fates."

"I am with you always," continued the voice, "spinning your thread of life. But this night the power shall be given unto you to witness many men, in many places, some even in other times. And what you shall see and hear . . . ." But the voice trailed away indistinguishably.

Almost immediately, the Browns were looking in on a tiny shop where a slim, young man in the clothes of forty or more years ago, was heartily busy at something, alone. Mr. Brown recognized him as the chap of whom some of the townsfolk spoke as being a "no-account." Some even called him a lunatic. In an instant, the scene changed, and showed the same man as he looks today, and just as busy, though nearing eighty! The Browns knew him as one of the world's richest men, and famous for years as the head of the world's largest automobile factory. Brown only recently had expressed his wonder to Mrs. Brown why Henry Ford had not quit long ago, to take life easy, as they were just starting to do.

The scene blanked out strangely, and the rhythm of the plane's propellers blended into the hum of many machines in a giant plant which took shape quickly before Mr. and Mrs. Brown's gaze. And, as they looked, they saw an old friend, E. J. Kulas, nationally known steel magnate of Cleveland—the man who, they recalled, retired years before. Then, shortly after, he had taken over new duties. And now he was busier than ever before! Brown remarked about that too.

The plane nosed into a cloud just then, and as it emerged, the Browns saw beautiful buildings set in the midst of rolling, Pennsylvania farmlands. "Why, there's 'Hershey's folly,' as the people called it when it was built near the turn of the century," Brown said. "Remember, Martha? Milton Hershey sold his caramel business at Lancaster for a million dollars, left for a trip around the world with Mrs. Hershey, tired of that in a few weeks, returned here, and built this place."

"Yes, I remember," Mrs. Brown responded. "He built this huge chocolate plant and deeded it in trust to

support his home for orphan boys nearby, for their care and education. And the boys will conduct the plant when they are big enough to provide the labor and executive ability, I am told. There is Mr. Hershey now, working as hard as he can. Odd, isn't it?"

Many other men and times appeared to the Browns as their plane droned over the sleeping country. There was Sewell Avery, who had made a name for himself—and a fortune, too—as builder and salvager of big businesses. Yet as the Browns looked, they were surprised to see him now actively engaged in rehabilitating one of the big mail order houses, and busy in other equally outstanding accomplishments!

Of a sudden, an old Boston acquaintance focused into view—Martin Lomasney. And they watched him with his party organization planning another political campaign, though they enjoyed a big victory just the day before. "In fact," Brown remarked, "Lomasney has always worked that way for a quarter century at least, though he long ago had all the glory 'most anyone could wish. Why does he do it?"

Now, the two were attracted to an old man walking briskly along a highway. Scrutiny revealed him to be Edward Payson Weston, the man who became famous forty years earlier as the first to cross the country on foot. Here he was, at seventy-six, halving his previous record! And, as the scene changed, they saw him again at eighty-four—wearing out far younger men while demonstrating the easy way to cover long distances, in miles and years.

The succeeding view disclosed a kindly old man just before he passed away at eighty-two. He was lamenting his own incompetence to do more —though he had earned and given away eiight million dollars. "Why, that's Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Must be, judging by the pictures I have in a book I read called Acres of *Diamonds*. I know he also has won honors and position as a soldier, journalist, lawyer, lecturer, and—oh, yes, minister of the Gospel, eduator, and founder of Temple University in Philadelphia."

Finally, as hints of the dawn started to tinge the horizon, a stately and scholarly voice came in over the ethereal waves in the stateroom. Brown had heard that noble voice before—years ago—delivering ponderous opinions in legal battles brought to the highest court in the land. It was the voice of the beloved old Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, now glorified.

"Justice Holmes was well over the Biblical three-score-and-ten, was he not?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Yet he carried on busily thirty or forty years after he could have retired with honors and wealth, measured any way you please!"

The dawn lit up the peaks in the course ahead. Just then there too broke upon Brown's consciousness a dawn that revealed peaks of hitherto unaccomplished feats.

"To live is to function; there is no other way." It was the voice again, speaking loudly in Brown's ear.

"Hear that Martha? Live, live! See yonder—the peaks! the peaks! Ah, life has just begun!"

TREATMENT OF THE FLAG

(Morganton News-Herald)

We have commented in times past regarding the need for learning anew the proper respect and treatment of the American flag. The current wave of patriotism has resulted in the frequent display of the national colors and the use of the flag as an evidence of pride in citizenship.

The younger generation knows little of "flag etiquette", many of the older heads have forgotten the rules in the years in which what few flags there were in the country were stored away in closets.

Writing in the Charlotte Observer, Sam Justice couples a few "do's and don't's" with a brief history of the flag and its background. From him we quote in part:

For some 163 years the Star Spangled Banner has waved "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," the proud and sacred symbol of the freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which our nation stands. The design, with 13 stripes, representing the 13 original states, and a star for each state of the Union, dates from June 14, 1777, making it among the oldest national flags in existence.

There were several attempts at flags before the one adopted by Congress on June 14, 1777. These included the pinetree flag of Massachusetts, the South Carolina rattlesnake flag, with the inscription, "Don't Tread On Me," the Great Union flag, and others. The stars and stripes flag served as the official flag until May 1, 1795, when Congress increased the number of stars and stripes to 15 upon the admission of Vermont and Kentucky. An act of Congress on April 4, 1818, reinstated the original flag of thirteen stripes with one star for each state.

The inspiring name of "Old Glory" was given the American flag by Captain William Driver of Salem, Mass., in 1831. The words were his salute to a beautiful new flag presented to his ship when starting a voyage around the world.

The symbolic meanings of the colors in the flag are suggested in a remark by Will Barton, designer of the seal of the Confederation, attached to the description of his design in 1782; "White signifies purity, innocence; rel, hardihood and valor. Blue is the ground of the American uniform, and this color signifies vigilance, perseverence, and justice."

The name of this daily effort was borrowed from the pledge of allegiance to the flag, which runs "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

The eighth star in the first row of the flag represents South Carolina, while the twelfth, or fourth star in the second row, represents North Carolina.

There is no federal law in force as to the manner of displaying, hanging, or saluting the flag, but there are numerous regulations and usages of national recognition. Because of irregular and careless methods of displaying the flag, a National Flag conference was called by the American Legion on Flag Day, June 14, 1923, at which representatives of the principal national patriotic fraternal, education-

al, and civic organizations met in Washington to draft an authentic code of flag etiquette. Some of the rules adopted by the conference follow:

The flag should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset. It should be displayed on national and state holidays and on historic and special occasions. The flag always should be hoisted briskly and lowered slow and ceremoniously.

When used on a speaker's platform the flag should be displayed above and behind the speaker. It never should be used to cover the speaker's desk, nor to drape over in front of the platform. When flown at half-staff, the flag first is hoisted to the peak and then lowered to the half-staff position, but before lowering the flag for the day it is raised again to the peak.

And here are some additional do's and don't's in displaying the flag.

Do not let the flag touch the ground, deck, or water. Do not place any emblem or object of any kind on or above the flag except the authorized head staffs.

Do not drape the flag over the hood, top, sides, or back of a vehicle, train, or boat. When displayed from a vehicle the flag should be from a firmly fixed staff.

Do not use the flag as a portion of a costume or dress. Do not put lettering on the flag.

Do not use the flag in any form of advertising or fasten any advertising to a pole or halyard from which the flag is flown. Displaying the flag upside down is a recognized signal of distress.

During a ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag, or when it passes in a parade, all persons present should face the flag, stand at attention, and salute. When not in uniform, men should remove the headdress with the right hand and hold it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart. Women should salute by placing the right hand over the heart. The salute to the flag in a moving column is at the moment the flag passes.

REVELATION

I went seeking an unutterable Word,
To lift me out of the gloom,
And heard a mocking-bird sing,
On an apple tree in bloom.
I sat longing for ineffable things,
To satisfy my deep hunger,
And saw a mother bird hide a brood
From lightning and thunder.
I bowed, asking a Divine revelation,
To illumine my way to God,
And at my feet a shy violet
Lifted its face from the sod.

—Dr. Joseph Fort Newton

HALLOWE'EN IN THE GLEN

By Myrtle J. Trachsel

It was Hallowe'en and the moon was full. Hazel wished—Bursting rudely upon her thoughts came her young brother's voice, "Boy, it looks like the big ones are going to have all the fun tonight." He was putting away his supper as rapidly as possible. "Jimmie and I went out with his big brother, Tim, to lay the fire for the young folks' frolic in the glen. Tim knows just how it ought to be to bake potatoes in the ashes, and they'll have doughnuts and apples, and sandwiches and coffee. We rolled logs up so they could sit down while they tell ghost stories. Everybody has to tell one."

Mrs. Sims looked across the table at Hazel. "Are you going, dear? They would be so glad to have you.

Hazel shook her head. Later as they were washing dishes, Mrs. Sims said, "I think you are making a mistake in dropping out of the class, Hazel. You need the companionship of young people."

"I can't, Mother," Hazel cried. "I just can't. I'm not gregarious by nature, and every time I try to mix in I make a fool of myself."

Mrs. Sims sighed but said nothing more. Hazel let her mind travel back over the last few weeks since they had moved to Pendleburg. Previously they had gone from city to city and Hazel, always a stranger, had slipped through the schools without being noticed either by the teachers or the students. She was happy to have it so for she knew herself to be extremely timid. The young people of Pendleburg had been most cordial, and Hazel, to please her mother, had really tried to find a place among them. She had accepted every invitation of a social nature, but the others had so much to talk about, having known each other all their lives, that Hazel found herself a silent listener at every gathering.

She thought of the time she had tried to make a little talk. She knew what she should say, but her tongue stammered and she faltered, swamped in a wave of self-consciousness. Mildred, whom everybody called "Milly." had leaned over and said, "Never mind, dear, let them guess at the rest."

Nor had she been dependable for service work—not after the time she had forgotten to allow for hems at the bottom and top of the curtains they were making for the classroom. How could she be so stupid? The girls stood aghast at the prospect of having one curtain six inches shorter than the others.

"It won't matter one bit," said the matter-of-fact Milly. "We'll sew three inches on either end and the fold will come at the seam. We can take of a couple of seams off of its mate and there we are."

She had stopped going after that embarrassing accident at the party. Her face was scarlet as she relived that moment. Big Tim Walker had rushed up to say, heartily, "Thank goodness, we at last have a girl in the crowd with a little height. Imagine what a relief after having to stoop all these years to hear what the dear little things next the ground are saying."

Hazel stood trying to think of something to say that would not sound too

inane. Too late she saw her plate tipping. The next instant Tim was reaching for it, but he was not quick enough to keep the cup from crashing to the floor. She saw him mop up the brown liquid with his handkerchief before it could stain the rug.

"I wondered why I happened to pick out such an old handkerchief tonight," he laughed. Still Hazel stood staring at the spot. He caught her by the arm. "What's an old cup among friends? I've dropped things all my life." He steered her towards the piano. "Let's show them how to sing these songs."

Hazel could not enjoy the songs. The party was spoiled for her. She thought wistfully of the Hallowe'en frolic in the glen. If she should go disguised in a sheet and pillowcase no one would know her and surely there would be no occasion for her being timid if she were not recognized. She had recently read a thrilling ghost story. Why not go and tell it and then slip away before the disguises were removed? They were going to ride out on a hay frame, but it was only a half a mile to the glen and she could easily walk back by herself. She would go!

Feverishly Hazel hunted for an old pillowcase, cut slits in it for her eyes, and pinned a sheet tight around her shoulders. She dared not give herself time to think. It was a real adventure to creep from the house and walk the two short blocks to Milly's house where the ghosts, grouped about the porch, greeted her with groans and moans.

"Thou art the ghost of my Cleopatra, I would know thee anywhere," said one, crossing to her side.

Hazel answered lightly, pitching her voice high. "Ah, my good Mark. It comforts me that I still have the power to draw thee."

Hazel was amazed at her ease of manner. She looked about but could recognize none of the ghosts except Tim Walker, whose size betrayed him. A hay wagon was driven noisily to the gate, and there were shouts of, "Come on!" "All aboard!"

"Wait until I count you," commanded a voice. "Just to make sure everyone is here. We dont want to leave anyone behind."

Hazel felt dizzy. She would be discovered before the fun started. What would they do when they found she was the extra one?

"One, two—" She could not get away now. "Fifteen, sixteen. O. K. Scramble aboard."

Hazel could scarcely believe her ears. Only sixteen! Then someone had not arrived and she must tell them. Oh, must she tell and be disgraced? She glanced about uncertainly and saw Tim Walker coming around the corner of the porch. He had disappeared when the counting started, and that accounted for the count sixteen. Had he recognized her? Or had he made an earlier count and decided to let it go at that, not knowing who the extra one might be? There was no time for further thought. Tim had grasped her arm and was hustling her towards the wagon. She was boosted aboard and in a moment was sitting in the soft hay with her feet hanging over the side of the hay frame.

"Is everybody settled?" "Is the food all here?" The questions were addressed to no one in particular, and no one took the trouble to answer. Soon the horses were trotting along a country lane in the moonlight. Someone started a song and Hazel joined

in with the others. One song quickly followed another, and it gave Hazel a thrill when she realized she knew the words to more of the popular songs than any of the others. "As well I might," she thought, "since I spend more evenings with the radio than all the rest put together." Nevertheless, there was a warm glow about her heart as she found herself able to lead any song Tim suggested. She was almost sorry when the glen was reached and the hay wagon deserted. What now?

The ghosts circled about the lighted bonfire, laughing and joking. When it had burned down they seated themselves on the logs ready to tell ghost stories while the potatoes baked in the embers. One ghost caught up a twig with a bit of fire at the tip end.

"We'll pass this twig from hand to hand about the circle," he explained, "each one saying, 'The old witch is alive,' as he passes it on. The one who is holding it when the spark dies, must tell the first story."

With shrieks of laughter the stick was hurried from hand to hand. The spark was quite bright when it passed Hazel, but died suddenly on the opposite side of the circle. When the first story had been told and applauded, another twig was lighted and passed in the same manner. The third time the spark died as the stick was pushed into Hazel's hand. Quietly she began to tell of the old Count, his half-ruined castle, the portrait that came down from the wall when the moon was new, the steps that went everywhere with the Prince at night. She thrilled as she realized she could almost make them hear the wind wailing among the ruined towers, could almost make them see the dungeon room with the whitened bones chained to the damp walls.

A shriek broke the silence that followed the story, and Hazel knew her story was a success. She had done one thing well! Someone raked a potato from the fire and pronounced it almost done.

"There'll be time for one more story before we eat," he said. "Let's have all those who have not told a story race to that tree over there. The last one to reach it must tell the story."

Those who had not yet told them were on their feet and away the moment the word was given, all but one small ghost who had been inattentive. Hazel saw this one take a few steps and then slip away into the shadows. "She saw she would be last and didn't want to tell one," thought Hazel, as she followed after her.

Hazel was intent upon getting away. After the next story they would disrobe and that meant exposure for her unless she could escape unnoticed. The fact that she had not been asked to this party suddenly grew in importance. And close upon this thought came the staggering realization that this was not a class party or there would be more than sixteen. She had counted eight tenor and bass voices about the fire, and each boy had brough ta date, of course. What led her to think it was a class party to which she might have been asked if she had not so consistently refused their invitations? Her face flamed. Oh, she must get away! She glanced back at the group now returning to the fire, laughing and joking. Had they guessed?

So intent was she upon keeping out of the moonlight as she dodged from

shadow to shadow that she quite forgot the other ghost that had slipped away until she heard the crackling of dry sticks, a faint scream and a clatter of tin cans. What was that? The group around the fire had not noticed. Hazel dodged behind a tree, listening.

"Oh come somebody! Quick!" a voice called, faintly.

Hazel stared helplessly at the group intent upon the story. Why didn't someone turn? Cold chills assailed her. It was the small ghost who had slipped away. She must see what the trouble was. Perhaps is was nothing serious and she could still get away.

"Help! I'm hurt! Oh—"

The voice trailed into silence even as Hazel called, softly, "I'm coming. Where are you?"

There was no answer to this question. Hazel ran a short distance and came to a hollow. Peering over the bank she made out a white huddled figure below. She scrambled down the bank falling over pieces of old iron and other refuse that had been dumped into the hollow. The figure stirred. "My wrist—broken glass—an artery, I think."

Even in that shadowy place Hazel could see the dark blood stains spreading rapidly over the sheet. An artery indeed! She tore the pillowcase from her head, knotted a strip and quickly applied a tourniquet, twisting it tight with a stick.

"There," she said, breathlessly, "that will do until they can get you to a doctor. Let me tear that pillowcase off of your head so you can get air."

As the cloth fell away she was not greatly surprised to find Milly staring up at her. "I couldn't think of a ghost story so I—"

Weakly the voice trailed off and Hazel realized the girl had fainted. Even in that hurried second Hazel had time to thrill to the thought that Milly the efficient, the ever-ready, had failed while she—. But the feeling of exultation fled with the knowledge she could not escape exposure. She must call for help, and they would soon know she had come to the party unasked. Without a date. She turned a little sick with the shame of it even as she raised her voice to call lustily for help.

Even as she answered the shouts, "Where are you?" "What's wrong?" she found herself grasping at one forlorn hope as the drowning grasp at a straw. Perhaps Milly had not recognized her in the shadowy hollow. If so she might yet escape in the excitement. Her own pillowcase was torn down the front, but Milly's could be held together at the side. Quickly she covered her face as several ghosts waited only long enough to free their heads and arms before clambering down among the tin cans and dumped refuse. Milly was carefully lifted and carried up the incline while Hazel hung back, every faculty alert to find a way of escape. Her heart sank as a firm hand grasped her elbow and propelled her up the bank. That was Tim Walker and she felt reasonably certain he had recognized her. Should she throw herself on his mercy —tell him she thought it was a class party to which everyone was welcome, and ask him to help her get away without letting the others know?

He repeated his question. "How did you happen to find her just in the nick of time?" She ignored the question—"

"Tim, wait a minute. I must—"

As she paused for words a shout went up from the group ahead.

"She's coming to. Buck up, Milly, old girl! What were you trying to do?"

And Milly's voice sounded clearly, "Hazel, I'm so glad you came to the party. Where are you, Hazel?"

"Here she is," laughed Tim, pulling the pillowcase from her clutching fingers.

After the first stab of pain Hazel felt numb and lifeless. She no longer cared. The babel of voices around her meant nothing. She did not clearly understand anything that was said. In a daze she watched them lift Milly to the hay frame and entrust her to a couple of the girls already seated there. Two of the boys were climbing to the wagon seat. Hazel started to crawl upon the wagon. It made no difference whether they wanted her to go along or not. She must get home.

Tim pulled her back. "You have done your rescue job. Now you must help us pull the potatoes from the fire." He turned to the group remaining. "It was Hazel's contralto voice that led the singing, and it was her story that gave us goose pimples. I move you that in the future we avail ourselves of her talents even if we have to put a pillowcase over her head when we want her to perform."

The others laughingly agreed. As they walked back to the fire Hazel found herself saying quite naturally, "Tim, you knew me all the time?"

"Of course. Tall and slender and a graceful walk. Who could mistake you? And your hands were visible all the time. They are long and slender and very expressive when you make those fluttering gestures as you talk. I remember thinking when I first met you that it was a shame you had violet eyes, a fair skin and pretty hair, otherwise your hands would get the attention they deserve."

Hazel's heart was warmed by the sincerity of his tone, but she still felt apologetic. "I did not know this was a date party. I thought it was a class affair that anyone might attend, and I felt that I might not suffer so from timidity if no one knew me."

"It's lucky we have another girl now that Milly is out of it Anyway you would have had a date with me tonight if you hadn't shut yourself up in your shell. It's going to be hard for you to keep us out now that we've had a peep at the real you."

The realization came to Hazel that she felt perfectly at ease as she stood talking to Tim, and if she had conquered her extreme timidity once, could she not do it again?

They came into the firelight and Tim reached for the sheet that still clung about her shoulders. "Here, let me have that gory thing. I don't like the looks of it."

She looked up at him as he stood with his own sheet draped back over one shoulder. His pillowcase had been pushed up and now hung like a stocking cap from his forehead. His appearance in the half light was comical. Hazel laughed up at him. "Whose afraid of the big bad ghost?" she chanted.

One year of self-surrender will bring larger blessings than fourscore years of selfishness.—Henry Van Dyke.

THE HEROISM OF KATE SHELLEY

(The Caswell News)

Transcontinental passengers speeding east or west in luxurious limiteds now cross the Des Moines river, if they travel over the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, on a fine new span of stone and steel, one of the longest and highest of its kind in the west. It is situated between the towns of Boone and Ogden and at almost the exact geographic center of the state of Iowa. It has been named the Kate Shelley bridge, and while perhaps few of the transcontinental tourists know or care it is a monument to an outstanding act of heroism of an Irish section foreman's daughter.

While the newspapers were filled with stories of the brave deed of Kate Shelley forty-six years ago, it has been made part of the archives of the Iowa State Historical Society, and the grateful railroad company has perpetuated her name with its bands of steel and piers of stone, few of the younger generation stop today to think of what the name means.

The Shelley family lived in 1881 in a cottage beside the tracks in the valley of Honey Creek. about half a mile from the Des Moines River. It consisted of the widow and several little children of Michael J. Shelley, an immigrant from Tipperary, who had died three years before.

The family, poor and fatherless, continued to live on in the home provided for the section foreman by the railroad company, doing its best to keep the wolf from the door. Of the little flock of children, Kate then fifteen, was the oldest.

Late in the afternoon of July 6, 1881, a violent storm swept through the Des Moines Valley. It had been raining for days, but this downpour was heavier than the rest and accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning flashes.

Honey Creek became a raging torrent. The rising waters threatened the Shelley stable half way down the road, where the cattle had taken refuge. Kate who had been watching the storm from a window, dashed out, let out the horses and cows to shift for themselves and rescued the little pigs.

There was no sleep for the Shelleys that night. The creek was filled with uprooted trees and fence posts and kept on rising. It must have been 11 o'clock when Kate and her mother heard the rumble of a train crossing the Des Moines river bridge.

It was a pusher engine with a crew of four men which helped heavy trains up the grade on either side of the river. The pusher had been ordered to run between Boone and Ogden and look out for trouble where embankments had been undermined and bridge piling loosened.

The locomotive came backing down the track to the eastward, brakeman and section foreman standing on the running board of the tender peering into the gloom, the engineer and fireman on their boxes. Kate heard the bell toll as the engine slowly went on its way, then suddenly a horrible crash and a fierce hissing of steam as the engine plunged through the broken Honey Creek bridge with its crew into twenty-five feet of rapid, swirling water.

The midnight express from the west was due in less than an hour. Against the entreaties of her mother, Kate, attired in an old skirt and jacket and straw hat, improvised a lantern by hanging a little miner's lamp in the frame of an old railroad lantern and started out into the night. Unable because of the flood to go directly to the tracks and thence to the fallen bridge, she climbed the bluff back of the house, made a semi-circular detour, struck the wagon road through a cut in the bluffs, followed it to the tracks and then to the broken bridge.

There she saw by the lightning flashes two men of the engine crew clinging to treetops. The other two had gone down to death with the engine. So she turned westward and hastened toward Moingona, a mile and a quarter away, to flag the express. But the long wooden bridge across the Des Moines, trembling with the rush of waters, lay between her and the village.

Kate ran, stumbled and crawled along the track in the rain and darkness, wondering if she should be caught on the bridge by the express, or if the engineer should fail to see her tiny light and rush on to destruction. The gust of wind threatened to put out the lantern every minute.

When she reached the bridge the water was swirling among the ties, almost upto the rails. She dropped to her knees and crawled slowly and laborously over the ties, spaced far apart and studded with spikes to discourage pedestrians from using it as a short-cut.

Now and then her dress caught on a spike or gouged her flesh. Halfway across a huge tree was dashed by the current against the structure, its branches sweeping a spot where she had passed a moment before. Every minute seemed an hour, but at last she felt the solid ground beneath her. She stopped a moment to recover her breath, then she set out on a run to the station, a quarter of a mile away.

How she got there she was never able to tell clearly afterward. "The girl's crazy!" she remembered hearing someone say. Then someone recognized her as Mike Shelley's daughter. The whistle of the express from the west was heard as it slowed up to enter the yards outside the town. The train, not scheduled to stop there, was flagged. and the conductor and engineer heard her story. A crew with ropes and rigging went to the rescue of the two trainmen in the tree, guided by Kate Shelley.

The excitement kept up for several days. Kate was overwhelmed with gifts from the grateful passengers on the express. Reporters came from Chicago, Des Moines, Omaha and elsewhere, and the story of her deed was flashed far and wide. Then several days later her strength gave way, the strain had been too great, and for three months she was confined to her bed.

Poems were written about her and she was showered with letters in praise of her heroism. The school children of Dubuque gave her a gold medal. The Chicago Tribune raised a fund for the Shelley family. The Iowa legislature of 1882 passed an appropriation to give her a gold medal suitably inscribed and $200 in cash.

A drinking fountain dedicated to her was erected in a Dubuque park. The employees of the Chicago and Northwestern presented a fine gold

watch and chain to her and the company gave her a pass for life over the road. The trains always stopped to let her off at the humble cottage in which she lived until her death. The company provided for her funeral.

"Every man must do his own growing, no matter who his grandfather was."

NEWSPAPERS

(Fact Digest)

Students of Egyptology assert that the first newspaper was a scarab made and circulated in Egypt in 1450 B. C. However, the first newspaper of which we are historically certain, was the Acta Publica, in the form of clay tablets, begun by Julius Caesar in 58 B. C.

The oldest of printed newspapers is the Peking News which began publication 950 years before the invention of printing from movable type. It is now more than 1400 years old.

Canton, China, imports more than one million dollar's worth of old newspapers yearly, chiefly from the United States. They are used by the merchants of the city as a wrapping paper.

The smallest daily newspaper published is the Daily Bulletin of Tryon, N. C. It measures 5½ by 8½ inches, and is two columns wide and about seven inches deep.

The Cherokee Indians in Oklahoma have their own newspapers printed in their own alphabet. They are said to be the only Indian newspapers ever printed.

Switzerland has three times as many newspapers as Great Britain, yet the British newspaper chains are the world's largest. One British chain exerts control over 177 newspapers in England, Wales, and Scotland.

Newspapers in Shanghai are often rented rather than sold. A paper is delivered first to a person who must get to work at an early hour. When he leaves home, the paper is collected by the newsboy who delivers it to another reader. This procedure is carried on so long that a week later the same copy may be in the hands of a rural reader one hundred miles outside the city.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The motion picture attraction in our auditorium last Thursday night was "Hawaii Calls", an R-K-O production. The boys thoroughly enjoyed this picture.

—o—

Our laundry work has been delayed this week, due to broken and worn-out cog wheels on the mangle. The necessary repairs are being made, and it will not be long until this department will be running again at top speed.

—o—

J. C. Wilson, of Cottage No. 13, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital last week, where his tonsils were removed by Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord. He returned to the School last Thursday and is now recuperating in the infirmary.

—o—

Although showing considerable improvement over previous games, our football team suffered another defeat last Thursday afternoon, when the Oakhurst High School boys, of Charlotte, emerged on the winning end of an 18 to 0 score.

—o—

The boys of several school rooms have been pressed into service this week for the purpose of assisting the regular outside forces in harvesting the peanut crop. They also gathered a nice lot of pop-corn. This reminds us that some of these products will be in great demand at the annual Hallowe'en party, which will be given at the School next Thursday afternoon.

—o—

Andrew Farrell, formerly of Cottage No. 9 and a member of the laundry force, who left the School in 1933, called on friends here one day last week. He is now twenty-four years old, is married, and owns and operates a farm in Columbus county. He had brought a load of sweet potatoes to Chariotte, and on his homeward trip, stopped in to renew old friendships and acquaintances among the members of the School's staff of workers. Andrew had the same old cheerful smile as when a lad here, and we were glad to see him and to learn that he has been getting along well since leaving the institution.

—o—

Rev. L. G. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 18:23-35, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Forgiveness."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner called attention to the fact, how unwillingly some words come from our lips, while others come easily. How difficult it is to speak to someone we have wronged. It is not easy to say,"Forgive me." If someone has wronged us, the

thing to do is to forget the matter and be friends. Some people do not attempt to forgive, but if the Master's word is to be followed, we must do so. Without forgiveness, Jesus would have died in vain; without forgiveness, the beautiful symbol of love would not mean much—it would fade away in the hatred people have for one another. Just as a heart without forgiveness cannot be happy, a world without forgiveness is not going to prosper.

In the parable read in the lesson Jesus speaks of a servant who owed his master 10,000 talents, but was not grateful for being released of such a great debt. The person who expects mercy from the hand of God must show mercy to those with whom he comes in contact. We owe God for everything. We are indebted to Him for the best use of our talents and the ability He has given us.

We are selfish people, continued the speaker. We keep so many things to ourselves when we should consider the needs of others. Man receives power to accomplish things from God. Boys should realize that God has given them talents for doing good in the world, and should early learn the lesson that He wants them to do the things that will make them into good men. At the end of a long life, it is fine to be able to feel that the world is just a little better because of the fact that you lived in it. Rev. Mr. Baumgarner here urged the boys to see to it that the little circle in which they live might be better because they live in it. It is not always best to follow the leader. We should be men enough to do the right thing. If we do so, others will realize that we are stronger because we live the right kind of lives.

Suppose we think of the people of the world today, said the speaker. If we were perfect in every way, we might be in a position to refuse to either offer or ask forgiveness, but no sane person would think he were as good as that. Each of us needs mercy and are lost without God's mercy. Forgiveness is a necessity. It would not do any good to have a person who has wronged us beaten upu or put into jail. We should show the Christ spirit—that of being willing to forgive. The "I'll-get-even-with-you" spirit is all wrong. Instead of demanding revenge, it is our duty to show mercy. It is not always easy to do so, but it is the sure way. The person seeking revenge shows weakness. Too often we are guilty of passing judgment on others.. This is not our power. It is God's right alone. He can see into human hearts and is qualified to judge rightly.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner asked the boys to practice the habit of forgivness, remembering that if we forgive we shall be forgiven. We cannot do this until pride is gone. As long as it remains in our lives, we shall not be able to accomplish much.

———o———

If you are blessed with a sympathetic disposition don't waste it on yourself.—Benjamin Franklin.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL — SEPTEMBER

(NOTE: The figure following boy's name indicates the total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1940.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Mack Bell 9
Aldine Duggins 7
Claude McConnell 6
John Reep 6

—B—

David Cunningham 2
Leonard Franklin 3
Wayne Sluder 2
Charles Widner 2

SECOND GRADE

—A—

John Bailey 6
Velda Denning 4
Charles Frye 3
Milton Koontz 6
Everett Lineberry 3
J. P. Morgan 5
Roy Mumford 5
Hubert Smith 2

—B—

Wesley Beaver 5
Percy Capps 3
Robert Goldsmith 2
Jack Hamilton 2
Winley Jones 4
James Massey 3
Leonard Robbinson
Lewis B. Sawyer 2
George Tolson 9
James C. Wiggins 6
Louis Williams 2
Frank Workman 3

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Paul Godwin 5
Calvin Tessneer 5

—B—

Paul Briggs
Audie Farthing 2
Eugene Puckett 4

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Earl Barnes 2
Elree Gaskins 2
Joseph Howard
Burman Keller 6
Hardy Lanier 7
Melvin Stines 3
Oakley Walker
Ronald Washam 5

—B—

Robert Chamberlain 2
Richard Parker 3
Norman Smith
Horace Williams
J. R. Whitman 3

FIFTH GRADE

(NOTE: Due to the fact that the teacher was away on vacation part of the time, and at other times boys were called on to help out in an emergency on farm, no Honor Roll is available for this month.)

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Harold Donaldson 4
A. C. Elmore 2
J. P. Sutton 7

—B—

Raymond Andrews 3
Ray Bayne 7
Roy Helms 3
Edward Johnson 6
Otis McCall
Fred McLemore 3
J. W. McRorrie 5
J. C. Nance
William Padrick 7
Randall D. Peeler
James Quick 4
Eulice Rogers 5

Thomas Sands 3
Hubert Walker 6
Jack Warren
Dewey Ware 5
J. C. Wilson 3

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Odell Almond
Theodore Bowles 5
Kenneth Brooks
Wade Cline 4
Harvey Ledford
R. J. Lefler 2
Oscar Roland
Charles Smith 5

—B—

Quentin Crittenton 3
Max Evans 5
Richard Halker
Bruce Link 6
William Shaw
Edward Stutts
Thomas Wilson 2

———o———

SPECIFICATIONS FOR A MAN

To respect my country, my profession, and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellow men as I expect them to be with me. To be a loyal citizen. To speak of my country with praise and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries prestige with it where ever it goes.

To base my expectations of a reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and to be made the most of, not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within my own self and in my own brain, my own ambition and my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future struggles.

To believe in my profession heart and soul. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel all temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with strong conviction, and reduce action with an agreeable personality.

To find time to do every needful thing by not letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser does pounds. To make every hour bring me dividends in increased knowledge and healthful recreations. To keep my future unencumbered with debts. To save as well as earn.

To steer clear of dissipation and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a most precious stock in trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing as hard as my own weakness and endeavor to give it strength. To be a gentleman so I may be courteous to man, faithful to friends, and true to God.—The Freemason (England.)

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending October 20, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Butler 2
(10) Edward Johnson 19
Carl Justice 4
(10) Frank May 19
Mack McQuaigue 13
(3) William Shannon 3
(2) Weldon Warren 17

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser 2
(3) William G. Bryant 11
(3) Everett Case 10
(3) Albert Chunn 6
Charles Cole 7
Howard Cox 9
(3) John Davis 11
(2) Ralph Harris 7
(3) Porter Holder 11
Burman Keller 9
(3) Clay Mize 15
(2) H. C. Pope 11
(2) Jack Sutherland 3
(3) Everett Watts 14
(3) William C. Wilson 16

COTTAGE NO. 2

(2) Bennie Austin 17
(3) Jack Cline 11
Julian T. Hooks 2
(6) Donald McFee 18
William Padrick 4
Charles Smith 5
Charles Tate 4
Newman Tate 4

COTTAGE NO. 3

(4) Lewis Andrews 19
(3) John Bailey 14
(2) Lewis Baker 11
(2) Earl Barnes 16
(2) Clyde Barnwell 13
(3) James Boone 15
(4) William Buff 8
(2) Kenneth Conklin 9
(2) Jack Crotts 10
(3) Max Evans 13
(3) Bruce Hawkins 11
(2) Roscoe Honeycutt 10
(3) Jack Lemley 3
(2) Harley Matthews 15
(3) Otis McCall 12
(3) Robert Quick 10
(3) Wayne Sluder 10
George Shaver 13
(2) William Sims 15
(2) William T. Smith 10
(4) Harrison Stilwell 17
(3) John Tolley 13
(4) Louis Williams 16
(4) Jerome Wiggins 15

COTTAGE NO. 4

(4) Wesley Beaver 12
(9) Quentin Crittenton 13
(8) Arthur Edmondson 15
Paul Godwin 16
(4) Gilbert Hogan 15
(4) John Jackson 15
J. W. McRorrie 16
(4) George Newman 12
Eugene Puckett 3
Oakley Walker 14
(21) Melvin Walters 21
(5) John Whitaker 11

COTTAGE NO. 5

(8) Theodore Bowles 19
(8) J. C. Bordeaux 12
(6) Collett Cantor 17
Robert Dellinger 3
(5) Harold Donaldson 13
Monroe Flinchum 14
(2) William Gaddy 6
Charles Hayes 8
J. B. Howell 4
Sidney Knighting 12
(5) Everett Lineberry 10
Ivey Lunsford 10
James Massey 9
(9) J. C. Rinehardt 19

(9) Currie Singletary 13
(7) Donald Smith 10
Edward Thomasson 3
Fred Tolbert 9
(8) Dewey Ware 17

COTTAGE NO. 6

(5) Robert Bryson 10
Charles Beal 2
(3) Robert Dunning 10
(2) Leo Hamilton 10

COTTAGE NO. 7

Clasper Beasley 13
Henry Butler 3
Lacy Green 7
Richard Halker 18
Raymond Hughes 12
J. B. Hensley 11
Vernon Harding 9
Lyman Johnson 2
Robert Lawrence 16
Charles McGowan 11
Arnold McHone 17
Edward Obey
Ernest Turner 4
Alex Weathers 14

COTTAGE NO. 8

(3) Cecil Ashley 13
(3) Reid Beheler 19
Martin Crump 5
(7) Jesse Cunningham 7
Sidney Hackney 4
Edward Hammond 5
(6) Jack Hamilton 19
Otis Kilpatrick 11
(3) Frank Workman 12

COTTAGE NO. 9

J. T. Branch 18
Percy Capps 9
James Connell 4
(16) David Cunningham 16
(2) George Gaddy 12
Robert Gaines 13
Mark Jones 15
Daniel Kilpatrick 11
Alfred Lamb 5
Lloyd Mullis 6
(2) William Nelson 5
(8) Harold O'Dear 20
(5) James Ruff 13
(3) Thomas Sands 15

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

(21) John Benson 21
(5) William Dixon 10
Ralph Fisher 9
(16) Robert Goldsmith 18
(15) Earl Hildreth 19
(4) Broadus Moore 4
Fred Owens 20
(2) Theodore Rector 10
Canipe Shoe 4
(2) Monroe Searcy 5
Sam Stewart
(2) James Tyndall 5

COTTAGE NO. 12

(9) Odell Almond 19
(4) Ernest Brewer 16
(4) William Deaton 19
Clarence Mayton 12
Hercules Rose
(7) Charles Simpson 14
(4) Robah Sink 17
(7) Jesse Smith 9
(6) J. R. Whitman 17

COTTAGE NO. 13

Wilson Bailiff 4
(4) James Brewer 18
Kenneth Brooks 3
(3) Vincent Hawes 14
(3) John Murdock 10
Melvin Roland 7

COTTAGE NO. 14

James Baker 14
Edward Carter 4
Mack Coggins 20
(2) Robert Deyton 16
Troy Gilland 9
(6) Marvin King 14
(6) Feldman Lane 15
(8) Norvel Murphy 19
Charles McCoyle 15
Roy Mumford 12
Henry McGraw 12
(10) James Roberson 17
John Reep 14
(6) John Robbins 17
(8) Charles Steepleton 16
J. C. Willis 10

COTTAGE NO. 15

(2) Wade Cline 4
William Cantor 6
Aldine Duggins 8
(2) Beamon Heath 10
Dallas Holder 2
Hardy Lanier 5
Claude Moose 7
(2) J. P. Morgan 9
(2) Eulice Rogers 8
(2) J. P. Sutton 12
Calvin Tessneer 17
Bennie Wilhelm 3

INDIAN COTTAGE

(8) George Duncan 16
(6) Thomas Wilson 15

VERY BEST THINGS

The Best Law—the Golden Rule.

The Best Education—self-knowledge.

The Best Philosophy—a contented mind.

The Best War—to war against one's weakness.

The Best Medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.

The Best Music—the laughter of an innocent child.

The Best Science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.

The Best Art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The Best Journalism—printing the true and beautiful on memory's tablet.

The Best Biography—that life which writes charity in the largest letters.

The Best Mathematics—that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

The Best Navigation—steering clear of lacerating rocks of personal contention.

The Best Engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

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NEW BEGINNINGS

Every morning is a new beginning—every day—another chance to prove yourself as you go on your way—another opportunity to show what you are worth. Each time God paints a dawn upon the dark and sleeping earth. Calamities will come—you may be sure of that, my friend. It's life—you never know what's waiting just around the bend. But these are only challenges to put you to the test—to face them with a trusting heart—and He will do the rest. And if you fail or falter, or weaken by the way—look up—don't despair. God always sends another day.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A CLARION CALL

There are some things that, as Americans, we must labor to get back—the habits of thrift and self-denial, the courage to face new adventure, the serene faith that was ours in simpler creeds and in established traditions, the patriotism that puts America first, the old codes of business honor and private decency; the unshaken and unshakable belief that was ours in American institutions and American ideals must be renewed.

We must return to Americanism again, to the old, sturdy, clean upstanding Americanism of the founders, the Americanism that faced disaster unafraid, that went forward with faith and flag, and that built about the American home and the American family the faith of God, and in our institutions that have raised this glorious land of ours into a place of leadership among the nations of the world,.....the very Americanism that the subverters would try to make us believe is as antidated as the stagecoach.

—National Republic Magazine

———o———

DR. HOLLAND THOMPSON

The name Thompson brings to mind pleasant memories when this institution for the underpriviledged was struggling for a place in the history of North Carolina. There were two brothers, Walter and Holland Thompson, sons of Randolph County, reared in a home of high culture and like their christian parents chose as their profession teaching. They were nobly adapted for the work of the class room. They had an understanding of childhood with the power to transmit to the students the subject taught. Both these splendid and upright citizens were once teachers in Concord.

Walter Thompson after serving most successfully as superintendent in Concord City Schools was chosen as superintendent of the S. J. T. S. School. When taking over this work the way was hard, because pioneering in any cause is difficult. But he blazed the way in spite of hardships for this great institution, and afterwards was

placed at the head of the Methodist Orphanage at Winston Salem. He remained there till death claimed his kindly spirit.

His brother Dr. Holland Thompson, chose broader fields of service in another state. Lately when he passed at his home in New York City at the age of 67 years he was author, editor and retired professor of history at City College in New York City. He served for forty years as instructor in City College. As editor of The Book of Knowledge in 20 volumes gives him a place of rank among writers and educators. He also wrote widely for history, science, and other books contributing to the advancement of education.

We proudly state that Dr. Holland Thompson is acknowledged as one of the most distinguished writers and educators North Carolina has produced. We give the following showing the high appreciation of the worth of Dr. Thompson as expressed by the vote of the faculty and trustees of the University of North Carolina, when he received an honorary degree from that institution.

Holland Thompson, honor graduate of the University of North Carolina: Fellow and Ph. D. of Columbia University. Teacher in the public and private schools of this state. Senior Professor in the Department of History at the College of the City of New York, lecturer in Columbia Uuiversity, author of two volumes of the Chronicles of America and other historical works, editor-in-chief of the twenty volumes of the Book of Knowledge, and winner of the Gold Medal at the Sesquicentennial Exposition. A scholarly and genial teacher of many college generations, a distinguished historian and metropolitan who makes an annual pilgrimage to the home of his fathers and the scenes of his youth. He is the Chronicler of the New South for all America, the interpreter of the inventions which have refounded the structure of the modern world, and the revealer to thousands of children and other readers of the knowledge of the world in which they are the more intelligently to work, live and find a bit more of their happiness.

* * * * * * * *

THE BOY OF COURAGE

The word courage is most frequently used to emphasize the valor of manhood on the battlefield or of the seaman who stands firmly while he pilots his ship safely in spite of the tempestuous sea. Hope

and courage are kindred spirits. These combined elements of human nature carry one during despair and transform impossibilities into possibilities. This wins out when one is borne down by illness, misfortunes or reverses of all kind.

The word courage is not used to tell of the bravery of adults alone for in every walk of life there are young people with strong fortitude and great endurance. Right here we have in mind a young boy, Jim Brewer, fourteen years of age, one of the Jackson Training School Boys, a "shut-in" for two years suffering from bone infection. He truly has fallen among friends who love him and sympathize deeply with him. He has received the attention of the best surgeons of the Orthopaedic Hospital, Gastonia, also the local physician and nurses of this institution have given him the best attention. Despite the fact that he is far removed from his people he does not lack for friends.

The entire personnel of the J. T. S. thinks of young Brewer as a boy of courage. He has made a desperate fight to regain his health, and with an abiding faith continues to feel that he will recover. He receives callers with a gracious smile.

Think of it! Two years is a long time for a red blooded American to be confined in bed without a murmur. He enjoys the funny papers and short stories. His long illness has caused him to miss the privileges of the school room. Looking at his misfortune from any angle one is compelled to realize it is a sad case, but Jim Brewer is blessed with the combined elements—hope and courage—that contribute greatly to the science of medicine in restoring him to health. Young Brewer is truly a hero in the battle of life!

* * * * * * * *

ECHOES OF THE PAST

It was last week that the death of Dr. W. P. Few was announced. This announcement brought sorrow to all prominent citizens throughout the nation. He was the peer of any man as a leader, educator, having the sterling qualities of Christian citizenship that won for him the confidence and admiration of all who passed his way. While looking through old letters and papers last week a letter relative to this institution was found. To show the spirit of the man we give this letter in full. While president of the

and high culture, this Christian citizen showed that he was not forgetful of the underprivileged boy, by enclosing material suitable for publication in the columns of The Uplift.

The nation has lost a great man. The following dates back to 1927 but it echoes the interest of Dr. Few in the Stonewall Jackson Training School:

December 5, 1927.

Mr. James P. Cook,
Stonewall Jackson Training School,
Concord, North Carolina.
Dear Mr. Cook:

The enclosed might interest the readers of The Uplift. It appeared in substance in the Educational Edition of the Charlotte Observer last July. Please feel free to use it or not as you see fit or in such ways as you think best.

Mrs. Few says that The Uplift is just about the best paper she sees and as usual she is not far from right.

With best wishes for you, for your paper and for the institution it so admirably serves, I am

Cordially yours,
W. P. Few

* * * * * * * *

SOUTHERN RAILWAY GOES STREAMLINED

In order to meet the demands of the traveling public the Southern Railway is spending $3,500,000 to make the following possible:

Southern Railway system has announced the purchase of six streamlined Diesel-operated coach trains of the latest design and construction, scheduled to be put in service early in 1941, between New York and New Orleans via Atlanta, Birmingham and Meridan; and between Washington and Memphis, via Knoxville and Chattanooga. The purchase of this equipment has been made subject to the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission as to the terms of financing.

The New York-New Orleans all-coach trains will be operated in conjunction with the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Washington and the Memphis trains in co-operation with the Norfolk and Western between Lynchburg and Bristol, Virginia.

Each of the six trains will consist of an observation-lounge-tavern cars, 48-seat dining car, baggage-dormitory chair car, chair

great Duke University, an institution recognized for its wealth car coaches and Diesel-powered locomotive, all of light weight construction with ultra-modern streamline effects, with a hostess assigned to each train.

* * * * * * * *

A PROFESSION THAT HAS GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

Last May it was our privilege to be in Grand Rapids, Mich., at the annual meeting of the National Social Welfare Conference, some 4,000 delegates in attendance. It was a happy group. These men and women, most of them seemingly between 25 and 40, were well dressed, wide-a-wake, and vibrant in their interest in their own and other delegates' specialties of endeavor.

No longer does this Welfare Work seem to be a vocation. With the brains, personality and ardor shown by these able men and women it plainly shows that here we have a new profession in the making. Since the State and Government are now requiring exacting training in sociological departments of colleges and universities, it is easy to see that by the time a young man or young woman has mastered some features of sociological study, he or she has taken hold of some phase of sociology that but leads to more intensified study. One has only to walk up and down the great Exhibit Hall going in and out of the booths, all in charge of persons of real charm, to see how diversified has become the Welfare work in our Nation. In Grand Rapids sixty organizations were represented, many of the names beginning with "American", "National" or "United States". There was a time when, just as the funny papers used to represent missionaries as very odd and eccentric people, the Social Workers were looked askance at, and to mention in a Church Convention any sort of Social Service Program was like the veritable waving of the red flag. Today one finds that our people are waking up to the fact that the best of our sons and daughters, the most normal ones, are giving their lives to a better order of society through the agency of Social Welfare Work. So, we say, "Hats off to this new profession, and may it grow in greater usefulness day by day."

PAY DAY FESTIVE TIME AT FORT BRAGG

By Ben Dixon MacNeill

Private Davis did not destroy the town.

For the use of this narrative, Pvt. Thomas E. Davis is a sort of hypothesis, or maby a synthesis, a composite soldier with a half million dollars in his pants pocket, at once eagerly anticipated and gloomily dreaded when he comes to town on pay-day night to spend his money. Anticipated because half million dollars is a lot of money and dreaded because in his shopping, he might stand the town on its ear and spin it around.

For the uses of this narrative, it was Fayetteville into which Private Davis came with his half million dollars on pay-day night, though the same thing was happening in 20 other more or less similar towns between the two oceans which are neighbor to some concentration point for the Army this republic is bringing together in these dubious times.

Any one of the 20 towns would like exceedingly to sell Private Davis whatever it is he wants or needs on pay-day night, but none of them wants to be stood on its ear and spun around. None of them could very well anticipate the needs of Private Davis, since none of them knew anything about him but it stood to reason that he wanted something for his money—and the towns as eagerly wanted to get their hands on Private Davis' half million dollars.

It is still a lot of money, a half million dollars is, comparatively, and a lot of merchandise of one sort of another can be exchanged for it. As matters stood on this last pay-day which was last Monday, the selling civilians and the buying soldiers were almost precisely equal, numerically. Fayetteville and Fort Bragg each had as of September 30, equal populations of 17,000. Approxmately, of course.

Living 10 miles apart the town and the soldiers were utter strangers. Neither had seen the other. Soldiers the town is familiar with, of course, but in reasonable numbers. Ordinarily the population of the military post has ranged from 2,500 to 4,500 since Fort Bragg was permanently established 20 years ago, and the uniform is no unfamiliar sight on the streets of the ancient capitol of the Valley of the Highlanders. Normally the relations between the civilian and military communities are tranquil and mutually servicable.

But this hypothetical Private Davis has never seen Fayetteville. He has been "out there" a little more than three weeks, along with 12,000 others like him, living in tent while Lieut.-Col. Simpson builds a house for him to sleep in. He had experienced a pay-day, and there was no reason for going adventuring into neighboring towns. No reason and nothing much in the way of resources. He had not seen since he left Fort Hoyle in Maryland, or maybe it was some fort in Wyoming. Or maybe it was since he enlisted in the Army in Pittsburgh, Penn.

Actually there is a soldier named Davis involved in the matters that are the basis of this narrative of an

evening's examination of a soldier come to town to buy something with the money his Battery Commander paid him at 11 o'clock that morning. The name is borrowed from Corporal Thomas Davis, whose commanding officer thought he came as near being as good an average enlisted man as there was in the oldest unit in the entire American army.

Actually he is Corporal Davis, coming from Pittsburgh and from sturdy Ulster Scottish stock that settled in Pennsylania in the early 1700's, overflowed that State and in 1735 came down into Piedmont North Carolina and in due time contributed three presidents to the republic which eventuated from their declaration of independence from Great Britain in Mecklenburg May 20th, 1775. With this heritage, he comes about as near to being an average American as there is any need to look for, and in the course of the evening and night, he adequately authenticated his Captain's judgment.

But before reducing Corporal Davis to ranks and subtracting four years from his age for the uses of this narrative only, it might be as well to look, for one paragraph, at the problem that the present national emergency presents to the military authorities and to the civilian populations in areas immediately adjacent to cantonments. Coming unheralded, the emergency has taken both civil and military communities wholly unaware and so wholly unprepared for any prompt solution of problems.

Nobody, and least of all Private Davis himself, knew what the soldier was going to do when he got his half million dollars in his pants pocket and headed to town. Reasonably, being young and healthy, he might want to buy himself relaxation and diversion of some sort, but no town of 17,000 population could overnight or in a year or a decade, provide recreational facilities for 17,000 soldiers, or so much as adequate toilet accommodations.

It was likely to be pretty confusing, and the town was pretty gloomy about it, more gloomy probably than it was eager about getting its hands on the half million dollars that Private Davis had in his pants pocket. In the end the town got to expecting the worst, and three nights before the city fathers met and hastily appropriated a thousand dollars to build two "bull pens" at police headquarters. By working night and day the bull pens were completed in time for the emergency that Monday night, inevitably would bring.....There was not time for the erection of the equivalent of air-raid shelters, though some of the more timorous of the inhabitants planned to spend the evening at home, behind drawn shades, hoping that events would not be more terrible than they were 75 years ago, when Sherman entered the town with 17,000 troops and despoiled it.....

For the purposes of this observation and inquiry military and civilian authorities were the most completely helpful. Mayor Hector Blackwell went about diligently removing obstructions, of which there were not any, and Chief of Police Crews put himself and his radio patrol cars at disposal. On the part of the Army, Lieutenant-Colonel Early Ewert was no less concerned and at one stage of the enterprise the Post Commander himself was disposed to join the expedition of inquiry and observation.

Pretty nearly everybody wanted to know what Private Davis was going

to do with his money, his evening, himself, and the town.....

But to begin at the beginning. It being pay-day, why not look at the soldier when he got paid off. And so to the oldest unit in the American Army, Headquarters Battery of the Sixth Field Artillery, organized in 1798 and battle-scarred in every war that has happened to the republic. It may be that the Sixth Field is old-fashioned, since it still hauls its cannon to battle with horses. But that is something for the tacticians.

Captain James T. Dawson commands the battery. He is bow-legged, as the first horseman of the American Army should be, and it took no great amount of telling for him to comprehend what was projected. He knows horses and no less does he know men who ride them—and apparently persons who have ridden nothing more than an antiquated portable typewriter. Anyhow, the inquiry got off to a smooth beginning when he lined up his Battery, waved a hand in the direction of the camera and said briefly: "Shoot when you are ready," and with no more ado his adjutant began calling the roll.

Within 15 minutes he had paid out $3,000, and although it was all very military, indeed, you had the feeling as you watched that here, after all, was an almost personal transaction between the Commander and the enlisted men, who saluted smartly, watched their money counted, picked it up, saluted and went.

Corporal Thomas Davis saluted very smartly when his name boomed down the line. He was, at once a composite. Blonde, Scottish even, young, lithe as a horseman should be and beginning to be bow-legged. Most of the Battery was recruited in the region of Pittsburgh and has pretty nearly every race and creed in it, probably, but at that the Ulstern Scots predominated and the company roster sounded no more alien than the line-up of any moderately-endowed football team sounds when you hear it droned above any stadium on Saturday afternoon. It was American—America.

Afterward, standing very straight and looking his commander very levelly in the eye, the Ulster-Scot listened while Captain Dawson outlined the proposal for the evening. Would he go along, as guest, as spectator, as commentator and explainer, as contact, as a protective expedient if need be, while whatever happened was happening. He looked around the circle of us, at Colonel Ewert, at Major March whose uncle was chief of staff in the World War, and at the rest of us.

"What dress sir?" he said.

"Your uniform," I said.

"Yes, sir, I'll go."

Mid-afternoon the telphone rang. It was Postmaster Shaw, and he was puzzled. Things were not working out right, or at any rate as he expected them to. There had been a lot of community jesting about soldiers playing marbles on the postoffice steps. The postoffice was overrun with soldiers, and maybe I'd better come down there and see if I could make anything of it... There was a long line of uniforms, extending out to the street and down the block.

Corporal Davis was in line, which began at the money-order window. He said "Yes, sir. I always send ten dollars home. They took care of me, and it might come in handy." Insofar as any inquiry into personal matters seemed feasible, all of them were sending

money to the folks at home. Perhaps it might not be so significant, after all. The afternoon's business totaled not more than 500 money orders back home, and there are 17,000 soldiers. The line was still there when the window closed before exhausted clerks at 5 o'clock.

Not more than 500, and the total amount about $5,000.... But it is a pretty substantial figure, comparatively .... At midnight just one tenth that number had been inducted into the new bull pen at police headquarters because they had taken more beer than they could conveniently handle .... Five hundred sent money home and fifty got very moderately drunk. Military police estimated that there were between 6,000 and 7,000 enlisted men in town. During the evening we observed only three commissioned officers on the streets, three very young second lieutenants doing their apparent best to keep the fact in mind.

Although he was a little shy at first, Corporal Davis' manners at the table in the town's first hotel were impeccable, the equal of any in sight. He was not dismayed when two lieutenant colonels stopped at the table, one of them to inquire where he would find the place of rehearsal of Paul Green's "The Highland Call," he having agreed earlier to try out for the part of historian ... And thence to the street just to look around and see what the soldier we—Corporal Davis, Colonel Ewert, Captain Dawson and Mayor Blackwell—had decided to call Private Davis, was doing with his half million dollars.

Or with what was left when the money order window at the postoffice closed. A block away from the hotel the streets suddenly bloomed with men in uniform. There seemed to be literally thousands of them, though actually they were just literally hundreds . . . About every tenth soldier was lugging a big suitcase, and here and there a foot-locker. "Mighty few of them have any place to keep their stuff, and that's the first thing a soldier wants—a place to lock up his stuff. Pictures and things like that. You know." . . . I remember the uncertainties of possession in 1917-18.

First a bowling alley. They would be crowded. It was crowded, but uniformed people waited their turns at the alleys. There was one slot machine—the judge left town last week—in the place, and one lonely-looking boy, not more than 18, desultorily dropping nickels into it. Quietly asleep on a bench facing the alleys was another, this one in his civilian clothes. He looked very much like somebody reduced by his first bottle of beer. There was no boisterous behavior.

Two doors along the street one of these places where you pay a dime and get your picture in one minute. The place was swamped with business, with a waiting line extending out into the street. "They want to send home their picture in uniform," said Davis helpfully. I remembered 1917-18 again. Another where beer and sandwiches and magazines could be had, where there was one of these appalling devises into which you put a nickle and get preposterous travesty of music, was exceedingly busy. Two lads said they were from Milwaukee and were doing their noblest to demonstrate Milwaukee's superiority in beer-making. It seemed not too potent. The talk and the laughter here was louder. Perhaps it had to be to be heard above the din of the music

box and the two boys from Milwaukee. A pool room was rather depressingly crowded with uniforms in the minority and these somehow crowded away from the tables. Later in the evening there was not a uniform in the place.

Before the moving picture adjacent there were knots of soldiers. They looked excessively young and though their uniforms were spotless and shining with starch, they didn't fit any too well. They will probably fit better by next pay-day, Corporal Davis surmised. It takes about two months to put meat on the skinny bones of a recruit. They were young. and very eager and friendly. If you stopped to speak to one of them he was altogether agreeable about it, the open-faced frank friendliness of the very young. "I guess they get sort of homesick or something for somebody in civilian clothes to speak to . . . This uniform does get pretty monotonous." It seemed like a pretty big word for a soldier.

One thing that seemed somehow strange was the almost complete absence of "that sort of women" on the streets. Or elsewhere, for that matter . . . "They're just kids, most of 'em," Corporal Davis said. That apparently explained the phenomenon. "Of course there's not enough girls to go around, and if there were they wouldn't know any, and these others that you don't see—why I expect they'd start running for camp if one of them got after them." Corporal Davis grinned in indulgent humor.

It was early, and the new bull pen at police headquarters was empty Colonel Ewert, tactfully changed into civilian clothes, joined us there after conducting Colonel Cox to rehearsal in his first venture on the stage, and in a moment, Chief Crews ....And so we toured the town, with the chief's radio keeping him in instant contact with what was going on everywhere. Now and then he swung his spotlight on groups of soldiers gathered anywhere, on side streets because the principal streets, were by now too crowded. Every place where there was food or drink was crowded to the doors. The atmosphere was that of carnival, as near as Americans can come to carnival. There was a good deal of laughter. Groups of lads in uniform blinked when the chief's spotlight hit them—and grinned. The chief was sensible to the fact that the town had yet no adequate toilet facilities—and he asked a group to themselves be as sensible about the inadequacy as might be. There was mutual and friendly acceptances of this aspect of what most cantonment communities must begin to speak of as the Problem.

Being a man of the world and of sense Colonel Ewert managed admirably to dispose of the awkwardness that any enlisted man would feel at riding around with any commissioned officer, and by now word has no doubt gone out among the enlisted personnel of the garrison that Colonel Ewert is an officer and a gentleman. There is nothing in the language more searching, or revealing, than the emphasis an enlisted man can give that simple conjunction—an officer and a gentleman. Colonel Ewert was no hindrance and he continued being Colonel Ewert, even when he and the chief were riding the elephant at the fair.

Mostly the fair was a carnival better, perhaps, than the general run of these things, but still a carnival with all the good and the bad qualities of them. For the occasion

they also knew it was payday—the concessions had been vastly augmented, and Chief Crews was entirely right in surmising that there would be where we would find most of the soldiers. Finding them required no searching. They were there, between three and four thousand of them.

They were there, but not where we were beginning, or rather had in the beginning, expected to find them . . . Down at the far end of the midway was what appeared, from outward advertising matter, to be the most provocative sort of leg show. The area immediately in front of the place contained not one soldier. Hard by the place an amplifier startlingly blared "Right here, boys, right before your eyes, a morfydite—half boy and half girl." Colonel Ewert blinked. Chief Crews blinked. I suppose I would have blinked but for the fact that Corporal Davis needed observation. He grinned indifferently, and the poor child of Hermes and Aphrodite spent the evening in comparative solitude.

But if not in these monstrous things —what was this composite Private Davis with a half-million dollars in his pocket buying? He was riding three harried elephants at a dime for a trip around the ring. He cluttered two enormous ferris wheels. He exhibited his mightiness at one of these devices where you ring the bell with a colossal maul. He was engaged in all the games of skill, with a long waiting line before something that seemed new to the midway, a device like the machine gun on an airplane. You aimed at the shadow of an airplane which turned red if you hit it, and if you hit it often enough you were rewarded with a doll. They rode ponies. They shook hands with monkeys. They behaved like normal and very decent young Americans, and about one tenth of one per cent of them had had, noticeably, a bottle of beer. Possibly one in fifty of them had gained the attention of a girl and were doing the things that boys and girls do at carnivals.

Coming away from the carnival the Chief was hailed for a ride by three weary young warriors, burdened with a fantastic lot of merchandise. One of them carried an enormous floor lamp slung over his shoulder like a musket, and another had an arm-load of dolls. The stuff the others had was not readily identifiable, or assorted. It was just merchandise of some useless sort—and beginning to be pretty heavy. The Chief was sorry we had not any room for them.

Toward midnight the bull pen was beginning to be pretty crowded, and I suppose we should have there appalled at the report that there had been more than 50 soldiers taken off the streets and temporarily cached until trucks could transport them back to their companies at Fort Bragg. They were a docile, disillusioned looking lot. They were not good to look at, crowded into too limited space where there was only standing room—but there had been ten times that many at the money order window throughout the afternoon . . . And there were 40 times that many out yonder at the Fair Grounds lustily enjoying themselves.

Fayetteville itself is perhaps more free from open commercial prostitution than most towns. The appearances and the statements of an intelligent and alert police department indicate it. But there is such merchandise to be bought, beyond the limits of police authority, if any-

body knows how to direct you. There are taxicabs, of course, and their drivers everywhere are schooled in the rendering of service, and while we were about it, this aspect of The Problem might as well be examined.

Down town the Medical Department had rigged up a field station for prophylaxis and I suppose soldiers had been sternly warned to avail themselves of its facilities if there was occasion. The limited staff was busy but not overwhelmed, and with a recruit emerging from the station as a guide, the inquiry was extended. It led, of course, beyond the city limits, and into places that are or should be known to everybody.... In one place there were six girls and three soldiers not in uniform, and in another two girls and five soldiers, and in a third, four girls and six men, three of them carpenter's helpers in construction at Fort Bragg, and three local civilians. In the aggregate the matter seemed negligible.

By midnight the uniform had almost wholly disappeared from the streets. Fleets of buses and trucks augmented the normal transportation facilities, and there were scores thumbing their ways. Maybe all their money was gone, or they were saving some for another trip to town. Both answers were forthcoming. The point is, they were frank and not unfriendly toward inquiry. "They just like to be spoken to by a civilian," Davis reminded us. "You can get mighty tired of never speaking to anybody except somebody who's dressed just like you."

It was no part of my purpose to search for solutions of any problems, but this last observation of the Corporal's—they like for a civilian to speak to them—may contain some sort of a germ from which solution might grow. Three out of four of the present army's personnel—enlisted men and officers—have but recently quit civilian life for the army. They are not yet soldiers, in any technical or social sense. But that is a problem for the experts to consider, perhaps. But the road to any solution must begin where the soldier, even the novitiate, stands.

And after all, the town's forebodings were not well founded. The town survived pay-day night with no damage whatever, spiritual or material, and with considerable profit to itself. Private Davis spent a good chunk of his half million dollars, even though not always for such wares as he was expected to be interested in. He bought more suit cases than he did beer, and more money-orders for the home folks than he did hard liquor. The carnival, even with its manifest liabilities, was a life-saver. Without it to absorb a lot of pent energy, depressing things might have happened.

But it is only thirty days until another pay-day—and by then there will be 25,000 Private Davises. And with a nearly a million dollars in his pants pocket next time....

———o———

The important thing is to have an aim, and to pursue it with perseverance.—Selected.

THE SOUL OF WILLIAM PRESTON FEW EMBODIED IN DUKE UNIVERSITY

By M. T. Plyler in N. C. Christian Advocate

Duke University with its colleges and schools and faculties has libraries. laboratories and classrooms sufficient for the work of education to which it is committed. It's Gothic chapel, its ample grounds, its forests and gardens are admired by all. These furnish eloquent testimony to the wisdom and efficiency of President William Preston Few during his long years of service as head of Trinity College and builder of Duke University. His marvelous record is written large in the growth of this institution. This unusual outlay in brick and stone greets the eyes of all beholders and gives it a place among the leading universities of the land. But be it ever remembered that the life of an individual or of an institution can never be measured by the gross standards of earth or be gathered up in statistical tables. A university to promote truth and to serve humanity must certainly have a soul.

Duke University in its formative years can claim the good fortune to have had a president who put quality of soul above material equipment and the marks of distinction gained by academic rating. The universities of the land bestowed on him numerous degrees, educators delighted to honor him, and his church numbered him among the first of her sons, but with all this William Preston Few remained the same sincere, modest, unaffected soul, free from the hollow pretenses of life. His high moral qualities and noble Christian spirit evident through life gave him an exalted place among those who knew him best. President Few was so genuine and kindly disposed towards all as he walked among men with unsullied soul that he cherished deep disgust for the man who for selfish advancement was guilty of disloyalty and pretense. He had light in his own clear breast and could appreciate a man whose life is an open book. His ability to sense a situation and to ferret out results of a course of activity contributed much to his wise leadership.

President Few held himself to exacting standards and he insisted more and more upon these rigid demands for Duke men—every one of whom should find his place and then, with a spirit of adventure and daring and devotion to high ideals and spiritual preparatino, do his work. He insisted the work of a man's hands and the passion of a man's life should be to secure personal immortality by achievements that endure. Such was the ambition of this noble leader that spiritual and moral values might stand out clear and full in the midst of academic attainments at Duke Unieversity. To him the location of the chapel at the center of the university was highly significant of the permanent need for religion in our human world and also of his desire to give it a first place at Duke. Even this past month, since the opening of the present session, President Few said:

"The new Duke University Chapel in its general structure and in most of its details is reminiscent of the great European cathedrals built when

the church was the center of community life. Like the old cathedrals, it has its watchman on the tower and its bells, like the bells of old will serve practical as well as artistic purposes. We hope that this beautiful chapel of our's, rising central and dominating in this 'city of the mind,' will serve for our whole community as did the cathedrals in the earlier ages. We cannot expect again, at least in our day, a concurrence of intellectual opinion, but we do covet for this chapel a oneness of feeling about it, a sense of it as a part of our community life that will bring to it week after week and year after year great throngs of students and teachers, and others.

"The achitectural harmony and strength of the plant are intended to suggest unity and fullness of life with religion at the center. If the university is to have this unity and round completeness it must ever cherish some galvanizing central principle that will hold it from disintegration. On the campus the chapel, hard by the library and the laboratories and co-operating with the university in its every effort to promote the truth and serve humanity is not only central, but, with its stained glass, its vaulted roof and noble spires, will dominate the place. This is intended to be symbolic of the truth that the spiritual is the central and dominant thing in the life of man. Can this ideal be realized in our world and can religion and culture in its highest form ever engage successfully in a great formative, common undertaking to make this a better world than man has yet known?

"Duke University is founded in that faith; and the part I had in that founding and have in that faith will always serve better than any words I could use to set forth my conception of the necessity and the place of religion in the life of man."

Of all the buildings of the entire university plant none held the interest and abiding esteem of the president as did this chapel in which there was so much of history and art and religion to win his devotion. To him this was the center of all—a kind of hidden moral, spiritual power dominant in all and over all. We like to think that the light that illumines the tower at night, always shining brightest when the night is darkest and coldest, is truly symbolic of the influence emanatiing from the soul of William Preston Few embodied in this Gothic cathedral.

The young and those who refuse to grow old interested the president of Duke most. With what zest did he welcome each new generation of students from year to year! To him they were pilgrims of destiny privileged to live for a time on this campus, some of whom would attune their lives to the lofty inspirations of the bells of Duke. He has now passed out of sight, but may he not count for more and more to the student generations in the future years?

His body rests in the crypt near altar and choir but his soul fills all this "city of the mind." Though frail of body through the years of his exacting tasks as president, his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. Since no good deed ever utterly perishes from the earth, the spiritual forces fostered by this noble soul will live on in the traditions of Duke University to in-

fluence future generations of mankind.

There is the old legend of Brittany concerning a city of *I*s which in some far off age is said to have been submerged by the sea. Sailors along the coast point out its supposed location and assert that in stormy days they see tops of buried church spires in the hollow of the waves and hear rising from the depths of the sea the sound of the bells. In the far-off-future, generations of college men will doubtless gather here and talk of the old forgotten and far-off events and of men of the long ago. Perchance, among these will be told the story of the noble president who first heard the bells of Duke. Now and then some rare spirit of Duke will feel as a distinguished Frenchman once said of himself, "that I have at the bottom of my heart a city of *I*s whose bells still call to worship. Their trembling notes seem to come from infinite depths, like voices from another world."

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THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

She's up there—Old Glory
—where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations
with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living,
or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory
—how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red
Signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her, living,
or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory
—no tyrant-dealt scars
Nor blur on her brightness,
no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes
hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever!

—Selected

THOMAS NAST, SYMBOL-MAKER

By H. I. Brock

One hundred years ago, on September 27th, was born in Landau, Bavaria, a boy who grew up to be the father of American political cartooning. His name was Thomas Nast, and it is to him we owe the most potent and familiar symbols of political forces that are prime factors still today in the vote-getting merry-go-round of the country. They are the Tammany Tiger, snatched from Bill Tweed's big red No. 6 fire engine; and the Republican Elephant and the Democratic Donkey, invented and indelibly stamped upon the popular imagination by the artist himself. Nast's successor's have taken them up and carried on with them. And since among the earliest of these successors were Opper and Keppler, also of German origin, a Teutonic influence still hang's about our political zoo.

Nast was brought to this country when he was six years old by his mother. His father, who played a trombone in a regimental band, was not rightly a regimented German—even for the Bavarian Army of that day. He changed to the French Navy, eventually joined his family in New York. and played in our local orchestras and military bands. A man who made crayons in William Street (so Albert Bigelow Paine tells us) saved the little immigrant boy from a musical career and diverted him from the regular line of learning in the public schools of his adopted city. He preferred drawing to grammar and arithmetic—and he kept on drawing. At 15—and rather like Dicken's Fat Boy to look at—he got a job with Frank Leslie at $4 a week. After that he never stopped drawing. For most of his life he was a busy newspaper artist drawing whatever came along—and he lived until 1902.

Still in his 'teens, Nast reported in pictures John Brown's funeral at North Elba and the fight at Long Point, Canada, between John Morrissey, the political pugilist—Congressman, sporting man, founder of racing and organized gambling at Saratoga—and the California pug, John C. Heenan, called the Benicia Boy.

It was a bloody affair—and Nast decided that he did not like prize-fighting. Nethertheless, The New York Illustrated News, an ambitious new sheet, sent him to England in 1860 to report the famous international match between Heenan and the British ring favorite, Thomas Sayers, Nast did not like that fight either and said the British were not a bit sporting about the way they took Sayer's defeat, but he made a friend of Heenan and the Benicia Boy lent the Fat Boy the money to get to Italy to report pictorially both for London and New York Garibaldi's uprising. Nast shared in the Liberator's campaign, saw a good deal of the show and was honored by having the conquering hero sit to him for his portrait. Also he went to Rome and drew the Coliseum—which came in handy as a background when he was doing up Boss Tweed.

Back in New York, at 21, he married a wife and bought her a piano on credit. Then he started in making patriotic pictures of Lincoln—Lincoln's visit to New York, and his

inauguration—and went on from that to cover the Civil War, mostly from New York. but some of it on the spot. It was at this stage that he joined the staff of Harper's Weekly with which his militant fame is inseparably joined. Lincoln said of him: "Thomas Nast has been our best recruiting sergeant."

Nast had not yet become a cartoonist, but he was an ardent patriot —a furious partisan and his work distilled hatred of the enemy. He painted the "Rebels" just as black as an enemy should be painted for home consumption. He made much of the "atrocities" of the Border State guerrillas. And, besides actual scenes, he did symbolical contrasts spread on double trucks—like the picket on post at Christmas time and the wife at prayer beside the sleeping children at home.

In Nast German sentiment and the since famous furor Teutonicus were both native. Hymns of hate came natural to him—when the wicked were in question. The slave holders caught it at this stage. Later, when he was launched as crusader with the cartoon his weapon, the victims were corrupt politicians, opponents of General Grant, and Democrats generally, until it came to the choice in 1884 between James G. Blaine and Grover Cleveland, Nast backed Cleveland and went for the Plumed Knight tooth and nail.

He was able to give detestable (or contemptible) shape to the unmistakable likeness of any person he chose to attack—Horatio Seymour and Horace Greely, for example, who dared to run against Grant for President. For with Garibaldi and Lincoln, Grant was in Nast's trinity of heroes. And Grant said the sword of Sheridan and the pencil of Nast had elected him.

But Nast's most tremendous achievement was his contribution to the crusade in which, with Harper's Weekly as his vehicle and The New York Times under George Jones and Louis John Jennings as his allies, he smashed in 1871 the Tweed ring—that fabulously impudent gang of looters of New York's treasury. The image of Tweed as Nast drew it—repulsive embodiment of greed, brutality and low cunning—was yet so remarkable a likeness that a Nast cartoon served to identify the fallen Boss when he was a fugitive from justice in far-off Spain. The rest of the rascal crew were pinned down as pat. Indeed Nast was so sure of his likeness that he never labeled his public characters, no matter how much he exaggerated their worst features to make their own faces involuntary witness to their guilt as charged. Usually, as time passed. his victims got to look more and more like caricatures.

A cartoonist cannot be neutral. He fights for a cause and his most powerful weapons are weapons of offense. Nast was a hero-worshiper no less than he was the scourge of the wicked. But it is by what he did to his enemies that he is remembered. His fame does not rest upon his tributes of admiration to his idols—not even those to Grant, to whom the artist was so loyal that he put his little fortune into the Grant & Ward concern and shared the General's ruin when that hollow shell collapsed.

The little man with the fierce mustache and the impetuous spirit who was born in Germany and had become so fervently American was the master cartoonist in this country. The clas-

sics and Shakespeare served him well with apt situations in parallel. But his art lacked the quality of some of his forerunners and contemporaries in Europe—to name only a few, Gilray, Rowlanson and Tenniel in England (all of whom he studied) and Daumier in France. He was a tremendous force in American politics for more than two decades. He helped to win a war and to elect three Presidents of the United States. He did it by heaping contempt and ridicule upon the opposing forces and the rival candidates. And he was ruthless and unscrupulous in the act.

As champion of the saviors of the Union he continued as long as he was in the lists to regard the South as harboring traitors, and any friends of the South were tarred with the same stick.

It was this bias which begat the donkey as the symbol of the Democratic party—the party of Southern alliance. Nast first borrowed the base creature from Aesop's fable as the live ass kicking the dead lion. The ass was labeled Copperhead and the dead lion was Edwin M. Stanton. The date was around 1870. The Republican elephant arrived by a sort of accident in 1874, labeled "Republican Vote"—more massive than any other at the time and (obviously) standing for wisdom and virtue. The noble animal was just about to fall into a pit dug for him by miscellaneous miscreant forces—Ben Butler with his salary grab for Congressmen, the inflationists, those who cried out that Grant was a modern Caesar itching for the role of dictator. In this case Mr. Bennett's New York Herald was the donkey in the lion's skin—braying the false alarm.

Here was another association of the long-eared beast with the enemies of the Grand Old Party. But at the moment Democracy was a fox, waiting furtively for the elephant to take the tumble. Before that the Tammany tiger had often done symbolic duty for the whole party. Presently the donkey began to carry the tag "Democratic Vote." But it was not until 1880 that elephant and donkey appeared together in the title parts they have held ever since in the cartoonists' menagerie.

In 1888 Harper's Weekly and Nast parted company. The headlong little man was too ferocious a partisan for the milder mannered second generation of a militant publishing family. As Colonel Henry Watterson said, thereby Nast lost his forum and the weekly its political importance. The veteran's crusading career was practically ended.

Other cartoonists took charge of the political parade. Some of them carried on the classic masquerade which Nast had made so effective a weapon. Few of them were quite as good haters of the enemy as Nast, none of them wielded the sword of righteousness with such crusading fervor. None of them won such a popular following or matched his power in the land. New issues produced new symbols—the dollar-marked moneybag of the trusts, the big stick of Theodore Roosevelt, the scarecrow pattern of the Puritan kill-joy that waged war against prohibition. But the tiger, the elephant, the donkey, held on.

Let us remember however, that our ruthless pursuer of evil-doers was as kindly as he was explosive, devoted to his family and a good companion to

his friends at The Players and elsewhere. He had a home at Morristown where he brought up a happy family and where General Grant came to dine more than once. He was delighted with his wide acquaintance among great men—though he spared none of them in the heat of battle. And when he died he was consul at Guayaquil by appointment of T. R. who was one of those friends and had got into Nast's cartoons without his Rough Rider togs and his big stick way back in the days when Cleveland was Governor of New York and the colonel-to-be was reforming the New York police. Incorrigibly Nast leaned to reformers.

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HITTING THE NAIL—BUT NOT ON THE HEAD

This matter of red-tipped fingers is always coming up. Just when I think I am making progress in showing a man that I cannot think as deeply as he does, I can at least follow his reasoning, I am asked to justify this business of women's nail's.

The newest shades are called "Rumpus" and Riot." How can men do anything but laugh at a woman who deliberately gets either a rumpus or a riot on her hands?

However, I have met one man who admits the fashion may serve a practical purpose. Since it is not decorative, he supposes it must be practical.

"I wonder," he said, "whether it might be that the delicatessen has deprived many modern women of their natural weapon, the potato masher, and they have developed the claw-like finger nail as a defense measure? Could it be one of these adaptations to environment science tells about?"

There is of course, no moral issue involved in coating the nails with any color under the sun. The only question in my mind is how a woman with worth-while interests can find so much time to spend on her fingers. She must literally have "time on her hands."

I may misjudge her. Perhaps she gets the same refreshment from her hobby that others get from stamp-collecting or embriodery. Perhaps as she gently wipes away the old polish, the cares of the world are also wiped away. Perhaps as she concentrates on the application of a new shade, her mind is renewed at the same time.

Perhaps—but I doubt it.—Margaret A. J. Irvin.

A LEGEND OF THE INDIAN PAINT BRUSH

Canadian Churchman

For centuries and centuries the lovely wild flowers that look so much like brushes dipped in red paint, have grown in many parts of the North American continent.

The Indians told their children many stories about these bright blossoms that are natives of this continent. One of these legends is from the old southwest part of the country, where once there lived a little Indian boy who loved all things beautiful.

At last when he had grown older and older and was a tall handsome young chief, he tried to paint a picture of the sunset sky, but his colors were war-paints and his brushes were rough. For days and weeks and months the young Indian brave tried to paint the colors of the sunset, but all in vain. He could not do it.

He knew that the Great Spirit painted the purple and gold, the rose and the flame, and the soft hues in the western sky at the sunset time, so he prayed to the Great Spirit for help.

Then one evening as he sat before his wigwam, thinking about the Great Spirit and longing to make a picture of the ever-changing colors in the sky, the young Indian thought he heard a voice saying, "Behold your paint brushes."

The Indian looked down. At his feet he saw a lovely plant with a slender stem and a bright blossom like a brush. The blossom was the color of the sunset.

Straightway the young chief snatched his deerskin blanket from his shoulders, lifted the brush, which was dripping with color, and began to paint.

The colors in the sky changed. Then the Indian saw other paint brushes at his feet, each holding for him tints of the sunset glory. He lifted the brushes as he needed them and tossed them aside after he had painted and painted as never Indian had painted before.

When the last gleam of gold and crimson had faded from the sky, the Indian's heart sang with joy, for on his deerskin blanket was the picture he longed to paint—a beautiful painting of the work of the Great Spirit in his wigwam until the stars came out and the night grew cold.

In the early morning, when the sun was looking over the mountains into his wigwam, and when the Indian chief awoke from a most refreshing sleep, he heard children shouting with joy. Quickly he arose and looked out.

Indian children were picking flowers that were springing up, and running away down the hillsides, and up the ravines, on and on, to make the earth more lovely.

"Indian paint brushes, Indian paint brushes!" shouted the boy and girls.

And from that day to this wherever little Indian children find the Indian paint brushes, splashing color over the fields and meadows, they remember the Great Spirit and look up.

EXODUS BELONGS TO MAN

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Genesis is a beginning; Exodus is a going out. Beginnings belong to all orders of being; going out into the untried for high and varied achievement belongs in a most peculiar sense to man. He leaves behind fish and fowl and beast as he passes on to the higher stages in the realm of the true, the beautiful, and the good. The fish of the sea remain true to their beginnings, inhabitants of the deep, each after his kind. Birds from year to year continue to build their nests after the same fashion following the instincts of a thousand generations. The same is true of the beasts of the field and the wild inhabitants of the jungle. At least such seems to be true of flower, fish, bird and beast—each at home in its element. The flower it at home in the field, the fish in the water, the bird in the air, and the beast in its wide domain. These, however, never get far from the elements of their origins. But such is not true of man. He belongs to Exodus as well as to Genesis.

Man aspires after the beautiful, longs for the true, and finds satisfaction only in the good. Through some would be let alone that they may serve the Egyptians, returning to the garlic and the onions, this is not true of man at his best. He has that which lifts him above the dirt and fits him to walk with the blessed in fellowship with just men made perfect.

The home, the school, the state and the church are the institutions essential to civilized man as he in his earthly pilgrimage passes from the land of his beginnings to his final abode on high. That each and all of these institutions should be at their best must be apparent to every one. Anything that tends to debase the home, to render inefficient the school, to corrupt the state, and to defile the church is a sin against our humanity Godly fathers and mothers, devoted teachers, partiotic citizens and saintly leaders in pulpit and pew will give any people a high place among the immortals.

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PAGAN CONDUCT THAT SHAMES AMERICA

There are about 3,000 Chinese boys and girls in the New York area. During the past eight years there have been among them only two cases of juvenile delinquency. A recent legislature and court investigations has discovered that Chinese percentage of delinquency is the lowest of any racial or sectional group, the ratio being almost negligible. Chinese teachers were questioned by the investigators concerning the reason for this remarkable showing. What they learned should be broadcast throughout America. "The misconduct of the child is the fault of the parent."—The United Presbyterian.

THE ORIGIN OF SURNAMES

(The Pathfinder)

It is probable that all family or surnames were originally significant, but in the passage of time their meanings are often forgotten. This was true in the case of the American Indians, among them such names as Sitting Bull, Blackhawk, Bigfoot, etc., are common. These names are plainly commemorative of some event in the life of the individual bearing the name, or indicative of some personal peculiarity or characteristic. The savage who killed a bear might be given a name to indicate that fact, as Black Bear, or if he had some peculiar physical feature he might be named accordingly.

The children of the early Hebrews were named for some peculiar circumstance relating to them. Thus the family history was commemorated. The first son of Eve was called Cain, meaning "gotten." Eve said, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." Though nearly all the names of these people constituted a single word, all were expressive of some religious sentiment.

Among the Babylonians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Hebrews, surnames were not used. The Romans also used but one name in those early times, but later came to employ as many as three. These were the praenomen or personal name, the nomen or clan name, and the cognomen or family name. The praenomen was unually written with one or two lettters, thus, M. Tullius Cicero. In many cases the praenomen of the father was given to the daughter; thus the daughter of Julius would be called Julia; of Octavius, Octavia. He who had conquered a city or performed some other notable feat had an additional name conferred on him, as, Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus.

Some circumstances or the locality in which the person or family resided was usually signified by the names of the people of Western Europe. This tendency is particularly noticeable in Holland. For example, van der Bilt, compounded Vanderbilt, signifies "man of the picture," "man" being understood. Many of the names in use among Anglo-Saxons are derived from the Danish or Germans, such as Ethelred, which means "noble in speech," being compounded from the German words "edel" and "rede." Other names of a similar character are Eardwulf, "wolf of the north"; Sigfred, "peace of victory"; and Werberg, hedge of the town."

Among the primitive Saxons one name, as Alfred, Harold, Edwin, etc., was used for each individual. Today each individual has a name which is prefixed to another which distinguishes the family to which he belongs. The custom of attaching the father's name to that of the son is probably the oldest method of distinquishing different persons. In this way many English, German and Danish names ending in "son" had their origin. Among such names may be mentioned Williamson, Anderson and Thorwaldsen. The Russian "vitch," the Norman "Fritz," the Irish "O" and the Scotch "Mac," as affixes, had a similar meaning.

New names were introduced with the system of feudalism. These were derived from the districts conferred on the nobles or from the feudal relations. Another class of names have had their origin from localities, either from generic names such as Cliff, Dale, Hill, or some specific place.

In nearly all cases the nobility had family names before the commoners. Among the latter class family names were usually derived from their occupations or trades, such as Miller, Smith, Barber, Fisher, etc. The number of names originating in this way is large and includes several occupations or trades that are now obsolete or are called by some other name. Furbisher, Fletcher, Pargetter, Taverner, Webster, Page, Reeve, etc., belong in this class. In many classes some external peculiarity or mental trait or quality was responsible for the family name. This includes Swift, Brown, Long, White, Black, Wise, Good and others.

A woman after marriage in most countries takes the surname of her husband though in Spain the full names of both are retained. It is optional with sons in that country to choose whichever family name they prefer, either the paternal or maternal. In some states and countries names may be changed without legal process, though such changes cannot be made except by order of court or act of the legislature.

Among Christian names taken from the Scripture, a few, such as Adam, Moses, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, are in such general use that we scarcely ever think of them as Bible names. Other names given children from the name of the saint on whose day they were born are also so common that we regard them as purely English. Among these are Peter, Paul, John, Stephen and Matthew.

The common use of such names from the earliest times has given rise to many of our surnames, such as Jacobson, Stevenson, Peterson, etc. Missionaries in the 12th century used to baptize whole villages at once, and in order to save time gave the males some common name, as John, or the name of some other saint. The females were usually named Mary or Martha. Friends, in order to distinguish the Johns, Marthas, etc., gave the individuals an additional name, as Strong, Short, Stout, etc.

A common custom of the Puritans after the Reformation was to give their children such names as Melchisedec, Barzillai, Abel, Levi, Jesse, Amos, Asa, Isaiah, Ephraim, Gideon, Malachi, Job, Abner, Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Zechariah, Asher, Eli, Ebenezer and many others from the Old Testament. The use of thes names has now practically died out, though they were common enough in New England a century or two ago. The passing of such names as Ebenezer, Melchisedec and others is due to their lack of euphony and their length.

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Who hath not learned that when alone he has his own thoughts to guard, and when struggling with mankind his temper, and in society his tongue?—Mary Baker Eddy.

JEWEL COLLECTORS

By Eunice Jones Strickland

Do you avoid uncongenial people? I always did until Mona Daniels told me a story.

One day I found that I had forty-five minutes to wait for a train. Nothing irks me quite so much as to get tied to a bore on a homebound train, so I bought a magazine to hide behind while I waited.

Sure enough the first person I spied when I entered the waiting-room was Edna Cowan. She is a mousy sort of person and we really have nothing in common except that we graduated from high school together. Not a thing about her was attractive to me. Since I had not seen her for a year or more, undoubtedly she would begin, talking about high school days, and that was exactly the thing that I intended to avoid. She did not see me, so I found a secluded corner and dug into a story.

A few minutes later Miss Mona Daniels came in. Of all the people I love to talk with this former high school teacher of mine is one of my favorites. How I wished she would see me, but I did not dare move for fear of catching Edna's attention. I sat there and stared at Miss Daniels. It was easy to do; she looked stunning. She must be nearly forty, but beauty, charm, dash, and whatever else that is attractive—she has them all.

Mental telepathy failed. She did not see me. To my surprise, she stopped and looked over the room as though she were expecting someone, then seeing Edna, she rushed over to her and hugged her! It was the first time I knew those two were such bosom friends!

They sat down and started talking. I could watch them without being seen and once in a while I caught the sounds of a lifting voice. Edna seemed to be doing most of the talking, but I never dreamed she could talk like that. Apparently Miss Daniels was enjoying herself and she never displayed a bit of patronage in her attitude toward the drab little girl.

I could not do a thing except stay in my hiding place. But my mind refused to follow the story. What in the world could a charming person like Mona Daniels see in Edna Cowan? What could they have in common?

At that moment my train was called, I saw Miss Daniels tell Edna goodbye and hurry to the gate. Here was my chance. I soon caught up with her.

"Hello, Betty," she responded, as I touched her arm. "Are you going my way? Good. I have not seen you in ages." Her welcome was radiant as we settled down for our long ride.

"I have had the grandest visit with Edna Cowan," Miss Daniels began. "I made an appointment to meet her here for a short visit. She is such a wonderful girl!" Miss Daniels' face beamed and I hoped that I did not look as stupid as I felt.

"You know," she bubbled, "I used to think Edna Cowan a most uninteresting person. I rather avoided

her when she was in my class in high school, but she was the first one in my 'jewel box'."

She must have seen the puzzled expression that I felt burning my face.

"Oh, I must explain! That sounds foolish to you, I imagine, Betty?"

"Well, it certainly does not make sense to me," I admitted with a smile to match the sparkle in her pretty brown eyes. (I hope I look as vivacious as that when I am nearly forty.)

She continued: "A few years ago at a teacher's institution, I heard something that started me on what I call my quest for jewels. 'Make it a point to avoid clinging to the people you like. It is excellent practice to cultivate people who appear not to be congenial.' Out of a week's lectures, these words stuck in my mind and I determined to put them to a test.'

Miss Daniels opened her handbag and took out a little notebook. "I keep a record of the results," she laughed. "Edna Cowan was my first experiment, and what I found out was wonderful. All through her high school days she was nursing an invalid father and keeping house. Her mother had died the year Edna entered high school. She developed her talent for art by carving linoleum and wood cuts. By selling Christmas cards and other block prints she earned her way through college. Since that time she has built up an enviable business in craftwork. There is no end to the interests Edna has. Right now she is designing a series of book plates for a very exclusive shop in the city."

That story knocked the scales from my eyes. Into my mind flashed this verse, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Before I reached home that night I had resolved to start collecting jewels myself.

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A HELPFUL THOUGHT

From the midst of bombed yet steadfast London, from the Mission Rest Home at 10 Finchley Road, comes this beautiful word:

"Our life is like a dial of a clock. The hands are God's hands passing over and over again. The short hand, the hand of discipline; the long hand, of mercy. Slowly and surely the hand of discipline must pass, and God speaks to each stroke, but over and over passes the hand of mercy, showering down twelve-fold blessings for each stroke of discipline and trial and both hands are fastened to one secure pivot—the great unchanging heart of a God of love."

We shall not forget our fellow-workers in Britian, now passing such a test of fire. May His everlasting arms be around them night and day.—Canadian Baptist.

INSTITUTION NOTES

This week's motion picture attraction at the School was "Flight to Fame", a Columbia production, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

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With the coming of a few cold days, the hog-killing season was ushered in at the School last week. Several fine porkers were butchered and our entire "family" of more than five hundred enjoyed fine fresh sausage, spare-ribs, liverwurst and other delicacies of the season.

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Herbert Groves, formerly a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and of the dairy force, who left the School in 1938, called on us one day last week. He is now nineteen years old and is working on a farm near Boone. He was on his way to Charolotte with a truck load of farm produce, and just stopped in for a few minutes to greet old friends here. Herbert stated that he had been getting along well since leaving us and would always consider the Jackson Training School his very best friend.

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As the dove hunters who have recently visited our fields can attest, there was an extremely long row of corn in shocks along the road through our farm. We believe this is the longest row of corn ever put in this section of the country. The corn was cut and shocked along this winding road, and while no measurements were taken, it is our opinion that the line would measure considerably more than half a mile. The task of husking this corn has been completed; the stalks have been hauled to the barn and shredded. While we do not have an estimate at this writing as to the quantity of corn gathered in this lot, we have been informed by those in charge of the work that a "mess of corn" has been placed in storage.

—o—

All of the farm crops at the School are just about harvested. The outside forces are picking over the cotton for the last time. Sweet potatoes have been gathered and stored away, and the fields from which they were taken are being plowed. Peanuts have been taken care of and we are practically through with picking peas. The farm forces are now ready for the fall plowing, threshing lespedeza for seed, threshing quite a nice lot of peas, gathering wood for winter use, and all other activities of the fall and winter season.

—o—

Mr A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Gene Davis and Albert Moore, also of Charlotte. Gene followed his usual custom of leading the boys in singing a number of their favorite hymns, and then rendered a vocal solo, "The Old Rugged Cross." He then presented Mr. Moore, a native of Anniston, Alabama, who recently moved to Charlotte, where he has accepted a position with the Pounds & Moore Company.

Mr. Moore told the boys that he wanted to speak to them on "The Road of Life." This road, said he, is a very rough road, but one upon which we all must travel. Although there

are many dangerous places along this highway, the going can be made easier if we learn to take advantage of the opportunities offered.

Along this road, continued the speaker, are houses of opportunity, where we gain knowledge in boyhood days that will lift us over the rough places later in life. Then, too, in traveling this road, we must learn to give and take; we must play the game fairly, which is far more important than whether we win or lose.

Mr. Moore told the boys that some day they would probably be scattered all over the country, after leaving the School. He advised them, upon getting out into the business world, to be firm, honest and fair; to say what they mean and mean what they say—always treating their fellow men as they would liked to be treated. He also pointed out the value of hard work, saying that it was the best recipe for success known to man.

In traveling this road of life, said the speaker, we must have faith in ourselves. Courage is another characteristic to be developed. We may lose from time to time, but if we have the proper amount of courage, we will keep on trying. We should never be quitters.

In conclusion Mr. Moore told the boys that we must learn to control our tempers as we go along this road of life. As we travel we must use our heads. It is necessary that we be careful, always thinking what is best for us. It is our duty to be courteous to people. Of course, some folks are going to try to crowd us off the road, but we must acquire diplomacy. When they work against us we must keep them off, but in such a way as not to lose their friendship and good will.

———o———

THE COMMON MAN

Christianity began among the lower strata of society. At first not many rich or noble were found in the Christian ranks. But the Christian religion is not unique in this respect. The great social revolutions have generally been cradled in mangers. Civilization is deeply indebted to lowly cradles and unknown mothers hold a heavy account against the world.

No ignorance is quite so stupid as that which discounts the common man and that scorns the hidden capacities of the common people. The finest thing said of Jesus as a teacher was that the common people heard him gladly.

The greatest shortsightedness of the Christian church has been its disposition to get away from the common people. Every church in every age is at this point beset with snares.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending October 27, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wayne Allen 5
William Drye 14
Cecil Gray
Norah J. Green 16
(11) Edward Johnson 20
(2) Carl Justice 5
Robert Maples 13
(11) Frank May 20
(2) Mack McQuaigue 14
John Ray
(4) William Shannon 4
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 1

(4) Everett Case 11
(4) Albert Chunn 7
(2) Charles Cole 8
(4) John Davis 12
(3) Ralph Harris 8
(4) Porter Holder 12
(2) Burman Keller 10
(4) Clay Mize 16
(4) Everett Watts 15
(4) William C. Wilson 17

COTTAGE NO. 2

(4) Jack Cline 12
(7) Donald McFee 19
Peter Tuttle 7

COTTAGE NO. 3

(5) Lewis Andrews 20
(3) Earl Barnes 17
(4) James Boone 16
(4) John Boiley 15
(3) Lewis Baker 12
(3) Roscoe Honeycutt 11
William Matthewson 14
(4) Robert Quick 11
(3) William Sims 16
(5) Harrison Stilwell 18
(4) Wayne Sluder 11
(5) Jerome Wiggins 16
(5) Louis Williams 17

COTTAGE NO. 4

(2) Paul Godwin 17
(5) Gilbert Hogan 16
(2) Oakley Walker 15
(22) Melvin Walters 22

COTTAGE NO. 5

(9) Theodore Bowles 20
(9) J. C. Bordeaux 13
(7) Collett Cantor 18
(6) Harold Donaldson 14
A. C. Elmore 13
(6) Everett Lineberry 11
(2) Ivey Lunsford 11
(2) James Massey 10
Leonard Melton 7
(10) Currie Singletary 14
Hubert Walker 19
(9) Dewey Ware 18
Henry Ziegler 13

COTTAGE NO. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 7

George Green 16
(2) Richard Halker 19
Carl Ray 10
(2) Alex Weathers 15

COTTAGE NO. 8

(8) Jesse Cunningham 8
(7) Jack Hamilton 20
James Quick 18

COTTAGE NO. 9

(2) J. T. Branch 19
(17) David Cunningham 17
(3) George Gaddy 13
(2) Robert Gaines 14
James Hale 7
Grady Kelly 6
(3) William Nelson 6
(9) Harold O'Dear 21
(6) James Ruff 14
(4) Thomas Sands 16

Lewis Sawyer 6
Horace Williams 10

COTTAGE NO. 10

Junius Brewer 15
James Eury 5
John Fausnett 4
Harry Peake 10
Edward Stutts 5
O. D. Talbert 13
Claude Weldy 7
Jack Warren 18
Torrence Ware 6

COTTAGE NO. 11

(22) John Benson 22
Robert Davis 8
(6) William Dixon 11
(2) Ralph Fisher 10
William Furches 12
(17) Robert Goldsmith 19
(16) Earl Hildreth 20
Everett Morris 8
(5) Broadus Moore 5
(2) Fred Owens 21
(3) Theodore Rector 19
(3) Monroe Searcy 6
(3) James Tyndall 6

COTTAGE NO. 12

(10) Odell Aldmond 20
(5) Ernest Brewer 17
(5) William Deaton 20
Treley Frankum 14
Woodrow Hager 18
Eugene Heaffner 6
Charles Hastings 3
Tillman Lyles 19
(2) Clarence Mayton 13
James Puckett 14
(2) Hercules Rose 2
(8) Charles Simpson 15
(5) Robah Sink 16
(8) Jesse Smith 10
Norman Smith 10
William Suits 8

COTTAGE NO. 13

(2) Wilson Bailiff 5
(5) James Brewer 19
William Goins 8
William Griffin 19
(4) Vincent Hawes 15
James Lane 14
(4) John Murdock 11
Randall Peeler 10
Marshall White 6

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews 16
(2) Edward Carter 5
(2) Mack Coggins 21
Henry Ennis 7
Audie Farthing 20
Henry Glover 14
William Harding 20
(2) Troy Gilland 10
John Hamm 14
(7) Marvin King 15
(7) Feldman Lane 16
(9) Norvell Murphy 20
(2) Charles McCoyle 16
(2) Henry McGraw 13
(7) John Robbins 18
(9) Charles Steepleton 17
Jack West 10

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 10
Philip Holmes 17
Harvey Ledford 12
John T. Lawry 13
Redmond Lawry 14

———o———

EDUCATION

Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.—Daniel Webster.

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THE U[illegible]FT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 9, 1940 NO. 45

ARMISTICE DAY

Our flag hangs out on its staff today
And sways in the gentle breeze;
And everyone's heart who sees it there
Is filled with memories.

Some are of war, and some are of peace,
And some we shall grieve about;
For the day is filled with memories,
And all of the flags are out.

—Ruth M. Griffith.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE UNKOWN SOLDIER

Here let him rest—asleep in his fame,
Where was his home—or what was his name,
Nobody knows or cares for details—
The shrieking shrapnel or heart-broken wails
Are sounds that will never awaken his ear;
He is somebody's child—that died without fear.
No eulogy is needed—enough is well said;—
America has claimed him—her "Unkown Dead."
But, known unto God. May he rest in peace,
The soldier who died—that wars might cease.

—Cassie M. Lyne.

THE TAR HEEL BOY

The above caption is the name given to a small paper issued at the Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount. This publication gives the many activities of this institution, a home for the boys' of the state who started out on the wrong foot due entirely to the lack of parental care and Christian training. The foreword by Supt. S. E. Leonard in the paper is as follows:

It might not be generally realized by the public on first thought, but satistics bear it out, that the proper influence of religion and the church on the child would keep most boys out of training schools or a career of crime. I have read of surveys being made in various parts of the country and it is seldom that more than four or five per cent of the entire inmate population of a prison or a training school have been regular attendants at Church and Sunday School. Most of the training school boys come from homes which are not church inclined. A few come from homes of religious fanatics and are therefore driven from the church in disgust.

Realizing the lack of this fundamental, this important side of the triangle and having been reared in a fine Christian home, it was but natural that upon the organization of the school, plans should be laid for an emphasized spiritual training program and yet to be carried out in a natural sort of way. In planning the program certain phases of it have had to be changed in order to make it workable with a large group of boys and particularly with this type of boy.

* * * * * * * *

MONOTONY OR THE "ABUNDANT LIFE"?

Why are people so unsetttled, so restless, so anxious for a continual change, and so quickly bored with what should be ample amusement, diversion or interesting employment? Perhaps they will tell you that they cannot stand monotony. Well, we remember somewhere reading a poem that in substance said, "No where to go but out or in or up; no where to step but down or up; no where to sit but down; nothing to see but sights; nothing to read but words; nothing to eat but food, etc." You see what we are trying to show?

"Life is just one d—n thing after another" some one has said. Yes, it is for one who takes that sort of attitude. If doing one thing after another is monotony then rising and dressing in the morning, peforming one's toilet, eating three times a day, seeing about the same people over and over again, knowing almost to the word what they will say when you see them,—these and many other things may be viewed as experiences leading to monotony. We were told by a friend the other day that he believed that it was because a man or a woman was continually striving for something new and different that couples got bored with each other when they could not find something new, and that this led to most of the divorces. Well, it is an extraordinary man or woman who can find something different in his or her mate each day. Some do, and Heaven be praised for such partners in life! Besides money is not always available to purchase diversions to those who think this is what they most need!

Of course, the whole trouble about such a stand of mind has to do with one's attitude toward life, and the philosophy, if he really

has any, with which he tries to meet life's daily grind, its responsibilities, its ever changing demands, its unexpected happenings,—and the true meaning of duty, obligation, and the part he can play not only in shaping each day's experience for himself, but being a means toward helping the other fellow in shaping his way of life. After all, isn't this where RELIGION comes in? The Christ follower believes that his Master came to bring the "abundant life". This does not mean material abundance, but mental and spiritual abundance which comes from feeding the mind with worthwhile reading, and hence worthwhile thinking, conversations with people who talk not in terms of personalities but of events, of policies, of happenings that have benefited their fellowmen, of plans for bigger and better ways of life for humanity. It means spiritual abundance which comes from forgetting self and thinking of others in a far worse fix than themselves, in reading the Bible, in prayer and meditation, and in trying to see how each new day with its same experiences may be beautified and enriched by feelings that lend a far different way of looking at what people say and do, and what they themselves say and do.

If husband and wife say, "Now this little difference between us simply must be straightened out. It is unthinkable to let it go any further. Let's talk about things in an entirely different way. Let's stay off certain touchy subjects. Let's each one see how much variety and spice he or she can arrange for each other,—all with the same amount of money, but under new conditions, perhaps of new friends made, new associations, etc." Then while they would be eating, sleeping, dressing, going, coming, etc., as of old,—monotony, yes, in a way, if you mean repetition of habits, customs etc.; but no thought of monotony for them. For they, through their new philosophy of life, their RELIGION, would be re-made. Isn't that what the "man of cloth" calls "re-generation"?

* * * * * * * *

THE SOONER THE BETTER

It is no trite saying, "There is no telling what we will have to undergo in the future." Every word from Europe and Asia bears out the seriousness of that expression. Yet our papers were never

more elaborately filled with advertisments, particularly our periodicals, with all sorts of temptations to spend money. And reckless spending of money leads to luxury; and luxury leads to softness, softness of soul as well as softness of body. Besides it makes the youth feel that since "money talks" money is the chief aim of man. From all accounts it looks as if we were in for an unprecedented era of prosperity. Let us hope it is not the calm before the storm. At any rate it is high time that we were thinking of putting on the armor of stern discipline, of frugal living, and of more seriously anticipating what now looks like the inevetable.

We know all the arguments that go with much money, free spending, what it does for business, and all that. We also know how the War No. II found France, soft, pleasure-wild, and utterly incredulous as to any probability that another war would come. It is the old story that history bears out in days of old,—in Greece, in Rome, in Babylon and wherever else people have allowed the life of ease and pleasure to get such a hold upon them that the serious issues of life were mere sentimental words to be spoken but not taken seriously.

Frugality and thrift never hurt any man, any family, or any nation. How we wish that our workers in textile interests could realize this. Rainy days are bound to come. Prosperity must not be measured only in terms of dollars and cents,—but in terms of being able to make things go without debts and with a health that throbs with vigor and determination.

* * * * * * * *

THE HORRORS OF WAR!

Since the beginning of the war there were many forecasts as to the victor and how long this maelstrom would continue. Up to date not one of the phrophesies has been realized. Instead of this horrible killing of human beings along with the destruction of buildings and properties of priceless value, the trouble is spreading far beyond the understanding of normal minds. Since the outburst of the great war, the whole of Europe has been the scene of battle with all of its horrors. The whole scene visualized through the reports given over radio makes one think of a raging forest

fire after a long, dry season. No sooner than the fire is extinguished at one point the flames go by leaps and bounds and start a blaze elsewhere and damage property and lives. The two pictures are comparable only in the ruthless destruction of any and everything that comes within the trail of least resistance. Has there ever been previously such a general upheaveal of hatred and greed, and all of it has been brought about by the spirit for possession of the material things? It seems that the whole of Europe is a burning flame of hatred and appeasement is impossible. The whole story is horrible to dwell upon, to think that man, created in His image, should participate in this terrible war.

* * * * * * * *

THANK GOD WE ARE NOT SO EFFICIENT

A friend was telling us the other day of the marvelous efficiency and care for details shown by the Japanese. Her sister is a missionary in Seoul, Korea, held under the iron hand of the "Japs." A foreigner, we think it was an American, was telling some friends of a very remarkable cafe he had visited the week before. He had so much to say about it that his friends wanted to find it, but he could not remember the name of it. Seoul is a very large city. One of the native Koreans with a sense of humor said, "Why, just call up the Intelligence Office and ask them where you were on that certain night at a certain hour." The foreigner took the Korean's advice, did telephone, and soon his party was on its way to the very fine cafe for supper.

MULES AND MEASLES

By H. E. C. (Red Buck) Bryant, in Beasley's Farm & Home Weekly

One spring father bought two or three young mules for the farm. A beautiful, lithe, spirited animal named Maud he gave to me to handle, and I was very proud of her. She was from Kentucky, and as handsome as mules get to be. I had ridden her, plowed her, and driven her to the buggy, and was giving her other lessons when stricken with measles. For some reason I was slow in breaking out, and mother put me to bed and was administering various bitter-tasting teas to heat me up.

Jack, one of our wagoners, picked Maud for his team to take the place of one of his regulars that had developed a sore foot, and drove her to market for a load of farm supplies, including a quantity of guano. That worried me, lest something happen to injure or spoil my pet. But father assured me that all would be well, as Jack was a good handler, and the other mules were gentle. That calmed me for the time, but later in the day, when the team came back, I heard a commotion at the store, including a constant flow of "whoas," and, imagining that Maud was about to be killed, I jumped out of bed in my shirt tail and started for the scene of trouble. From the window I saw my mule standing on her hind legs, surging about, trying to run, but Jack and his faithfuls were holding her back.

As I made a dash for the front door mother planted herself there, and ordered a retreat.

"Get back in that bed or I'll whip you; you want to catch your death of cold?" she said. "Jack will handle that mule.

The commotion had ceased, and Maud given a lesson in behavior, and I was suppressed by a very sweet but determined, formidable mother. I went to bed, with a burning face, and in ten minutes the measles had come out from head to foot, and I looked as red as a beet.

Maud had done me a real turn. Where the hot, disagreeable teas had failed she had succeeded. Soon I was up and about, and resuming my teaching of the young mule.

Several weeks after that, one cool, windy afternoon, father told me to get on Maud and ride to the home of a neighbor for something he needed. The assignment delighted me, and that day I was very happy for Maud had been standing in the stable, resting, and was eager to go. I galloped away, and arrived at my destination to find that I would have to wait an hour. Maud was hitched to a post in front of the house while I went in to a fire. The weather, already breezy, was getting more disagreeable every minute. I could see from the window that Maud did not like it. She was circling the post first one way and then the other, and now and then giving a little whinny. When I went out, to start for home she could hardly be still a second, but being an expert at mounting, I did not demand absolute quiet, but grabbed the reins up close, and rose in the stirrup, and swung into the saddle just as she whirled to go. The lane from the hitching post ran at right angles to the highway, and it was not long

enough to give me time for a good seat and complete control. Maud hit the road, running and turning, and, unfortunate for me the girth broke, and off I went, with the saddle clamped between my legs. Beyond the far side of the road was a bottom, a corn field, and when I stopped rolling I was fifty yards from where I left the mule, flat on my back with my feet up. Maud was on the way home, making a record for speed. The ground on which I struck was soft, and I was unhurt. Father, seeing the mule come in, sent a negro to see if I was all right, and I met him on the road, with the saddle on my back.

Maud developed into a very fine farm mule, and father sold her to a neighbor for a third more than he gave for her and bought me off with a horse.

Such experiences on the farm were never dull.

Every now and then we hear something about pies "like mother made." I have seen that sign on bakers' wagons, and heard it over the radio, but never have I found a pie like my mother made. Back in those delightful old horse and buggy days, when men were men and women were women, the fashion in the rural districts of my part of the country was to have picnics, barbecues and all-day church services, at which there was a great display of excellent foods. Those occasions served as fairs for exhibits of cullinary perfection. Covered pies, barred pies, custard pies, citron pies and others were served at the public gathering.

The wives, sisters and daughters of our Scotch-Irsh neighborhood knew how to prepare eatables. They needed no French, German English or Scotch cooks, or cook-books to show them; they learned from their mothers.

At picnics or barbecues long tables, built to accommodate large crowds, were the rule. Selfishness, hoggishness or greediness were not witnessed, and there was plenty for all. In later years, there came a change, outsiders would come in and grab food, and in other ways show bad manners.

That marked the beginning of a new and worse era. In some communities the free-for-all programs had to be abandoned. The fair feature was lost, and the expert cooks of these fascinating little circles could not compare their products.

The housewives of our immediate section provided milk, butter, chicken, and home-made bread in the greatest abundance for their families. I have seen cakes of butter weighing two or more pounds on our table.

Every Sunday we had stewed chicken and rice for dinner, the midday meal, and they were fine. If we had company, somebody to spend the day, one or more chickens were served. Nobody in the neighborhood sold chickens, but every home kept from 200 to 300.

For breakfast we had ham, gravy molasses, and biscuits fresh from the stove.

There never was a day at our home that every member of the family could not have a full meal, and a good one. I am sure that I ate too much, resulting in a case of dyspepsia just before I started off to college.

That was the abundant period of my life. No money rattled in my pockets but I did not go hungry.

The negroes on the place were never starved or half-starved. During the winter months when they had but little to do, father saw that they

had food, a doctor, if needed, and a lawyer if in trouble.

Negroes were divided into two distinct classes: "Good negroes" and "bad negroes." The one had ample protection, and the other felt the cold shoulder, or worse.

Our field hands were like healthy horses, and might be lean or stout, according to the quantity of wholesome food they ate. If work and pay days came far apart in the cold season a husky negro man might lose some of the richness of color in his face, but when spring came, and plows were going, breaking land for cotton, and rations flowing regularly, he would become sleek and shiny. Then he would be full of songs and laughter. I have heard negroes a mile away laugh and such outbursts were full of merriment.

One of the real delights of farm life in the South was a singing negro.

Almost all negroes love to sing and dance and give vent to their feelings at home or abroad. I have seen them dance on the ground, or punche on floors. Many an afternoon, as the sun was sinking, I listened to half dozen or more plow or hoe hands singing together.

One night, after midnight, I heard a wayward negro singing. He was two miles from his cabin, on a road hurrying home from some scouting expedition. The moon was shining, and I had just waked up and was listening to night noises. Will was late and trotting to get in and sleep a little before he had to go to work, I could tell from his song he was not loitering. He was saying:

"Chickens on my back,
Dogs on my track,
An' I'm pullin' for my shack,
Gawd knows!"

He was a rollicking young fellow, as black as a crow, with beautiful white teeth. He did turns about the Big House kitchen, cutting stove wood, and carrying it in, bringing water from the well, and taking the garbage to the hogs. He was full of fun, and always in good humor, and mother, who bossed that part of the home with an iron hand, but a warm heart, liked him.

That boy taught me a great deal. He regaled me with Irish stories he got from his old granddaddy, and I have often wondered how they came to that community.

He would say: "You know, Mister Eddie, there was an Irshman named John, and one named Mike. They went hunting in this country for the first time, after rabbits. Well, soon after they started out a big grasshopper flew up and lit on John's breast and Mike said 'hold on, begora, there's a rabbit, and shot and killed John and the grasshopper and then abused him for falling on his game,

"He said,' say, John, git up off of my rabbit; I killed it, it is not yours,."

Another story he told me was that an Irish peddler met a man who was looking for a watch he had lost on the road, and asked him if he had seen it.

"What is it?" the peddler asked.

"A watch, that goes 'ticker, ticker, tick'."

"Yes, I have it in my pocket," said he, pulling a small upland terrapin out of his coat.

"Oh, not that, a watch-time piece, that goes 'ticker, tick'."

"Oh," explained the Irishman. "I see it, making face at me, and snickerin' and I pick up a rock and bust it."

He said two Irishmen were walking through the woods, and the one in

front held a limb, bent it, and then turned it loose to strike his friend in the head and knock him down. The hit man got up and thanked his mate for holding the limb, saying it knocked him down as it was and it might have killed him had he not held it.

Another yarn that I heard from Will was that an Irishman strayed from his home into a forest and ran upon a little screech owl, sitting in a tree, the first he had ever seen. Becoming frightened, thinking he had met some sort of a spirit good or bad, he pulled off his hat offered up a prayer:

"Oh, my little Lord Gawd,

"Spare me till I git back to the Island.

"To eat some more Irish potato and hoppin' John,

"And then you can damn me."

Those and scores of others were told to me and other white boys by negroes. My suspicion is that they were brought over from Ireland by the Scotch-Irish who came to this country in the early years of its existence. They did not like the Irish and told those tales to reflect on them, and the negroes picked them up.

The old time negro of the South was great on imitating the whites, and some of them were great yarn spinners.

I have never read all of the charming stories of Uncle Remus for the reason that I heard most of the Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox stories from the negroes on the farm, and they vary slightly from the ones in the Joel Chandler Harris book. I know many that do not appear in his writings, and I got them straight from colored people

———o———

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S TIMELY MESSAGE

Less than a quarter of a century after the close of the World War Europe is again at war in what may become another international calamity with all the nations of earth involved. At this time the people of all nations would do well to give heed to what Emerson in his "Representative Men" said of Napoleon Bonaparte. These are his words:

"Never was leader so endowed and weaponed; never leader found such followers. And what was the result of this vast power? These immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men? All passed like the smoke of his artillery and left no trace; he left France smaller, poorer, than he found it. France served him with life, limb, estate; but when men saw that victory meant only another war; that after toiling so desperately they were never nearer reward, or ease—they deserted. The eternal law of man, and the world, ruined him. By 1814, the universal cry of France, and Europe, was 'Assez de Bonaparte!' "—Selected.

PILLAR OF STONE

(Good Words)

Any American boy may become President of the United States. Even a college education is not one of the essential requirements to qualify for this highest office at the hands of the people of this country. Nine of the greatest Presidents had no college training, namely: Washington, Jackson. Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Johnson, Cleveland, and McKinley. Some of them had not even the benefit of a common school course. George Washington's education was cut short when he was 17 years of age, due to the necessity of earning a living.

The chief qualification for the Presidency of the United States are character and an understanding of his country's needs, that its inhabitants may have their inalienable rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

A brief glance backward gives us the educational record of the men who have become the Chief Executives of our Nation:

John Adams who succeeded George Washington, was a graduate of Harvard University, and became a teacher and lawyer. He was also a farmer.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, attended William and Mary College, but was not a graduate. He later took a course in law.

James Madison was another college graduate, Princeton being his alma mater. He became a lawyer.

Next comes James Monroe, who was also a student, but not a graduate, of William and Mary College.

John Quincy Adams, like his father, went to Harvard to finish his education.

Andrew Jackson, according to some authorities, was the beneficiary of a fair education, including the classics.

Martin Van Buren, the first of our Presidents not of British origin, was of Dutch parentage on both sides, and received but a scant book education, leaving school in his fourteenth year to take up the study of law.

William Henry Harrison, soldier and farmer, was a graduate of Hampden-Sydney College in his eighteenth year.

John Tyler was the third and last of the Presidents who attended William and Mary College. He was a lawyer by profession.

James K. Polk was graduated from the University of North Carolina, and was also a lawyer when elected President.

Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War, was soldier and cotton planter. From an educational standpoint he was perhaps the poorest equipped of all our Presidents.

Millard Fillmore was in early youth a tailor—some say a wool-carder. He was a lawyer, and possessed no particular scholastic education.

Franklin Pierce graduated from Bowden College, and became a lawyer.

James Buchanan, the last of the Democrats to rule for a quarter of a century, graduated from Dickinson College, and was a lawyer.

Abraham Lincoln, the farmland rail-splitter, was poorly equipped educationally, but by sheer force of character surmounted every obstacle in his ambitious quest for knowledge, and became an eminent lawyer before ascending to the Presidency.

Andrew Johnson was a tailor, untutored, who lost his father when five years old, and ran away from a tyrannical employer.

Ulysses S. Grant was a graduate of West Point. He became a merchant, a soldier, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, and then President.

Rutherford B. Hayes was a graduate of Kenyon College.

James A. Garfield, the second martyred President, graduated from Williams College. He was a teacher and a lawyer.

Chester A. Arthur was a college man. He graduated from Union College, becoming a teacher and a lawyer.

Grover Cleveland, owing to the death of his father at an early age, was obliged to leave school and go to work.

Benjamin Harrison was graduated from Miami University, and became a lawyer.

William McKinley, owing to his entrance in the Civil War, was deprived of a regular education.

Theodore Roosevelt was a Harvard man. He held many responsible political positions before serving as President.

William H. Taft was Yale's first representative in the White House.

Woodrow Wilson was the second President claiming Princeton as his alma mater. He practiced law for four years, but later took up teaching.

Warren G. Harding attended a small college for three years, and then established himself as newspaper editor and publisher.

Calvin Coolidge was a graduate of Amherst College.

Herbert Clark Hoover's education was finished at Leland Stanford University.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt is the third president of Dutch ancestry, and the fourth graduate of Harvard occupying the seat of Chief Executive.

THE PURPOSE OF DEMOCRACY

I conceive it to be one of the needs of the hour to restore the processes of common counsel. We must learn, we freemen, to meet as our fathers did, somehow, somewhere, for consultation. There must be discussion in which all freely participate. The whole purpose of democracy is that we may hold counsel with one another so as not to depend upon the understanding of one man, but to depend upon the counsel of all.—Woodrow Wilson.

THE RICE LAKES OF THE NORTHWEST

By Wouter Van Garrett

When we think of rice-growing our minds naturally travel to China, and other Oriental places. But we need not go that far, because we have quite a good-sized rice-growing industry in our own country. In addition, there is a great rice industry that is native to the region that was once known as the Northwest. Of course there is a great difference between the industry as carried on in the Orient, and in the northwestern part of our country. Their rice is domestic; this is still in its native state. They plant the seed and harvest the crop; this wild rice propagates itself. Their grains are small and white; these are large and dark.

It is interesting to recall that wild rice is native to the states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and parts of southern Canada, as well as in numerous small sections of the eastern United States. Within this region there are thousands of rice lakes which have been proving harvests for people who live near by, for countless generations.

Many tons of this wild rice are harvested each year. It requires no planting, and no cultivaton. The Indians of several centuries ago lived on game which was then plentiful in the region, and on the wild rice. Now that the game is no longer sufficient to provide them with food, the Indians of the reservations in the Northwest depend largely on the rice.

In the development of this section of the Western World wild rice rendered a signal service to the white man. When the early fur traders and explorers went into the region they also used it as food. Later the white settlers bartered for it. And today it has reached the popularity of a luxury, and sells in many markets for five times the price of ordinary white rice. Not only has it become popular as a cereal, but it has also found a great need on game reservations. The seed is scattered through marsh land, in many sections of our country, to provide food for wild birds.

Wild rice is one industry that has defied all efforts to modernize it. Again and again men have tried to use mechanical reapers to harvest the crop, only to fail Machines are too heavy to move about in the marshy shallow water, and when they do work they are too thorough, and make it necessary to replant before there can be another crop. As a result the industry is left largely to the Indians and, since their hand-harvesting methods are rather sketchy, enough rice is left on the stalk to provide abundant seed for the next crop.

During the latter part of August and early September thousands of Indians migrate to the rice lakes. Whole families go in groups, and temporary camps are set up on the shores of the lakes. As soon as they arrive they set to work. Axes ring, birchbark mats are cut, saplings are bent over to form arches, and everything is in readiness for the rice harvest. The men go out in boats, and carry long sticks. As the boat slowly moves in and out among the

tall rice stalks the sticks bend the rice heads of grain over the boat, and shake the rice hulls into the boat.

When the boat is full the cargo is taken to shore where it is spread out on large birchbark mats to dry. A few hours of hot sunlight and the rice is ready for parching. This work is done entirely by the women. The grain is placed in large iron kettles over brisk fires, and cooked until the pale green purplish seeds have turned to a light brown.

The men take over the next operation—hulling. After the rice has been roasted, it is put into an iron container that has been sunk into the ground. A peck or two is placed in the pot at one time, and a man treads it with his feet. He may wear moccasins but more frequently he does the treading in bare feet. Usually he supports himself by holding on to a sapling that has been bent over. As the contents come from the huller the women take it over. A large flat tray, made of birchbark, is filled with the mixture of rice and hulls and, standing in the strong breeze, she swings it in such a way that the wind will remove the hulls from the rice.

The wild rice is now washed and dried, and is ready for use. Some of it is sold to the buyers who have made their way to the camps; the rest is stored away for the use of the Indians during the long winter months that lie ahead. The rice harvest lasts for several weeks, after which the Indians journey back to their homes, richer by a few dollars because of the rice they have sold, and provided with food for the immediate future.

Wild rice is quite different from the true rice; it is a species of grass. It is an annual and grows in miry places and in shallow water. The seed that matures in the fall falls into the mud and lies there dormant until the following spring, when it takes root and grows rapidly to a height of seven or eight feet above the surface. Its blossoms come in June, and it is mature by September. The heads resemble oats, and the kernels are blackish in color and may range in length from half an inch to almost an inch.

Because of its color it is frequently referred to as black rice, although it has many other names in different parts of the world. It is sometimes called American rice, or Canadian rice. It has high vitamin content, and is therefore often prescribed by physicians in the treament of various ailments. It has a wholesome taste, although it tends to be gamey in flavor, and it is as easily prepared as ordinary white rice.

It would be difficult to say what race of people first learned to eat black rice; history has nothing to say on the subject. There are many legends among the Indians but, of course, they can be treated only as legend. Early records of explorers and missionaries tell about the strange food which they found along the edge of the lakes. They were deeply impressed by the fact that the food grew wild. Many referred to it as a "manna from heaven," and spoke of it as a gift from God.

To the Indian of today, as to his ancestors, wild rice is an important factor in his social and economis life. The method of harvesting seems like a link between the past and the

present. The red man still uses much the same implements as were used in bygone days. He still reaps the rice with sticks, and hulls it by treading with his feet, and the harvest season is still the one big social event of the year.

COLLECTOR'S LUCK

Collecting is once more fashionable. What-nots and curio cabinets which one generation discarded have been brought back by another.

Some of my friends have become expert in identifying and appraising antiques. One has some delightful old glass. Another has furnished her home charmingly and inexpensively because her husband is able to guess at rare old woods beneath disfiguring layers of paint.

Even I, who pride myself on reducing my housekeeping hazards to a minimum, have fallen heir to a Victorian "medicine cabinet." Its history made me promise to give it houseroom, even before I saw it. After I saw it, I was glad to have it for its own quaint beauty. Little by little, I am filling it with oddities of one sort or another. A carved and painted wooden plate from Norway, an alabaster elephant from India, a miniature pair of boots from Labrador, a replica of a 6,000-year-old clay tablet—these and other things are finding their place in my cabinet. Each of them tells a story.

When I look at them the air is full of "things unseen." All about me is my real collection. What an assortment it is! And it is always growing.

Many people who don't care for antiques have this sort of collection—often quite without realizing it. It may be started with the simplest of equipment. All you need is a pair of eyes and an open heart. One person gives you a bit of his straightforward honesty, another a glimpse of bravery minus heroics. To name their gifts sounds like lining up the cast of an old-fashioned pageant with all the virtues taking part. But to the personality collector, those virtues are not stiff-moving figures on a badly lighted stage. They are living, breathing people, and in a certain sense, they are his.

Perhaps you have a collection without knowing it. This is a good time to look it over and start adding to it. Like all hobbies, personality collecting will grow on you. Soon you will find yourself richer than the owner of the rarest antiques. And life will be much more fun.—Margaret A. J. Irvin.

A COLONIAL CITY LIVES AGAIN

By Ruth I. Simon

Have you ever wished that you might turn back the years, and instead of reading about the history of our country, really live it? Impossible, of course! Yet the traveler who visits Williamsburg in old Virginia suddenly feels that two hundred years have rolled from his calendar. Could he but wave a magic wand and eliminate the automobiles and the hurrying tourists, he might well expect to see powdered-haired young Mrs. Martha Custis leave the corner grocery store. Surely the square panes of curved glass and the small upstairs balcony depict a shop of long ago. In surprise he reads in neat eighteenth century script the name "Atlantic and Pacific" above the door.

With a start he is back in 1940. A pictured map of the city, and a block of tickets remind him that there is much to see. As he wanders slowly up Duke of Gloucester Street, toward the Capitol he recalls that, until a few years ago, Williamsburg was just and ordinary small town. But it had history! With pride it boasted that it was once an outpost against Indian invasion, that it was the first incorporated city in America, and that, following the burning of Jamestown, it was the seat of government for that vast and important territory which is now Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota. Here was the College of William and Mary, the second oldest in our country, and here were many old buildings and the ruins of others. But these buildings were so crowded by modern structures that their very atmosphere was gone. People in Williamsburg lived the ordinary lives of modern Americans.

Then a man came to the town, a man who soon caught a vision and had the determination to find some means of carrying it through. This man was the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, the pastor of Bruton Parish Church. Dreams alone cannot restore a modern town into the picturesque capital of two hundred years ago. Money and much of it was needed. Fortunately Dr. Goodwin was able to interest John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who with his millions made possible the transformation.

Before the work came study, long months of arduous research in this country and in Europe. Fortunately for those interested in the restoration, a French soldier stationed in Williamsburg in 1782 had map making as a hobby. He paced off the city and located each building, and, as if by miracle, his map was preserved. An old copper plate, discovered in the University of Oxford, pictured three of the most important buildings. Tons of dirt turned up by the shovel of the excavator were carefully sifted. Plaster, bricks, marble, bits of china and glass which had long been buried and forgotten added their suggestions to the picture of the past. Old newspapers, especially the pages of advertisements, old letters and records were carefully read.

After the study and planning came

the removal of modern buildings, 586 of them to the present time, and the construction of colonial ones according to old plans and often on old foundations. Seventy-two old buildings were repaired and restored. Wires, so necessary to modern comfort, had to be hidden beneath the ground. Lamp posts of antique design took their place along the cobblestone bordered street. Old crafts were revived; for where in this modern country could the rebuilders buy handmade bricks like those in the colonial structures, or what modern workman could mix mortar of oyster shell lime? Paint scraping became an important occupation. Layer after layer was removed to reveal at last the original colors of woodwork. Gardeners busily planted trees, shrubs and flowers known to grow in the formal gardens of early colonists. Gradually the purpose of the restoration is being carried to completion. This is an "endeavor to restore accurately and for all time the most significant portions of an historic and important city of America's colonial period."

Suggesting a huge letter H the Capitol stands at the head of Duke of Gloucester Street. It is a restored building, for both capitols erected on this same foundation were destroyed by fire. Details complete and exhaustive, even to the color of the cloth used on the tables and the number of chairs in the various rooms, make this new building an exact duplicate of one which was the pride of this colony more than two hundred years ago. As the tourist enters, a hostess in the elaborate silk costume of the year 1748 bids him welcome. To pass through a door she skilfully raises the hoops at the side of the skirt, and so graceful and at home does she seem in this gown that it is hard to believe that later she will put it aside for the more simple and comfortable dress of the modern American woman.

The building has the dignity and the austerity of many an important edict passed here by the House of Burgesses to govern the new colony. Portraits of King William and Queen Mary recall the close connection with England, and a full length portrait of George Washington shows him as he himself wanted to be remembered. This painting by Charles Willson Peale is the one which Washington liked the best. Council tables, high-backed chairs, Bible boxes, and even the inkwells with their quill pens await the coming of the lace-cuffed Burgesses and the royal governor.

Close by the Capitol, in order that prisoners might easily be brought to trial, is the Public Gaol. "Come right this way to jail" is the invitation of the jailer in his colorful dress of long ago as he swings open the great door in welcome. The restored building holds little terror for the tourist who answers that invitation. It has none to compare with that which the original building brought to thirteen of Blackbeard's followers once imprisoned there, or even to the man whose only offense was that he could not pay his debts. Visitors sit laughing in the stocks outside to have their pictures taken. Stocks were no laughing matter two hundred years ago, when a man accused of wife beating spent three hours a day in them for fifteen days.

"Best in entertainment, bed and board," was the boast of the keeper of the once famous Raleigh Tavern, only a short walk distant. Above the door of the restored tavern swings the signboard with the picture of Sir Walter Raleigh painted upon it, exactly as one did when governors from England, when the young student Thomas Jefferson, and the Burgess George Washington entered beneath it. In the famous Appolo Room leaders of our country's history discussed separation from England, and in this same room a group of students from William and Mary College met to found Phi Beta Kappa, in December of 1776. Above the mantel of this historic room is the carved Latin motto, "Hilaritas Sapientiae et Bonae Vitae Proles." The visitor who reads Latin translates, "Jollity, the offspring of wisdom and good living."

Early residents of Williamsburg were interested not only in government and in physical comfort, but in religion as well. The spire of Bruton Parish Church still towers above the city as it has since 1715. This was the official court church of colonial Williamsburg, and here a special canopied chair still awaits the governor. There are balconies once used for the slaves, and the rear balcony which was always reserved for the college students. Each Sunday, after the boys had taken their seats, the balcony was locked and the key given to the sexton, in order that none might leave before the completion of the service.

Perhaps no other building in Williamsburg is of so much interest as the Governor's Palace, for few cities in the United States can boast a palace, even a restored one. The colonists protested often to the crown concerning the great expense of its erection in the early years of the eighteenth century. At first it was to be only the Governor's House, but as the building grew in magnificence the name changed to correspond. In the original palace the English governors lived in style, and entertained lavishly, with sometimes as many as four hundred dinner guests. Ancient inventories made it possible to furnish the restored palace much as the old one when it was the symbol of royalty in the new world.

The students of William and Mary College look very modern as they hurry over the campus, or snatch a bit of lunch at the drugstore of ancient architecture. They must feel the privilege which is theirs of attending a college second in age only to Harvard in our country, and one whose alumni roll records such illustrious names as Peyton Randolph, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, John Tyler, John Marshall, and James Monroe. As rent for the land this college once paid two stanzas of Latin verse to the English Governor, rent due each November fifth. Now it belongs to the Commonwealth of Virginia and the 1300 students come from many states and countries. Of special interest to the visitor is the Wren Building, which is the oldest academic structure in America.

The college with its beautiful campus and stately old buildings stands at the opposite end of Duke of Gloucester Street from the Capitol. Between them are the homes and business houses of those who call Williamsburg their home, and not

just an historic spot worthy of visiting. All are of colonial design, either old or restored. On special days many of these private homes and gardens also are open to visitors, and in them they find the setting of the intimate home life of many a colonial family.

Truly Williamsburg is an historic shrine, not made in cold marble. It is a shrine through which the life of today moves on in the setting of long ago, a living memorial to the early colonists of our country, a living page from our history book.

———o———

"An ounce of keeping one's mouth shut is worth a pound of explanation."

———o———

BUNDLE OF TROUBLE

By W. R. Van Meter

"Why should I help with the dusting?" Jane Talcott demanded from her comfortable nest on the big couch. "This is your week to clean the apartment, you know."

Ellen Martin, snubnosed, her cheeks flushed with the exercise of pushing a dust mop, glared at Jane. The other girl, tall, well groomed in the manner of one who has perfect clothes taste, returned the glance calmly.

"But this is a special occasion!" Ellen exploded.

"Well, isn't Martha supposed to help you?"

"Martha!" Ellen groaned. "She was going to get home early from the office. And she promised, too!"

"Knowing Martha after six months of living with her," Jane said decisively, "I can appreciate that her promises are only good intentions at heart."

"Besides," Ellen added, wielding the mop with increased vigor, "I have to finish in time to go down to the station with Martha. Betty's never been in Philadelphia."

"Why must we have another girl in here at all?" Jane asked petulantly. "It means being so crowded. I know I'm not going to like this Betty person."

Ellen was quiet. Unfairness of any sort made her angry and it was better not to talk, she thought, until the first glow of her anger had passed.

The three of them—Jane Talcott, Martha Browning and Ellen Martin—shared an apartment in West Philadelphia. They had not always been together. Jane was the newcomer. Before she joined them, Ellen and Martha, both from the small town of McVey's Landing, upstate, had lived at the Y. W. on Spruce Street Then goodnatured, unreliable Martha had suggested that the three of them could afford a tiny apartment of their own if they all shared expenses.

All of them worked. Jane was secretary to an insurance company executive. Ellen, as technician in the laboratory of Philadelphia's largest hospital, found her days never quite long enough. Martha was an assistand librarian in the reference and patent library of Pacific Refining, the oil concern.

There were occasions, Ellen thought, when it seemed the three of them quarrelled over much. But, usually, things went tolerably well. The proposed advent of the new girl, Betty Curtis, however, had divided the house sharply for the first time.

Jane, bent on having her own way, foresaw that another girl in the apartment meant making sacrifices. For one thing, they would have to help her find a job. And there would be other anonyances, too, no doubt.

Ellen, of course, favored the plan. "She's a sort of legacy," Ellen said generously. "Betty comes from our home-town and that makes it different. I think we should be able to help her get started. Afterward—"

To all her arguments, Jane only snorted. "Bundle of trouble!" Jane would snap. "That's what she'll be. Just wait!"

Martha, alone, was indifferent. To her the presence of an extra girl meant little one way or the other. Martha was not one to face any eventuality until the day it appeared, grimly, to demand its due. Ellen's pet name for her was "Until-the-day-of-reckoning-Martha."

Grudgingly, Jane agreed to the plan. They would take Betty in. But they were all to remember, Jane said, that she had assented only to keep peace in the house. If you could have peace, she added, with a bundle of trouble arriving.

Ellen had finished her dusting and the place was spic-and-span when Martha opened the door and walked in wearily.

"Martha, you've been crying!" Ellen exclaimed. "Whatever is the matter?"

The other girl threw herself down on the sofa and began to sob as though her heart was broken.

Jane looked disgusted. "Stop that noise. You sound awful, Martha. And you didn't close the door when you came in, either."

"What is it?" Ellen repeated, putting an arm around Martha. "Something happen at work?"

Martha nodded miserably. "You —you know they've been looking for a girl to take Miss Hallowell's place. She was the head indexer. And I should have gotten it, but I didn't." Her eyes filled with fresh tears.

"But you deserve the promotion!" Ellen protested loyally.

"They—they said I couldn't be depended on. They said I never had a report ready when I said it would be and all sorts of thing like that," Martha sniffed indignantly. "I'm not that sort of person, am I, Ellen?" she demanded suddenly.

Ellen never had a chance to answer that question, for just then someone said quietly, from the doorway of the apartment: "Hello, is this where Ellen Martin and Martha Browning live?"

They all swung around. Ellen sprang to her feet and raced to the door. "Betty!" she cried. "It's good to see you!"

Slight, with curly blonde hair

that escaped in places from beneath the close fitting blue felt, the new girl hugged Ellen warmly.

"You look grand," Ellen said heartily. "Why didn't you let us know you were coming by an earlier train? We wanted to meet you at the station."

"I did wire," Betty replied. "Didn't you get it, Martha?"

Martha looked blank, then her face slowly reddened. "Yes, it came this afternoon. I forgot all about it. Really, I did Ellen," she said apologetically.

"I guess it doesn't matter now," Ellen answered. "Here, I'll introduce you, Betty. This is Jane Talcott, Betty Curtis."

Jane nodded. "I hope you'll like it here, Betty, though you'll find things rather crowded now. Three people just about comfortably fill this apartment."

Betty's eyes widened in hurt surprise. "Oh, I thought—"

With a sharp, annoyed glance at Jane, Ellen broke in: "I call that downright nasty of you, Jane. Come, Betty, and I'll show you the place. Martha, carry some of her baggage into the bedroom."

Martha burst into the apartment on the Saturday following Betty's arrival. "Anyone home?" she cried. "Ellen! Jane! Betty!"

Ellen appeared from the kitchen where she had been starting dinner. "Why all the excitement?"

"I think I've found a job for the youngster!" Martha answered jubilantly.

"Where is she?"

"In town with Jane," Ellen said.

"What? With Jane? I don't understand it!"

"Well, Betty asked Jane to do her a favor," Ellen began, "and—"

"This is too much," Martha said flatly. "Jane doesn't do favors. It's part of the Talcott tradition or something."

"I know," Ellen agreed. "But do you remember the story of how Benjamin Franklin made friends with a powerful enemy? Franklin asked this man, as a favor, to lend him a highly prized book. He read it and returned it promptly, with thanks. And from that time on there was better feeling between this man and Franklin."

Martha grinned. "Well, so far as I can see, that story doesn't apply to Jane. She never lends her books. So what could Betty ask her for that would make Jane feel good to give?"

"Advice," Ellen said promptly. "Because Jane does have excellent taste, Betty wanted advice about clothes. Clothes that would make a good impression on a prospective employer. But what about this job?"

"Oh, in a month there'll be an opening in the library. Someone who understands scientific terminology. Do you suppose Betty—"

"If she doesn't," Ellen interrupted, "you should be able to teach her most of it."

"Maybe I could," Martha agreed, pleased by the thought. "Maybe I could teach her enough. Why not?"

A little later Jane and Betty came in. There was an odd look of exhilaration about Jane, as though she had been enjoying herself greatly. Ellen had half expected that she might be cranky and out of sorts after having given a full afternoon of her leisure time to someone else, but Jane showed not a trace of such feeling.

"Well, what did you buy?" Martha

asked at once. "I'm really keen to hear."

Betty laughed. "Practically a whole office wardrobe. Jane did most of the choosing I just tagged along and soaked up her ideas on what a business girl needs in the way of clothes."

"What did you get?" Martha asked again.

"First," Jane answered, "we decided to build on black. Black is flattering to Betty's blondeness, and it isn't remembered like a color and it requires only one set of shoes, bag, hat and the rest"

"Sensible enough," Ellen commented.

"Then we got a black topcoat on fitted lines. To go with this," Jane said, "we bought a plain black dress of really excellent cut and material. The neck and sleeves are quite plain so that with the addition of different accessories it can be worn a great deal without becoming monotonous. Then we bought two white colors and one pink mousseline. They were fairly expensive—"

"Even so," Ellen said, "they'll have to stand a good many washings and less expensive ones would have looked, in a short time, more like accessories than part of the dress."

Jane nodded. "After that we had a piece of shopper's luck. We found a black skirt of the same material as the coat. Then to wear with this we bought two very tailored white silk shirt-waists. These are washable. Then black kid gloves, bag and a black felt sports hat."

"Sounds quite charming," Martha observed. "Though couldn't you have gotten in a splash of color somewhere?"

"Splashes of color," Jane retorted, "are all right in sports' wear, but not for the office. And employers are not likely to hire girls who can't even choose proper office clothes."

Over dinner Martha broke the news of the possible library job at Pacific Refining. "I ll coach you on everything you'll need to know," she assured Betty. "You've had high school science already. In a month's time it will be easy to learn enough extra."

Quizically, Jane looked across the table. "Betty," she asked, "do you really want that job?"

"Of course," Betty answered. "Shouldn't I?"

"Listen, Jane Talcott," Martha bristled, "if you mean to insinuate that I can't—"

"I don't mean you can't, Martha," Jane observed sweetly. "But you won't. I'm just warning Betty not to depend on you."

"I like that!" Martha cried. "Why, I'll start tonight, Betty. Right after the dishes are done!"

Ellen said gently: "Didn't you promise to go over for choir practice tonight?"

Martha flushed. "Yes, I did. Well, Betty, Monday night we begin. That's a date."

Across the table, Jane smiled, as though enjoying a secret of her own. Martha saw the look and knew exactly what it meant. Grimly she decided that for once she would prove Jane wrong.

On Monday night Martha began to give Betty intensive tutoring in the fields that she must know to get the Pacific Refining job. Betty had already had some background of library work and a little science. At the same time, Martha, oddly enough,

discovered that she possessed a real flair for teaching.

Even Jane noticed it and commented to Ellen: "You know, Martha has a lot more ability than I gave her credit for it's queer how anyone as irresponsible as she is can give such perfectly clear explanations of things."

"Oh, Martha's bright," Ellen agreed. "It's a shame she failed to get that promotion."

Night after night the tutoring went on. Occasionally, Jane or Ellen would sit by and listen. After one session, Jane demanded of Martha: "Where did you get all this material you're teaching Betty?"

"Oh, nowhere. I just made it up," Martha answered.

"Arn't there any books on it?" Jane asked sharply.

"What are you getting at, Jane?" Martha snapped irritably. "Of course, there are lots of books on patent work. But what I'm teaching Betty is the stuff I've developed at Pacific Refining."

"Then you have a kind of manual for Pacific Refining's own library work?" Jane persisted.

"No, we don't," Martha said curtly.

Ellen, curious to know Jane's purpose, asked: "What is you idea, Jane?"

"I thought," Jane said, a little ruffled by Martha's manner, "it would be good if Martha wrote this stuff of hers down and submitted it to the library head at Pacific."

"What an idea!" Martha hooted. "Why, you know I can't write."

Jane got up stiffly. "It's only a suggestion. My feelings won't be hurt if you don't take it, Martha."

Later, when Martha and Ellen were alone together, Martha said: "You know, that bit of advice Jane gave me about the patent material is the first time I've ever known her to think of anybody but herself."

"I think it's Betty's influence," Ellen commented. "Jane knows Betty has a great deal of respect for her and she likes that and dosn't want to lose it."

"Well," Martha sighed, "if Betty is doing Jane that much good, I wish she'd do me some good too."

"Maybe," Ellen said tartly, "it might take a little effort on your part."

Martha got a bit red, then chuckled to herself. "Perhaps I can write out that stuff I've been teaching Betty."

As Ellen went out of the room, Martha's fingers began to beat a steady rhythm on the typewritter.

Jane and Betty and Ellen were busy packing a picnic lunch for a Saturday afternoon hike up the Wissachickon when Martha came in.

"You're beaming from ear to ear," Ellen observed. "What's happened?"

Martha dropped her packages on a convenient chair. "You're to go in Monday for an interview on that library job, Betty," she announced.

Almost in chorus both Ellen and Jane cried: "Betty has a job!"

Betty nodded happily. "I got it this morning," she said. "In an advertising agency. There were a dozen of us waiting to see Mr. Miller, the head of the agency. Then he came out and looked at us sitting in a row and finally said: "I would like to talk to you, Miss, in the black-and-white outfit." And he meant me; So we went into his office and he told

me I was the first girl that day he had seen who dressed like a secretary. And after talking a while, he offered me the job. It was as simple as that!"

Martha was a little dazed by the whole thing. Here was Betty, with a job practically waiting for her, going out and getting another one on her own account. Martha, herself, would never have done that.

"That's grand," Martha said, somewhat breathlessly. "But I've got a surprise for you, too. They gave me a promotion today."

"Oh, Martha!" Ellen exclaimed joyfully. "Really?"

"Yes. You know that idea of Jane's about submitting the materials I was teaching Betty? Well, I did and they were very pleased. Said it was quite valuable. And they also seemed sort of surprised that I could do it," Martha confessed, half sheepishly. "So, since the girl who was given Miss Hallowell's job is leaving, I'm to get the place."

Ellen looked significantly at Jane for a moment.

"I know exactly what you're thinking," Jane said quietly. "I'll have to admit I was all wrong. About that bundle of trouble business, I mean."

Betty looked so puzzled that Ellen quickly explained Jane's speech.

"She was no bundle of trouble," Martha stated emphatically. "Betty has been a—"

Ellen, affectionately, finished the sentence for her. "She has been, I think, a blessing in disguise."

———o———

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

Lovers of the traditions of Old England stand uncovered in the realization of the way England is meeting the present crisis —the greatest in the country's history. Apparently the spirit of England survives and will continue to exist in spite of the destruction during recent months. American newspapers find inspiration for editorials in the English morale. Here's a paragraph from the Asheville Citizen which expresses well this thought:

Buckingham Palace, the House of Lords, Lambeth Palace and St. Paul's—one by one the old London landmarks are suffering the fate of a cheese among rats. Yet buildings are but the body of this earth's corruption. The spirit of England under siege has become the beacon light of freedom and the inspiration of the world. As in the old Bible Metaphor, as the spirit is lifted up it will draw all men to it. Those on the globe still capable of understanding liberty are willing to fight for it as never before.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the school auditorium last Thursday night was "The Little Princess" starring Shirley Temple, and the short was entitled "Doomsday." Both are Twentieth Century-Fox productions.

—o—

There are probably many who think the Training School boys and those in similar institutions are not interested in current events, but such is not the case. Almost every day those who have an opportunity to be near a radio, may be seen eagerly listening to the regular news broadcasts, especially those concerning the European war. Just let World's Series or important football games be announced and one may easily find several hundred youngsters grouped around loud speakers, "pulling" for their favorite team or individual star. It is a well-known fact that boys are hero worshippers and those in various institutions are not to be excluded.

In the political campaign just ended, the boys were most attentive to speakers on both sides. On election day, several of the teachers secured sample ballots from their voting places and conducted straw ballots. Tickets were made and each lad was given an opportunity to vote for the man of his choice. In the higher grades this took the place of the regular lessons in civil government. At an appointed time the "polls' were declared closed and the votes counted. In tabulating the ballots cast it was found that the boys' preference ran parallel to that of voters all over the country, Franklin Delano Roosevelt running far ahead of his opponent, Wendell Willkie. This is splendid training for the boys, and we suggest this custom be continued at the time of future elections.

—o—

William Boyden Snyder, formerly of Cottage No. 2 and a member of the bakery force, who left the School about eleven years ago, was a visitor here last Thursday. Shortly after leaving the institution, Boyden went to Baltimore, Md., and was employed on construction work for several years. About seven years ago he secured employment with the Baltimore Fertilizer Company, and still works for that company, his duties being in the office and as part time truck driver. He was accompanied on this visit by his wife and two children, William Boyden, age five, and Phyllis, three years old; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Snyder, of Roaring Gap, N. C.; and a sister-in-law, Mrs. T. T. Snyder, of the same place.

This young man, now twenty-seven years old, lives at Fallston, Md., and while he likes his present location very much, he said that he was always glad to get back to North Carolina at vacation time. This was his first visit to the School since leaving us, and he was enthusiastic in expressing his delight at the many additions made to the plant since he was "one of the boys." He stated that he would always consider Superintendent Boger and the other officials of the School during his stay here, his very best friends—men and

women who were vitally interested in helping him get the right start in life, and that the training received here had been of great benefit to him.

We were delighted to see Boyden and his family and to learn that he had been getting along so well since leaving us. He has developed into a fine young man with a most pleasing personality, and those of us who may have had part in helping him get a fresh start in life as a lad at this institution, felt amply repaid upon learning how well he has been doing.

—o—

On Thursday afternoon of last week the annual Hallowe'en party for the boys of the School was a most enjoyable occasion. Shortly after one o'clock the regular weekly motion pictures were shown in the auditorium. Then followed the usual Hallowe'en treat. Coming from the picture show, the boys went to their respective cottages, and at three o'clock they assembled near the school building. Since there is no way in which our lads may easily purchase costumes, such as they would probably secure at home, they had to depend on boys' ingenuity for some sort of apparel suitable for the occasion, and many of them were attired in some kind of make-shift Hallowe'en togs. There were hobos with black eyes and extremely red noses, quite a number of blackened faces, here and there ghosts and goblins, all entering into the spirit of the occasion. Down by the bakery a booth had been erected and decorated with cornstalks, pumpkins, pictures of black cats, and witches. Here were several officers behind the counter, loudly extolling the quality of that very popular American delicacy, known in some sections of the country as the "Coney Island Lunch", in other places designated as "torrid puppies", but in plain everyday English, known simply as "hot dogs", as they placed them within most delicious rolls (product of our bakery) and covered them with mustard and slaw. On the first round they not only asked the boys to take one, but generously insisted that each of them take two. At the same counter were served some very fine oatmeal cookies, also produced by our bakery. From there the boys made their way to another booth, where each one received a generous portion of fresh roasted peanuts, pop-corn and candy. The next stopping place was the platform near the ice plant where bottles of Coca-Cola, Dr. Pepper and other soft drinks were handed out. This course of procedure was repeated just as soon as the articles first received could be consumed, with a little breathing spell in between.

It was a real pleasure to watch the youngsters enjoyed this treat, and we might add right here that the grown-ups were not the least bit bashful when it came to stepping up and getting their share of the good things to eat, for after all, the old-timers are just youngsters at heart, and a hot dog is always a hot dog, appealing to both young and old. Even members of royal families from overseas, visiting this country, have pronounced the wienies a great American institution, and our own President Roosevelt and his family frequently served this same choice morsel of food to friends gathered at their country estate, so we feel free to state that

the refreshments served at the Hallowe'en party for the boys at the Jackson Training School could truthfully be described as having been "fit for a king."

While much credit is due the members of our bakery force, those who prepared other "fixin's" for the hot dogs and other local folks who helped in any way, our Hallowe'en party would not have been the success it was had it not been for the generosity of friends elsewhere who donated other things served on that occasion. We therefore wish to take this opportunity to tender most hearty thanks and deepest appreciation to the Ritz Variety Store, Concord, who furnished the pop-corn; Coca-Cola Bottling Company, Concord, for the Coca-Cola; and Dr. Pepper Bottling Company, Charolotte, for the Dr. Pepper drinks. These very good friends have been doing this for several years, and both the boys and the officials of the School are very grateful for the kindly interest thus shown.

—o—

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the third chapter of Jonah, after which he talked to the boys on good living and better living—the good ways to do right and wrong ways to do right. It was a most helpful and interesting message and was thoroughly appreciated by his listeners.

Rev. Mr. Herbert called attention to some of the wrong ways to do right, as follows: All that most people know about Jonah is that the whale swallowed him, but the Book of Jonah is a great missionary book. Jewish people thought they were God's pets —his chosen people. The Book of Jonah was written to teach people that our Heavenly Father loves all mankind. Jonah did right, but in the wrong way. He had to be driven to do his duty. He did not want to go to Nineveh, in fact, he started out in the wrong direction. He went out on a ship going the opposite way, hoping that it would take him from the presence of the Lord. The Lord sent out a great storm and it seemed that the vessel would be wrecked. The sailors thought that Jonah, because God was angry with him, was the cause of the storm, and as it grew worse they threw him overboard. The storm ceased and a whale swallowed Jonah, who prayed to God for deliverance. His prayer was answered and the huge fish spat him out upon dry land.

The Lord then told Jonah again to go into Nineveh, and he did as he was bidden. It is the same with people today. When we do good, we sometimes spoil the beauty of our goodness because we have to be driven to it. At other times we expect other people to do good for us while we sit back in idleness. Jonah left love and kindness out of his life for a time. He then did as God commanded, preaching that the city of Nineveh would be destroyed in forty days if the people would not repent of their wickedness.

The speaker then briefly discussed the well-known story of the Prodigal Son, pointing out how the Heavenly Father stands ready to forgive his beloved children, as did the father of the prodigal son upon his return home.

Rev. Mr. Herbert continued by say-

ing that we must love other people and feel kindly toward them. Jonah was selfish. He sat on a hill outside of the city after he had finished preaching, to watch the city burn. God had accepted the people's sorrow for their sins, and it made Jonah angry. He said God had made him a false prophet and a liar. His own bad feelings amounted to more in his sight than those of the people of Nineveh. In this instance, the big "I" stuck up so prominently that nothing else mattered. He was thinking in terms of big "I" and little Nineveh. The best way to get rid of this "I" trouble, continued the speaker, is to do something kind for someone. Jonah allowed his own selfish desires to spoil the beauty of his service.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Herbert warned the boys against doing good in the same way Jonah did—having to be forced to goodness. Instead he urged them to try to do the things Jesus has taught us to do and to be like him. The Master never let self spoil the beauty of his service to mankind. The person who does good in the right way, is the real Christian.

———o———

THE WANDERER

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my listening ears the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.
How came the shell upon that mountain height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,
Or whether there cast when Ocean swept the Land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day?
Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang—
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide—
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.
And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I, ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I, ever, wandering where I may—
Sing, O my home! Sing, O my home! of thee.

—Eugene Field.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending November 3, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) William Drye 15
(2) Cecil Grey 2
(2) Robert Maples 14
(12) Frank May 21
(3) Mack McQuaigue 15
(5) William Shannon 5
(2) Kenneth Tipton 2
Weldon Warren 18

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser 3
William G. Bryant 12
Charles Browning 7
William Callahan 2
(5) Everett Case 12
(5) Albert Chunn 8
(5) John Davis 13
(5) Porter Holder 13
(3) Burman Keller 11
(5) Clay Mize 17
Leonard Robbins 5
(5) Everett Watts 16
(5) William C. Wilson 18

COTTAGE NO. 2

(5) Jack Cline 13
Julian T. Hooks 3
(12) Edward Johnson 21
Robert Keith 8
(8) Donald McFee 20

COTTAGE NO. 3

(6) Lewis Andrews 21
Lewis Baker 13
(4) Earl Barnes 18
Clyde Barnwell 14
Grover Beaver 12
(5) James Boone 17
William Buff 9
Jack Crotts 11
Max Evans 14
Bruce Hawkins 12
(4) Roscoe Honeycutt 12
Jack Lemley 4
Harley Matthews 16
Otis McCall 13
(5) Wayne Sluder 12
George Shaver 14
(4) William Sims 17
(6) Harrison Stilwell 19
John Tolley 14
(6) Louis Williams 18
(6) Jerome Wiggins 17

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver 13
Plummer Boyd 14
Paul Briggs 11
Authur Edmondson 16
(3) Paul Godwin 18
(2) Noah J. Green 17
Hugh Kennedy 12
J. C. Nance 16
Robert Simpson 6
Thomas Yates 10

COTTAGE NO. 5

(10) Theodore Bowles 21
(10) J. C. Bordeaux 14
(8) Collett Cantor 19
(7) Harold Donaldson 15
(7) Everett Lineberry 12
(3) Ivey Lunsford 12
(3) James Massey 11
(2) Leonard Melton 8
(11) Currie Singletary 15
(2) Hubert Walker 20
(10) Dewey Ware 19
(2) Henry Ziegler 14

COTTAGE NO. 6

Robert Bryson 11
Leonard Jacobs 6
James Parker
Reitzel Southern 3
Carl Ward 6
William Wilson 8
Woodrow Wilson 7

COTTAGE NO. 7

(3) Richard Halker 20
Arnold McHone 18
Lyman Johnson 13

Ernest Turner 5

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
(9) Jesse Cunningham 9
William Jerrell 3
(2) James Quick 19

COTTAGE NO. 9

(18) David Cunningham 18
Columbus Hamilton 4
Osper Howell 15
(2) Grady Kelly 7
(4) William Nelson 7
(10) Harold O'Dear 22
(7) James Ruff 15
(5) Thomas Sands 17
(2) Lewis B. Sawyer 7

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen 3
(23) John Benson 23
(7) William Dixon 12
(3) Ralph Fisher 11
(2) William Furches 13
(18) Robert Goldsmith 20
(17) Earl Hildreth 21
Edward Murray 9
(3) Fred Owens 22
(4) Theodore Rector 20
Canipe Shoe 5
(4) James Tyndall 7

COTTAGE NO. 12

(11) Odell Almond 21
(6) Ernest Brewer 18
(6) William Deaton 21
(2) Treley Frankum 15
(2) Woodrow Hager 19
(2) Eugene Heaffner 7
(2) Charles Hastings 4
(2) Tillman Lyles 20
James Mondie 14
(3) Hercules Rose 3
Howard Sanders 17
(9) Charles Simpson 16
(6) Robah Sink 19
(2) Norman Smith 11
George Tolson 19
Brice Thomas 4
Carl Tyndall 13
Eugene Watts 14
J. R. Whitman 18

COTTAGE NO. 13

(6) James Brewer 20
(2) William Griffin 19
(5) Vincent Hawes 16
Jack Mathis 6

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker 15
(3) Edward Carter 6
Robert Deyton 17
(2) Audie Farthing 21
(2) Henry Glover 15
(2) William Harding 21
(3) Troy Gilland 11
(8) Marvin King 16
(8) Feldman Lane 17
(10) Norvell Murphy 21
(3) Charles McCoyle 17
Roy Mumford 13
James Roberson 18
(8) John Robbins 19
(10) Charles Steepleton 18
J. C. Willis 11
Wallace Woody 20

COTTAGE NO. 15

Beamon Heath 11
J. P. Margan 10
J. P. Sutton 13
Bennie Wilhelm 4

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 11
(2) Philip Holmes 18
(2) John T. Lawry 14
(2) Redmond Lawry 15
(2) Harvey Ledford 13

In the intercourse of social life, it is by the little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly, by words, tones, gestures, looks, that affection is won and preserved.—Sala

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CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 16, 1940 NO. 46

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FINDING GOD

I helped a little child to see
That God had made a willow tree—
And he became more real to me.
I tried to lead a child through play
To grow more Christlike every day,
And I myself became that way.
I joined a junior child in prayer,
And we bowed in worship there
I felt anew God's loving care.
Lord, keep us quick to see
By guiding children we find Thee.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE RED CROSS

The children are hungry off yonder,
And orphaned and ragged and lost.
And the old people aimlessly wander
Like leaves of the autumn storm tossed.
The soldiers lie wounded and bleeding
Off there at some grim barricade.
Now millions our pity are needing
And there's only the Red Cross to aid.

The refugees limp down the highways,
Driven out of their homes by the guns.
While pleasant are your ways and my ways
Their path into agony runs.
Behind them lies cruel disaster,
Before them new horrors are laid.
Want is piling up faster and faster
And there's only the Red Cross to aid.

Starvation and need most distressing
Are stalking each war stricken land.
There are wounds which someone should be dressing,
But nowhere is linen at hand!
You would fly to such need could you view it,
You would answer the prayers as they're made,
But there's only one way you can do it,
For there's only the Red Cross to aid.

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE RED CROSS CALLS AGAIN

Once more the generous people of America are being called upon to make their annual commitments to the greatest charity of all. Beginning on Armistice Day and continuing to the end of this month, the Red Cross membership drive will be in full force. It

will be a poor home indeed that does not display the window card of membership.

This is the second call by the Red Cross this year. The first was for the special war relief emergency fund of $20,000,000, which was oversubscribed. But the work of the Red Cross goes on in peace as well as in war, and the work of the devoted women of the local chapters, in making garments, surgical dressing and other supplies for the relief of the suffering and the homeless is never-ending.

* * * * * * * * *

WHERE A LITTLE EFFORT COULD MEAN SOMETHING BIG

Under the U. S. Department of Agriculture there is one division that is not as well known as it ought to be. Perhaps the Department has seen to it that for obvious reasons too much publicity has not been given to this work. We refer to the Farm Security Administration, well organized and extensively operated.

This program has as its goal to help worthy families, not of the pauperized groups, to get back on their feet after mishaps that have not been due to their own failure to work or handle their affairs wisely. A plot of land, with rent assured for so many years, a horse or mule, a cow, and constant supervision compose the program of this division of the Agriculture Department. Already the scheme has borne fruit mete for continued repetition. Already those in charge of the scheme, the lay workers who visit the farms regularly, feel that, if given time, these very worthy people can get back to their normal places in any community.

But there is a feature that should be added from outside the part that the Government plays. When a family has been down on its haunches for a number of years, when the first consideration was food, the next warm clothing, such a family has not been able to get such clothing as would make them feel presentable to their better clothed neighbours,—at church, at lodge or any social affair. Consequently many of these families live very lonely lives, according to the report of the case workers.

What an excellent objective for country churches, women's missionary societies, men's Bible classes and the like, to make a point

of visiting these socially isolated families,—just mere visits, doing the human thing of saying, "We have heard about you from your case workers and felt that we would like to be neighbourly." Going into their homes and gradually creating friendly relations might lead to wonderful opportunities for helping them, not materially, but socially, and soon getting them settled into churches and into community life. Ask your welfare department how to get in touch with the division superintendent of your region, and get names through her, asking her such questions as would make it easier for you to "break the ice", and help warm the hearts and the homes of those "strangers in our midst."

* * * * * * * *

ANOTHER HANDICAP FOR THE NEGRO.

Last Sunday's press told of an interview with a distinguished Negro doctor, of Atlanta, we believe, who now says that no matter how well trained, no matter how skilled, a Negro doctor may be, he suffers from the inherited and traditional complex of the Negro of the old South who feels that he must go to the white man for the best that he needs. So the upper crust of the Southern Negro, if he has the means, instead of going to the doctor of his own race will invariably seek the services of the white doctor. This means that the poor Negro resorts to the doctor of his own race, with the inevitable consequence that the able and learned Negro doctor goes along with a greatly diminished income. Thus he is unable to equip his office with the latest instruments which he knows he should have and which he knows how to use. So the well educated and trained Negro doctor in many Southern towns and cities is unable to give the advantages to his children that he would like to give them, and himself live in accordance with his inherited or attained tastes that require money to satisfy.

This unhappy state of affairs reminds us of some 25 years ago when a Southern student was atttending a New England Theological Seminary. The Dean called him in one day and said, "When you get back home go to your bishop say to him, "I have received an application from one of his Negro candidates now attending a Negro Seminary in the South. He wants to come here next year.

Now we know how to make Negroes happy while here. The trouble comes when they leave here. If they return South, many of them have changed their intonation and manners, and do not seem to fit back home in the Negro churches. On the other hand around Boston many of the Negro churches now want a white instead of a Negro minister. "He said he could cite definite cases to carry his point.

So there you have it; It is tragic the way the Negro is handicapped.

* * * * * * * *

"ITS AN ILL WIND."

While many a young man will have to give up his valuable job, with an income that enables him to live easily and even to save money, when he is called into the draft, there will be many compensating advantages that do not appear upon the surface. In the first place there is an orderliness of life in the Army and Navy that we folks in civilian life need tremendously right now. Regular hours, exercise and a routine that has its limits are not the "luxuries" enjoyed by most of us who are our own bosses outside the office or the factory or farm.

Many a young man after a year's experience in the Army or Navy will return in the bloom of health, having been taught habits that ought to stick, having received instruction in the latest methods of care for the body, having been shown the wisdom and plain common sense of efficient workmanship, and best of all having been taught the sacredness of duty, of responsibility, of learning to work in group formation toward unselfish ends, and of imbibing a sense of real patriotism never before realized by him.

It is hoped that provision will be made at the camps to give able instruction in political government, particularly in those philosophies of government which form the incentive and background of the present international conflicts. Then for the instructors to show them the contrast in those ideologies and our own, DEMOCRACY. At the same time it would not be a bad thing, if there were the right sort of candid presentation of the difference between what we profess to believe in and what actually takes place

in our land. If such could be done, by a sane, unbiased instructor, what a wonderful influence could take place in the lives of the young men who would come back into civilian life determined to change the weaknesses now existing,—not with rabid, wild and foreign forms of governmental policies, but making real, putting into play, making workable the DEMOCRACY which we profess to believe in enough to die for, even as those German and Italian lads do for their totalitarian creed!

* * * * * * * *

NOT SO DUMB

The young men, recently conscripted, undergo numerous tests, mental and physical, as well as answering many questions covering their personal histories, character, background. When our country entered the World War and put the young men into service, military psychologists of that day reported the average American was about 14 years old, mentally. We suffered in silence each of us feeling this to be an insult but couldn't actually prove the learned men to be in error. Recently, when 1400 scientists of the mind met in consultation in the east, they agreed there must be a new yardstick to measure the minds of today's young men. They are going to take a fellow's temperament into consideration. He may be smart and yet be a failure in life. It is very encouraging to know that you don't have to be an intellectual in order to be intelligent.—Mooresville Enterprise.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF UNDERSTANDING PEOPLE

Copy of speech delivered over radio station WBT, Charlotte, N. C., October 12, 1940, by Dr. Wiley Smith, of Appalachian State Teachers' College, Boone, N. C.

The most important lesson we learn as we grow into maturity is the understanding of the other person. Such understanding is the ultimate of social adjustment; it is the surest guarantee of happiness and success in our professional work. Careful investigations show that failure in any line of work is more likely to result from a lack of understanding people than from professional preparation or personality inadequacies otherwise. The ten thousand people in the mental hospitals in this state and the ten thousand people in the penitentiaries and prison camps of this state are there largely because they did not learn a few lessons on understanding people in their childhood days. We can adjust ourselves socially to the extent that we can understand people. We all know that the deepest joys in human living are social in nature. The joys of comradeship, consolation, loyalty and mutual aid. For the vast multitudes this is the most precious value attainable and for the more intellectual the most certain guarantee of the joys of living.

Obviously the time to begin training in understanding people is in childhood. The child must learn that he cannot expect others to cater to him, to satisfy all his whims, or to act in fixed and automatic ways. As he grows older he must learn that individuals are different and that each social situation must be studied and adjusted to in the light of the factors dominant in that situation. He must acquire what is popularly known as SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE or social insight. It is difficult as well as shocking for the child to learn that people are inconsistent; especially since he has learned, so dearly in many cases, that objective nature is consistent—and perhaps unpityingly relentless.

Human beings are inconsistent because they are so complex and because they are influenced by the actions of other people around them. The determination factors in man's behavior inhere in his make-up, the complexity of his structure, his past experience and his present interest or mental set. Primitive man and modern quacks hoped to find easy short-cut systems of rules and signs whereby they could understand themselves and the other person. Ancient and modern astrologists sought to judge character and personality through the influence of distant stars. It would be just as rational for the modern astronomer to spend his time trying to discover the influence man's behavior has on the celestial world. In this connection Caesar remarks to Brutus:

> Men at sometime are masters of their fates;
> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings.

The claims of the fortune tellers have no scientific basis whatsoever.

The phrenonogists (a type of quackery legalized in this state) claim to read your personality traits from the conformation or bumps on your skull. Studies in modern physiology have rendered worthless every claim of these so-called scientists.

Some so-called character analysts place much emphasis upon the face as revealing various traits of character or personality. The nose, the chin, the forehead, the eyes and facial features in general are supposed to reveal such traits as neatness, conceit, sociability, humor and the like. Psychologists found only one trait that had the slighest relation to the claims of such analysts and that was 'beauty.' The correlation for that trait was only .61, and even this is not so high but what it permits many exceptions to occur. The co-relation of 9 traits including beauty averaged only .18, which of course, shows no relation beyond the range of mere chance.

The claims of the graphologists present another interesting study in quackery. These handwriting analysts claim that the size and slant of the letters, the slope of the line, the crossing of the t's and the encircling of the o's all mean something with respect to character. But the psychologists have failed to confirm such claims. A study of the traits actually possessed by individuals with traits as were supposed to be revealed in their handwriting gave correlations averaging from 0 to .10, which is certainly within the range of chance.

If we are to understand people we need to know something of the 'how's and why's' of human behavior. We need to have some appreciation of the personality producing forces people in general have encountered. To understand a person we need to know as much as we can possibly find out regarding his past experiences. His home-life, his parents, brothers and sisters; the community in which he lived and so on. But all this information cannot be had regarding the many people we are continually encountering and to whom we must adjust in various ways. The question then is: How can we arrive at a maximum understanding of these people with the meager amount of information we may have at hand. To what extent can we depend upon first impressions? We are all aware of the quickness with which first impressions are formed. Within less than a minute's time we have been impressed by a stranger with respect to his age, sex, size, nationality, profession, social cast, neatness, friendliness, and perhaps his trustworthiness and integrity. When two individuals approach each other this sort of an appraisal goes on. In face to face situations an attempt is made both to reveal and conceal many traits regarding ourselves. The adjustments to each other is primarily on the basis of facial expression and other expressive movements. These movements become an indicator of the shifting mood and attitude that is watched by the experienced navigator of the social stream, much as the maritime adventurer studies the constantly shifting winds and currents of the ocean.

Obviously, to be a good judge of people you need experience. You must know the person to be judged and other persons to compare him with, and you need experience in checking first impressions against

later acquaintance, and in viewing people objectively, not as friends or enemies but as persons in their own right, with their own problems and their own resources and handicaps. The more we have in common with people the better we can understand them. As dissimilarity grows understanding gives way to a failure to understand.

If we are to understand others we must understand ourselves. We must be aware of our own hypocrisies and inconsistencies, and of our own complex motives which often prevent us from a too hasty diagnosis of the other person.

Blindness and blunders concerning our own natures will automatically carry over to our judgment of others. One reason why we dislike some people is that we see in them traits that we dislike or refuse to face in ourselves.

We need to appreciate the fact that some people are more complex and therefore more difficult to understand than others. This is why a high level of intelligence is necessary for a good judge of personality. Experience can to some extent be a substitute for exceptional intelligence. On the average, however, good intelligence is necessary, and the reason is simple enough, Understanding people is largely a matter of perceiving the relations between past and present activities, between expressive behavior and inner traits, between cause and effect, and intelligence is the ability to perceive just such relations as these.

Here is the psychological difference between the modern and the victorian novel. The victorian novelist did not appreciate the subtlety or complexity of human nature and his characterizations were over- simplifications of personality structure. The famous characters of George Elliott, Thackeray or Dickens were not true to human nature as we understand it today. The behavior of people is not so easily predicted as is that of Mr. McCauber, Uriah Heap, or Mrs. Trotwood.

This fallacy of over-simplification is one of the most persistent and widespread sources of error in judging people. A few brief common everyday characterizations may account for the other person but we ourselves are not nearly so simple. This fallacy roots in two major causes: The first is the inherent limitation of the human intellect It is impossible to hold as many variables in mind as there are aspects of any single personality. This situation quite naturally forces us to be content with meager and inadequate judgments.

The other cause of over-simplification lies in emotional prejudices of various kinds. Sentiments such as awe, love admiration, envy, distrust, or hate simplify and distort judgment. A certain tone of voice or accent, style of clothing, or some mannerism may arouse an affective bias that becomes the focus of our judgment. We become inattentive to other cues or discount them in favor of one outstanding impression. Perhaps we have had some unpleasant experience with some person that had some trait in common with the person we are judging and we fit into the old rhyme:

I do not like thee Mr. Fell
The reason I cannot tell,
But this one thing I know full well
I do not like thee Mr. Fell.

One outstanding good or bad quality in a person casts its reflection upon all judgments pertaining to him.

Quite naturally we are interested in whether men can judge people better than women, or vice versa. The proverbial 'intuition' of woman is supposed to manifest itself especially in her judgment of people. Experimental studies establish a slight margin favoring woman's superiority in this respect. One explanation offered is that personal relationships in women's lives are more significant for them than they are for men. The attention woman receives depends less upon objective accomplishments than upon her personal conquests. She is more sensitive to slight indications of favor or disfavor, or rivalry and defeat than are men. Her success depends more upon the attitude of people toward her than in the case of men.

The very position that woman occupy in society leads them to acquire a more genuine interest in people, which becomes an incentive to study them and a source of satisfaction.

Alexander Pope said that the proper study of mankind was man. And the more we interest ourselves in people the more we can agree with Shakespeare when he said:

"What a piece of work is man.
How noble in reason. How infinite in faculties.
In form and moving how express and and admirable.
In action, how like an angel.
In apprehension, how like a god.
The beauty of the world; the paragon admirable.

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AS WE SEE IT

When life's a knot and tangle,
  And everything goes wrong;
When friends seem all disloyal,
  And enemies grow strong;
There's still a bright side shining.
  For us the sage has said:
"To polish up the dark side
  Will light the way ahead."
The plank of darkest oak ofttimes
  Will show the finest grain;
Likewise the roughest rock will yield
  A glittering golden vein.
To rail at fate, concluding that
  No brightness looms ahead,
Is folly, for the black side
  Can be turned to white instead.

—Joseph Russell

APPOMATTOX RIVER

By John William Edwards

The Indians called the river Appomattox, which in their language meant "Laughing Water." Some dour Scots settling near the falls named it the Bristol River. It is indeed a blessing that the Indian name survived instead of that bestowed by the Scots.

Though the Appomattox River rises many counties away, it is only navigable up to Peter Jones' Trading Station, which is Petersburg of today. As we wish to write of the river during the time of its earliest settlement, the forming of its present-day background, we will speak of place names along its shores as they were then. Most of those names have been retained unto the present, with the exception of Peter Jones' Trading Station, which became Petersburg.

At Jones' Station the river left behind its merry tumbling over hoary rocks, and it also left behind its burden of turning great waterwheels that furnished power for many cotton, flour and corn mills, to carry ships to far-off ports of the world. Today its only task is that of a grist mill on its one side and a hydro-eletric plant on the other.

The Appomattox was a busy scene back in those days, as like all Tidewater streams, it was the highway. And as life came up the river we should in turn, when making this trip in imagery, do likewise.

Great plantations flourished along the shores of the Laughing Water. The greatest real estate deal of colonial days was on: the King of England was giving away untold acres in the New World, and the best sites on the Appomattox were soon taken up. Many of the fine old plantations have long ago disappeared, but most of the names still survive, attached to a locality or perhaps a point along the river shore.

On the southern shore just up the river a short distance from its mating with the James, was Kippax, one of the Randolph strongholds and the birthplace of John Randolph of Roanoke (self-styled). One of the most prominent Virginia statesmen of his day, John Randolph of Roanoke in modern parlance would seem a colonial sourpuss, overstuffed with the importance of the Randolph family as personified by himself. He forever bemoaned the fact that the country in general was going to the dogs, all the aristocratic belles were tossing care to the wind and marrying their father's overseers, and Virginia society was completely shot. And he longed to go to his reward. Whither, withered man? His memory is kept alive today in the names of a street, a library, a school and a hospital in the City of Hopewell. Perhaps these laurels are green enough for so faded a memory.

When a small boy John Randolph's parents moved to another plantation up beyond the falls of the Appomattox, Matoax. The word Matoax is the private or family name of Pocahontas, to whom Randolph was related by marriage of one of his forebears.

Just above Kippax plantation was

Cawson's, belonging in the early days to a member of the Bolling family. There is a pretty story told of a daughtter of Carson's, which has some of the earmarks of the truth. It happened at the time the British and Continentals were in hot combat around Petersburg. This colonial belle had been horseback riding alone, against her fathers orders. Returning along a lonely stretch of road, she met a young Brittish officer. He paused for conversational purposes and maneuvered his mount into such a position as to enable him to suddenly embrace the young lady, and he proceded to kiss her. much against her will, so the story goes. During this sudden advance her horse shied away and the young lady struck the officer across the face with her riding crop. This act so enraged him that he swore a great oath and yelled: "We will beat you rebels yet. Already Cornwallis is coming up to Yorktown, and we'll get you."

The young lady, thoroughly aroused, sped homeward. Quickly she crossed the Appomattox in a rowboat in the gathering shades of nightfall and hurried to the headquarters of the Continental Army that held the territory north of the Appomattox and opposite to Petersburg. Arriving breathless, she told her story to the commanding officer. This was all news to the Continentals. as they had heard nothing of the coming of Cornwallis. The colonial espionage system, while possibly good, was exceedingly slow. Traidition claims that this fact enabled the Americans to outwit the British which resulted in their surrender a few months later, as we all know, at Yorktown.

Further up the river toward the falls on the north shore was Greencroft, the home of a very prominent colonial family, founded by Sir William Skipwith. Time has not only erased the site of the great house but also the name no longer is heard. The only reminder is one crumbling tombstone in Bristol parish churchyard.

West of Greencroft and directly opposite Peter Jones' Trading Station was Violet Banks. There is a part of the original house standing and was used by General Lee as a headquarters in the War Between the States. Violet Banks' one bid for fame is its enormous cucumber tree that has a limb spread of much over a hundred feet. The age of this ancient tree is not known, and it is a very rare tree in this vicinity. Tradition says that it was brought from west of the Ohio by a horse-back traveler. The tree, while very old, is in an excellent state of health and is growing vigorously.

But a few short colonial paces west of Violet Banks is Oak Hill, which has the oldest and largest box hedge in the United States. This hedge has reached to the height of twenty-five feet and has completely hidden the home. Garden visitors from all over the country make a special trip to see this remarkable hedge. And west again a few short miles is Fleet's Hill, where Burke fell in his famous duel with Coquebert in 1808.

Directly south of here, on the southern shore, is the site of Fort Henry, one of the first fortifications Laughing Water. Here also was one of the early homes of the Dunlop

Family, a portion of which is left standing today.

Crossing the river again we come to Ettrick, which was a mill village that grew up around some cotton mills. This town takes its name from a small village in the northern part of England. Today one may see a few of the mill workers' cottages left standing, pituresque in their shabbiness, but telling of carpentry well done. A few scattering bricks and a sunken trench tell of the mill site and the canal that brought Appomattox water to turn its wheels.

Perhaps five miles west is another village, Matoax, which takes its name from the Randolph plantation hereabout. A Village forlorn and forsaken, a cotton mill still standing though long unused, mark the scene of once a lively industry. Shrubbery grows in the paths that led to the factory doors and the moat is dank with weeds.

On a cliff, hidden in the undergrowth are three forgotten tombs with Latin inscriptions. The first two are the mother and father of John Randolph of Roanoke.

John Randolph, Esq., died 28*th Oct. Oct.* 1775. *Aged* 34.
Let not a tomb be lacking to his ashes, nor memory to his virtues.

The second, John Randolph's mother, who married twice.

Jesus Saviour of Mankind,
When shall we cease to mourn for
Frances Bland Tucker, wife of
St. George Tucker?
She died the 18*th of January,* 1788,
Age 36.

And off a little distance is still another:

Martha Hall died 4*th of March* 1784.
Whom Hymen slighted, Pollux and
Apollo courted.

These tombstones are all that is left to mark the site of a great plantation of a great colonial family.

On the southern shore, approximately opposite the Randolph burying ground, was originally an immense plantation, home of the Banister family, Battersea. The first Banister who came to Virginia was a minister of the Anglican Church, and as a hobby he took up natural history. He did a great deal of studying among the flora and fauna of the new colony and the results of his research are still preserved in the British Museum in London. He received a royal grant of land here bordering the Appomattox, and it was his son, Captain John Banister, who erected the Battersea Manor. It follows the lines, in architectural design. of many of the Tidewater plantation homes, that is, a central building with flanking wings and connecting corridors. Captain John Bannister was a member of Colonel William Byrd's party who explored in the Dismal Swamp area and ran the boundry between North Carolina and Virginia. All this is set forth in Colonel Byrd's writings, the Westover Papers, under the heading, "A Journey Into the Land of Eden."

British troops under General Simcoe seized Battersea Manor and did it much damage. Later, the Manor was visited by Marquis de Chastellux and is frequently mentioned in his memoirs. The old house is standing today, and though showing scars of two wars that raged about, is still in a wonderful state of preservation.

Colonel John Banister, another son of Battersea, of Revolutionary War fame, was the most prominent man the Appomattox River country ever produced. He served on General Washington's staff all during the Revolution and contributed much of his wealth to the American cause. After Yorktown, Colonel Banister settled down at Battersea and took an active part in the forming of the new republic. Today if one will enter Battle Abbey at Valley Forge one will find a portrait in oil of Colonel John Bannister of Battersea. The old plantation has long ago been sold off and even the Manor house belongs to others, but the lovable Colonel John left descendants who live in Petersburg today.

Social and industral life moved away from the shores of the Laughing Water. Many of the products of the water-powered mills and factories were shipped down this river and carried to many foreign countries. Some of those ships returning in ballast, especially from Brazil, used Brazilian rocks for a cargo. These rocks were used in paving the streets of Blandford (later absorbed in Petersburg) where a few of these South American stones can still be seen today. Other days and other ways came to the old trading station of Peter Jones. The mills and factories shipped their products by the railroads and the old river was left to roll its laughing waters down to the James alone unmolested.

At the Falls of the Appomattox was a huge rock that by countless ages had been hollowed by the falling water. Early visitors noted this, and legend tells how the Indian maiden, Pocahontas, would stop to bathe her feet in this hollow rock. In time it became known as the Pocahontas Basin. If the curious of today would see this basin it may be found in Poplar Lawn Park in the heart of Petersburg. It is mounted upon a rough stone foundation with a properly inscribed tablet giving its history.

Long vistas of wooded hills greet the wanderer today on a trip down the Laughing Water. Lonely wharfs where ships were once warped, but come no more, are seen now and then. And as they pass from sight around a bend there is but the river with its wooded shores as it was when only Indian canoes rode its laughing water!

Thousands of creeds and equally as many ways of conduct are preached, when all the world needs today is a greater desire on the part of each individual to be fair and more square with the other fellow.—Selected.

AN OLD GREEK CUSTOM

(Selected)

A public library is a good place to find out about things. There you can learn the distance to the various stars and the comparative ages of our mountain ranges. You can discover facts about the life histories of the most minute insects or of ancient statesmen.

The other evening I made a discovery there that saddened me. I was looking for a novel that would insult neither my intelligence nor my sensibilities. Such a book is hard to find these days; but I recalled a book I had read nearly fifteen years ago—a great, or near-great book. I went to the fiction shelves to find something by the same man. That he had written more than one since the first "best seller" I kney, but I was quite unprepared to find seventeen.

The one I chose was most depressing. Neither plot nor characters were convincing. The author was obviously resting on his laurels and counting on his reputation to sell books. It is always sad to see someone rest on his laurels, but the sight is not unusual, or the phrase would have died with the ancient Greek civilization.

The Greeks had a custom of placing a crown of evergreen laurel leaves on the heads of victors of many sorts — athletes, soldiers, statesmen, poets. With this sign of public approval as an incentive, many went on to still greater triumphs; others were content to let well enough alone.

Perhaps the resters were wise. Public acclaim, then as now, shifts with the wind. The public's hero in one decade is often the public's victim in the next. Perhaps the wise will grab their laurels and run.

But to come down to Mr. and Mrs. Common People— you and me. We all have our own little moments of triumph. They may not be very big or very important to anyone but ourselves, nevertheless they carry with them the alternatives that more public honors carry. We can go on to "bigger and better" things, or we can stop where we are.

I am not going to mention the more obvious milestones—school graduation or even confirmation. But how about some other things? Your marriage, for instance? It is a sort of achievement to find a person who is so much your sort of person that you are planning to spend the rest of your lives together. Having found that person, are you going to rest on your laurels, or are you going to make an effort to achieve the ideal Christian home? Are you a laurel rester?

Have you ever tackled a difficult Sunday school class and made a real dent in the minds and lives of your pupils, only to let it drop with a crash, after you knew you could do it?

This is the introduction. You write the sermon.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Bernice Brown McCullar

The Gilmore family was an average family in an average country town. There were Father Gilmore, Mother Gilmore, and Jamie and Junie, both in their teens and as fine a young man and young woman as ever grew up in the "sticks."

But Westerville was a dull and uninviting place for ambitious young people. Indeed, the elder Gilmores had often threatened to remove from the town to a more enterprising center.

"Westerville go hang!" exclaimed Father Gilmore one day at the dinner table after he had been particularly unsuccessful in making the purchase of a simple but much needed article.

"That's right, Dad," expostulated Jamie, "I won't stay in this old hick town any longer than I absolutely have to. I want to live some place where there's plenty of excitement, I do."

Junie was also ready to explode. Her keen eyes flashed as she almost cried, "No place to go, nothing to see! How can a girl compete with the world with such surroundings?"

"Now, children," said Mother Gilmore, calmly, "why be so sure that Westerville is such an uninteresting place to live? Are you quite certain that any other place would not be equally uninteresting if we did not seek the interesting things? What makes you think it's so dull here?"

"Because there's nothing here!" exclaimed the two almost in unison.

The next day Mother Gilmore announced a dinner guest. The young folks showed their unmistakeable disqust as "Judge" Ward, the night watchman at the little university campus, took his place at the table. Was he not about the most unapproachable man in town? What could Mother mean?

Jamie and Junie took their places with good grace, but said not a word. The "Judge" made a few friendly remarks, which surprised the young folks.

"Judge Ward," said Mother Gilmore, "tell us of your experiences in the war, will you?"

"Gladly." And for almost an hour the little family found him a gold mine of memories. He had been one of the guards that accompanied Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, on his flight from the fallen capitol to Georgia, where he was captured.

"Why, Judge!" exclaimed Junie, "what you tell us is almost indentical with "Gone With the Wind!" How interesting!"

"Yes," continued the "Judge," "I had to lie a little to get into the army, but the South wasn't so particular about age in those days, when they needed man power so desperately."

"I didn't know that old codger had so much in him," said Jamie to his Dad when dinner was over.

"No, son," replied Father Gilmore; "he surprised me, too."

The following day Mother Gilmore announced another dinner guest. It was a gentle, gray-haired lady living across the street, who could be seen daily at her window. "Mrs. Drolly

had been telling me that she has a room in her house she thought I would like to see. So I went yesterday, and she is here today to tell us about it," said Mother Gilmore as they all came to the table.

Mrs. Drolly related that the room in which she spent most of her time had been occupied by Sidney Lanier, the beloved poet of the Southland. In that window he had sat as the liquid notes of his flute spilled over the black velvet of the night without. There were stories she knew, stories not in the books, about Sidney Lanier's college days.

"What an interesting place we have!" exclaimed Junie, after the meal; "to think that we have lived here so long and never knew of our interesting neighbors!"

Shortly after, Mother Gilmore had as dinner guest Joe, the cook in the kitchen of a near-by college. Joe kept a farm as a hobby, a shining wonder where he reveled in the growth of dahlias and roses. With Joe the Gilmores talked for an hour about flowers and how they grew.

Then there was among other dinner guests a professor from the college, world-traveled, and an organizer of man power. Father Gilmore and Jamie were enthralled by his accomplishments.

Ten years elasped. The Gilmore family still lived in Westerville. In ten years the place had grown from "hick" town propensities to metropolitan proportions. Ten short years, but the Westerville Development Club, headed by John Gilmore & Son, with the dynamic college professor as an active associate, had wrought miracles in developing new enterprises.

The Gilmore Gardens were a national attraction. They had made the name Westerville synonymous with rare and beautiful flowers, in amazing profusion. They were the result of Mother Gilmore's ingenuity and Joe's magic touch.

The Sidney Lanier Social Circle, with its various social and study divisions, rivaled all other social organizations in the big little city. Junie had acted on the inspiration of the little gray-haired lady's home, and abetted by the magic of the name Lanier, the organization of the Circle had grown without bounds. The little lady's home was made a Lanier shrine, with the little lady in charge.

The Gilmore family was again at the dinner table. The family had been enlarged by a son-in-law and a daughter-in-law.

"I do declare, Westerville is the best little city in the country; there's no marketplace like it, and everybody's busy," suggested Father Gilmore.

"And the most fascinating social life you can imagine!" exclaimed Junie.

"And excitement! Something doing all the time.

"And to think," reminded Mother Gilmore, "we were trying to move away!" Then they all laughed.

Not until some folks are flat on their backs do they learn to look up.—Selected

AND THE DESERT SHALL BLOSSOM

By Elizabeth Hendrix

One of the strangest sights to tourists traveling for the first time in the southwest is a cactus forest. You go to sleep in your pullman one night, in the midst of familiar surroundings. When you look out of the window in your berth next morning you wonder if you are not still dreaming.

You are being carried along through a forest that seems to belong to a world of gnomes and elves rather than human beings. Sand and rocks stretch away as far as the eye can see, with strange weried things growing over them, all thickly covered with spines. Joshua trees with twisted, distorted branches, like a many-armed creature writhing in agony; low growing shrubs of strange shapes, some round like barrels, some tall and straight without a leaf or branch; here and there clusters of something sharp and dangerous looking like bayonets on guns being thrust upward through the earth; and scattered over this forbidding waste tall white spikes of yucca bloom, called by desert dwellers "Candles of the Lord."

Sometimes you pass a low adobe hut and garden completely surrounded by a fence of octillo cactus, slender green spikes growing higher than a man's head. If the season happens to be right every spike will be topped with a gorgeous crimson flower. Behind that prickly fence everything is safe from coyotes and other wild animals that steal chickens and destroy the gardens.

The cactus is one of the most useful things that grows on this planet, and the strangest. It is the mystery plant of the botanical world. Learned books have been written about it but most of them leave the mystery deeper than before.

Botany divides plants into species, that is, groups and sub-groups that bear more or less resemblance to one another. The cactus stands alone. There is nothing else on earth like it. There never has been, geology tells us, for there is no trace of it to be found on the rocks that record the history of the past.

Approximately 850 varieties of cactus have been listed, but the figures are not dependable. It has an almost human quality of change and adaptability. Sometimes a person transferred to new surroundings changes so that old friends do not recognize him. In the same manner a cactus changes to meet new conditions and gets listed as a newly discovered variety.

Probably more of the 850 varities are to be found in Mexico and Africa than anywhere else. The strangest of them all is the living stones which adapt themselves so completely to stony ground that it is almost impossible to distinguish between the mineral and vegetable kingdom.

Nature's purpose in creating the cactus is clear. It belongs to the deserts and waste places where nothing else will grow, and makes up to people who live in the deserts for other things they have been denied.

The great need of the desert is water. Wherever you find the cactus

you will find water. It is a natural storage reservior, absorbing moisture where no water is to be found and hoarding it in nature's own way. Just to make sure that these storage reservoirs shall not be destroyed by animals or thoughtless human beings. nature has covered them with spines somtimetimes strong enough to penetrate leather. Leaves and stems thicken and absorb moisture, and sometimes a plant sends out water-filled branches and thrusts them deep into the soil to prevent evaporation. Some day there may come a wanderer lost on the desert whose llife may be saved by this cooling drink.

Cactus beans are ground into meal and fed to cattle and made into bread. The fruit is palatable and nourishing and delicious salads are made from the leaves. Some years ago the late Luther Burbank demonstrated the food value of the cactus by serving a banquet in which it formed every course from meat to dessert.

And that is not all! The cactus plant is a drugstore. From the root comes soap, from the flower perfume, and from different varities tonics and remedies for most of the ills that flesh is heir too. There is a cactus tonic used in many places in Mexico which is said to enable people to endure hunger and thirst and fatigue and exposure impossible under other conditions. Travelers and soldiers depend on it to sustain them through long marches without rest or food.

Cactus fibre is woven into cloth for tents and clothes, and substantial houses are built from dead wood of the cholla.

Food and drink, shelter and clothes, and once a year when the cacti bloom a spectacle of beauty unsurpassed anywhere on earth. There are colors in nature you will never see, and a thrill of rapture you will never know, until you look out on the desert when it fulfills the promise and literally blossoms like a rose.

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A FEW OBSERVATIONS FROM THE PLAYING FIELD

Play fair, with no foul tackles.

The greatest compliment that can be paid a man, no matter how much he may have achieved, is that he kept his record clean.

You play the game—grandstands were built for spectators.

Weak men wait for opportunities. Strong men build them.

Never lose confidence in yourself. They conquer who believe they can.

Make your goal. Never quit in midfield. Your body is the only one you will ever have to live in. Develop and maintain it.—F. H. Yost.

STARTING TO SCHOOL

By H. E. C. (Red Buck) Bryant, in Beasley's Farm & Home Weekly

At seven, the age to start to school, I was unprepared, not only in books, but my mind was on other thngs. Giving up my pleasures and rambles on the farm was a great hardship. But, my wishes were not considered; there was no escape. Father was not college-bred, but he had a fair education, and had taught in Greene county, where he was born. Mother spent one day in a boarding school for girls, but, becoming very homesick, returned to her mother. She had a good education for a country woman.

My parents were ambitious for their children, and contributed their share to the maintenance of the rural school. Victor, my older brother, being several years my senior, had already taken a creditable stand. He had progressed rapidly not only in books but on the rostrum; he could make a goo speech for a youngster, and seemed eager to complete his work near home and go off to college. I had no such disposition.

"Son," said my father the day I started to school, "I hope you will study.

"We are proud of your brother's record, and want you to do as well.

"You must obey the teacher, study your lessons and be considerate of your school mates. Be careful not to offend any one. If the teacher whips you for disobedience or meanness and I hear about it I may repeat the punishment when you come home. I do not want to hear of your insulting anyone, but I will not censure you if you resent an insult. I want you to be a little man."

These were not idle or perfunctory words, and I realized it. Father was serious.

Going to school in the South fifteen years after the war between the states was not as easy as it is today, but my honest opinion is the teachers were better.

We had to walk between two and a half and three miles, through cow pastures, woods and over rough roads. We did not stop for rain or snow. The schoolhouse, one large long room, made of sawed lumber, and a successor to one of hewn logs, was heated by a wood stove, cutting it from dead timber of surrounding forests. The water we drank came from a spring, or Dr. Kell's well, and it was served in one bucket, and from one dipper. It was brought by boys designated by the teacher, and to slackers, like myself, it was considered an agreeable assignment.

Just as I entered school "patent desks"— an improvement on the old home made ones—were finding their way into rural communities. Our teacher was very much elated over the ones that had come to him; they had drop leaves, and holes for ink wells, and drawers for books.

If any child froze to death in that old antiquainted school house I never heard of it. If any one ever got germs for typhoid from the water the fact did not leak out.

The play-grounds were divided into two areas—north and south—one for the girls and the other for the boys. There were no modern conveniences,

such as lavoratories or rest rooms. As a rule the girls and boys were kept apart but under certain conditions they were permitted to play together. Base was the favorite game and some of the girls could run just as fast as the boys.

From that crude school room boys and girls went to the colleges and universities of the state, and stood well. It was not the house, the furniture or the books but the teacher that counted, and the patrons were particular in their selection of a man to teach their children.

The name of our school was Kell's school house or Carolina Academy. Dr. Thomas Kell lived nearby and that is why his name was used.

Mr. Lightner Shirley, not "Prof. Shirley," taught that school for fifteen or more years. He was a small dapper, energetic man with chin-beard, and mustache. He resided in South Carolina, three miles south of the school, and walked there and back five days a week, opening the school at eight in the morning and closing it at four in the afternoon. In memory I can see him now, coming with a half gallon dinner bucket on one arm, and books in the other, walking briskly, with head down. He did not seem to mind the walk. I think he prospered on it.

That little man could teach anything from A B C's to Latin and Greek. He was careful, thorough and courageous. He had the reputation of being a good disciplinarian, and a severe master. He stood for no foolishness and did not hesitate to use the rod if a pupil needed it. The patrons liked and supported him.

The day I confronted Mr. Shirley for the first time I was a bit of a freckled-faced boy, with a shock of red hair, so stiff and untrained that I could not part it. Mother had taught me that letters of the alphabet. My only book was Webster's Blue Back Speller. My nerves were shaky; I was afraid of the teacher, but after a few days I got over that, and began to realize that, if I behaved, he would. I managed to get on fairly well with my tasks. In a short while I reached "baker" and could spell shady, lady and other simple words. I had a weakness for drawing—birds, dogs, cats and people—but was advised to keep my art work hid from Mr. Shirley, as he had been known to switch pupils for "wasting time" that way.

Soon I discovered that my joyful moments came at recess, and the noon hour, when I could play with my school mates. I had too much vitality to buckle down to books. Try as he did Mr. Shirley did not inspire me to aspire to higher learning; nothing but fear caused me to learn my lessons but, that sufficed. Being a pretty good wrestler I was in one tussle after another. Running base, playing bull pen, or pig in the hole, baseball, and the like delighted me.

Therefore, I got just a smattering of what I should have had at Kell's school house. Some of my little neighbors worked hard and left there well prepared for college—for Davidson, Trinity, Wake Forest and the University of North Carolina. Mr. Shirley had given them the rudiments. It was not his fault that I did not shine. Once, and only once I was flogged, and that was for missing six words of a spelling lesson. A half dozen of us, including two girls, were chastized that morning. It was

no the hickory that hurt me but I suffered from humiliation, and after that I did not miss words.

My dislike for confinement, and school, and my aptness for handling horses were deterrents to an old field education. Father could always use me on the farm, and, therefore, at the slightest excuse I would drop out during a sesion, while my brother, Vivtor, kept going. While he was older I was tougher, and rather liked to plow, and wagon. He became a finished scholar, and I, a hard-riding foxhunter. I was so far behind him it was discouraging to contemplate. It was not dumbness but indifference that held me back. All my aspirations and aircastles were earthly—of the plantation. If at school I wa eager to rush home and mount a horse or mule or an oxen and cavort about the neighborhood.

The only book I mastered in those years on the farm was the Shorter Catechism, and I got bonuses for that —more time to play or hunt for learning lessons assigned first by my grandmother, and later, by my mother. But, the teachings of that book have been most helpful to me. While they did not make me pious they gave me rules of life that have remained with me these many years. That and the instructions received day by day from my parents—my sweet, and gentle mother and my friendly, able and upright father—gave me something to build on. Father, who came as near being a fair and just man as I ever knew, put his children on their honor. We were trusted with important duties and not punished for failures, but lauded for signal successes. He urged me to be like Dr. Kell or my uncle Hugh Parks, Capt. W. E. Ardrey and other leading citizens of the community, pointing to them as models.

Dr. Kell, the leading thinker of our circle, was thoroughly good at heart, and his farming operations prospered. I was told to follow his example.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend, you betray your own.—Publius Syrus.

THE CAROLINA GOLD RUSH

(North Carolina Public School Bulletin)

When we hear the words "gold rush" or " gold mining," most of us naturally think of California or Alaska or South Africa or some other far-off place. Few people know that right here in North Carolina more than a century ago we had a case of "gold feaver," and that until the discovery of the precious metal on the West Coast in 1848 ours was the largest gold-producing state in the Union.

The early Spanish explorers knew of the presence of gold in the South-

ern Appalachian area and in all probability worked mines there, but the English colonists never found it—at least not until they had won their independence from the mother country.

The discovery came in 1799. There are various stories of what happened, but here is the most likely one. Conrad Reed, twelve-year-old son of John Reed, a Hessian soldier who had settled in abarrus County after the Revolution, was desecrating a certain Sabbath day by shooting fish with a bow and arrow while his parents were at church. Seeing a shining piece of metal in the water, he picked it up and took it home. For several years thereafter the family, little dreaming the importance of their discovery, used the lump of metal, which was about the size of a smoothing iron, as a door stop. In 1802 John Reed took it to a jeweler in Fayetteville, who fluxed the goal and made it into a bar about six inches long. The jeweler paid him a total of $3.50 for gold actually worth about $8,000, and it is said that Reed later sued and recovered $1,000. Reed now began to search in earnest for gold, and during the next two years found several nuggets, the largest weighing no less than twenty-eight pounds.

Of course news of this kind could not long be kept secret, and soon the entire populace of the area was infected with the "gold fever." The first find had been made in Cabarrus county, but discoveries were soon made in Union, Mecklenburg, Rutherford, Burke, and other counties.

Within a few years thousands of fortune hunters had come from the far corners of the world. Many were from other states of the Union, but in addition there were Negroes, "English, Welsh, Scotch, Cornish, Irish, Spaniards, Swedes, Germans, Swiss, Poles, Austrians, Brazilians, Turks, Mexicans, Hungarians, Italians, and Portuguese." In one mine alone no less than thirteen different languages were spoken.

Boom towns quickly developed. Brindletown, Bissell, Capps, Gold Hill, and other new communities sprang up over night, and such previously existing towns as Morganton and Charolotte saw rapid growth. Gambling, drunkenness, and lawlessness were prevalent—the sort of thing which we customarily associate with the mushroom towns of the west.

At first most of the mining and gold hunting were done merely by individuals in a hit or miss way. Farmers would spend their spare time looking for nuggets, or boys would search the creek bottoms. After a few years, however, big business took control. Most of the work was done by corporations, in several cases with a capital stock as high as $1,500,000 and with several thousands employees. This was large-scale industry indeed, and the total number of workers was more than 30,000.

The gold produced in the State was generally used as a medium of exchange. Miners carried about quills filled with gold and pairs of hand scales, on which they weighed out the precious metal at fixed rates. For example, three and one-half grains of gold was the usual price of a pint of whiskey.

Several private mints were operated in the area, notably that of Christtopher Bechtler, a German immigrant, set up about 1829 and kept running until about the midle of the century,

in Rutherford County. The famous Bechtler coinage formed the chief circulating medium of the region, and was generally relied upon and accepted.

In 1837 the United States government opened a branch mint in Charlotte, and this served as a stimulus to the mining and coining of gold. This branch remained in operation until 1913. In 1933 the building was razed and rebuilt in the eastern part of the city as the Mint Museum of Art.

No exact figures are available for the amount of gold produced in North Carolina, but it is estimated that the value coined by 1860 (and this leaves out of account large quantities which were used for jewelry and for other purposes) was more than $17,500,000 —an enormous total for that day.

The peak of the development came during the 1830's. Within a short time the richest deposits had been worked and a decline set in. With the discovery of gold in California a large part of North Carolina's gold-mining population pulled up stakes and departed for the West Coast, never to return. From time to time since that date efforts have been made to revive the industry, but it has never again assumed large proportion.

Conclusions are never any better than the facts they are bassed on.—Charles R. Gow

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

By G. Edward Pendray

The headlines these days are all of wars and dictators. Probably we do wrong to guess the future by the front page. We must read the finer print to find those events, presided over by cautious, quiet men bending over test tubes, which will really change the world. The features of twenty-five years hence are being moulded, not by statesmen or dictators. but by the scientists. It is here that the real revolution is taking place.

Discoveries now being made foreshadow new products and changes in ways of living which will bring vast realignments of industry and international affairs. The home itself may be completely revolutionized. Research has already indicated that there are better ways, for instance, to warm a house than by burning oil or coal. One answer may be infra-red rays, next in the spectrum to radio short waves. These waves transmit radiant energy, much as the sun's rays heat us after passing through the freezing cold of celestial space. Infra-red ray lamps may be so accurately focused that they can boil an egg inside a flask of water perched on a cake of ice. Already patents

were issued to cover cooking with these lamps.

By means of such lamps, warmth may be directly generated in the human body without wasting heat on the air. Research workers have experimented with these devices, sitting warm and comfortable without coats in temperature like the inside of a refrigerator

A patent has been granted to Dr. C. G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, for a simple and inexpensive solar power machine which is capable of competing with coal in the generation of steam. This device captures the sun's rays on a troughlike aluminum mirror, driven by clockwork to follow the sun's movement. The mirror brings the rays to a hot focus upon a glass tube containing a thin stream of water. On a bright day the water soon becomes hot enough to flash into steam. This solar machine can do all kinds of cooking satisfastorily. Several hundred solar water heaters have been installed in Florida and California.

We may some day live in houses covered with photo-electric shingles, which provide all the household light and power, since the sun pours down upon a good-sized roof in a single cloudless summer day as much electrical energy as the average family now uses a year.

The discovery of the fluorescent tube, coated on the inside with certain chemical compounds which ultra-violet radiation causes to emit light, brings up the possibility that the walls of a room might be coated with fluorescent materials, which would glow when stimulated by hidden sources of ultra-violet. There would be no shadows or dark corners; light would come from every direction.

For the present, these are pipe dreams—as once were airplanes, radio, and television.

These researches suggest strange possibilities. Cheap, abundant solar power might change the Sahara, Arabia, Palestine into thickly populated gardens. Our own arid West might be irrigated and fertilized by the sun that now curses it. And nations may scramble, not for coal and oil, but for control of the great sunlit desert spaces.

One of the chief causes of trouble now besetting people in all parts of the world can be attributed to the fact that some folks think they can climb the ladder of success wrong by wrong

—Selected

INSTITUTION NOTES

During the greater part of the past week bad weather kept our outside forces indoors, and the boys made good use of the gymnasium. Just now basketball seems to be the most popular sport, and we have heard of several exciting games being played.

—o—

Clarence Henley, one of our old boys, a member of the Cottage No. 7 group, who left the School about twelve years ago, called on friends here last week. During the time Clarence has been away from the institution he has served six years in the United States Army. He is now thirty-one years old, is married and has one child. He is employed in a textile plant in Forrest City.

—o—

"Pride of the Blue Grass" was the name of the feature at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday. The comedy was entitled "Sioux Me." Both are Warner Brothers productions. Since the weather was too bad for our work forces to attend to their outdoor tasks, the pictures were shown in the afternoon, rather than at night, as is the usual custom.

—o—

John T. Capps, a former member of our printing class, who left the School about eighteen months ago, visited The Uplift office last Tuesday. Since leaving us he has been employed as linotype operator on the "Daily Independent", Kannapolis. John is very well liked by his employers and fellow workers, and the reports we receive from them from time to time are very good. We were glad to see him and feel sure he will keep up the good work.

—o—

Julius Green, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School about two years ago, called on us last week. Upon leaving the institution he returned to his home in Lenoir, and entered the public school in that city, completing the eighth grade. Julius stated that for the past five months he has been employed by the Barnhardt Furniture Company, Lenior, working in the sanding department. He said that hee liked his work very much and was getting along nicely.

—o—

Rev. R. C. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Jesus feeding the multitude, as found in John 6:1 - 13.

In his very interesting message to the boys, Rev. Mr. Baucom said that the lesson read told the story of a great need that arose, just as in all ages, before and since that time, men have had to face great needs. This large company of people had been with Jesus all day, at the close of which they faced a great need—they were hungry and had to be fed. It was a serious problem, and the disciples conferred with the Master concerning its colution.

One of the men said to Jesus, "There is a lad here who has five loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" Jesus instructed them to have the people sit

down. Then followed the Master's blessing of the lad's lunch and the feeding of the huge crowd. Through Jesus, the boy was able to meet this problem and solve it. He gave what he had and Jesus performed the miracle of feeding more than five thousand people.

The speaker continued, saying that the world has faced many problems. Today some nations are in serious trouble. Men are bent on destroying one another, and there is much suffering among innocent people. Surely there must be a solution of this problem somewhere. Young men constitute the greater part of armies in conflict. Every worthwhile movement in all history has been inspired by young people. Even the Master himself was just a young man when faced the great throng of hungry human beings. It is up to the young folks, working through God, to lead suffering humanity safely through this most trying period.

Rev. Mr. Baucom told the boys they would do well to think of the part the small boy played in the feeding of the multitude. The first thing to remember is that he was prepared. The speaker then told his listeners that they would some day leave the School and face a world which needs something badly. He further told them that as they learned to yield to rules of discipline, order and respectability, they were preparing themselves to take their places in the world and aid in solving its serious problems. The things being learned now will prove most valuable assets in the years to come.

This lad of Galilee, said the speaker, would have been of no help to Jesus if he had had selfishness in his heart. It was his own lunch, and he could have gone off by himself and eaten it, while others hungered. But he gave the Master what he had and it became a blessing to all. So it is with us today. God has given us talents, but if we selfishly keep them to ourselves, we are not keeping pace with His plans for us. He wants to use our talents in service for others. Some might say that the boy of Galilee might have thought if he gave away his lunch there would have been nothing left for him, but such was not the case. He received all he wanted; the huge crowd of people were satisfied; and there was plenty left over. It was a great climax to the activities of that day. The same is true of today. The greatest climax to a person's life is for that person to give that life to the Master's service.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baucom stated that the world needs something far more valuable than mere food. It is hungry for love, fellowship and the proper relationship with God. How will this age and the ages to come be fed? The answer is that if the lads of today (who will be the men of tomorrow) will start right now by enlisting under the banner of Jesus Christ, they will be prepared to render valuable service to both this and future generations. The youth of today has the power to move the world to God.

"Why find fault when there are so many better things to find?"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending November 10, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) William Drye 16
(3) Cecil Gray 3
(3) Robert Maples 15
(13) Frank May 22
(4) Mack McQuaigue 16
John Ray 2
(6) William Shannon 6
(3) Kenneth Tipton 3
(2) Weldon Warren 19

COTTAGE NO. 1

(2) William G. Bryant 13
(2) James Bargesser 4
(6) Albert Chunn 9
Howard Cox 10
(6) John Davis 14
Eugene Edwards 8
Ralph Harris 9
(6) Porter Holder 14
Carl Hooker 10
(4) Burman Keller 12
(6) Clay Mize 18
H. C. Pope 12
(6) Everett Watts 17
(6) William C. Wilson 19

COTTAGE NO. 2

(6) Jack Cline 14
Joseph Farlow 2
(13) Edward Johnson 22
(2) Robert Keith 9
Ralph Kistler
(9) Donald McFee 21
Richard Patton 3

COTTAGE NO. 3

(7) Lewis Andrews 22
(5) Earl Barnes 19
(2) Grover Beaver 13
(2) Lewis Baker 14
(2) Clyde Barnwell 15
(2) William Buff 10
(2) Max Evans 15
William Matthewson 15
(2) Harley Matthews 17
William T. Smith 11
(7) Harrison Stilwell 20
(6) Wayne Sluder 13
(2) John Tolley 15
(7) Jerome Wiggins 18
(7) Louis Williams 19

COTTAGE NO. 4

(2) Plummer Boyd 15
(2) Paul Briggs 12
Quentin Crittenton 14
(2) Arthur Edmondson 17
(3) Norah J. Green 18
Gilbert Hogan 17
(2) Hugh Kennedy 13
J. W. McRorrie 17
(2) J. C. Nance 17
George Newman 13
Okley Walker 16
Melvin Walters 23

COTTAGE NO. 5

(11) Theodore Bowles 22
(11) J. C. Bordeaux 15
(9) Collett Cantor 20
Robert Dellinger 4
(8) Harold Donaldson 16
A. C. Elmore 14
Monroe Flinchum 15
Sidney Knighting 13
(8) Everett Lineberry 13
(4) Ivey Lunsford 13
(4) James Massey 12
(3) Leonard Melton 9
(12) Currie Singletary 16
Donald Smith 11
Richard Starnes 9
(3) Hubert Walker 21
(11) Dewey Ware 20
Gilbert Williams

(3) Henry Ziegler 15

COTTAGE NO. 6

Robert Dunning 11
Leo Hamilton 11
(2) Leonard Jacobs 7
(2) Reitzel Southern 4
(2) Woodrow Wilson 8

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte 12
Clasper Beasley 14
Henry Butler 4
Donald Earnhardt 19
(4) Richard Halker 21
(2) Lyman Johnson 14
(2) Arnold McHone 19
Carl Ray 11
Alex Weathers 16

COTTAGE NO. 8

Charles Crotts
(10) Jesse Cunningham 10
(2) William Jerrell 4
(2) Cecil Bennett 2

COTTAGE NO. 9

J. T. Branch 20
Percy Capps 10
(19) David Cunningham 19
George Dyson
George Gaddy 14
Robert Gaines 15
(2) Columbus Hamilton 5
James Hale 8
(2) Osper Howell 16
(5) William Nelson 8
(11) Harold O'Dear 23
(8) James Ruff 16
(6) Thomas Sands 18

COTTAGE NO. 10

Junius Brewer 16
James Eury 6
Harry Peake 11
O. D. Talbert 14
Jack Warren 19
Claude Weldy 8

COTTAGE NO. 11

(2) J. C. Allen 4
(24) John Benson 24
(8) William Dixon 13
(4) Ralph Fisher 12
Charles Frye 5
(3) William Furches 14
(19) Robert Goldsmith 21
(18) Earl Hildreth 22
(4) Fred Owens 23
(5) Theodore Rector 21
(5) James Tyndall 8

COTTAGE NO. 12

(12) Odell Almond 22
Jay Brannock 14
(7) Ernest Brewer 19
(7) William Deaton 22
(3) Treley Frankum 16
(3) Woodrow Hager 20
(3) Tillman Lyles 21
Clarence Mayton 14
(2) James Mondie 13
(4) Hercules Rose 4
(2) Howard Sanders 18
(10) Charles Simpson 17
(7) Robah Sink 20
Jesse Smith 11
(2) George Tolson 20
(2) Carl Tyndall 14
(2) Eugene Watts 15

COTTAGE NO. 13

(7) James Brewer 21
(3) William Griffin 20
William Goins 9
(2) Vincent Hawes 17
(6) Jack Mathis 7
Douglas Mabry 8
John Murdock 12
Jordan McIver 11

COTTAGE NO. 14

William Butler
(4) Edward Carter 7
(2) Robert Deyton 18
(3) William Harding 22
John Hamm 15
(9) Feldman Lane 18
(11) Norvell Murphy 22
(4) Charles McCoyle 18
(2) Roy Mumford 14
(2) James Roberson 19
(9) John Robbins 20
(11) Charles Steepleton 19
(2) J. C. Willis 12
(2) Wallace Woody 20

COTTAGE NO. 15

(2) Beamon Heath 12

(2) J. P. Morgan 11

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Philip Holmes 19

(3) John T. Lawry 15

(3) Redmond Lawry 16

Thomas Wilson 16

I'M GONNA TRY!

I'm gonna try to play the game,
  And play it hard and play it fair;
I may not win, but just the same
  I'm gonna try to do my share.
I may not always meet the test
  As well as some more clever guy,
But while my heart beats in my chest
  I'm gonna try.

I'm gonna try to stand the gaff,
  Yet keep my nerve; I'm gonna seek
To love and work and play and laugh
  And never show no yellow streak
I'm gonna struggle to be kind
  And not grow hard of face and eye;
I'll flop at times, but never mind
  I'm gonna try.

I'm gonna try to be a friend
  That folks can trust, and who they know
Will be the same way to the end,
  Whether the luck runs high or low.
I'll hitch my wagon to a star
  And set my goal up in the sky,
And though I may not get that far
  I'm gonna try.

—Selected

U. N. C.
NOV 25 1940
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 23, 1940 NO. 47

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U. N. C. Library

WE THANK THEE O LORD

Our forefathers gathered around the first Thanksgiving dinner and gave thanks for safety and security. Their ideals have passed down through the generations, and we today in equal reverence give thanks for the privilege to live in—the land of freedom they made possible for us.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THANKSGIVING

Like a mighty army they swept across the seas. Anglicans and Puritans from near Bow Bells, from London, and Oxford town; Pilgrims from Leiden; the Scotch from Aberdeen, the Irish from the Emerald Isle, intrepid pioneers all.

They joined their forces on the Eastern Shore and swarmed into the New World forests, planting Freedom and Conscience wherever frontiersmen built a town. They sowed the seed of modern education along the road as the course of empire westward took its way. They built our first schools and colleges; their religious ideals became the ideals of politics and government, produced the Declaration of Independence, and begat American democracy; their constancy and courage have become the most admirable traits of our national character, the warp and woof of our national existence.

Crowns and thrones have perished, kingdoms risen and waned. But the torch of Freedom lit by our Forefathers still surmounts the highest hill in every American town. We shall never move out of their shadow; their mark is on us, in us. Like a mighty army they captured America, moulded it slowly, surely, into the mightiest nation on Earth. We who tread its soil, are treading where the saints have trod. Let us pay homage to our immortal Forefathers.—Sunshine Magazine.

THANKSGIVING

America's great thanksgivings have fallen in her severest struggles. The Puritans, in their dire need and danger, were possessed of life's greatest source of joy—a thankful heart.

Thankful people are usually those who possess little. The folk in the little cottage—the slender income so blithely spent on simple things—the lamp-light in the evening, and the friendly warmth of the kitchen fire—these truly feel with thankful hearts the goodness and the worth of life.

In the complexity of the present day many are orphaned from the stimulating source of gratitude. But in the harvest festival of Thanksgiving we may recapture something of its native spirit, and with it a sense of the reality and color and simple joy, which belongs to everyone.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

ISN'T IT STRANGE?

There was a time when the Church had the care of all hospitals, orphanages, old age homes, insane hospitals, and other institutions of welfare and uplift. Then gradually through the years there was built up a community of interest and a feeling of combined responsibility for all those in need. Also, the churches became so divided, that even they were unable to take care of their own in many instances. People felt that even though their neighbours belonged to other churches, they were nevertheless their neighbours. Consequently outside the churches, yet led by church leaders, we have developed all sorts of welfare and uplift agencies like the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Tuberculosis Association, the County Welfare, and countless other estimable institutions and organization, credits to our modern times.

Now some of these agencies of welfare and uplift are supported by taxation, but most of the others by public subscriptions. Many of the latter have a hard time making both ends meet. People are too skimpy in giving, yea, church people, and even those who tithe. Two different persons came to us once and said, "We want to help a cause that is dear to you. We are tithers, and do not see why we can not include you in our tithe." Upon our assurance that we would welcome any aid given us, both said, "But our pastor tells all of his members that it is not tithing unless all of the tenth goes to the church." We then asked them whose responsibility was it that this or that person needed hospitalization, or help in the home due to long illness, or special aid given due to a fire that had destroyed all the home furnishings, etc., when the people were already terribly poor? Isn't helping those people the Lord's work? Merely because a person does not happen to be a beneficiary of such a church's home or foreign mission's budget, is he any less a child

of God, any less a neighbor in distress who needs the Good Samaritan's care?

What a limited view as to God's work! What a circumscribed territory of God's field of activity for us to carry on for Him!

Is the work here in this School any less the work of God merely because it happens to be supported by the State? Is the influence that we try to create and instil in the minds and hearts of our boys any less sacred to us than similar efforts put forth by so-called Church Schools? Do the Church Orphanages have any higher conception of the ideals to be carried out, or any more devoted effort bestowed upon those committed to their care, than members of our staff here in this School. Even the State and the Nation allow in their deductions for charities money given to organized institutions and groups of welfare and uplift. And yet some churches take such a uarrow, bigoted and dwarfed view as to the giving of money by their members. If such churches and their members were more liberal in caring for the underprivileged, underfed and forgotten members of their communities, with the tithes or funds given by their members,—then they could afford to take such a stand. Our observation has been quite to the contrary!

* * * * * * * *

TRANSFORMATIONS CLOSE AT HAND.

Carl Goerch tells us in the State that Fayetteville is the fastest growing city in N. C. (Kannapolis doubts this, perhaps!). This past week we were in Columbia, S. C. where we were told that Camp Jackson is now third "city" in S. C.

What all this means in postal affairs is something we fail to think about. What it is meaning for all that has to do with electrical appliances, home construction materials, food supplies, house furnishings of all kinds, not to mention clothing and personal necessities and luxuries, is beyond our estimate. Of course there are no more people to feed, clothe and house, but there are new places of residence and new fields in which material demands are being made by a great shifting of our population,—in time more than a million.

A textile man said to us the other day, "We are booked up beyond

New Year's. Cannot fill any more orders for 1940." An electrical concern that furnishes motors and all sorts of heavy machinery used in homes, business houses and camps, said, "Why, we simply cannot find the goods to meet the demands upon us. And we have to remain in our office much over time to try to appease the people who are telephoning and telegraphing their orders to us."

Let us hope that such present prosperity will not get us off our balance, will not go to our heads, and will not make us forget what it is that is bringing about this great wave of present day increase of trade!

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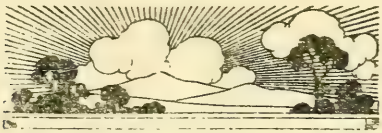
CAUSES OF FAILURE

All people agree that jealousy eats into the souls of mankind till a distaste, or perhaps hatred takes the place of every fine impulse of reason. Jealousy leads to greed. Let it be in either business affairs, or politics of the state, or social life, jealousy is a deadly poison to success. Seemingly success for a time crowns the efforts of a person with this obsession, but sooner or later misfortunes come and every aspiration is lost and failure follows. There is but one way to live and that is to have the Golden Rule as your yardstock when dealing with your fellowmen. If one lives by the Golden Rule, there are no regrets or headaches as the years accumulate. Fortune and the glamour of a successful social career does not satisfy if bought by jealousy or greed. On one particular occasion, we heard a fine spirit, who spent her life climbing to the peak of a social career, say during her last illness. "All that I want is peace." Knowing the ambition of this woman, reaching out for material things that perish, and every desire defeated, brought to mind the quotation "Man proposes but God disposes." If one loves his fellowman and plays the game of life fair, when "finis" is written at the close of one's career in life, there will be neither regrets nor shadows to mar one's peace of mind. Jealousy, greed and an unholy ambition leave their imprint upon mankind, distorting natures, spiritually and mentally, till there is but one picture in life and that picture is "Self."

BRINGING THE MOUNTAINS TO US

The "mountains (did not only) come to Mahomet." They are coming to us. During the past week we traveled up to Blowing Rock, Boone and Valle Crucis, to find that not only had a new road been opened up to detour Lenoir, saving mileage, curves and traffic as one went from Hickory to Blowing Rock, but that it is very evident that the roads further along, being left almost as they were after the August floods, with some repairs of course, will undoubtedly be straightened, broadened and improved to such an extent that travel up that steep mountain will soon be easy, safe and fast. Wherever any roads have been made over one sees that the Highway Commission is looking to the future.

The rapid way that commerce was able to overcome the handicaps of the August floods before bridges were re-constructed shows plainly that no longer is this region a remote one, but one that will demand all the improvements and latest devices to be found anywhere. Thus will time be greatly reduced and people will flock there for the week-ends as never before, particularly in the spring, summer and fall. And who knows but that the Skiing Buses will soon be a regular thing to Banner Elk and other places that have already begun to enjoy winter sports in true New England or even Norwegian style!



THE FIRST PILGRIM

By Vesta P. Crawford

When the Mayflower cast anchor on the coast of a new world that bleak day in December, 1620, who was the first to step upon the shores of America in that place called Plymouth? History tells us that John Alden, "the youngest of the men who came in the Mayfiower," was the first to step upon the shore, the first to stand upon Plymouth Rock. If this story is true, then it is most fitting that the youngest of the "Pilgrim Fathers" should have been the first to set foot upon the spot where a permanent town was to be built in the western wilderness.

John Alden was only twenty-one when he sailed in the Mayflower. At the great port of Southampton in England he had been one of the workmen who repaired the famous ship before its departure. Working there on the timbers, mending the masts, and strengthening the spars, he decided to go with that ship westward to a mysterious country. He cast his lot with those who sought a land so wide that no man knew its further borders, an expanse so vast that no one had found the source of its rivers, a country of far frontiers.

When the Mayflower veered westward from Southhampton toward the last high point of Cornwall, the crags of Land's End, John Alden bade farewell to the cliffs of England. His destiny lay with the Pilgrims, "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," who "seek a better country."

John Alden, it is said, was the first to stand upon Plymouth rock, and strangely enough, of all those pioneers who signed the Mayflower Compact, the last to die.

Perhaps it was this fact, together with the color and romance of the Plymouth settlement, that prompted the New England poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, to tell the story of the "First Pilgrim" in his famous poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish." For, although this poem is named for the brave and hardy captain, the story is really centered about John Alden and the fair Priscilla, maid of Plymouth.

The incidents are so well known that practically every school child in America can tell, in the words of Longfellow, at least part of the lines that described the historical characters who played upon the stage of life in Plymouth town.

"In the old Colony Days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims," the poet says, in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling, strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, short of stature he was but strongly built. Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion, writing with diligent speed at the table of pine by the window. Fairhaired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion, having the dew of his youth and the beauty thereof.

And the great captain, so brave in treating with the Indians, was afraid to go to Priscilla and ask for her hand in marriage. Instead, he requested John Alden to bear the message and bring back the answer—a reply that has become famous in the American

language—"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

There came, at this critical time, to the "rageful" Miles Standish, an Indian courier with a snakeskin full of arrows, challenging battle. Standish and eight of his stalwart soldiers marched at once into the wilderness to talk peace and quell the sudden revolt of the red men.

Soon the Mayflower sailed, away, homeward bound, and John Alden went down to the shore intending to sail with the ship back to England.

"Down to the Plymouth Rock,
which had been to their feet
as a doorstep
Into a world unkown,—the corner-
stone of a nation!"

But there stood Priscilla, alone and dejected. Then John Alden thought, "Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence, hover around her forever. Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing, so, with the blessing of God shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Months passed by and Standish did not return. Word came that he was dead. When autumn turned the forest to amber and yellow, John Alden and Priscilla were married, but just as the service was ended, who should come striding in but Miles Standish, the captain of Plymouth, alive and well. He made his peace with Alden and asked forgivness.

Then the bridal pair,
"Fresh with the youth of the
world, and recalling Rebecca
and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple
and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the
endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods
passed onward the bridal
procession."

This is the story that Longfellow tells—the story so well beloved in America; but there is more than this that history records in the invincible writing of days and years.

John Alden was destined to live long in the new colony, destined to see the borders spread and the Compact of Democracy become a foundation for liberty and light. John Alden was a magistrate in the colony for more than fifty years. To his door came many seeking advice and comfort and the righting of their wrongs. Often, walking along the rocky coast from his home in Duxbury down toward the Plymouth Rock, he thought of his youth and the time he stood upon the rock so many years before with the wild Alantic beating its winter waves back of him and the wilderness of unknown immensity before him.

He thought of the long years that had been given to his keeping—years that had seen his joy and success, that had taken all the others of those men who came in the Mayflower and signed the famous compact. Edward Winslow, his friend and emissary to the mother country, that stalwart Pilgrim, died in 1655. William Bradford, chronicler of the colony's history and the great and noble, governor, died in 1656. William Brewster, who for many years was the ruling

elder of Plymouth, passed to another shore in 1644.

But John Alden, the first Pilgrim, grew old in the land of Plymouth. Even Massasoit, the powerful chief and friend of the Pilgrims, had gone to his happy hunting ground. Massasoit's son, King Philip, the fierce and war-like, had followed his father to the land of the setting sun.

John Alden watched the returning seasons, the seedtime and the harvest —the sowing and the reaping. He was eighty-seven years old when he died in the autumn of 1686. Then it was that the first Pilgrim became the last Pilgrim, and truly, as he had said long ago, he was "the last at the leaving."

LET US GIVE THANKS

For the courage which comes when we call
While troubles like hailstones fall;
For the help that is somehow nigh
In the deepest night when we cry;
For the path that is certainly shown
When we pray in the dark alone,
Let us give thanks!

For the knowledge we gain if we wait
And bear all the buffets of fate;
For the vision that beautifies sight
If we look under wrong for the right;
For the gleam of the Ultimate Goal
That shines on each reverent soul,
Let us give thanks!

For the consciousness stirring in creeds
That love is the thing the world needs;
For the cry of the travailing earth
That is giving a new faith birth;
For the God we are learning to find
In the heart and the soul and the mind,
Let us give thanks!

For the growth of the spirit through pain
Like a plant in the soil and the rain;
For the dropping of needless things
Which the sword of sorrow brings;
For the meaning and purpose of life
Which dawns on us out of the strife,
Let us give thanks!

—Selected.

THANKSGIVING POEMS AND POETS

By Elmo Scott Watson

Virginia may dispute the claim of Massachusetts to being the real founder of this nation but the most truly deep-rooted holiday in our calendar and the most typical American feast day began as a Massachusetts or more broadly a New England institution. That is Thanksgiving day. As the tide of New England immigration spread into other parts of the country it carried the Thanksgiving idea with it and on November 28, when that day is being celebrated from the Alantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian line to the Mexican border, everywhere the observance will have a certain New England flavor.

Just as it was a New England woman, Sara Josepha Hale, who had the most to do with making a national holiday of this observance, which began as a purely local cutom, so it was another New England woman who wrote the best-known Thanksgiving poem in our literature.

Over the river and through the
wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted
snow.

Over the river and through the
wood,
O how the wind does blow;
It stings the toes
And bites the nose
As over the gound we go.

Over the river and through the
wood,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring
"Ting-a-ling-ding"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving day.

Over the river and through the
wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray;
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving day.

Over the river and through the
wood,
And straight through the barn-
yard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is hard to wait!

Over the river and through the
wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy,
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

The woman who wrote that poem was Lydia Maria Child, born in Medford, Mass., on February 11, 1802. In the period before Harriet Beecher Stowe stirred the country with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Child was the most widely-known woman novelist. Her "Hobomok," a tale of life in early Salem in which the hero was a "noble red man" of the J. Fenimore Cooper type and the heroine was a white girl, was published in 1824.

This was followed by the next play, "The" Rebels; or, Boston Before the Revolution" and in 1835 by "Philothea," a poetical romance of Athens in the days of Pericles. Edgar Allen Poe heaped extravagant praiee upon "Philothea", saying "We turn to these pure and quiet pages with that species of gasping satisfaction with which a drowning man clutches the shore." James Russell Lowell eulogized Mrs. Child's work in his "A Fable for Critics."

An ardent Abolitionist, Mrs. Child published the first book written on the subject of freeing the slaves. It was "An Appeal for that Class of Americans Called Africans," published in 1833, and William Ellery Channing made a special trip to Roxbury to thank her for it. A prolific writer, Mrs. Child also produced "The Mother's Book" (1831); "The Ladies' Family Library" (1832-5); the series of "Flowers for Children" (1844, 1846, 1855); "The Progress of Religious Ideas" (1855), and Autumnal Leaves" (1856). The "long life of Lydia Maria Child, in which is distilled a definite fraction of American sentiment and moral enthusiasm" came to an end on October 20, 1880. Critics are not always in agreement as to her "place in American literature" but her name is remembered by the American people each year at Thanksgiving time when they repeat the poem: "Over the river, etc."

Almost as well known, if not so frequently quoted, is the Thanksgiving poem written by another New Englander who was one of Mrs. Child's Abolitionist friends and a favorite poet of an eariler generation of Americans—John Greenleaf Whittier. It is this:

THANKSGIVING ODE

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among the garnered sheaves:
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with Autumn leaves.

O, favors every year made new!
O, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due;
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, and flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot today?
Who scorns his native fruit from bloom?
Or sighs for danties far away,

Beside the bounteous board of
home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that
Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold:
That brave and generous lives
can warm
A clime with Northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed
with flowers,
And piled with fruits, awake
again
Thanksgiving for the golden
hours,
The early and the latter rain!

Then there is the familiar:

THANKSGIVING NIGHT

For summer bloom and autumn
blight,
For bending wheat and blasted
maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of
Light
And Lord of Darkness, hear our
praise!

We trace to thee our joys and
woes,
To thee of causes still the cause,
We thank thee that thy hand
bestows
We bless thee that thy hand
withdraws.

We bring no sorrows to thy
throne;
We come to thee with no com-
plaint
In providence thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint.

Here, on this blest Thanksgiving
night,
We raise to thee our grateful
voice;
For what thou doest, Lord, is
right,
And, thus believing, we rejoice.

Another New Englander wrote that poem. Who now remembers the name of Josiah Gilbert Holland? Probably not many, except the special student of American literature and journalism. Yet there was a time when Holland was known to thousands of Americans and two of his long poems were the "best sellers" of the day. Critics of today are inclined to dismiss his writings with the adjective "commonplace" or the statement that his career as an author is "illustrative of the evanescence of 'moral' literature when unendowed with real talent." Yet the fact remains that his "Bitter Sweet" sold 90,000 copies and his "Kathrina, Her Life and Mine" sold 100,000 copies back in the fifties and sixties.

Holland was born at Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819. His first ambition was to be a doctor and in 1840 he entered a physician's office in Northampton as a student where he remained until he had learned the rudiments of medicine. Graduated from Berkshire Medical college at Pittsfield in 1844 he practiced in Springfield for three years before convinced that this was not his real profession.

Next he turned to journalism and in 1847 founded a weekly called the Bay State Courier. This ventrue lasted only six months so he was glad to accept an invitation to settle in Richmond, Va., as a teacher in a

private school. Next he was elected superintendent of the public school in Vicksburg, Miss., but after two years there he returned to Massachusetts where he joined the staff of the Springfield Republican.

Holland's nom de plume of "Timothy Titcomb" soon became a familiar one all over the country and resulted in his becoming widely known as a lyceum lecturer. In 1858 his first long poem, "Bitter Sweet," was published by Charles Srribner and Company, which also published most of his later works. By 1867 Holland had become so successful as a writer that he was able to retire from his editorial duties on the Republican and the next year he sailed for a European trip.

While abroad he made the acquaintance of another touring American, Roswell Smith, with whom he founded, in 1870, Scribner's Magazine, a publication made possible by the backing of Charles Scribner. As editor of the magazine Holland was mainly responsible for its success and he contributed to its columns his later successful novels "Arthur Bonnicastle," "Seven Oaks" and "Nicholas Minturn," as well as a number of poems. Holland died in New York City on October 12, 1881.

Thanksgiving Day is the only religious festal day especially authorized year after year by our civil government.

Lincoln proclaimed the First National Thanksgiving Day in 1864. Succeeding Presidents have followed this precedent.

———o———

THANKSGIVING DAY

Is it a day alone for festal joy
  Or given o'er to contest games;
Or left to fall in discard and default,
  The call our President proclaims?

Could spirits of our Pilgrim Fathers come,
  Into our lives to tell us of their time:
When gathered well within their humble church,
  They bowed in prayer with thanks to Him divine
Who kept them safe through storm and strife,
  Who fed their souls on heavenly bread
And mortal flesh with bounties of earth's yield,
  All gifts of Him the church's true God-head;
Then more of us with hearts all set atune,
  Would churchward go to give our thanks as they,
With humble hearts for all the gifts,
  Received since last Thanksgiving Day.

—Charles F. M. Gibbs.

GIVING JOHN A NICE THANKSGIVING

By Hilda Richmond

Although John Hurst bumped his head smartly on the beam above him while carrying in the last of the late potatoes he made no outcry, but crouched over the potato bin in the dim light of the cellar that November afternoon and shamelessly listened, for he had heard his name mentioned by Aunt Amanda Brown in the room overhead in connection with something that caused a cold chill to run down his long spine.

"Yes, I'm planning to give John a nice Thanksgiving," the elderly lady was saying unmindful of the fact that it was her nephew and not the hired man putting potatoes into the bin below. "It's to be a great surprise, but then any kind of celebration would be a surprise to him. You see his father brought him up on that heathenish ranch after his mother died, and the poor fellow has never seen a real Thanksgiving dinner. I'm going to have some of his college chums out for the day and make it an occasion long to be remembered.

John sat down on the vinegar keg to consider. He could not run away, and he was too healthy to fall ill suddenly, but he would not, could not face those grinning, giggling, fun-making college youths. Bitterly he regretted that he had ever mentioned names as he heard his aunt reel off the list of prospective guests as she rocked and chatted with a neighbor. What a goose he had been. Henceforth and for ever he would keep his mouth shut about college affairs. Well, there was one hope. They might all decline the invitation and everything would be well. But on second thought he felt sure they would all come for the fun of the thing and to add to his misery.

"John, you look peaked!" was his aunt's greeting as he entered the living room after the chores were done. John drove back and forth to college the short distance from the farm, and liked the outdoor life, such as the old farm afforded after the big open spaces of the west. "I want you should let Dr. Washburn look you over. Yes, you must for I solemnly promised your father to take care of you. He's going to stop for supper tonight and you'll have to let him look at you at least."

John's acquaintance with Dr. Washburn, who was a rising young physician but little older than himself, dated back three weeks when he had pulled the smart little runabout off the doctor's body when a careless driver had wrecked him in the ditch and hurried on probably to endanger some other life, and a friendship had sprung up such as often grows between two people exactly opposite. The doctor was a trim, dapper, carefully groomed little man who hated physical littleness with his whole soul, while John, big and awkward and always conscious of his hands and feet, had made short work of the auto and then set the injured man on his feet as if he had been a baby. The bruises and slight cuts soon healed but Dr. Washbhrn said he liked encourage Mrs. Brown in thinking he needed a nourishing country supper

each week to aid in his recovery.

"Now, Dr. Washburn," said Mrs. Brown, bustling into the parlor that evening, "I want you to look John over carefully. His pa made me promise to let him know if anything happened, and I think he looks rather peaked. I've got to look after the chicken that it doesn't scorch, but you two can have a good half hour before supper is ready."

As soon as the door closed John said irritably, "Confound it all, Aunt Amanda is the best soul in the world but she's studied up a fool scheme that makes me weak just to think of it. She's going to get up a big feed for Thanksgiving and ask a lot of the college young folks where I take my dinners every day. I can just see them making fun of the dear soul's cooking and everything. Tell me how to head it off."

"My dear boy, this is not a case for a medical doctor, but for somebody who can repair heads," said the young man solemnly. "Anybody who wants to head off a big turkey dinner with all the fixings is in danger of a free trip to the nearest hospital for the insane. You ought to be mighty glad for the chance to enjoy one of your aunt's Thanksgiving dinners."

"But they're all such—such—" said John helplessly searching in his mind for the proper words. "They are all so stuck up—all but one or two of the bunch. It's a shame to let Aunt go to all that trouble for a lot of folks who will make fun of her to her face."

"Come now, it isn't as bad as that! You're morbidly afraid of saying and doing the wrong thing, so you imagine everybody is making fun,. This sounds to me like a girl case. Ah, I put my finger on the sore spot," he added as John gave a slight start and colored a deep red.

"How do you know?" stammered John. "Is it part of a doctor's business to be a mind reader?"

"To tell you the truth it's because I'm going through a distressing experience myself. My imagination needs to be curbed as well as your own. There's a pretty little girl that I'm afraid to ask to share my modest fortunes because she has so many wealthy and influential friends. Tell you what it is, John, you and I are probably cowards, at least I am, and your case sounds similar. Now as I take it there's a girl at this boarding house that you'd like to have here for dinner, but the rest you don't care three whoops for, and you're afraid to tell your aunt and the girl. Is that it?"

"Something like that," faltered John. "I feel easier that somebody understands. But how you should be afraid with your clothes and your manners gets me." He looked the faultlessly dressed doctor over from head to foot with such honest admiration in his eyes that the latter gave him an affectionate shake.

"Don't you know that girls like physical strength above everything else, old man? What chance have I against a field full of rich athletes? If you had been in that auto accident you'd have humped up your back and upset the machine and you'd have run down the road and captured the fellow who threw you into the ditch, but there I was helpless like a girl. Cheer up, Pard! Maybe things will come out all right for you. In fact, you are borrowing trouble while mine is the real thing."

Over the chicken supper Aunt Am-

anda decided that she had imagined her fears about John for youth can forget its troubles over a hearty meal at the close of a raw autumn day, and the two young men certainly gratified the good lady's housewifely desire to see folks "make a good meal" as she expressed it. They ate leisurely, and even the small doctor seemed to develop an unusual capacity, but he carefully concealed the fact that he had been out since morning with nothing to eat owing to making country calles.

John's troubles returned to vex him next morning as he rattled over the big river bridge on his way to church with his elderly relative. The sight of Nellie Manning walking demurely beside Jay Clinton on their way to services dusturbed his peace of mind and sent the auto flying forward at such a rate that Mrs. Brown gasped and clutched at her careening headgear.

"John! John! Folks say that bridge is unsafe!" she cried. "You must drive over it more carefully."

"I don't know whether it's unsafe, but it's unnecessary," said John. "I've been here three months and there hasn't been enough water in the stream to drown a cat."

"You should see it in the spring," said Mrs. Brown sagely. "Haven't you ever noticed those boats stored in that shed near the bridge? Each year when high water comes the poor families in the flats have to be rescued from their miserable homes in boats. You would not speak so disrespectfully about Gravel Run if you had been here last suring."

"I'll live in hope of seeing it when it goes on a rampage next time, but there doesn't seem to be much danger just now."

The unsuspecting usher seated John and his aunt right behind Miss Manning and her escort, and John heard nothing of song, sermon or prayer that morning. He was mentally comparing the stylish youth with himself and noticing how the long feather on Nellie Manning's hat caressed the face of the young man at her side, and that he did not seem in the least annoyed by its touch. So lost in miserable reverie was he that his aunt was shocked to see him make a move as if to take something out of the collection plate when it was passed, instead of putting anything in. Passing apples and nuts and various cakes was such a common happening at the farm that John absently felt that here was something else to eat as the usher appeared. Only his aunt's hurried grasp on the plate saved him from still further trouble, but she resolutely handed it past him to the next person and gave her nephew a substantial push with her foot under cover of her old-fashioned attire.

Fate seemed to be against the young students as the days flew by. The kitchen at the farm was filled with delicious odors and always Aunt Amanda seemed to be putting away fruit cake or preserves or mince meat as he entered. He had hinted about going hunting, but she headed off every suggestion and there seemed to be no way to escape. An unusual degree of whispering and giggling among the dozen college mates at the boarding house pointed to the fact that the invitation had been given and accepted, so he grimly resigned himself to the worst that could happen.

The day before Thanksgiving the river was rising rapidly, owing to heavy and persistent rains, and there were rumors that by night the poor families on the flats would have to leave their homes, but John knew nothing of this. He ate his noon meal hastily and strolled to the bridge, finding himself in sympathy with the rolling, dirty water beneath his feet. Hardly had he observed the alarming increase in the volume since he passed over it that morning until he heard gay voices, and there were Nellie Manning and four or five of the other students all bent on the same errand. He started at once to go off th bridge determined not to see the object of his affections in company with the others, but just as he reached the ground a wild cry of despair rose from the group on the bridge mingled with a loud cracking of timbers. Horror stricken he saw the farther end of the bridge break loose and sink into the sullen water.

Just what happened he could never tell but he had a wild vision of several of the students rushing safely to land while Nellie Manning stumbled and fell over an uneven place in the old floor in her terror. The young man who was usually at her side was safe on the shore while Nellie was scrambling to her feet alone on the crazy bridgee which was now loose at both ends and seemed in imminent danger of going to pieces at once. John as in a flash remembered the boats in the open shed placed there for just such emergencies, and before anyone could realize what had happened he was afloat on the muddy, angry water. To the girl clinging desperately to the railing he looked like an agnel of deliverance, while the rapidly gathering crowd was breathless with anxiety.

A hundred eager hands reached forward to lift Nellie Manning to safety as John skillfully brought the boat to land, but nobody had to help the young giant as he sprang to the shore and brought the boat up out of the reach of the grasping flood. A great shout of victory went up from the assembled watchers, but Nellie's word of thanks was the only thing John heard. He spent the rest of the afternoon in company with other workers rescuing shivering tenants from rickety dwellings, for the river rose more rapidly than ever before, and in the drenching rain strong men were needed for the rescue work. Nellie Manning, pale and spent, was under the care of Dr. Washburn, but the youth who had done what nobody else offered to do was out rescuing other perlied lives. For once John was able to forget his awkwardness and his troubles in the thrill of being useful, as he he had ever been in his Western home.

So thoroughly tired was John that he forgot all about Thanksgiving and everything for it was past midnight when he had time to remove his soaked clothing and sink into bed after a hot bath and three different kinds of herb tea that Mrs. Brown thought necessary to his welfare, but he woke with a start when Dr. Washburn clattered noisily into his bedroom next day.

"Your aunt is getting nervous for fear the guests will get here before you are up, though you are not supposed to know there will be any guests," said the medical man. "John, I'm proud of you! The whole town

is ringing with your praise. If you don't muster enough courage together to ask that pretty little Nellie Manning to be Missus Hurst I'll scalp you."

"Do you think—will it make any difference now—that is—"

"You get right uot of this bed and dress," commanded the doctor. I've even taken an engagement ring out on approval so nothing should be lacking." He tossed a tiny box to the blushing giant in the old-fashioned bed and turned to go. "I have a dozen urgent cases waiting for me, but you have the whole day for fun."

Mrs. Brown had arranged for the town party to come out in the big bus, and when she heard the horn honking gayly she pushed her timid nephew to the front door. "It's a surprise party for you, John!" she said. "You are the host and must receive the guests."

John took a hasty survey of the crowd and discovered that three young men were missing. The three who had rushed to safety on the bridge the day before, leaving Nellie Manning to her fate, were not present. His spirits rose, when the rest entered the old-fashioned parlor. Nobody could have been more self-possessed and happy than the hero of the day before. Mrs. Brown retired to the kitchen anxious about the dinner, but from the sounds in the living room she concluded that the young people could be trusted to have a good time until the meal was ready.

"I guess you didn't make any mistake in thinking John would like a nice Thanksgiving, Mrs. Brown," said the doctor sneaking in at the kitchen door. "My, but it's dreadful to be a public servant on a day like this."

"Your patients won't die until you sit down to eat a hearty dinner," said Mrs. Brown. "Wash your hands there at the sink and go in with the young folks. I'm always afraid doctor may have germs or something about him, but if you use some of my home-made soap and good hot rainwater I'll risk anything today."

"I'd be tickled to death, but you see I've asked a young lady to go to the hotel with me today," said the doctor. "She has no home and neither have I so—"

"Go right back to town and get her!" commanded the lady. "For some reason several of the young men could not come and there is plenty of room. You know I asked you at first, but didn't know what was holding you back."

"The thing that was holding me back then is not holding me back now," said the smiling doctor. "In fact, I stopped for the express reason that I wanted an invitation for both of us."

At last Mrs. Brown was satisfied that everything from turkey to cake was on the long table, and she assembled her guests around it. "John, as host, you take the head of the table," said she ushering them to their places. "Dr. Washburn can sit at your right and help you if you get tangled up. Do you know when I planned this I was really afraid John might run off for the day as he used to be so timid, but he seems to be enjoying himself pretty well today."

"So well, Auntie, that I want to return thanks if you'll let me," said the young man unexpectedly. "I can think of no other way to express my appreciation for your kindness

and for the great happiness the day has brought."

Mrs. Brown listened with tears in her eyes to the fervent prayer from the lips of one whom she had known only as the most timid of youths, and she said in a low tone to Dr. Washburn, "Something must have come over John yesterday in that flood for it seems to have washed away his timidity and left him free-hearted and full of courage."

"That is apparently what happened," said the doctor innocently as he caught sight of the sparkling diamond on Nellie Manning's finger, a mate to the one that shone on the hand of the girl by his side. "Yes, I think we can safely say that something came over him and he is able to appreciate the fact that you worked hard to give him a nice Thanksgiving."

---o---

THANKSGIVING

We thank Thee, Lord, for the most blessed land
Of quiet, restful woods and winding streams
Near meadows where the blue bellflower gleams
Among the grass and mighty oak trees stand;
We thank Thee, Lord, for harvests that command
The willing labor of the toiling hand,
For yellow sheaves on heavy-laden teams,
For summer twilights fading into dreams,
And mountain bastions that time withstand;
We thank Thee, Lord, for pioneers who spilt
Their blood on Freedom's altars without fear,
And to no earthly sovereign bowed the knee;
We thank Thee, Lord, for ancestors who built
In fervent faith our ancient churches here,
And taught America to worship Thee.

—John D. M. Brown, Litt. D.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

By Kenneth L. Hamilton

There is one time of the year when nature recklessly spreads her handiwork over all the landscape. The chill autumn winds have driven countless leaves from their places of attachment to the ground beneath. These annual visitors with their numerous colors have decorated mother earth with a most elaborate garment. The crops have all been gathered and stored in the barns. The harbingers of colder weather are present. Jack Frost has covered field, fallow and forest with a mantle which is matchless as to its whiteness and beauty.

The day of Thanksgiving is almost here, and over and anon our thoughts go back to the first Thanksgiving day in 1621. To that first Thanksgiving day, when those perservering pioneers met in a little church house to offer praise and prayer to Almighty God for his gifts and a fine harvest. To these rugged sons of toil and danger the day had a real significance. It was a solemn and holy day. These simple folk met with one purpose in mind and that was to give thanks.

To give thanks for sufficient food to carry them through the cold and bitter winter. To render an expression of gratitude for protection from the perils of a trackless forest. To acknowledge the goodness of God in sparing their lives from savage Indians. To manifest a sense of favor received in protection from wild beasts who lurked on every side.

These Pilgrims were beset on every hand by all the dangers of a sparsely settled country. They knew what security and refuge meant. They were thankful for every blessing which God had so generously given to them. They were willing to acknowledge their dependence on the omnipotent Jehovah. There was a deep gratitude in their hearts that yearned for expression and so they set aside this day of worship as a token of their thanks.

We have a great deal more to give thanks for than they ever dreamed of having. Our lives have been spared and we have been furnished with all the blessings that one could possibly have. Our pantries have groaned with all the choicest of foods. Our lives are protected by law and order. We live in a land of freedom and liberty, purchased by these martyrs of the first Thanksgiving day. All have more to give thanks for and a better opportunity to show our gratitude to the sovereign of the universe.

O! Reader, whosoever thou art, wilt thou not enter into some secret spot and there lift up thy voice in a paean of praise to the Most High God for all of his showers of blessings. Coulds't thou fail to pay the debt that thou owest to this Loving Father.

Then as a final act of devotion and loyalty to Him, take the Holy Writ and reverently and prayerfully read Psalm 103: which is the acme of praise and thanksgiving. Then, perhaps, you will begin to catch the real and true spirit of thanksgiving. May God help each one of us to say, at this Thanksgiving time,

"Bless the Lord, O My Soul: and All That is within me, bless His Holy Name."

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?
  The waves that brought them oe'r
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
  As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as the rolled that day
  When the Mayflower moored below;
When the sea around was black with storms,
  And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
  Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
  To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
  When the heavens looked dark, is gone—
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
  Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim's exile—sainted name!
  The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame;
  In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
  On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,—
  But the Pilgrim! where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
  When the summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
  Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
  On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
  Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:
  It walks in noon's broad light;
And watches the bed of the glorious dead,
  With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
  And still guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
  Shall foam and freeze no more.

—John Pierpont.

THE STETHOSCOPE AND ITS DISCOVERER

By Dr. John M. Gibson

Nearly a century and a quarter ago a member of the medical staff of the Necker Hospital in Paris happened to have as one of his patients a young girl described by writers as "very fat." She was in great physical pain and was having considerable difficulty in getting her breath. Because of the thick layer of fat over her chest the young medical man was unable to diagnose her case by placing his ear to that part of her body and listening to the sounds made by her over-burdened heart—the only method of listening to chest sounds then known to the medical profession.

Thus baffled in his attempt to make a diagnosis, this young physician gave up the attempt temporarily but determined that he would overcome this difficulty in one way or another. In that frame of mind he went out a short time later for a stroll in the famous Gardens of the Louvre. As he walked along, his attention became focused upon a group of boys sitting on a pile of timbers. While he watched them, some of these youngsters would press their ears against a long wooden beam, and their companions at the other end of the beam would tap it lightly. The listeners shouted their glee and surprise as the tapping sound would quickly travel the full length of the beam and be heard as distinctly as if they had been listening at the other end, where the sounds were originating.

A chandelier swinging from the ceiling of the cathedral at Pisa dramatized to Galileo the principal of the pendulum. In much the same manner these French gamins playing with their newly discovered toy dramatized to Rene Theophile-Hyancinthe Laennec the principle of sound transmission, which finds one of its most modern uses in the "spotting" of enemy submarines but which, to his excited brain, promised an answer to a pressing professional problem—how to hear clearly through that blanket of human flesh the sounds made by that patient's laboring heart.

Laennec immediately lost interest in the attractions of the Gardens of the Louvre, and his fondness for strolling left him temporarily. Hurrying back to the hospital he visited the ward where his patient was in bed, and snatching up a paper-backed book, rolled it into a tight tube. While the young woman and the nurses looked on in amazement, wondering no doubt if the young doctor had lost his mind, he placed one end of this improvised tube to her chest and placed his ear to the other end. What had happened at that lumber pile happened here, and he heard distinctly the sounds which theretofore had been reduced virtually to silence by that wall of flesh.

Thus was born the stethoscope. In greatly changed form but embodying the same principle which Laennec unearthed in 1816, it is now in universal use in the diagnosis of many diseases, but chiefly those of the heart and lungs. A physician would no more

think of trying to practice his profession without that as a part of his equipment than he would of trying to get along without a clinical thermometer.

As time went on, Leannec found his paper roll rather unsatisfactory in practical use because of the unsubstantial nature of the material of which it is made. After doing considerable experimenting with various types of wood, he finally decided that linden or beech was most satisfactory, these having the virtue of ridgidity and sturdiness found in practically all woods, plus the capacity for transmitting sounds with unusual fidelity and clearness.

Being able to hear sounds clearly was one thing. Being able to differentiate between them and evaluate their significance in terms of disease and stage of illness was quite another. Thanks to his unusually keen sense of hearing and his ear for music, Laennec not only was able to hear the crackles and bubbles that leapt from his end of his sounding tube, but was able to discriminate between them and thus was in a position to associate certain sounds with certain disease conditions.

He has left the following observations regarding these studies and their results:

"From this moment (when his roll-book stethoscope proved effective as a sound-conductor) I imagined that the circumstances might furnish means for enabling us to ascertain the character not only of the action of the heart, but of every species of sound produced by the motion of all the thoracic viscera, and consequently for all the exploration of the respiration, the voice, the rales, and perhaps even the fluctuation of fluid effused in the pleura or pericardium. With this conviction, I forthwith commenced at Necker Hospital a series of observations from which I have been able to deduce a set of new signs of the diseases of the chest. These are for the most part certain, simple, and prominent, perhaps, to render the diagnosis of the diseases of the lungs, heart, and pleura as decided and circumstantial as the indications furnished to the surgeons by the finger or sound in the complaints wherein these are of use."

Laennec was born at Quimper, in Bretagne, on February 17, 1781 and thus was 35 years of age when, in 1816, he made the notable contribution to the science of diagnosis which has just been described. At an early age he was placed in the care of a grand-uncle at whose hands he received excellent physical care and equally helpful direction for his growing mind. After spending five years with him, he went to live with an uncle who was a physician and a member of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Nantes. Notwithstanding the frequent and disturbing interruptions due to the French Revolution, he made rapid progress and won numerous prizes. At the age of 19 he went to Paris and took up again the study of Latin. In time he was able to speak and write that language readily. He also acquired a mastery of English and German.

Under the influence of his physician-uncle, the young student developed a deep interest in the art of healing and became a student at the University of Paris. There he made a brilliant record, for which credit

should be given both to his rare mental gifts and to his strict application to his studies. That record won for him first prize in both medicine and surgery. While studying medicine he became a pupil and admirer of Corvisart, one of the pioneers in the use by physicians of the method of physical examination known as percussion, although the principle of this method had been developed nearly half a century before by Auenbrugger.

Inspired and encouraged by the famous Corvisart, who had been signally honored by Napoleon Bonaparte in his appointment as Napoleon's personal physician, Laennec received excellent training, not alone in the practice of medicine but also in the latest methods of scientific investigation. After his graduation he devoted much time for several years to the observation and care of hospital cases and in the post-mortem study of human bodies. Deeply interested as he was in the structure of the body, he became a member of the Anatomical Society of France. As early as 1804 he made a number of notable contributions to the medical literature of his time and in that year wrote two papers on the life and work of Hippocrates, known then as "The Father of Medicine." Although he later was to devote special attention to the study of tuberculosis, his professional enthusiasm at this stage of his career was still spread over a wider field, and the scientific papers that developed from his studies and experments ranged in subject matter from liver ailments and alcoholic cirrhosis to peritonitis.

Laennec's appointment as physician at the famous Necker Hospital gave his energies even more profitable outlets, and there his fame as a physician and medical lecturer mounted to great heights. And, as already pointed out, it was while there that his keenly alert mind and his great powers of observation turned an off-duty walk in the park into a notable event in the history of medical progress.

In 1819 Laennec published a book based upon his study of the human chest through the stethoscope, and so well was it received that in 1823 the first edition was entirely exhausted. The demand for copies continued after they were no longer available, and friends and the medical fraternity urged him to bring out a second edition. This he did, incorporating in it so much knowledge, gained since the first edition had appeared, that it was virtually an entirely new book on the same subject. So completely did this later work cover the field of tuberculosis diagnosis and so "modern" is its approach to the problem, in spite of the revolutionary changes that have occurred in medical procedures since its publication, that physicians still turn to it when in need of information on tuberculosis.

In the preface to this second edition, Laennec revealed what high hopes he held for the stethoscope in terms of the saving of human life, declaring:

"I may say that no one who has made himself expert with this method (the use of the stethocope) will after this have occasion to say, with Baglivi, 'Oh, how difficult it is to diagnosis disease of the lungs.' "

That preface also contained this sentence, reflecting the man's interest in the well-being of his fellow-man:

"I shall consider it ample, yea, more

than sufficient reward for my labor, if it (the stethoscope) should prove the means by which a single human being is snatched from untimely death."

Tuberculosis is by no means the only disease that has been robbed of its killing power by Laennec's discovery, of course, but the stethoscope has proved a particularly great boon to those seeking to curb the Great White Plague by means of early-stage diagnosis. Even in this modern day, when other diagnostic agencies like tuberculin and the X-ray are at the service of the medical profession, it is still probably more widely used than any other in the diagnosis of pulmonary tuberculosis. Ironically enough, Laennec was himself a long-time sufferer from this disease and succumbed to it shortly after the publication of the second edition of his famous work.

"Although Laennec died too soon, he had won his goal," wrote Dr. J. Arthur Myers in "Fighters of Fate," "and as the battle with tuberculosis continues, he must be reckoned among the greatest fighters of the disease who have ever lived. When the fight shall be over and man has been freed at last from sorrow, suffering and death from tuberculosis, Laennec's name will ring on down the ages as that of one of the great emancipators of men."

———o———

GIVE A BOY HIS DREAM

Give a boy some time to dream,
Time for thoughts of make believe.
Who can say what visions gleam
Through the patterns he may weave?

Give a boy some time to dream,
A Robin Hood he now may be
Who someday, with inspired scheme,
May loose a bound humanity.

Give a boy that shining light,
The beauty of what-used-to-be.
Feed his soul on Truth and Right,
Believe in him, and set him free.

And if he gazes over-long
With brow intent and eyes a-gleam,
Tread softly as you pass along.
O give a boy some time to dream

—Greta LaFollette

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Boger spent last Wednesday in Hickory, in attendance at the district conference of welfare officials, held in that city.

—o—

"Real Glory," a United Artists production was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night.

—o—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been busy for the past few days getting the cottages and other buildings in readiness for cold weather. This work consisted of putting in window panes, fixing window sashes, doors and making other minor repairs.

—o—

Hog-killing time is really here. Word comes to this office that twenty-four nice porkers were killed this week. Our cottage kitchens have been well supplied with the delicacies of the season for several days. In addition to this, a large quantity of sausage has been made, placed in sacks and is being cured for use later in the season.

—o—

It has been said that coming events cast their shadows before them, and the truth of this statement has been impressed on our minds during the past few days. We heard rumors concerning the Thanksgiving celebration at the School on November 28th. The fact that we have learned from a reliable source that the turkeys had been purchased and were ready for delivery, is a sure sign that the boys will have a great feast. Other enjoyable features have been planned for that day, a detailed account of which will appear in these columns next week.

—o—

We are all delighted to see James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13, able to "navigate" again under his own power. Having been an invalid for more than two years, suffering from a bone infection in his hip, the lad is able to get about the campus, with the aid of a pair of crutches. It was necessary for him to learn to walk all over again, and judging from the pleased expression on his face last Tuesday, when he walked into The Uplift office, one could easily see that James was proud to be able to get around again. At different times during his illness it seemed that he did not have a chance to live, but he put up a great fight, and now seems to be on the road to recovery.

—o—

Norman McGee, former house boy at Cottage No. 11 and for a time member of the carpenter shop force, who left the School in 1936, called at The Uplift office last Thursday afternoon. When he first left us he returned to his home in Wilmington and was employed in a CCC camp for several months. For several years thereafter he worked at various jobs, such as truck driver, working on a farm for his father, construction work and in a restaurant. For three years he was a member of Company A, Medical Corps, North Carolina National Guard, and about two months ago when that unit was trans-

ferred to the regular United States Army, was sent to Fort Jackson, near Columbia, S. C., where he is now located. Norman said that he liked the regular army life, and the fact that he was wearing corporal's chevrons on his uniform is pretty good evidence that he is getting along all right in the service.

—o—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Acts 9: 1-16 and in his message to the boys he called attention to St. Paul's words as found in I Corinthians 16 : 13—"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker said that Paul urged his hearers to be men for two reasons. First: He knew a great battle was being fought in the world; a struggle between right and wrong; a struggle between God and Satan. Second: He knew that to face these struggles a spirit of courage and manliness would be required. When he said "quit you like men" he meant that real men should show reverence for God. A true man is one strong to resist evil. When we think of manliness, piety is the first quality to be considered, and the next is courage. Without these two qualifications one cannot claim to be manly. In a world like ours today, with men seeking to destroy each other, it takes courage to survive.

When one person gets into a heated argument with another there are two ways to settle it. One is to fight it out, using brute strength; the other is to be guided by the Christian impulse and turn the other cheek, and it takes a real man to do the latter. Paul tells us that when serious problems confront us, we must meet them like men. We should never hesitate to let the world know that we stand for the things taught by Christ.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer told the boys that the Christ-like spirit and ugliness do not go together. We cannot be unkind to one another and be Christians.

———o———

WE GIVE THANKS

For love of man for fellow man,
  For kindly words of cheer,
For friendly lifts to burdened hearts
  When life is dark and drear.

For faith that laughs at battles lost
  And closes up the ranks,
For strength, and hope, and brotherhood—
  O Lord, we give Thee thanks.

—Bernice Griffith.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending November 17, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) William Drye 17
(4) Cecil Gray 4
(4) Robert Maples 16
(14) Frank May 23
(5) Mack McQuaigue 17
(2) John Ray 3
(7) William Shannon 7
(4) Kenneth Tipton 4
(3) Weldon Warren 20

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Blackman 3
(3) William G. Bryant 14
William Callahan 3
(7) Albert Chunn 10
(7) John Davis 15
(2) Ralph Harris 10
(7) Porter Holder 15
(2) Carl Hooker 11
(7) Clay Mize 19
(2) H. C. Pope 13
(7) Everett Watts 18
(7) William C. Wilson 20

COTTAGE NO. 2

(2) Joseph Farlow 3
Julian T. Hooks 4
(10) Donald McFee 22
James Stone 4
Charles Tate 5
Newman Tate 5
Peter Tuttle 8

COTTAGE NO. 3

(8) Lewis Andrews 23
John Bailey 16
(3) Lewis Baker 15
(6) Earl Barnes 20
(3) Clyde Barnwell 16
(3) Grover Beaver 14
James Boone 18
(3) William Buff 11
Kenneth Conklin 10
Jack Crotts 12
(3) Max Evans 16
Bruce Hawkins 13
Jack Lemley 5
(3) Harley Matthews 18
(2) William Matthewson 16
Robert Quick 12
(7) Wayne Sluder 14
William Sims 18
(2) William T. Smith 12
(8) Harrison Stillwell 21
(3) John Tolley 16
(8) Louis Williams 20
(8) Jerome Wiggins 19

COTTAGE NO. 4

(3) Plummer Boyd 16
(2) Quentin Crittenton 15
(3) Arthur Edmondson 18
Paul Godwin 19
(3) Hugh Kennedy 14
(2) J. W. McRorrie 18
(3) J. C. Nance 18
(2) George Newman 14
(2) Oakley Walker 17
(2) Melvin Walters 24

COTTAGE NO. 5

(12) Theodore Bowles 23
(12) J. C. Bordeaux 16
(10) Collett Cantor 21
(9) Harold Donaldson 17
(2) Monroe Flinchum 16
William Gentry
(2) Sidney Knighting 14
(9) Everett Lineberry 14
(5) Ivey Lunsford 14
(4) Leonard Melton 10
(2) Donald Smith 12
(4) Hubert Walker 22

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Fred Bostian

Robert Bryson 12
(2) Robert Dunning 12
(2) Leo Hamilton 12
Edward Kinion 7

COTTAGE NO. 7

(2) John H. Averitte 13
(2) Cleasper Beasley 15
(2) Donald Earnhardt 20
Lacy Green 8
(5) Richard Halker 22
(3) Lyman Johnson 15
(3) Arnold McHone 20
Charles McGowan 12

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett 3
(3) William Jerrell 5

COTTAGE NO. 9

(2) J. T. Branch 21
(2) Percy Capps 11
(20) David Cunningham 20
(2) George Dyson 2
(2) George Gaddy 15
Lloyd Mullis 7
(6) William Nelson 9
(12) Harold O'Dear 24
(9) James Ruff 17
Thomas Sands 19
Richard Singletary 13
Horace Williams 11

COTTAGE NO. 10

(2) Junius Brewer 17
(2) James Eury 7
Howard Noland
(2) Harry Peake 12
Edward Stutts 6
(2) O. D. Talbert 15
(2) Jack Warren 20
(2) Claude Weldy 9

COTTAGE NO. 11

(25) John Benson 25
William Bennett 3
(9) William Dixon 14
(5) Ralph Fisher 13
(2) Charles Frye 6
(4) William Furches 15
(20) Robert Goldsmith 22
(19) Earl Hildreth 23
Edward Murray 10
(5) Fred Owens 24
(6) Theodore Rector 22
Monroe Searcy 7
Canipe Shoe 6
(6) James Tyndall 9

COTTAGE NO. 12

(13) Odell Almond 23
William Broadwell 13
(8) Ernest Brewer 20
(4) Treley Frankum 17
(4) Woodrow Hager 21
Eugene Heaffner 8
Charles Hastings 5
(4) Tillman Lyles 22
(2) Clarence Mayton 15
(3) James Mondie 16
James Puckett 15
(5) Hercules Rose 5
(3) Howard Sanders 19
(10) Charles Simpson 17
(8) Robah Sink 21
(2) Jesse Smith 12
Norman Smith 12
Peter Taylor 3
(3) Eugene Watts 16
J. R. Whitman 19

COTTAGE NO. 13

(8) James Brewer 22
Kenneth Brooks 4
(2) William Goins 10
(3) Vincent Hawes 18
(2) Douglas Mabry 9
(7) Jack Mathis 8
(2) John Murdock 18
Randall Peeler 11

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews 17
John Baker 16
(5) Edward Carter 8
Mack Coggins 22
(3) Robert Deyton 19
Troy Gilland 12
(4) William Harding 23
Marvin King 17
(10) Feldman Lane 19
(12) Norvel Murphy 23
Henry McGraw 14
(5) Charles McCoyle 19
(3) James Roberson 20

COTTAGE NO. 15

(3) Beamon Heath 13

J. P. Sutton 14
(3) J. P. Morgan 12
Calvin Tessneer 8

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Duncan 17

(4) Philip Holmes 20
Harvey Ledford 14
(4) John T. Lawry 16
(4) Redmond Lawry 17
(2) Thomas Wilson 17

———o———

A THANKFUL SPIRIT

We thank Thee, O, Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sobs of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed, and the wealth that increased;
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child
But Thou in Thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart, and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee;
That all our eternity forms through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 30, 1940 NO. 48

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SYMPHONY

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy and not rich; to study hard, thing quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open heart; to bear all bravely, do all cheerfully, await occasion, hurry never, in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up with the common.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican,
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier, one of America's best-loved poets, was born at East Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. His forebears were of old New England stock. They were hard-working, influential Quakers, and were well-described in Whittier's poem, "Snow-Bound." This beautiful bit of verse also gives an attractive picture of the pleasures and duties of the children in the Whittier household.

The Bible was this lad's entire library, until from the teacher of the small district school he learned of Burns, the poet. As was

the custom in those days, the teacher spent some time at the Whittier home. He read aloud from the Scottish bard's verses, and this inspired young Whittier. It seemed that a new earth was opening before him. He began to write verse. At the age of eighteen, a few of his compositions were printed, attracting the attention of William Lloyd Garrison, newspaper editor, who persuaded the young man's father to send him to school. By making slippers and teaching he paid for two terms at Haverhill Academy, and by the time he was twenty-one, he had read widely, observed closely and was pretty well fitted to start out on the brilliant career that was before him.

After editing several papers, thus gaining some distinction in politics, he was made a delegate to the Whig convention at Baltimore, Md., in 1832, at which time Henry Clay was nominated for the Presidency of the United States. From 1832 to the end of the Civil War, Whittier was the great poet of the abolition movement. For a period of five years, it is said, he produced a poem on freedom weekly. In 1833 he became a member of the Anti-Slavery Society, but wished to fight slavery with the ballot rather than the bayonet.

The war ended and literature became his chief occupation. His facile pen produced "Snow-Bound" in 1866. Then followed "The Barefoot Boy" and many others, also a number of hymns which breathe the very spirit of Christianity. His use of effective details, his fineness of sentiment, and his story-telling ability, have not been surpassed in American literature.

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FOUNDER OF THE RED CROSS

Clara Barton, an American philanthropist, was born at Oxford, Mass., 1830. She entered the military hospital service at the bebinning of the Civil War, was placed in charge of the hospitals at the front of the Army of the James in 1864; at the beginning of the Franco-German war she assisted the Grand Duchess of Baden in the organization of military hospitals; superintended the supplying of work to the poor in Strasburg in 1871, and the distribution of supplies to the destitute in Paris in 1872, organized the Ameri-

can Red Cross Society in 1881, and became its president; was appointed superintendent of the reformatory prison for women of Sherborn, Mass., in 1883; and as president of the Red Cross Society superintended the expedition of relief to the sufferers from the overflow of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in in 1884, and 1893, was put in charge of the relief for the sufferers from the cyclone on the South Alantic coast. As president of the American National Red Cross Society she also went from the United States to Constantinople to administer the funds of the National Armenian Relief Committee, January-September, 1896. Clara Barton, through her efforts and interest founded a humanitarian order that has encircled the globe. Her name will live as long as the Red Cross ministers to the needs of suffering humanity.

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JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL DAIRY

The Jackson Training School dairy is one of the most interesting places of activity at the institution. The boys of this department of work number twenty-five and they live in Cottage No. 15, having as their officer, the dairyman, Mr. J. H. Hobby, whose wife is cottage matron. This cottage is known as the Rutherford Cottage, a gift to this institution by citizens of Rutherford County. The dairy boys rise at six o'clock, and, after dressing and cleaning the dormitory, they are ready for breakfast at six-thirty. Soon thereafter they make their way to the barn, where they feed and milk sixty cows. The work is systematized by dividing the boys into squads. Some sterilize the bottles, some strain the milk, and others attend to the calves in a different department. By 7:45 the boys have finished milking and the milk is in cold storage ready for serving.

After finishing their work at the dairy barn, all of the boys return to the cottage and make ready for a program of calisthenics at the school building. They thoroughly enjoy these exercises.

Twelve of these lads return to the barn and twelve go to their respective school rooms. Those who return to the dairy find work in bedding the lounging barn with straw, scrubbing the milk barn, sweeping barn-yards, and sterilizing the milk vessels and bottles, and by this time it is time to deliver the milk for the mid-day lunch. One of the unwritten rules of the institution is that each boy have

a quart of milk every day, a pint at noon and a pint at night. In this manner, a boy gets all of the vitamins or food values required for his physical development. The boys of Cottage No. 15, like those of the other cottages, retire to their cottage at 11:30 and prepare for lunch. If the weather is favorable, they go on the cottage play-ground after dinner for recreation and if unfavorable, they go to the assembly room where they either play games or read books and magazines. At one o'clock the dairy boys, with those of other cottages, assemble in front of the Cannon Memorial Building, and there are given their places in the work or school lines. The boys who worked in the morning go to school in the afternoon, and those who attend school in the morning, report to the dairy barn to attend to all of the necessary chores.

It is interesting to note that each boy has particular cows to milk and these cows are named. Each lad knows how many pounds of milk and butter fat his cows produce. The boys also take great pride in learning how much feed is required for the production of milk and butter fat. There is keen competition among some of the boys in regard to the record of their cows. The state dairy extension representative, who gives an estimate of milk values, comes once a month to check up on dairy production. Through this check-up we are able to save the best calves for future milch cows.

According to latest statistics, the number of cows milked per year is 71; the average age of the herd is 3½ years; the average production annually of butter fat is 350.5 pounds per cow; and the average yearly milk production is 10,140 pounds per cow.

The dairy barn is one of the show places of the Jackson Training School. The milk barn is scrubbed after each milking, the cows are bathed daily, and the receive frequent tonsorial treatment, giving them a well-groomed appearance. The setting for this department of work is made most attractive by its snow-white buildings and well-kept grounds.

It is quite fortunate that Mr. Hobby, the dairyman, has a mechanical turn of mind, for when the cold storage machine or the delivery truck breaks down, the boys, under his direction, do the repair work. This experience and training helps the boy to adapt himself to the work of a mechanic in his future vocation.

The ultimate aim of the dairy is to teach the boys the technique

of purity of milk and absolute sanitation. The work accomplished in this department is one of the most valuable activities being carried on at the School.

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BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

For many years, since the opening of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for boys, this little paper has carried what is known as the "Boys' Christmas Fund." It is not necessary to explain what this fund means, for the friends of this institution know that in this manner they are priviledged to contribute towards a fund that is used to give to the underprivileged boy a happy Christmas. It is easy to understand that in a crowd of 500 boys, approximately the number we have here, there are some who have neither kith nor kin to remember them during this Yuletide season. We feel sure the interest in the underprivileged boy has not waned, therefore, we start off our Christmas Fund as usual. We thank our friends for their generous contributions in the past and feel sure that the Boys' Christmas Fund of 1940 will equal, if not surpass that of previous years.

10-13-8	$25.00
Mrs. T. L. Ross, Concord,	5.00
Miss Lena Leslie, Concord,	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	5.00

NO NEGRO DOMINATION

By H. E. C. Bryant in Beasley's Farm & Home Weekly

My first knowledge of political strategy came when I was a tiny observer. After the negro was given the ballot—long before he was ready for it—men like my father had to find ways to prevent his domination in areas where the colored population far outnumbered that of the whites.

In our township we had more negro voters than white voters but, as a rule, colored people preferred peace to political strife; they yielded to persuasion to refrain from exercising their suffrage privilege. Now and then, however, some outside troublemaker would drift in and organize them for a show down with white voters, a majority of whom were landowners. That happened one year when election contests were hot and close.

A strange negro, Richard Bryant, came from another state, and aroused the colored population. He commenced by holding secret meetings in churches and halls controlled by negroes. Before Dr. Rell, Capt. Ardrey, father and others realized what he was doing, he fomented trouble. He told local negroes that it was time they took charge of things, and taught the whites a lesson.

Similar drives were being made in other parts of the country.

Realizing the danger in such a movement, leading men countered with organizations of their own. Men like R. G. L. Rea, in upper Providence, were determined that their precinct should not be seized by negro voters. Bloodshed was threatened. Any little outbreak might result in a race riot. As the campaign proceeded, negroes became bolder and more daring. Richard had made them dissatisfied, and resentful, and they were registering.

That was before the day of grandfather and other disfranchising provisions.

My attention was called to the strife by meetings held at our home in which prominent men of the community participated. The mystery that surrounded such gatherings made me suspicious. Children were warned to stay away while they were going on. I heard mother and the cooks refer to them. The colored women blamed old Richard, and were afraid of the consequences.

Just before the election, father received word from county officers at Charlotte that the outlook was discouraging, and urged him to do what he could to save the day. The receipt of that appeal was followed by many conferences, in which Democratic negroes took part. One morning soon after that, I saw father in a very earnest conversation with one of the colored men. They stood far away from all others, and talked for some time. The following day a number of constables and deputy sheriffs came to our place. Later, each of them returned with a negro political agitator. A quick magistrate's trial was held, and 27 negroes bound over to court and taken to jail, charged with inciting to riot. A democratic negro said he had attended a meeting where Richard and 26 others had made incendiary speeches, urging their listeners to go to the polls and vote

if they had to wade in blood ten

That looked very serious but the election was very quiet and orderly. Richard and his cohorts were in prison and their followers afraid to show up. Immediately after the election the offending negroes, except Richard, were released on the promise they would go and sin no more. Richard was held on another charge, and kept in jail.

In previous elections the white leaders had been able to coax their colored neighbors to go to another bailiwick for a picnic or frolic and forget about politics.

I learned enough at that time, through an insignificant member of the body politic, to realize that although the Federal government was all powerful it could not compel a count of the negro vote.

The white people of our community were fair to the negroes except on election day, and they deprived them of their vote with impunity. If they saw their colored laborers in trouble they would hire lawyers to extricate them. There never was a lynching in the township. I recall an incident that threatened race friction. A negro named Ause Massey was sent to the State penitentiary at Raleigh. After serving time there he escaped and made his way back to his home on our place, where his wife lived. About two o'clock one night father and mother were awakened b some one jumping through a window to their room.

"He'll kill me," the person shouted. "Save me, save me!"

That was Massey's wife, who had fled from her home and ran a quarter of a mile to the "big house." She was badly frightened, as her husband told her he came home to slay her.

Father, who was not aware of Massey's escape, got up, and summoned neighbors to hunt the negro down and capture him. A posse gathered about daylight and commenced a search but never located Massey until late in the afternoon, when he was routed, like a wild animal, from a gulley in a thicket. He ran and was shot. A load of small birdshot stung him from head to foot

I have a very faint recollection of what I saw that day. Massey stood in the yard of his former home while his wife picked the shot out of his body. None of the wounds was da gerous. The negro was returned to the penitentiary.

Later, father and associates learned that the day he was seized, some his kinsmen in Union county tried to organize a party to set him free, but on second thought abandoned the idea.

Massey was a bad fellow.

As the years passed, the negroes of our section gave less and less thought to politics. They seemed to realize the futility of political ambitions. The one uprising cured them. Early many of them were promised forty acres and a mule by carpet-baggers, but when that promise did not come true they doubted the ability of interloping partisans to assist them. They had been freed by the Union army but scattering politicians, with personal aspirations, could not sway them with rosy speeches or conversations. By the time I came on the scene carpet-baggers were very unpopular throughout the State, and if they insisted on their efforts to muster colored voters they endangered their own lives. The most they could do was to try to convince the negro that he

should not vote with the Democrats. It was not usual at elections to see handbills, warning the negroes that if the Democrats got in office they would be put back into slavery.

The Providence community was not one of mysteries or crimes, but there occurred a murder that baffled everybody at the time and no solution of it has ever been found.

A good farmer, a reputable citizen and faithful husband and father was slain at his front doorstep by a person standing far away, in ambush, waiting for an opportunity to shoot him. It was early in the morning, when people were just getting out of their homes to do the chores about the place, when the vital shot was fired and went straight to the heart of the victim. Neighbors, notified of the tragedy, assembled and undertook to ferret out the cause of the act and overtake the perpetrator. But for nearly sixty-odd years the killing has been shrouded in mystery. Some designing person, intent on murder, deliberately planned it. He went to the trouble to cover his shoes with rags, so no one could trail him by his footprint, and to find a suitable place to stand to make sure his weapon would carry its deadly load to the spot picked for the crime, and enable him to make good his escape.

For days friends of the slain man rode, running down clues, but they never could fix the deed on any one.

The victim of that ambush was a man of fine character, and unusual popularity. If he had ever offended man or woman no one close to him knew it. Easy going, successful in his farming enterprises, and friendly with his neighbors, he was considered a model. The news of his death spread rapidly and caused a shock.

Although I was very young when that crime was committed I was keenly interested. I did not know the man personally but the deed excited my curiosity, and has continued to do so throughout my life. A Sherlock Holmes would have reveled in that case. Some old grudge, or some fancied wrong, may have caused the guilty man or woman to hunt the neighbor down and kill him. No one ever had a plausible theory about it.

That was the lone crime of the kind our neighborhood suffered. There were petty thefts, occasional fist fights, and the like, but no major crimes. A spiteful fellow, the black sheep of an isolated family, hired a negro to steal a set of new carriage harness from my father because of litigation. It took two years to locate the stolen property and to catch the conspirators, but they finally went to prison for the theft.

Another negro, who had a grievance against my father, stole old Bill, the first family horse I remember, from his stable, and rode him hard for several hours, and left him in South Carolina, exhausted and badly used. That crime aroused livestock owners for miles around and they joined in a hunt for the offender, captured, and helped to send him to the state penitentiary for a long term. Bill was recovered, doctored and nursed back to health. Indignation at our home mounted to white heat over the mistreatment of the pet of the barnyard. Had Grandma Nancy had on opportunity I expect her wrath might have caused her to do something rash. Bill was her favorite of all the horses that ever came to the plantation. He was

not only powerful but beautiful, with flax mane and tail.

Father had the reputation of being a bad one to pick on as he never quit until he got his man. As far back as I can recall he was a justice of the peace, and some of his decisions were not liked. Therefore, he was a target for lawless groups, members of which tried to avenge imaginary wrongs.

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Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Selected.

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POET REPRESENTATIVE OF NEW ENGLAND

(The Beacon)

John Greenleaf Whittier, whose poetry relates the early history and folk-lore of New England, was born in Haverill, Massachusetts, on December 17, 1807. He was the son of a Quaker farmer and, like all farm lads of his time, was kept well occupied helping his father run the farm. Unlike other New England born poets, his opportunity for formal education was very limited. He attended the district school, but that was open only a few weeks in winter and its teachers were rarely competent. What few books there were in the Whittier household were mainly memoirs of pious Quakers, so in order to read a book on biography or travel, Whittier was often forced to walk many miles to borrow it. He did study the Bible very diligently and learned it almost by heart; its influence is shown very plainly throughout his works. When he was fourteen a teacher loaned Whittier a volume of Burns, which contained some of the first verses he had ever read, he became so interested in them that he soon began composing verses of his own. Three years later, two of his verses were published in the Newburyport Free Press, a weekly publication. The editor, recognizing the possibilities of the young author, called on Whittier's father and urged him to send the boy away to school, that he might round out his education. It was not possible to send the boy away, but, fortunately, two years later, an academy was opened at Haverill and Whittier attended there two terms. He even wrote a few stanzas which were sung at the academy.

At twenty-one Whittier had become fitted to earn his living by his pen. He went to Boston, in 1829, to edit a paper, but he returned to Harverill the next year and took charge of the local gournal; later he became editor

of an important weekly at Hartford. In 1832, due to failing health, he was forced to give up journalism and return to his father's home to recuperate. Although he rested, his pen could not lie idle. He had become an editorial writer and, as such, his duty was clear to him. The burning question of the day was that of salvery in the United Satec and Whittier aligned himself with the abolitionists. In 1833, he wrote a pamplet called "Justice and Expediency" considering the whole question of slavery and declaring the necessity of its abolition. In 1836 he was chosen secretary of the Antislavery society. In 1838, he became editor of the Pennsylvania Freeman in Philadelphia, and so boldly did he attack the practice of slavery the the newspaper office was sacked and his life was in jeopardy. He ing the anti-slavery cause. The influence of these lyrics can not be measured, but as one of his biographers has written. "It would be impossible to write the history of Emancipation and not recognize the influence of Whitter's lyrics". It is well to observe, that although he passionately attacked the practice of slavery, his writings were free from rancor and bitterness, due to the fact that it was slavery that he hated and not the slave owners.

During the later years of his life, Whittier wrote as the mood came and, from tiime to time, gathered his scattered works and published them. "Snow Bound" appeared in 1866 and was the first of Whittier's books to gain widespread and immediate success. "Ballads of New England" appeared in 1870; "Mabel Martin" in 1874 and the "King's Missive" in 1881. His best known poem is, doubtless, the "Barefoot Boy", which depicts a phase of childhood typical to every American boy. On September 7, 1892, Whittier died, while visiting a friend in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire.

In keeping with the Yuletide Season and as a memorial to Whittier, we preasent:

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Where Time the measure of his hours
By changeful bud and blossom keeps,
And, like a young bride crowned with flowers,
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,
The Spring her gift of flowers imparts,
Less sweet than those his thoughts have shown
In the warm soil of Persian hearts:

There sat the stranger, where the shade
Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,
While in the hot clear heaven delayed
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,
Strange odors filled the sultry air,
Strange birds upon the branches swung,
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,

Turned sunward from the shadowy bowers,
As if the Gheber's soul had found
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
Awakened fleelings new and sad,—
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,
Nor church with Sabbath-bell chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in view,
And graybeard Mollahs in low tones
Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand,
Like tempting fiends, were such as they
Which once, o'er all that Eastern-land,

As if the burning eye of Baal
The servant of his Conqueror knew,
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,
The Sun's hot glances smote him through.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,
"The hope which led my footsteps on,
And light from heaven around them shed,
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!

"Where are the harvest fields all white,
For Truth to thrust her sickle in?
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,
From the dark hiding-place of sin?

"A silent horror broods o'er all,—
The burden of a hateful spell,—
The very flowers around recall
The hoary magi's rites of hell!

"And what am I, o'er such a land
The banner of the Cross to bear?
Dear Lord uphold me with thy hand,
Thy strength with human weakness share!"

He ceased! for at his very feet
In mild rebuke a flowerlet smiled,—
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet
The Star-flower of the Virgin's child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew
Its life from alien air and earth,
And told to Paynim sun and dew
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,
The Persian plants its beauty screened,
And on its pagan sisterhood,
In love the Christian flowerlet leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt
The darkness of his long despair
Before that hallowed symbol melt,
Which God's dear love had nurtured there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower
The lines of sin and sadness swept;
And Magian pile and Paynim bower
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,
Looked holy through the sunset air;
And, angel-like, the Muezzin told
From tower and mosque the hour of prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;
The Star-flower of the Virgin-born
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

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The future always holds something for the man who keeps his faith in it.—Selected.

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THE WAY OF LIFE

(The Orphans' Friend and Masonic Journal)

Presumably warfare between age and youth has been carried on since the world began. No man rememberth or knoweth to the contrary. Age in its maturity and settled ways of thinking and doing, and youth with its elan and receptivity of the new, do have their difficulties in "getting together" quite often. Having experienced youth in all its stages, age inclines to rest in the credo that youth has yet to undergo the processes of trial and error and of maturing and should, therefore, largely and respectfully defer to age. Youth counters with the battlecry, "They have had it; it's our time now." The world nevertheless, continues to revolve and hold to its measured pace in the heavens. The stars continue to shine and the affairs of life continue to call on age and youth for their respective quotas and contributions, for the best both have are necessary to evolution.

Back yonder in the horse and buggy days, and even in later ones when automobiles started to roll and electric lights began to find way into rural sections, the clashes of age and youth were confined largely to the tempermental. It has been the habit

through time for Son to follow in the footsteps of Dad and youths who seriously rebelled were always considered problem children. Youth has always tended to rashness, with the will to live its "own life."

Modern business has been more and more turning to youth and tragic issues for age have been injected into the problem, but since the war clouds formed over the world, changing conditions have upset the applecarts of both age and youth, and the old clashes seem far-fetched. Now age and youth see that they have wasted time in unnecessary clashes. The real clash, the real war, is a savage one, one between the force of live and let live and the force of rule or ruin.

The natural progresses of life must be understood and followed. Man is immortal and that being so the three score years and ten are not the end of a man. Earth is the theatre on which all men play the game of experience. The physical part of man is not only not all of him, it is not the best part. His mind and his spirit are the parts of him that give value to the physical. When there is a job for an athlete, a young man only is eligible, for the slowed down legs and the other inroads of age render the elders ineligible. There are various fields of labor that must be manned by youth.

But man at every age in every generation has a destiny requiring that each be given every opportunity for development and preparation. To consider a man merely from the standpoint of how much money he can make, how much influence he can exert, how big a drawing card he is, is to obscure greater values. Putting him on a strictly competitive basis and applying the laws of the jungle in the contest for survival, definitely invites injustice, crime, war. While each mut necessarilly stand on his own feet, the spirit of cooperation between individuals must be developed in high degree. Blind fighting, when there is no need for fighting, sets up actions and reactions mutually costly. The winner in the end loses. The actions and reactions in cooperation are invariably wholesome and all is gain.

The greatest need in the world today is spiritual awakening. The devastating happenings are material in origin but material remedies alone will not settle them. The conflict that is engulfing more and more nations in war is a continuation of wars that have been going on since man appeared in the world. Strong nations with greedy covetousness have always oppressed weaker nations that could not or did not defend themselves. Poor transportation facilities and poor methods of communication, with fewer numbers did not permit distruction of life and property on the mass scale of the present. With communications speeded up to a flash, with lethal machines flying at the dizzy speed of hundreds of miles an hour, and fighting men by the tens of millions, the bitter struggle to keep tyrants from enslaving the masses of the democratic nations is one of the bitterest struggles that has happened in history.

The fate of nations that preserved strict neutrality clearly showed what unprepardness means and how necessary it is to keep fit and ready for defense. The American Nation is

lucky in not having to learn the lesson at first hand and at bloody expense.

If men were highly developed spiritually they could never be hurt by war, flood or pestlience. True spirituality is potent against all comers and all lethal forces.

While democracy has to protect itself by maintaining adequate preparedness, lasting peace cannot be brought about until man's higher nature controls the elemental. Dictatorial rule is feudal, barbaric, retrogressive. The democracy that it would drive out of the world is spiritual in origin though in human hands is often weakly employed. Spirituality must be strong and dynamic to be potent.

The world needs all the humans in it and all peoples need to have their full natural span of life. On earth is the school of preparation for the larger life and there is meaning in every phase of existence.

Educate men without religion and you make them but clever devils.—Wellington.

IN THE PATH OF THE RED MAN'S CANOE

By Vincent Edwards

When the great French explorers first set foot on the New World soil, they certainly did not call out "Taxi!" to the amazed, wondering red men. Yet, in a very short time, the Indian's dependable birch-bark canoe was taking them to the most remote corners of American wilderness.

The part played by these craft in the exploration of our country is seldom thought of. In boats so frail that a boy's shoe heel would knock a hole through the bottom, the French explorers and their Indian aides traveled thousands of miles in waters entirely strange to them.

Even over the fine highways of today, many would consider it a long, exhausting tour to travel by auto from the lower valley of the St. Lawrence to the western shore of Lake Superior and then down the winding edge of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. Think, then, of the fearlessness of these adventurers who, with a mere handful of men, were willing to undertake this long journey in boats light as cockleshells and with hundreds of hostile tribesmen to be watched for along the way.

Travel was considerably different three hundred years ago from what it is today. There were neither steamers on the water nor conveyances of any kind on land. The

only highways were the lakes and rivers, and over these the Indians sped their canoes on various errands. They traveled hundreds of miles, to hunt, trade or fight, in these slight craft of thin strips and bark, which, could be picked up and carried on any man's shoulders.

The Indians had a saying that wherever a man could go, a canoe could go also. Certainly, they seemed to be able to accomplish this very thing. Before the forests were laid low and there was plenty of water in all the streams, there were but few parts of the country in both the St. Lawrence and Mississippi valleys which could not be reached by these expert boatmen.

Good French scholars do not have to be told that the word "portage" means a "carrying-place" between two streams or around waterfalls. The Indian canoemen had good reason to be familiar with such places. Portages were frequent in the smaller streams, and near the headwaters of the larger rivers there were sloping descents, full of rocks, in the channel which made it necessary to take an overland route.

When the Indian voyager came to a rapid up which he was unable to push his canoe, he unloaded his boat, mounted it on his shoulders like a huge hood and then set off at a rapid pace, leaving his companions to bring along the cargo. A canoe ten feet long, large enough for five or six persons, with provisions and baggage, could be easily be carried over a long portage by one man.

But great care had to be taken in canoe voyaging. Soft moccasins were worn by all the travelers, for hard heels would have punched a hole through the frail bark bottom. In a day's trip the bark would become water-soaked and so the canoe was always hauled up on shore to dry during the night. Before starting in the morning the seams were carefully checked, and if any place looked as though it might develop into a leak, it was sucked by one of the voyagers. If air came through, the opening was stopped up with spruce-gum, of which a supply was always carried.

It seems hard to believe that these frail craft had such an important part in opening up a continent for settlement. But the numerous waterways offered the only convenient means of penetrating the unknown regions, and nothing could daunt the bold adventurers from the Old World who were quick to make the most of the red man's canoe.

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Appreciation is not positive unless it is expressed in some form—action, word or deed. And the one who fails to express appreciation for favors or courtesies is one who lacks culture, sincerity, and good breeding.—Selected

A REVERSED DECISION

By Agnes Barden Dustin

"But what can you do, Mont? Close up the post? Today there hasn't been one person in to trade. Why do you have to be an Indian trader, anyway?"

Jedda Waldren leaned against the battered counter that ran around three sides of the store and watched her silent and imperturbable brother hang ropes and saddles from the overhead beams.

"Nothing to do but wait," he answered steadily. "I expect to do business here long after the Breck Store has faded from the map."

"But why don't you compete with Solon Breck?" Jedda suggested. "He gets up horse races and offers prizes —there's a guessing contest going on over there today, how many beans in a pottery jar. It attracts the Indians. You might do something like that—make a stir, advertise—to draw trade."

"No." Mont shook his sandy-red head and his square chin set in grim lines. "This store stands for honesty. Our honest goods are honestly priced. The Indians know that. When the flimsy tools and jimcracks of Breck's store, his gaudy calicoes that will fade, and shoddy blankets, begin to to wear out, the Indians will want something more substantial."

"But you know that you are worrying this minute over that Powell Company bill for goods. Where's the money coming from to pay it?" Jedda regarded her brother with anxious brown eyes. "Their extension of time is out next week." She turned a leaf in the ledger on the counter, for Jedda was the post's homemaker and bookkeeper and clerk all in one.

"I don't see—here comes Mrs. Bow!" she broke off hastily to exclaim. "If we could only get her to see reason. She has a lot of influence and is related to almost every Indian family in these hills. Try to win her over, Mont."

A heavy Indian woman in a red plush waist, a calico skirt and worn blanket entered the store, a woven basket on her arm. She was followed by a chubby boy of four, her favorite grandson and the apple of the old woman's eye.

Mrs. Bow, her name translated and shortened from an original Long Bow's Wife, bargained with Mont for a copper kettle.

"It is a good kettle," pronounced the matriarch. "I pay you one dollar now and one dollar a week until it is all paid. I take the kettle now."

"This is a cash store Mrs. Bow," Mont insisted. "Always has been and always will be. Cash or barter."

"Cha! At Solon Breck's, for a dollar, I can take any kettle he has. I can even even take it for half a dollar. He has good business." The old woman's small bright eyes regarded the young trader shrewdly from a network of wrinkles.

"But you pay more for credit," Mont explained wearily. "No one can—"

But shaking her head in indecision, Mrs. Bow trod with ponderous dignity to the door. Then she paused and looked uncertainly down at the toddler holding to her ample skirt. "You keep him here?" she turned to Jedda. "I want to go look for berries up Queechee Canon. His legs are too short. I come for him by sundown and we spend the night at my son's hogahn on the river. You keep till then?" her black eyes held a cunning twinkle. "Maybe I take the kettle then."

"Maybe you don't," Jedda muttered. "I wanted to get some trout for supper," she protested. Then she caught her brother's entreating look. "Have patience," it seemed to say. "All right," Jedda agreed. "I'll take care of him. I've done it before."

Mont stretched his feet of lankness to hang the last blanket over the high pole, then reached a long arm for his cap and picked up a recently sharpened axe.

"I'm going to clear up some more pasture for the cow," he said evenly. "If you want me for anything I'll be over on Milk Creek in the fenced-in glen below the Swirling Pot."

"Then there won't be any one to speak to all the long afternoon," Jedda said despairingly. "Honest, Mont, I can't stand much more of the lonesomeness and monotony here, I—can't! You go off and—and there don't even an Indian come in any more! It's all no use, Mont. I'm —I want to go—home!" Jedda wept.

Mont halted at the door. "Now, Jed," he expostulated, "you're not going to spoil all our plans like this. Think how eagerly mother and the children look to us to make good, so they can leave that little city tenement and mother's cooking in that little hot restuarant and come out to join us. Think what freedom means to them. Trade will pick up, I tell you. And you have your chickens and garden and the new calf. Cheer up Jed, we're beginning to get things in shape here. Be a sport.

At the mention of the waiting ones at home Jedda bent over and wept afresh. How should her older brother know how much she missed her mother and the two younger sisters, her friends and the life to which she had been accustomed before their unknown uncle had died and left this far- away trading post to Mont.

"I—I think it's horrid of you to preach about being a—a sport, when I have kept up courage and worked and worked—", Jedda choked." And it just isn't any use—any—more."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it I guess you'd better go back," Mont said slowly. "This pioneer life, in the heart of this Indian country, isn't much of a life for a girl, and I told you so before we started; but you would come, you know. I'll get along—somehow. Well, get your things ready and I'll drive you in to the station when I go for those goods Friday. I guess you—have a right to change your mind, after seeing how things are." He straightened his shoulders, as if accustoming them to a heavier burden, and moved off down the narrow trail to his work.

Jedda started after him in inbelieving, incredulous joy. Mont had said she could go home! Never in all her homesick dreams had she considered such a possibility. Mute and

breathless, she hugged her arm in esctasy.

"Oh, thank you! thank you, Mont!" she finally drew breath enough to call, but her brother was already out of sight beyond the log barn.

The bleating of a calf recalled Jedda to a realizing sense of work to be done. It was nearly one o'clock. They had eaten an early dinner and there were the dishes to be washed in the lean-to kitchen, her calf and chickens to be fed, and there was small Tommy Bow, a funny little dumb figure in his scrap of red skirt and brief fringed leggins, staring woodenly at her with expressionless, unwinking eyes.

She seized the brown baby—for he was little more—whirled joyfully into the kitchen, gave her charge a cookie and some playthings on the floor, and set to work.

As she flew about the bare little room Jedda gave herself up to the pleasures of planning her home going and the anticipation of arrival there. What a welcome the home folks and her friends would give her! What questions they would ask of this Western country and the post! The little tenement, that had once seemed so crowded and stuffy, now appeared the most desirable place in the world to Jedda, for there was companionship. There would be little parties and sometimes the movies, maybe a new summery dress made from a remnant she could pick up at the stores —oh, living, as did other girls! Not burning sun and snowcapped mountain and monotony of duty every single day. Mont would soon sell out to the rival trader—he would have to—and follow her home. Perhaps they would give him back his old place in the factory. The pay had been small and the hours long, and Mont hated the hot, steamy mill room, but—

For the first time Jedda thought of how her family would regard her home coming. They all had such glowing hopes of a real home together—a pioneer home, where there would be work for all. Jedda knew a pang as she thought of her chickens and the vegetable garden for which Mont would have no time after she left.

"But I'll make it up to them," Jedda declared. "I'll get work—perhaps in the five and ten store—I know I can pay my way, anyhow. I suppose they'll be disappointed at first—" the girl's nimble feet lagged as she carried the warm milk out to the bleating calf, little Tommy Bow's moccasins stubbing through the grass close behind her.

Buttercup, their mild-eyed Guernsey cow, lowed at sight of her, and Jedda carried her a pail of water from the well, pulled up her picket-pin and led the cow farther away from the barn to a fresh grazing spot. Soon Mont would have the creek pasture fenced in with poles and then Buttercup could roam at will in her own grassy little valley. Jedda stroked the cow's sleek side as they stepped along. Buttercup's rich milk would put roses in Allie's cheeks, their mother had said in almost every letter. Allie, the youngest sister, had always been pale and thin. Just perhaps—Jedda brightened—Mont would get on here, after all, and sometime they would all come on to live with him. She would do her part then, willingly—she wasn't afraid to work! She hummed happily to herself as

she selected a lush, grassy patch and reached for a stone with which to drive down the picket pin.

Then, down the creek trail, she cought a glimpse of her brother, and in astonishment and growing consternation, she let the picket rope slip from her nerveless hand. Mont, independent, cheerful, self-sufficient mont —had not gone to the pasture. He was her nerveless hand. Mont, independent, cheerful, self-sufficient Mont— had not gone to the pasture. He was slumped down on a hillock under a pine tree, his head in his hands, a picture of dejection.

"Why, I never knew Mont to get disheartened," Jedda breathed. "I—didn't—know—he could!"

It came poignantly to her mind, the look on her brother's face, only an hour ago, when she had been uttering complaints that now, all at once, seemed weak and childish— yes, even unforgivable and wicked. Mont, who had worked so hard for them all, who never spared himself. The shock of catching a glimpse of her brother's despair, opened Jedda's eyes to what the failure of all his plans here at the post meant to him. And she had been going to desert! To make it harder for him!

Jedda silently led the cow back toward the barn and dazedly staked her out .

"You are a great little old standby!" she addressed herself scornfully. "No Tommy Bow, I didn't mean you," as the cubby face puckered. "I'm ashamed of myself Tommy. You'll never grow up to be a spineless goose—you've got sand." She grasped a hot, sticky little hand and led the boy toward the post. "You come along, Little Bow; we'll go get a nice mess of trout for supper as a peace offering, and all the while we'll be thinking of how we can be more of a helper and real comrade. We'll tell Mont that we'll stick here like a barnacle to a rock as long as he does, any way."

Soon Jedda, with her brother's bamboo rod, fish-basket and high rubber boots slung over her shoulder, and leading stolid, short-legged Tommy by the hand, trudged down through the hot sunshine to tree-shadowed Milk Creek.

Jedda was always thrilled at sight of the creek, for on every hot day its clear waters would grow milky white and rise rapidly until the stream would run the banks full. What had been an ordinary trout brook would in a few hours roar along a snow-white torrent. For Milk Creek had its source in a great glacier miles away on the side of one of the snow capped peaks of the Bitter Root Mountains. The creek ran over a bed of broken lava through a forest of fir and oak, till it disappeared underground in a deep, well-like basin, a whirlpool nearly sixty feet in diameter, called the Swirling Pot. Jedda knew that the creek emptied into the Columbia River miles south of the post, although it did not again emerge above ground. The increase in volume of the creek on a hot day she knew was due to the melting of the glacier, its opaque whitness being caused by the grinding of the glacial rocks and ice.

Jedda found the creek higher than usual, but the waters were clear and cold, ideal for trouting. She set little Timmy Bow in a shady nook, gave him some pine cones with which to play and some bread and sugar for lunch. Then she drew on her boots,

attached a fly to her hook and waded out a little way toward a riffle, her attention divided between her fishing and her small charge on the bank. She angled a long time before a medium-sized trout took the fly and was safely landed.

The trout at last in her basket, Jedda waded ashore, picked up Tom-lugged him along down the bank, deposited him in a safe place where she could watch him, and return to her fishing. She found the sport exciting because the water was coming down faster and whiter every minute. She secured two more trout. When she climbed the bank to move her dusky little charge, she found him sitting bolt upright, his sturdy back against a rock, but soundly sleeping.

"Good!" exclaimed Jedda. "Have a long nap, Buddy; the longer the better. I want three more good ones and then we'll go home; and sizable trout don't seem very plentiful today."

Intent on her fishing, Jedda moved down the lava-strewn bank, not returning to the bed of the creek, for now the water was sweeping down like a mill-race and white as chalk. Below her she could hear the water roaring over the ten-foot falls into the Swirling Pot.

"Guess it's not much use fishing longer, the water is too cold or noisy or something!" Jedda grumbled a little as she drew in her line. "Time I was—Oh, Tommy! Back! Get back!" she shrieked suddenly, dropping her rod into the creek and dashing up along the bank. For Tommy had wakened, and in search of diversion had trotted toward the talking brook to throw in his cones and make a splash. He was close to the brink when Jedda's frightened shout reached him. Startled, the child turned toward her, slipped on a loose stone, rolled over the edge of the bank and pitched into the white, rushing torrent.

Jedda, mute with horror, dashed toward the stream and leaped into its raging waters. But as swift as she had acted, the swifter water had whirled the baby down the stream ahead of her. Jedda was a fairly good swimmer, and aided by the rapid current, shot down stream like a fish, Tommy's black head and red shirt always just out of reach of her clutching hands. Whether it was one minute or ten, Jedda could not have told, but at last she caught the child by one arm and held him, gasping and choaking, above the flood.

But each moment the current had drawn the swimmer nearer to its journey's end, the Swirling Pot. Jedda, intent only upon rescuing the child, did not realize how near she had come to the dreaded whirlpool until, gasping and panting from her fright and exertion, she tried to battle her way to the bank, with Tommy's arms clasped tightly around her neck. Almost before she knew it the banks grew steeper and rockier, the current stronger. There was a dull roar in her ears, growing louder. Despite her utmost efforts the current swept her on; she felt herself smothered in foam; was falling; and when her head came again above water, she found that she was in the tug and whirl of a circular, rock-walled pit, the tumultuous Swirling Pot; and every moment she was being drawn nearer to to the dark hole

in its lower side where, under a low arch of stone, the white water poured down into the darkness of some unknown sub-terranean cavern.

"Help! Help!" Jedda shouted. Shrill and high her voice rose above the rushing of the waters. But even as she sent out her frantic calls she knew there was no succor. She clutched the child tighter and looked about for something to cling to. The rock wall, worn by the attrition of centuries, was high above her head, and offered no handhold by which she could climb out, even if she could reach it.

She was carried close to the cave-like hole and then swept onward by the swirling water on a second journey around the circular pit. The fishing-rod she had long, ago dropped was bobbing on before her. Jedda saw it draw nearer and nearer to the exit, then plunge suddenly down out of sight.

The second time around the circle Jedda knew there was no more uncertainty. She felt the current strengthen and quicken. The pit's black mouth was before her, the force of the current irresistible. She was drawn straight toward the hole. She was within two feet of its blackness when some mighty force clutched her hair; then her arm was in an iron grip. There was a struggle, a mighty heave, and Jedda found herself lying on the hot lava rocks at the top of the Swirling Pot, with struggling Tommy in her arms, and Mont was staring down at her, his face strained and white. He had come down to work on his pasture fence below the pit, had heard his sister's cries for help and had reached the basin in time to fling himself flat on the low arch above the pit's mouth. Only the wiry strength of his long arms could have drawn her from the suction of the whirlpool.

An hour later they were back at the post, Jedda and Tommy warm and dry again. When Mrs. Bow came for her grandson, Jedda told her the story.

"Cha!" clucked Mrs. Bow. She caught her grandson into her arms. "That brother of yours is a good man. I have thought over his words and they are true. It is not well for us that he leave. My sister's phonograph that she bought at Breck's broke aften two days, and my nephew's new blanket was shoddy. I guess I take that copper kettle now and here is the money to pay. Me and mine, we trade at this store." Mrs. Bow put Tommy into the kettle and departed.

"What a day!" breathed Jedda.

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The best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend is the moment you receive them; then the warmth of friendship and the intelligence received most forcibly cooperate.

—Shenstone

THE AMERICAN SNOWSHOE

By Julia W. Wolfe

Get out your snowshoes, for with them you can have an abundance of pleasure and recreation of the most invigorating sort.

The story of the snowshoe is an interesting one.

Many people do not realize the debt we owe the North American Indian for three implements of his invention. These have been of inestimable value to the explorers of our northern wilderness, have played no small part in the spread of American civilization, and have opened to us a wide field to winter sport. The three implements are the canoe, the toboggan and the snowshoe.

The canoe has taken its place as chief among the smaller pleasure craft of our inland waterways. In the United States we are just beginning to appreciate the toboggan. Although in the eastern United States the snowshoe has not as yet received the recognition it deserves, it is growing in popularity wherever the snow falls deep enough to permit its use. Besides its usefulness, it has almost unlimited possibilities as an implement for health-giving sport.

In referring to the snowshoe as an Indian invention, we have left out of consideration the ski, for although it answers the same purpose, we do not speak of it or think of it as a snowshoe. Moreover, we have not considered contrivances for walking on snow that have long been in use on the tablelands of Asia, and in other far-off regions. These contrivances originated in prehistoric times; the ski developed with civilization.

The snowshoe as we know it today —the two-webbed racket—was an independent invention of the North American Indian, and had reached the height of perfection in design and workmanship before the white men discovered the country. So perfect, indeed, was it that no one has been able to improve on it. The different tribes of Indians used shoes to suit the region in which they lived. Thus the Crees sometimes made snowshoes eight feet long, while the Ojibways, who lived in a comparatively open country, generally made theirs not longer than six feet.

Obviously, the wearer would find it difficult, sometimes impossible, to manage very long snowshoes in a thickly wooded country in which windfalls often occur and brush is thick. He could not make quick turns, and he could not plant his snowshoes between fallen trees. Whenever he found himself with the ends of the snowshoes resting on hard bodies, like logs or rocks, and his weight in the center, the frame might break.

For this reason the Indians farther east prefer shorter, wider snowshoes. In the rugged and broken wilderness of Labrador, the models one sees are in sharp contrast with the extremely long models of the Crees. In the region between Lake Superior and Quebec some of the shoes have slightly turned-up toes. We asked an Indian what advantage was thus provided. He replied that when the snow is so hard that the snowshoes sink only the thickness of the rim, the turned-up toe prevents the shoe from

catching under the crust, as the flat kind tends to do.

For ordinary purposes the Micmac model is an excellent one. It is from two and a half to three feet long, broader than the very long shoes, but not so broad as those one sees in Labrador.

On the Labrador peninsula, the Indians have four styles in common use: the "egg-tail" (or "round-end"), the "beaver-tail", the "swallow-tail" and the "bear's paw." Although the bear's paw style is often made with only one toe bar, most of the Labrador snowshoes have two crossbars.

The largest pair of shoes we saw was a pair of beaver-tails thirty inches wide. They were made by a young buck, and represented an extreme of fashion. The largest pair of swallow-tails that we saw was thirty-five inches wide. A grown man can use a snowshoe from twenty to twenty-five inches wide without having to "straddle" uncomfortably, for the snowshoes overlap one another when he walks and the feet are only about ten or eleven inches apart.

When beech was to be had, as it once was in the Maritime Provinces, it was much used for frames. Now, however, Indians use birch and spruce, and make the crossbars of tamarack. Spruce is light, springy, easily worked and does not check easily. Tamarack is light, stiff and strong. With the ax the Indian cuts the timber and roughly shapes it, with the crooked knife he dresses and finishes it. Before the babiche, or web, is woven, the frame is allowed to season.

Caribou skin makes the best babiche. The Indian works over the skin until it has a finish like parchment, and then cuts it into long strips for weaving. In front of the forward crosspiece and behind the rear crosspiece very light, thin babiche is used, and in well-made snow-shoes it is woven very closely. The babiche at the toe is a little coarser than that at the heel. Often, we were told, the babiche at the heel is as fine as coarse linen thread. Between the crosspieces—where the foot rests and the strain comes—the babiche is considerably heavier and the mesh coarser than at the ends. The Indian-made webbing will not sag when it is wet. The white man's factory-made snowshoes invaribly sag, because the white man does not properly cure the babiche.

Near the center and behind the forward crossbar a semicircular space is left to admit the wearer's toes—an arrangement that allows the foot free action. To both sides of this opening the "sling" that fastens the snowshoe to the foot is attached by a strap passed back of the wearer's heel and above it.

On commercial snowshoes various contrivances of strap and buckles make up the sling. Most of them use the simplest sling of all—the Nascaupee Indian sling. It is the most easily adjusted, it never chafes the foot, and it is by far the most comfortable. It is simply a thong of buckskin about half an inch wide. One end of it is run through the netting on one side of the opening, just behind the forward bar, and threaded back on the opposite side of the opening. The two ends are then drawn back to tie behind the wearer's heel. Before being tied, however, they are wrapped—both at the same time—twice or thrice around the thong at the point at which it passes across

the toe opening. The thong should be loose enough to let the wearer's toes go under it, but tight enough to keep the toes from working forward and striking upon the bar in walking. When this adjustment has been made, the ends of the thong are drawn behind the heel and tied.

It is not necessary to untie the thongs in order to remove the snowshoes from the foot. If the wearer lifts his heel and slips his toes from under the thongs, the sling will drop from his foot. By winding the ends round the toe thong, he can tighten the sling; by unwinding them he can loosen it. Altogether, it is the most inexpensive, the most comfortable, and the most easily adjusted sling in use.

Shoes with heels should never be worn for snowshoeing. If the snow is dry, there is nothing so good as buckskin moccasins, especially if at least two pairs of heavy woolen socks are worn inside them. If the snow is damp, however, oil-tanned moccasins, or larigans, which may be bought of any outfitter, will do very well. The Eskimos use a sealskin moccasin that reaches to the knee and is drawn on like a boot. These one seldom sees in an Eastern city shop, but in Newfoundland they may be purchased

Experts on shoes tell us that the best style for "tenderfeet" is the Labrador style, "beaver-tails." These are ideal for general use. The length measures to the end of the tail, is twenty-seven inches, and width twenty inches. The crossbars have a good curve, and leave a space twelve and one-half inches long for the foot.

Before buying a pair of snowshoes, be sure that there is room enough between the bars, where the foot treads, to permit you to walk without having the toe or the heel touch either bar. For a person who wears a number nine shoe, the distance between the bars should be at least twelve and a half or thirteen inches.

The novice should not try to walk far at a time until the muscles that the exercise brings into play have been accustomed to it by practicing. If you overdo at the beginning, you are liable to have an attact of mal de raqueete. You feel it first in the calves of the legs, but it soon extends to the hips, and makes walking so painful that you have difficulty in lifting your feet more than two or three inches from the snow. If you stop at the first twinge, a rest of a day or two will cure it. It is painful while it lasts, but is not serious.

Those who learn to walk on snowshoes know that it is the king of sports and it would be a treat for them to visit the Ungave district of Labrador where everyone uses the shoes.

Winter camping may be as pleasant as summer camping; winter woods no less attractive than summer woods. It is grand to read in the tracks of wild inhabitants the stories of their doings. A great variety of games and contests will also suggest themselves to snowshoe clubs. Trappers and Indians who gather at the Hudson Bay Company posts at New Year's usually arrange a series of programs. One of the most interesting of the sports is the obstacle race, in which, without removing the snowshoes, the contestants must run through brush, cross-poles, and crawl through barrels with both ends knocked out.

Snowshoes open to us field and forest; they are the canoes of winter.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Allen Wilson and Carl D. Shoffner, two of our old boys, called on friends at the School the other day. Allen has been working in a hosier mill at Burlington for quite some time, and Shoffner has been employed in a store for the past year. Both boys stated that they were getting along all right.

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Judge Mamie Dowd Walker, of the Juvenile Court, Durham, and Edward J. Galway, probation officer of the same court, visited the School recently. They brought a boy for admission, and while here made a brief tour of the campus. This was Judge Walker's first visit to the institution. We were glad to have her with us and hope she will stop in for a more extended visit at her earliest convenience.

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Superintendent Boger recently received letters from Giles E. Greene and Harry Leagon, formerly members of the groups at Cottages Nos. 7 and 8, respectively, both of whom are now in the United States Army, stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. Both of these lads wrote nice letters and appear to be getting along fine. They also mentioned two other former School boys whom they had seen down there—Winfred Whitlock and Grady Pennington—and stated that all were doing well and thoroughly enjoying army life. These lads showed their interest in the School by requesting that a copy of The Uplift be sent them. They seemed especially interested in learning the outcome of the turkey day football game between our boys and the lads from Eastern Carolina Training School.

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Floyd Lane, former house boy at Cottage No. 2, who left the School last July, spent last Wednesday night with us. Upon leaving the institution, Floyd secured employment in a grocery store at Hickory, and went to live with an aunt in that city. He reported that his manager, who was visiting in Concord, brought him out to the School, and further stated that he was getting along fine in his store work and was in line for promotion at an early date.

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Dr. Ernest A. Branch, director of the department of oral hygiene, North Carolina State Board of Health, recently called at The Uplift office. To see the genial doctor walk in with hand outstretched in a most friendly greeting, is just like the sudden appearance of a ray of sunshine. He has been doing this for several years, and, since he knows just how to get around among boys and instantly win their friendship, he has become endeared to the hearts of the lads in this department. The good doctor has been warned many times that it is strictly "agin" the law, rules, regulations, or whatever it is that governs uor feelings toward

our friends, for him to pass by the School without stopping in to see us, so, having no desire to be other than a law-abiding citizen, he has never failed to comply. Come again, Dr. Branch. We're always glad to see you.

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While in the office this morning we saw a notice of another shipment of one hundred Bibles, being sent to the School by Bill Barnhardt, of Charlotte. These are issued to boys going out from the institution on conditional release. This fine service has been carried on by Mr. Barnhardt for many years, and many boys have written back, expressing their appreciation of his effort in their behalf. The full results of such work as this can only be realized in the years to come.

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Some of our readers may think we mention our good friend, Mr. Earl M. Ruth, in these columns rather frequently, but we simply have no choice in the matter because the gentleman in question just continues to do nice things for our boys. Mr. Ruth, who lives in Charlotte, is a representative of the Friedman-Shelby Shoe Company in this district. He is a great lover of boys and is ever on the look-out for an opportunity to do something that will add to the pleasure and amusement of youngsters at the School. On a recent visit he left three footballs of fine quality for their use. Whenever we see this genial gentleman enter the grounds, a broad smile on his face, we at once know that he is bringing something for the boys. Calling on us at frequent intervals for several years, he has become a prime favorite with both the boys and officials of the School. We are again glad to express our deepest appreciation to this old friend for his many acts of kindness to the boys of this institution.

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Thanksgiving Day at the Training School was again an enjoyable occasion. The usual football game with the boys from Eastern Carolina Training School and the religious service took place in the morning, followed by a turkey dinner and a moving picture show in the afteronon, complete details of which will be given in our next issue. Right now we are near the "dead line" in publishing this week's paper, so we'll just say briefly that everyone at the School had the true Thanksgiving spirit and enjoyed a wonderful day.

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Mr. A. C. Sheldon was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Bruce Hawkins, of Cottage No. 3, he presented Mr. A. M. Faison, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., as the speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, Mr. Faison read Luke 7:42-57.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker stated that the finest work in the world was that of build-

ing up boys in mind, in spirit and in body, and expreesed himself as being in accord with the work being carried on at the Training School. He said that he was decidely against anything that would have harmful effect on the boy's spiritual growth; against anything that would cause a boy not to believe in God; against anything that would demoralize a boy's mind. He specially condemned any kind of evil thoughts that are poisonous to a boy's mind and crowd out the beautiful things.

Mr. Faison urged the boys to take good care of their bodies, saying they were temples of the living God, given to them to be used in a way that would meet the approval of the Heavenly Father. He then cited instances of athletes who had broken world's records, saying that such feats would not have been possible had they not taken care of their bodies.

In conclusion, the speaker warned his listeners of the danger of letting anything take root in their minds that would cause them to forget God, and further advised to guard against taking anything into their bodies or using them in such a way as to render them unfit for the great race of life.

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YOUR DISPOSITION

An Old Quaker was watering his cow at the town well one morning when the new neighbor drove his horse up to the trough.

"What kind of people live here?" asked the newcomer.

"What kind of people did thee live amongest where thee came from?" asked the Quaker. "Oh it was a good place to get away from. The people were always taking advantage of me and were small and mean."

"I am sorry, neighbor, thee will find the same here."

And the man did. He quarreled with all who would quarrel and soon moved on.

In a few months another family came to the same town. The Quaker met the new neighbor at the well. The same question was asked by the stranger. Again, the Quaker asked his question.

"The best and dearest people on the earth," was the reply. "We wept in sorrow to leave them."

"Be of good cheer! Thee will find just as good and beautiful people here," said the old man. And the new stranger did.

Man is largely the architect of his own fortunes. The disturbing elements we experience in life are largely in our own mind. If we see things with a sour eye they are naturally going to appear sour to us. If we see things under bright colors, that brightness will be reflected back to us. We must first get a proper disposition for ourselves, then we shall find that we live in an atmosphere that fits such a happy disposition. —The Young Citizen.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive time he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of time he has been on Honor Roll since June 2, 1940.

Week Ending November 24, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(5) Cecil Gray 5
(5) Robert Maples 17
(15) Frank May 24
(6) Mack McQuaigue 18
(8) William Shannon 8
(4) Weldon Warren 21

COTTAGE NO. 1

(2) William Blackman 4
(4) William G. Bryant 15
Everett Case 13
(8) Albert Chunn 11
(8) Porter Holder 16
(3) Carl Hooker 12
(8) Clay Mize 20
(8) Everett Watts 19

COTTAGE NO. 2

(3) Joseph Farlow 4
(2) Julian T. Hooks 5
Edward Johnson 23
(2) Charles Tate 6
(2) Newman Tate 6
(2) Peter Tuttle 9

COTTAGE NO. 3

(4) Grover Beaver 15
(4) Lewis H. Baker 16
(4) Clyde Barnwell 17
(4) William Buff 12
(2) Jack Crotts 13
(4) Max Evans 17
(2) Jack Lemley 6
(3) William Matthewson 17
(4) Harley Matthews 19
(2) Robert Quick 13
(2) William Sims 19
(3) William T. Smith 13
(9) Harrison Stillwell 22
Wayne Sluder 15
(4) John Tolley 17
(9) Jerome Wiggins 20
(7) Louis Williams 21

COTTAGE NO. 4

(4) Arthur Edmondson 19
Noah J. Greene 19
Gilbert Hogan 18
(4) Hugh Kennedy 15
William Morgan
(3) J. W. McRorrie 19
(3) George Newman 15
Eugene Puckett 4
(3) Melvin Walters 25
Thomas Yates 11

COTTAGE NO. 5

(13) Theodore Bowles 24
(13) J. C. Bordeaux 17
(11) Collett Cantor 22
(10) Harold Donaldson 18
(3) Sidney Knighting 15
(10) Everett Lineberry 15
(6) Ivey Lunsford 15
James Massey 13
(5) Leonard Melton 11
J. C. Reinhardt 20
Currie Singletary 17
(3) Donald Smith 13
(5) Hubert Walker 22
Dewey Ware 21
Henry Ziegler 16

COTTAGE NO. 6

Leonard Jacobs 8
(2) Edward Kinion 8
Harry Lewis 5
James Parker 2

COTTAGE NO. 7

(3) John H. Averitte 14
(3) Cleasper Beasley 16
H. B. Butler 5
(3) Donald Earnhardt 21
George Green 17
Robert Hampton 11
Raymond Hughes 13
(4) Arnold McHone 21
Edward Overby 2
Loy Stines 7

COTTAGE NO. 8

(4) William Jerrell 6
Otis Kilpatrick 12

COTTAGE NO. 9

Holly Atwood 12
(21) David Cunningham 21
(3) George Gaddy 16
Robert Gaines 16
James Hale 9
Columbus Hamilton 6
Osper Howell 17
Grady Kelly 8
Daniel Kilpatrick 12
Alfred Lamb 6
(2) Lloyd Mullis 8
(7) William Nelson 10
(13) Harold O'Dear 25
(10) James Ruff 18
(2) Thomas Sands 20
(2) Horace Williams 12

COTTAGE NO. 10

Wayne Allen 6
(3) Junius Brewer 18
(3) James Eury 8
John Fausnett 5
Jack Haney 2
(3) Harry Peake 13
Walter Sexton 2
(3) O. D. Talbert 16
(3) Jack Warren 21

COTTAGE NO. 11

(26) John Benson 26
(2) William Bennett 4
(5) William Furches 16
(21) Robert Goldsmith 23
(20) Earl Hildreth 24
(2) Edward Murray 11
(6) Fred Owens 25
(2) Monroe Searcy 8
(2) Canipe Shoe 7

COTTAGE NO. 12

(14) Odell Almond 24
(2) William Broadwell 14
(9) Ernest Brewer 21
William Deaton 23
(5) Treley Frankum 18
(5) Woodrow Hager 22
(2) Eugene Heafner 9
(5) Tillman Lyles 23
(4) James Mondie 17
(6) Hercules Rose 6
(11) Charles Simpson 18
(9) Robah Sink 22
(2) Norman Smith 13
George Tolson 21
Carl Tyndall 15
(4) Eugene Watts 17
(2) J. R. Whitman 20

COTTAGE NO. 13

(9) James Brewer 23
(3) William Goins 11
(4) Vincent Hawes 19
(8) Jack Mathis 9
(3) John Murdock 14
Jack Wilson 14

COTTAGE NO. 14

(2) Raymond Andrews 18
William Butler 2
(6) Edward Carter 9
(2) Mack Coggins 23
(4) Robert Deyton 20
Henry Ennis 8
Audie Farthing 22
(2) Troy Gilland 13
(5) William Harding 24
(11) Feldman Lane 22
(13) Norvell Murphy 24
(2) Henry McGraw 15
(6) Charles McCoyle 20
(4) James Roberson 21
John Reep 15
John Robbins 21
Charles Steepleton 20
Jack West 11

COTTAGE NO. 15

(4) Beamon Heath 14
(4) J. P. Morgan 13
(2) J. P. Sutton 15

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 12
(2) George Duncan 18
(5) Philip Holmes 21
(5) John T. Lawry 17
(5) Redmond Lawry 18
(3) Thomas Wilson 18

When a firm, decisive spirit is recognized it is curious to see how the space clears around a man and leaves him room and freedom.—John Foster

DEC 12 1940
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 7, 1940 NO. 49

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GET TOGETHER

Get together! Pull together.
Is the spirit that will win!
If the gales of life you'd weather,
You must buck them with a grin.
Help yourself by helping others;
Grab an oar, and help the crew!
Pull together with your brothers,
And they'll win the race for you.

—Author Unknown.

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AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AMERICA

America first—not merely in matters material, but in the things of the spirit.

America first—not merely in science, inventions, motors, and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.

America first—not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

America first—not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world, like a Good Samaritan. America first—not in splendid isolation, but in Christlike co-operation.

America first—not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love and understanding.

America first—not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitalby in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail, along which, please God, other nations will follow into the new Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.

Some day some nation must take that path—unless we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my beloved America. And so, in that spirit and with these hopes, say with all my heart and soul, "America first."

—G. Ashton Oldham

———o———

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thursday, November 28, was a glorious Thanksgiving Day for the boys of Stonewall Jackson Training School. The weather was cool and invigorating. Part of the day was given over to sports, every boy at the School enjoying some kind or recreation on the athletic field. As usual the Eastern Carolina Training School boys came here for a football game. On Wednesday afternoon, twenty-four boys from the Rocky Mount institution arrived and were placed in the receiving cottage. Early Thursday morning the two teams,

Eastern Carolina boys and the Jackson Training School lads met on the athletic field, and the game was on. There were many visitors present, each team having its quota of rooters. Despite the fact that the Jackson Training School boys were the victors, the game was enjoyed by the players on both sides. At eleven o'clock the entire personnel of the school, including both boys and officials, repaired to the auditorium for worship. Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, in an impressive manner, held the attention of the boys, emphasizing the fact that they had much to be thankful for. After the devotional a turkey dinner was served in each of the cottages. Soon thereafter, for pleasant pastime, a moving picture was shown in the auditorium. The Eastern Carolina boys with the two officers who accompanied them, were pleased with the entertainment and hospitality received while guests at the Jackson Training School, and were loathe to leave. This was a day of spiritual enrichment, clean sports, and with all good things to eat that appeal to a normal boy. The next anticipation of our boys is the Christmas festivities with the Christ Child as the symbol of love and peace.

* * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS SEAL SALE BEGINS

Throughout the nation the sale of Christmas seals begins this week. The public is coming to recognize these little messengers of good will as one of the harbingers of Christmas. Even in the midst of the distressing condition brought about by the horrors of war, preparations for Christmas, especially for the Christmas for childhood, will be of great moment for the next four weeks.

That the Christmas Seal Sale of the National Tuberculosis Association is an important part of our national defense program is the thought advanced by Dr. Thomas Parran, surgeon general of the U. S. Public Health Service, in endorsing the annual campaign.

"In times like these good health takes on added significance as an element of preparedness," Dr. Parran stated. "Despite advances in diagnosis and treatment, tuberculosis is still the leading cause of death in the productive years of life."

Joining Dr. Parran in voicing endorsement of the campaign also were Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, surgeon general, U. S. Navy, and Major General James M. Magee, surgeon general U. S. Army.

Dr. Nathan B. Van Etten, president, American Medical Association, said that defense against tuberculosis is as important as defense against a military enemy..

"Education has played a most important part in the defense of our people against this disease," Dr. Van Etten stated. "We must not only consolidate our gains, but we must push forward with objective planning. The enlistment of all our people in the crusade against tuberculosis through subscription to the Christmas Seal Sale is more important than ever before."

—Morganton News-Herald

* * * * * * * *

A FINE GOAL FOR THE CHARLOTTE P. T. A.

Mrs. Ernest B. Hunter, representative of the council for the P. T. A., tells the plans of this association in the movement to look after the health of the child who is not physically the equal of the stronger young people. No finer work could be undertaken by any organization or individual than to help to make strong the young people of today. It goes without saying that the children of this era of history are the future citizens, and the hope of a strong national defense. A strong mind within a strong body is a fine goal for the P. T. A. of any city or community.

These are the plans of the parents and teachers, Charlotte, so as to give the physically weak child an equal chance with those who are strong:

A new project for the aid of school children of poor health was discussed at the last meeting of the Charlotte Parent-Teacher council in the office of Supt. H. P. Harding of the city schools.

Instead of segregating such children at the city's Sunshine school, it was revealed, the council will propose fitting up a special room for such children in each of the city schools, and to begin the program, it was suggested, one room would be arranged, perhaps at the Villa Heights school. In these rooms would be cots on which the chil-

dren could rest at certain intervals and other health aids. Such a plan, it was thought, would be of more value than the segregation plan.

* * * * * * * *

GENERAL INTEREST IN HOME-MAKING

The best assets to any community are well kept yards made more attractive by shrubbery of evergreens and shade trees. The orderly yards are symbols of the homes. Just lately we made a tour of the city of Concord, including "old Concord" and the new developments found in every direction. The property owners have displayed suberb taste in their selection of a fitting type of architecture for location of their homes with the landscaping of lots. If the cultivation of the aesthetic taste continues, Concord will not be recognized as the center of big industrial interests, but eventually will be named "The City Beautiful." Not only are there attractive developments in and around Concord, but on the South Union Street extension, the Mt. Pleasant highway, the Gold Hill road and Kannapolis highway are found beautiful homes enhanced by lovely lawns. From this point we take a spin towards the Jackson Training School. This road with its hills, meadows and cooling streams present future possibilities in the way of development. The Jackson Training School has not only solid stone for its basic construction, but the purposes and ideals are equally as strong as the rocks upon which the institution was built. These ideals were and are to snatch from the broken homes the unfortunates and mold a strong Christian citizenship. The transformation of the boys from an old life to a new life of high ideals and purposes has not been disappointing but has far exceeded the expectation of the pessimists when the school was opened. The setting of this institution, with colonial buildings as homes, on the sloping hills, surrounded by large boulders, presents a beautiful picture, giving to the forgotten boy of the state a hope of a new life. These grounds also are beautified by the planting of native trees, shrubs of all kinds around the cottages, and beds of flowers that inspire in the boys a love for the beauties of nature. Just lately the grounds around the new building, known as the

Cone Swimming Pool, have been beautified by the setting out of shrubs. Superintendent Boger and his co-workers have given much time to the upkeep of the grounds of this institution. The ambition of the personnel of the School is to make it one of the beauty spots of the state. There has been in the last decade in this and other communities an awakening to the upkeep of property and beautification of grounds.

* * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

For many years, since the opening of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for boys, this little paper has carried what is known as the "Boys' Christmas Fund." It is not necessary to explain what this fund means, for the friends of this institution know that in this manner they are priviledged to contribute towards a fund that is used to give to the underprivileged boy a happy Christmas. It is easy to understand that in a crowd of 500 boys, approximately the number we have here, there are some who have neither kith nor kin to remember them during this Yuletide season. We feel sure the interest in the underprivileged boy has not waned, therefore, we start off our Christmas Fund as usual. We thank our friends for their generous contributions in the past and feel sure that the Boys' Christmas Fund of 1940 will equal, if not surpass that of previous years.

10-13-8	$25.00
Miss Lena Leslie, Concord,	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	5.00
Mrs. T. L. Ross, Concord,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
New Hanover County, by J. R. Hollis, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Wilmington,	10.00

FORTY ACRES AND A MULE

By H. E. C. (Red Buck) Bryant, in Beasley's Farm & Home Weekly

It seems to me that from infancy I have had a lively imagination and a clinging memory; once I heard a story I remembered it. I think that my association with negro romancers on the farm had much to do with developing those natural faculties.

Joel Chandler Harris had nothing on me when it came to listening to negro tales. I spent hours daily hearing about the cunning of Brer Rabbit and his friends and enemies. Some of the negroes, I knew, had real wit, and I liked to talk; if I had a gift it was my ability to induce them to do so.

Aunt Matt, a tall, lithe, sinewy negress, passed middle age, when I was born, was a rare story teller. She used to regale mother, and her children with most beguiling tales about her husband, who was born to see ghosts, and to make his mark in politics. Kite, she called him, was among the first of the ex-slaves of our community to become interested in the promises of carpetbaggers who came South to instruct the Negroes as to their new privileges, and get them to vote "right." He was especially excited over the promise of forty-acres of land and a mule, free, to work it with, and to have and to hold. Aunt Matt's version of that was very fascinating, and every now and then she would stop by home and tell it. Many times did I see her sitting on our front steps, poke-bonnet in hand, black face and white teeth shining, eyes sparkling, reciting the incidents of Kite's political rise and fall.

I give her story, toning down her dialect, using most of her original expressions.

"I expect I'se done forgot the particulars of the tale but I'll do the best I can," she would begin. "You know Kite belonged to Marse Bob Miller before surrender—The Millers had lots of land and lots of negroes, and were mighty good people.

"Kite, one of the slave gang, was a powerful good young negro, and his old boss liked him. After the war he stayed on with Marse Bob, and seemed to be well satisfied until them corpet-baggers come slipping around and putting the devil in the negroes' heads, and promising all kinds of things and giving them nothing but a peck of trouble.

"Me and Kite married soon after surrender. Before freedom I belonged to Marse Jim Walkup; a mighty good man he was. I went with Kite to the Miller place, and we got on fine for a while; he worked about the farm, and I helped around the Big House.

"One night when me and Kite started away from the Big House to go home I saw a rabbit cross the road and I said there was bound to be bad luck ahead of us, and sure enough it came. Bad times and funny doings began in the neighborhood and on that plantation that very night. No sooner did Kite and me get home and set down for a rest than did a strange white man come along with a pack on his back, like a peddler. I saw him sneaking up.

" 'Good evening Mr. and Mrs. Mil-

ler, how are you tonight?" he allowed.

"I look around to see of ole marsan ole mistress were there, for nobody had ever called us 'Mr. and Mrs. Miller" before. But bless your sole, honey, he was talking to us. I looked at him sorter suspicious-like, and commenced to get scared. He started to talk, trying to sell us some specks and jewelry or some tricks for our new house.'

" 'What new house,' Kite asked.

" 'The new one you are going to have with forty-acres and the mule.'

"Then he said he was sent down from the North to talk about the coming election. He declared he had been hearing about Kite—what an influential man he was and wanted to git him on his side.

"Kite say nothing but the white man kept on talking.

" 'Yes,' he declared, 'I hear you are one of the prominent colored gentlemens of this township, and I know that is so, for you look smarter than others I have seen.

" 'Well, there is a better day coming for you. I am just from the North, and I bring good tidings to you and your peeople.

' "By this time, of course, you know who your friends are. You had slavery, now you have freedom!

"That is not all; if the Republicans get in you are going to have some of this land. Yes, indeed, the government at Washington is going to give you forty acres and a mule.

" 'You, Kite Miller, are going to have the pick of the offerings; you have so much sense.' "

Aunt Matt said that by that time her husband had commenced to swell up like a toad. At first he did not pay much attention to the caller but the flattery aroused ambitions in him.

"I could see Kite's eyes open wider and wider as the man told him about the good things that were in store for him," continued Aunt Mat.

"But all the time I was looking at that man in his shabby clothes; he did not look like my kind of folks. We were not used to calls from white people at our home at night. No respectable white man prowled among the negro cabins looking like a tramp.

"But it was none of my business. He was after Kite, not me. So I said nothing, and he went on with his pretty talk.

"After awhile he say to Kite: 'Let's go inside where we can have a light —I want to show you and Mrs. Miller some pictures.'

"That was almost too much for me, but I held my tongue. Kite, he went in and made a light, and the man opened up his valise and took out some pictures. The first lot had negroes in chains, and the overseer was there with his whip. The pictures had the negroes in a bad way, and the man said that was in slavery time. Then he brought out some with negroes all dressed up in fine clothes. He had one with Kite sitting on a big horse, riding around the farm, bossing his hands. It looked so much like Kite I had to laugh, and Kite grinned all over his face.

" 'That is the way you are going to look after the election if the Republicans win,' the man said.

"That man was a talker right; his tongue went like it was loose at both ends.

"After he shut up his little bag he took my breath by asking if he

could stay all night. But Kite was so stuck on him that he told him he could. Before day next morning he left. His talk about the pictures, and the forty acres and the mule stirred Kite all up. He was not the same man after that night. The next day he was mean to me and he and Marse Bob had some words. Indeed, he was like a stubborn mule. Nobody could please him. I told him he had better go to work and quit fooling with that poor white trash.

"That same white man met Kite again, and talked to him but I was away that time, and did not know what they said. Soon Kite commence to talk about calling a meeting of the negroes, and more strange people than I had ever seen before came to see him. He was the big negro about there.

"The election came nearer and nearer and Kite got more trifling about working. He and Marse Bob fell out, and Marse Bob struck him with a stick, and he threatened to have him arrested. I sure was scared. Talking would do no good. The crowd of negroes kept getting bigger and bigger, and more white men would come at night. White folks like Marse Jeems Walkup and Marse Bob Miller got tired of the negro doings, and held some meetings themselves. They tried to keep them carpetbaggers off of their places. Just about that time Kite cut the big buck and had Marse Bob arrested and taken to town before that Freedman's Bureau. Then I knew the devil was to pay. white-folks wasn't going to put up with no such.

"Marse Bob came back that day but he was not the same. The first thing he did was to make Kite get out of his house. He said he was sorry for me but Kite had to go. I went with Kite and we rented a little house on a town man's place back from the road, and away from white people.

"Kite got worse and worse. From associating with the carpetbaggers he was stuck up; they filled his head with hifalutin stuff. Every other night he was at some negro meeting, but he didn't tell me where he went or what was done. Sometimes more people came to our place than the house would hold and the way they talked I knew something awful was going to happen.

"Sometimes when Kite was off politirking I would slip over to see my ole white-folks, and they would tell me what they were doing about the carpetbaggers and the colored people. Then I' beg Kite to quit his foolishness and let politics alone. But his head was set on that forty acres and a mule, and the big horse in the picture. And I could do nothing with him.

"One day old missus read me a piece in the paper about what the Kluxes were doing to negroes in South Carolina, and it said they were coming our way. And it wasn't long until they came with their dreadful doings, and scared the negroes half to death.

"By that time Kite was talking some about being governor. He said one of his white friends had said he ought to be elected. But the worst was to come. One day a white man came along and bring what he said was a deed to Marse Bob's mill place. Here is what he said: Mr. Miller (talking to nobody but Kite) here is the deed to the mill place and you

can have it surveyed as soon as you like, for the election is most here and we are going to win if all of our colored friends stand by us, and it will not be so long before you get your forty acres.

"Kite took the paper and looked at it like he could read but I knew he could not tell one word from another. But, just the same, he hid it under a rock at the barn, and would go out there every day and look at it. One day I slipped it away and went over to the Walker's and showed it to ole missus, and she read it. She said it declared: 'As Samson lifted the serpent out of the wilderness so I lifted this poor negro out of five dollars.' But Kite, he thought it was a deed for the mill place. While Marse Bob was in town one day he and another negro went down to the mill field and marked out what they took to be forty acres, and stuck rocks in the ground for corners. The carpetbaggers had told Kite that soon as the election was over he could go to Charlotte and get his mule, and, maybe, a fine horse to boot if the Republicans won.

"One night just before the election Kite came in with a long tail coat, with shiny buttons, and one of them big, high hats."

The old Ku Klux Klan, organized to enforce law and order in the chaotic days after the War Between the States, was beginning to ride nightly, and Aunt Matt had heard of their activities from her white friends.

"All the time ole Missus kept telling me about the Kluxes, coming nearer and nearer," she said. "And, bless my soul, one morning all the negroes along the big road were stirred up about some kind of procession that passed along the night before. They said it looked like a lot of great big men on camels, but made no noise. The riders could stretch their necks until their heads were up among the tree limbs. Before the day was over we heard that they went to ole Joe McGreggor's house, took him out and beat him. They caught him making a speech to a few negroes. When they left there they said ole Kite was the next on their list for a visit. When Kite heard that he bristle up and say he would fight.

"Kite had called a meeting for the Pineview negro church. It was to be the biggest one of all. But when the negroes heard that the Kluxes were in the neighborhood they commenced to get skittish. Kite and the rest of the ringleaders did not have much of a crowd to speak to; the back pews were not as full as they had generally been. Yes, ma'm, the audience was rather slim for the occasion. But Kite, puffed up with importance, was there in all his glory. I was monstrous anxious about him. I didn't mind if the Kluxes got after him but I didn't want them to hurt him.

"Lord bless me, if that wasnt' the night the devil broke out among them negroes. I just felt like something was going to happen for soon after Kite started out the heavens commenced to look funny. The clouds were thick in spots and hanging low but I could see red spots between them. It was the wrong time of year for thunder, but I heard it rolling. The biggest rain I ever saw fell. Then the clouds passed off, and the moon commenced to shine. Kite and his pals got mighty wet on the

way to the church, but they did not mind that.

"I went to bed, and fell asleep, and did not know anything more until I heard a talking just outside of my door. People were whispering. Horses were moving about. Then I knew the Kluxes were out there. I heard one say: 'Well, we'll go in and see if the black rascal is in there yet. But I don't see how he could have gotten ahead of us, but going like he did, he would have made quick time.'

"About that second there was a knock on the door, and a call: 'Matt, open this door. We want to seee if Kite is there. We won't hurt you but if you don't open it we will break it in.'

'I was wide awake but saying nothing.

" 'Matt! Matt! Don't you hear?'

"I was badly frightened, but I knew if I did not open the door it would be broken in, so I threw it open and got back in bed. I could see horses and men in the road and the yard. I never saw such big horses and such big men, and all had on robes and false faces. I was scared, and then I wasn't for it seemed to me that I knew the voice that spoke to me. When I told them Kite wasn't there they seemed to believe me, but insisted on searching the house and I told them to go ahead. Failing to find Kite the man who did the talking said to me: Well, we gave the old devil a good run, and came very near getting him. We intended to swing him up if we caught him, but it's getting late now and we must hurry on. Tell him we called, and are sorry we missed him.' "

" 'Yes, sir, yes, sir,' I said. 'Please, Mister, don't hurt him! he's just gone crazy listening to them old carpetbaggers. I tried to get him to stay away from them. They put all this business in his head. Let me try him one more time.

"You can ask Marse Jeems Walkup or Marse Bob Miller about me. They know that I've been good since surrender. So, Mister, for my sake please let him off this time."

"The same man that spoke before declared: 'Well, boys, I believe this is a good neegro and, on her account, we'll go and let Kite alone this time. If we hear of any more of his tomfoolery we can come back. If he hadn't run like a deer tonight we would have broken his neck.'

"Good night, Matt, try to make him behave,' he added, as they left.

"I was scared that Kite was dead, and I couldn't go back to sleep, but just stayed in bed, and kept quiet. In the morning before day, when all was quiet, I heard a soft knock at the door. I knew that must be Kite, so I slipped across the house and cracked the door so I could see, and sure enough it was him.

"Well, Miss Jule, you wouldn't have known him. He was wet and muddy from his head to his feet.

"His clothes were tord, and he had no hat. His voice trembled when he said: 'Please, old woman, let me in, and gave me a sup of water. I'm most dead; the Kluxes have been after me all night, and I've run myself out. Don't make no noise for I see horse tracks all around here.'

"When I got a good look at him I had to laugh for he looked so nervous that every time I moved my foot he would jump. When I told him what I knew he said: 'Thank God. Matt,

if they do not come back I'm your negro for life, and you aint going to ketch me attending any more political meetings, and fooling with a lot of poor white trash. This is the last time; I've never been so frightened before. And he was telling the truth; he went to work, and has been at it ever since.' "

"Well, Matt, what had they done to him at the church?" mother inquired.

"Yes, Miss, but it was a long time before I found that out," Matt resumed. "Kite would never tell me, but I got a report from the white folks.

"It was like this: You know that Pineview church stands on a high hill. No white person lived near it so Kite and his crowd could hold their meetings without fear of molestation. The building is surrounded by woods. It has two entrances, one on the front side, and the other at the end, just back of the pulpit, for the preacher to go in and out, and what a blessing it was for Kite that night! That back door was all that saved him hide.

"The politicians who were going to put the top rail down and the bottom rail up were at the church in time but did not get the meeting to going good until nine o'clock. They were politicing with some of the carpetbaggers to find out just what they should do. Kite was told to whoop up his gang with a rip-snorting speech. He was the first speaker. The crowd hollered for him, and he took the stand. His church-hat was on the edge of the pulpit by the lamp, the only light they had. He buttoned his long coat, and started off: "I've come here tonight to tell you that the negro is about to get what belongs to him. The white folks have been on top long enough. It is our turn now. If the Republicans win this election every Negro in this house is going to get forty acres of the best land in this community and a mule to plow it with. That's the truth for I've got the deed for my place, and all I've got to do is to move on it when our friends get in office, and go to town and get my mule.'

"The crowd yelled, and old man Bill Davie, a deacon in the church, shouted: 'Amen, and that's the truth.'

"Tell it to them brother! Come on brother Kite, with more like that! That's what we want to hear!' came from the audience.

"Kite added: 'But, on the other hand, if the Democrats win the last one of you will go back in slavery, ann the overseer and his whip will be seen agin in this land of freedom. Mark what say! It is the truth.'

" 'Yes, yes, we know it brother,' declared Deacon Davie. 'You are telling it just like it is. Proceed!'

"But, Miss Jule, that was where the fun begun. While Kite was soaring high among the clouds about a dozen great big men, with masks on their faces and white robes over their bodies rose up from the earth and marched down the middle aisle to the front of the hall and took seats near the pulpit where Kite was ranting. Nobody said a word; Kite tried to go on but his chatter could not be understood. He saw some of his supporters slipping out of the door, and taking to the woods. The strangers all crossed their legs at once, like they were trained to it. Up to that time his tongue would not work but then he declared: 'Yes, friends all this talk about white folks being mean

is rot. They have been mighty good to me. Marse Bob is my best friend, and I expect to be with him till one of us die.'

" 'You sure is talking now,' came from a man on the seat behind the newcomers.

"The men in robes uncrossed their legs, drew out knives and whetrocks, and commenced to sharpen the blades.

"That was the straw that broke the camel's back. The men worked like they were geetting ready to kill hogs. When Kite saw the steel shining in his eyes his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. He was completely dumfounded. Negroes in the back were piling out. Despite the coldness of the night great drops of sweat came on the speaker's face. When the unwelcome guests saw his condition they sounded their kinves on the rocks, and made a great racket. Kite first looked at the strangers and then cut an eye at the back door. He got his tongue loose long enough to say: 'Gentlemen, I see that you didn't fetch no water here tonight for me to drink and I can't speak without water; I will get a little at the well.'

This said he dashed out, escaping just as some of the big men grabbed at his coat tail. Marse Jeems, who was there, said they had some fast runnners, but Kite went so quick they never knew which way he turned. They got his big hat and the next morning when we got up I found it in the back yard, resting on a fence post.

"The Kluxes—that's who they were—rushed about trying to catch some of the other politicians but no white man can outrun a scared Negro.

"That was the last political campaign Kite ever entered, and no one ever got the promised forty acres and a mule.

"Me and Kite moved back to Marse Bob's place and stayed there until the family sold out and moved away."

Aunt Matt may have exaggerated a little but the substance of her tale was true from start to finish. Every historian, who is well informed on reconstruction days in the South, knows about the forty-acres and a mule b held out to the ex-slaves for th votes. There was a Kite in ev community.

Aunt Matt was a delightful story teller, and her manner most friendly. ty.

"There is no short-cut, no tram-road to wisdom," said George Eliot. "After all the centuries of inventions, the soul's path lies through the thorny wilderness which must stiil be trodden in solitude, with bleeding feet, with sobs for help, as it was trodden by them of old." This is the doctrine of all the great of earth and has been practiced by those who become conquerors. It is the hard way which is distasteful to the majority of Americans of the present day, but not all. For there are many men and women who are willing to pay the price for a great life.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

A COTTON CHRISTMAS

(Mecklinburg Times)

For the second year the National Cotton Council is sponsoring a Cotton Christmas program. But this year instead of being confined to the Cotton Belt, the program is being extended to cover the entire United States.

Firmly convinced that Cotton Christmas is a "natural" for selling Cotton goods, leading advertising organizations whose services are distributed in every state have volunteered their cooperation.

Equally convinced that Cotton Christmas and similar merchandising events offer one solution to the grave problems of surplus and unedrconsumption which confront the raw cotton industry, the Cottonu Council has under way an even more vigorous promotional program than that of last year.

But regardless of Council efforts the success of Cotton Christmas in the Connton Belt depends largely on the cooperation given by this and hundreds of other cummunities scattered from Virginia to California.

To these communities the success of cotton merchandising efforts is most vital, for they are the communities which are dependent upon cotton for livelihood.

The response of Cotton Belt communities to last year's Cotton Christmas, and to National Cotton Week, indicates the Belt's awareness of the necessity of supporting the raw cotton industry in these major undertakings designed to better the position of the cotton farmer and consequently that of everyone in the Belt.

In our Piedmont section where cotton manufacturing plays such a large part in our progress and prosperity the use of cotton gifts for Christmas does a double duty and adds to the success of the movement in many additional ways. It helps cotton manufacturers and all connected with the industry, as well as the cotton farmer.

Cotton Christmas presents an annual, double-barrelled opportunity to bring happiness not only to the recipients of our gifts but also to the millions of fellow Americans who depend on our purchases of cotton products for a living.

———o———

To go about your work with pleasure, to greet others with a word of encouragement, to be happy in the present and confident in the future; this is to have achieved some measure of success in living.—Edwin Osgood Grover

THANKSGIVING DAY AT THE SCHOOL

Because of the differences in dates specified in the Presidential and some Gubernatorial Proclamations as to when Thanksgiving Day should be celebrated this year, we have heard of instances in which people were fortunate enough to be in on both celebrations. While the Jackson Training School boys stuck to the old single day celebration, Thursday, November 28, we are of the opinion they enjoyed this gala occasion as much as did those who made it a double-feature holiday.

The local celebration really began the night before. On Wednesday evening the football squad of twenty-four players from the Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, accompanied by the coach and another officer of that institution, arrived at the School. Just as soon as they finished their supper they joined our boys in the auditorium, there to enjoy a motion picture show. The feature picture was a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, "Thunder Afloat," starring Wallace Beery, a screen favorite with boys everywhere.

Thanksgiving morning dawned cold and clear. At 8 o'clock the cottage lines assembled as usual, but no regular activities were carried on save attending to a few necessary chores. At 9:30 the Eastern Carolina Training School and Jackson Training School elevens were on the field awaiting the kick-off that would start the fifth annual football contest between teams representing the two institutions. Rains for two days previous had made the field very muddy, which greatly handicapped both teams, but a good game resulted, with the local boys emerging victorious by the score of 28 to 0. In additin to practically the entire population of the School being in attendance, a goodly number of visitors from Concord and vicinity were on the side-lines.

The game opened by Jackson Training School kicking to the Eastern Carolina 22-yard stripe. Because of the wet field the visiting lads' end sweeps failed to gain and Davis attempted to punt from their 24-yard mark. The kick was blocked by Lineberry and was recovered by Benson, local right end, on the 26-yard line. On the third play our boys drew first blood, when Walters, hard-plunging fullback, rammed through right tackle for a touchdown. The try for extra point failed by inches. Davis took the next kick-off for the visitors but was stopped in his tracks by Sims and Benson. The Jackson Training School line held like a stone wall and their opponents were forced to kick. The wet pigskin slid off the toe of the kicker and went out of bounds on the Eastern Carolina 33-yard line. On the third play after the local lads took over, Harold O'Dear, the little fighting Irish quarterback, took the ball on the 25-yard stripe, on a fake reverse, skirted left end, twisted, squirmed and fought off would-be tacklers until he landed in the middle of the promised land. On a line buck, Walters went over for the extra point.

In the second quarter, McFee kicked out of bounds on the visitors' 11-yard mark. They gained 6 yards

on a play around end, but were penalized 15 yards, which put them back on their 2-yard line. Davis attempted to go around right end but was ganged up on by Walters, Sims and Lineberry, who succeeded in putting him down on terra firma that wasn't so firm, behind his own goal line for a safety. The score at the end of the half was 15 to 0.

There was no score made in the third quarter, but the local lads got close to pay-dirt when McFee, fleet-footed Scotch half-back, grabbed the kick-off picked up waves of blockers, and made 75 yards through the mud before being stopped on the Eastern Carolina 15-yard mark. It was the longest run of the game. Here the visitors' resistance stiffened and held our boys off, recovering a fumble and driving down to the Jackson Training School 30-yard line which proved to be their closest approach to our goal line during the entire game.

Soon after the fourth period opened, Walters took the ball on his own 20-yard stripe, tore around left end, and trucked along down to the Eastern Carolina 27-yard marker before he was stopped. It was a beautiful run which netted 52 yards. After a couple of line plunges, McFee scooted around left end for a touchdown. Walters again crashed over for the extra point. The visitors then drove to midfield, where they were forced to kick, and Davis' punt was blocked, Benson grabbing the slippery pigskin and going over for a touchdown. His team mates were off side, however, so the play was nullified. The local lads then drove consistently until they reached the Eastern Carolina 11-yard mark near the end of the game. From this point O'Dear ripped through right tackle, eluded the entire opposing team, and made his way to a touchdown, his second of the game. Walters went through center for the extra point. The game ended with the score 28 to 0 in favor of Jackson Training School.

J. T. S.	Position	E. C. T. S.
Sims	LE	Higgins
Murdock	LT	Pittman
Ziegler	LG	Faucette
Talbert	C	Daniels
Lineberry	RG	Robinson
Sutton	RT	Travis
Benson	RE	Dean
O'Dear	QB	Davis
McFee	LHB	Watts
Hogan	RHB	Head
Walters	FB	Sims

J. T. S.	13	2	0	13—28
E. C. T. S.	0	0	0	0— 0

Scoring — Touchdowns: O'Dear 2, Walters, McFee. Points after touchdown: Walters 2 (line smash). Safety.

Substitutions—E. C. T. S.: Joyner, Brown, Pitt, Johnson, ends; Williams, Bell, tackles; Murray, guard; Russ, Wolfe, McKenzie, backs. J. T. S.: Peake, Owens, ends; Holder, Brewer, tackles; Furches, center; Stutts, Dixon, Baker, backs.

Officials: Verble, referee; Boger, umpire; Johnson, head linesman; Poole, timekeeper.

Shortly after eleven o'clock we assembled in the auditorium for the annual Thanksgiving service, which was conducted by Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord. Following the singing of "America" he read for the Scripture Lesson, Psalms 116:12-19, also a portion of one of St. Paul's epistles in which he spoke of giving thanks always. The entire assemblage then sang that familiar old

hymn of thanksgiving, "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come." This was followed by a beautiful prayer appropriate to the day by Rev. Mr. Summers, after which the boys sang "America the Beautiful."

At the beginning of his message to the boys, the speaker stated that most folks, in thinking of services at the Training School, would only have in mind that the minister preached to the boys. He said he wanted to take issue with that particular idea, because whenever he came out here, the boys, by their fine singing and attentive manner, always preached a sermon to him. He added that he noticed on this occasion the singing was not quite up to par as to volume, but supposed it was probably due to the fact that the lads' vocal organs might have been strained as they cheered their comrades on the football field just a few minutes prior to the beginning of the service.

If we really want to thank God as we should, said the speaker, it is necessary that we have somebody to help us. When we go to Almighty God to thank Him for countless blessings we have received, we have that someone in the person of Jesus Christ. He is our ambassador to heaven. Through him we are enabled to get in closer touch with God. If we should go to Washington to see the President, we would not be permitted to walk right into the White House. We must meet someone who will introduce us to the Chief Executive, if he considers our business urgent enough for an interview. So it is with Christians. We can go to God through Jesus. He is the friend who will help us to meet the Heavenly Father.

Speaking of Thanksgiving Day, Rev. Mr. Summers stated that it was a day set apart by our country—truly an American day—in which we are requested to render thanks to God for all blessings. Some other nations have had seasons of thanksgiving, but in our beloved America, Thanks-Giving Day and the various types of celebrations that go with it is peculiarly an American custom. On this day, in the spirit of our country, headed by our President and in company with the most humble citizens of the land, our thoughts turn to God, the giver of all things, expressing our appreciation, not in mere words, but by our daily actions. Words are not enough. Our good deeds will express our thanks far better than any lip-service we may render.

The speaker then told briefly the story of the first Thanksgiving Day. Our Pilgrim fathers had been through a period of great suffering since landing on the old New England coast. During one winter half the colony had died from lack of food and clothing. Those who survived received seed from friendly Indians who taught them how to plant and care for the corn and other crops. The crops grew and in due time a full harvest was gathered in. The first thing these good people did was to thank God for delivering them from hardships and death. The governor ordered a day of thanksgiving and celebration, not only for themselves but for their friends, the Indians, who were asked to be present for the great feast. In this manner, our forefathers thanked God by being kind to someone else. The Pilgrim colonists were interested in building a new world, and the Christian spirit

shown on that first Thanksgiving Day, was largely responsible for their success in laying the foundation for the greatest nation in the world.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers asked the boys to remember that Thanksgiving Day is a home day, and how it might be properly observed right here at the School, where a lot of fine boys live together. He pointed out how their teachers and instructors were their friends, devoting the best part of their lives in helping them to develop into fine citizens, and that the best way in which they could express their thanks to them and to all others interested in their welfare, would be to make good upon leaving the institution. To know that they would go out from here and become honorable and trustworthy citizens, would be all the thanks desired by those who are trying to help them to bring this about.

The boys sang as the closing number, the popular Irving Berlin composition, "God Bless America," after which Rev. Mr. Summers dismissed them with the benediction.

Next in order on the day's program was a fine turkey dinner, with all the season's "trimmin's," served at each cottage home. As we looked upon the tables loaded with delicious, home-cooked viands, we thought of countless thousands in other lands, where war had deprived people of their homes and all means of sustenance, we thanked God for America, realizing more than ever before that this is truly "the land of the free and the home of the blest. This Thanksgiving dinner menu was as follows:

Roast Turkey with Noodles
Canned Corn Candied Potatoes
Cranberry Sauce
Cole Slaw Pickles
Peaches and Buns
Milk

With dinner over, the next attraction of the day was announced by the ringing of the assembly bell, and a return trip to the auditorium, where the boys were treated to another moving picture show. It was a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, featuring James Cagney in "The Kid From Texas." After the show some of the boys went to the athletic field for a little recreation, while others returned to their cottages for a period of reading, playing games or listening to radio broadcasts of football games played in different sections of the country.

Thanksgiving Day was a day of real pleasure for the boys of Jackson Training School. They appreciated everything that was done for them, but, like all other normal boys, they are looking forward to the next stop on the "Joy Schedule," which will be the Christmas holidays, and from what we can learn from official sources, Christmas, 1940, promises to be one of the best in the history of the institution.

Talk may be cheap, but it has cost many a man his name, fame and fortune.—Selected.

DON,T BELITTLE CONSTITUTION

(Dare County Times)

The attacks on our constitutional form of government in recent years have been many and varied. A great many of them have been based on the argument that the constitution, at least as interpreted, tends to work against the interests of the people. The inevitable result of these arguments has been to lead the nation away from a government of laws, and toward a government of men.

But the constitution still stands as a bulwark between the individual and his government—as a protection for the minority against the possible abuses of the majority. A particularly important example of this has just occurred in the State of Oregon.

Some two years ago the voters of Oregon, inflamed by the racketeering tactics of a few union leaders, which resulted in their imprisonment for long terms, passed a law which, among other things, stringently restricted the right of labor to picket. Labor lawyers at once went to the courts. And finally, the Supreme Court of the State, with but one Justice dissenting, held the law null and void, on the grounds that it violated the constitutional provision concerning the exercise of free speech.

The court held that even the people of a sovereign state cannot pass a law which is in any way a contravention of the Constitution which governs us all—that the minority has rights which a majority, no matter how great, can never take away. That decision is based on the very spirit of all that our kind of government stands for. It illustrates the oppression that would be the fate of minorities if the Constitution were weakened or destroyed. And finally, it illustrates how the Courts, working under a government of laws, not a government of men, protect the "common man" when his cause is just.

The constitution stands for liberty for, justice for all, inviolable rights for all. It guarantees a way of life which has been crushed in most of the world.

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Help me to remember that every one I meet is some mother's child. someone's brother, and that some little act of kindness or fairness on my part will bring joy to those who wait at home. Help me to help them help themselves.—E. B. Birkenbeuel

HARVEST MOON

By Max Robin

He threw his bag of tools over his shoulder and proclaimed to his wife that come what may, he would find a job this time.

He hadn't gone far along the road when a car pulled up and a woman's voice asked:

"Care to hop in?"

He was quite amazed.

"Well, thanks, lady."

And she was alone in the car, too!

"How far are you going?"

"As far as God will carry me," was his answer.

"And where might that be? And what is that burden by which you are weighted down?"

"I am going to look for work. And your taking me into your car was the first break of fortune that has come my way in a long time."

"I hope I brought you luck!" the woman laughed. "I believe in luck, don't you?"

"We do most when we find it least."

"Very true," approved the woman. "What is your calling? What do you do for a living?"

"I am a carpenter by trade."

"Good!" said the woman. "Maybe I can find a little work for you. My house needs repairing. It isn't much, but it's better than nothing."

"Yes!" agreed the carpenter. And he was quite elated, not for the repair job itself which the unkown woman offered him, but because of his growing conviction that fortune had at last smiled upon him, and so unexpectedly, just at a turn of the road.

I was spending my vacation on an out-of-the-way farm. It was an ideal place, and I had come upon it by chance. I was tired of the well known resorts where I had been and which my friends were good enough to recommend to me. So I set out on a flying trip across the country. And here it was!

That night, under the radiance of the harvest moon, my host told me this story, the story of his life.

"You turned our way by chance," he said. "I, too, happen to be here by chance. Ten years ago I was an unemployed hand, starving in the city. Today I own these acres. And it all came about through an accidental meeting with Miss Winslow, who died a year ago yesterday."

Thus it came to pass that he told me of his adventure on the road that morning ten years ago when a car stopped and a woman's voice invited him in. What followed was more fantastic than a dream, except that my host was not allowed the time to ruminate, it all happened to him so breathtakingly fast.

"The work Miss Winslow had for me wasn't much to keep me occupied, just some minor repairs around the house which she had offered me out of kindness. She believed in doing good."

But before he had finished his benefactress had another proposition for the carpenter.

"I don't take long to size up people," she told him. She was retired and alone. "If you are the man I think you are," she said, "I am willing to take a chance with you; and it re-

mains to be seen which of us has struck the better bargain."

At a conference which included the man's wife, Miss Winslow said:

"I have had my eye on a farm for some time. Suppose we all drive out there and look over the place."

They did. It was the farm which was now under the eye of the harvest moon. The face of my host brightened in the glow of his pipe.

"As many times as I think of it," he reflected, "I still can't believe such miracles really happen. She bought the place for us, strangers; and we spent here nine happy years together. And to the end of her life Miss Winslow insisted she had made the better bargain!"

The night was laden with the fragrance of growth. Peaceful, silent night, deep and eternal, in which I understood the impulse that prompted Miss Winslow. It seemed incredible that such should be a rare, exceptional impulse rather than a rule among men of good will who are here to share of what's rich and eternal.

My friend turned to me.

"And now you came this way. You are in no hurry to depart, are you!"

No, I wasn't.

The farmer patted my pack and I felt good.

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LOYALTY TO THE LEADER

One of the most daring military expeditions of history was that of Napoleon's march on Moscow during his conquest of Europe. The Russians knowing that he was coming went ahead and destroyed all the bridges over the rivers on his line of march, they came to a river and the bridge was gone. Nayoleon ordered his men to enter the water, and stand in groups and form a temporary butment upon which a pontoon bridge was thrown that his army might pass over. At once scores of soldiers entered the icy water. They stood at their post of duty without a word of protest. The temporary bridge held till the last marching soldier had passed over. Then Napoleon commanded the men to come out of the water —but not a man moved. They had been frozen to death and stood clasped in each others arms thus forming the column that held the temporary bridge.—Rev. Edarw B. Jenkins.

BIBLE BOAT

By Joseph A. Cocannouer

The water of the Philippine bay rippled into tiny waves of silver as Carl Jensen and his Filipino companion drove the new skiff across the glassy surface. The heart of the missionary's son leaped with joy. And well it might—for the hopes of many months had at last become a realization.

"It moves like a leaf in the wind!" Carl called to Pulong who, squatted in the other end of the boat, was plying his oar with the skill of a true jungle boy. "We have done good job—it is worth all the grand surprise we've been planning for dad!"

Carl had long wished that he might provide his father with a real skiff in which to make his trips to the missions on Bintu and Lilos islands, which lay a few miles off the Luzon coast. Doctor Jensen had been forced to employ the native hollowlog boats which were not only slow, but were heavy and demanded extra man-power to row them.

The two boys had been unable to find a solution to their baffling problem until Juan Burgos, a skilled Filipino boat builder, came to Naic and set up his shop. Even then it had not been easy to make a deal with Jaun. At last however the boat builder had been induced to take Carl and Pulong into his shop as helpers at odd times, the meager pay which they were to receive to be applied on the precious skiff. It had taken several months, together with all the boys could earn by stripping hemp on the Lulong hemp plantation and by earning small sums at other jobs, before the boat was three-fourths paid for—the amount demanded by Juan before he would permit its being taken from the shop.

Now the long-hoped-for day had arrived. The beautiful white skiff, decorated with a dazzling green stripe around the rim, was receiving its first try-out, and the setting was perfect. The whole jungle seemed to have entered into the spirit of happinness which the boys were experiencing.

"Pulong, when the sea is smooth one can row this as easily as four men can row one of those hollow logs that dad has been forced to use so long!" Carl called gleefully. "And won't this make dad open his eyes! I can see him now!"

Pulong lifted his exquisitively-carved paddle and examined it critically. "Aye, white brother—it will be a great gift! I am sure your father will be very happy when he sees it. But perhaps we who shall present the gift shall be happiest of all."

"We're all going to be happy," Carl agreed. "Dad will soon understand why we have been so secretive about certain things all these months," he then laughed. "And, Pulong, I' ve thought of a fine name for our new skiff! We'll call it Bible Boat. You know dad will use it to haul his Bibles to the various missions along the coast."

Pulong's dark eyes brightened with approval. "My white brother always talks with wisdom—I like very much the name. I think it will be well

if we paint the beautiful words on the side."

"We'll do that—in black letters. They will stand out and can be seen for a long distance—"

Then Carl drove his oar into the smooth water and shot the skiff across the glassy surface towards a cluster of palms that reached out into the bay. "It's getting late, so I guess we'll have to hide it in the swamp tonight, Pulong,' he said suddenly, "though I don't like to do it. As soon as we bring dad down in the morning and give him his surprise, we'll arrange to keep Bible Boat in shed far up on shore. It's too valuable to risk being crushed in a sea storm."

But tropical storms often come like a thief—when least expected. Carl was abruptly awakened that very night by the roar of wind outside his grass hut. With a groan of despair he sprang out of bed and rushed onto the veranda. He heard the sodden splash of the sea-billows upon the shore. They told a story that made him sick.

"Bible Boat—it'll be crushed!" he moaned. "I wonder if Pulong will wake up—we must try to save it—"

Pulong staggered up the ladder at that instant. "White brother, our boat! I fear it is lost—"

"Wait until I put on my clothes!" Carl interrupted. "We've got to do something—"

In a few moment Carl returned with his small flash. The boys plunged out into the raging night, but before they were half way to the seashore the howling waves told them all they needed to know—Bible Boat was already gone. There would be nothing to gain by going on to the beach.

The lads turned and fought their way to shelter in a group of trees. "Why didn't we bring that skiff up on shore last night!" Carl exclaimed as the agony of disappointment shot through him. "All our hard work of months gone! We both know it never pays to risk anything in these jungles!"

Pulong caught Carl by the arm and together they struggled on back to the missionary's hut. "There were no storm signs in the air yesterday, white brother," he reminded. "It was we who received the surprise, not your good father."

Then came a sleepless night for two of the most unhappy boys in the Philippines. Before morning, as is often the case in the tropics, the storm blew itself out. The sun rose on a battered and drenched world.

Silently and with pounding hearts the boys crept down to the seashore to view what they knew they'd find—wreckage. And they found it! The storm had done all that it promised to do during the night. Their precious skiff was lodged among the nipa, palms, one side crushed as if it had been made of paper.

Carl dropped down on the moist sand. "Well, there it is, Pulong," he said dolefully. "And what a wreck! It wouldn't even make good kindling wood now."

Pulong didn't reply immediately. Carl knew that his native pal was sensing as deep a disappointment as he. "Aye, white brother it is still beautiful, even though it is broken," he said finally. "Perhaps we should save Bible Boat as a remembrance of a

good deed we wished to perform."

Just then a long, piercing cry came from the bay near where a rocky point jutted out into the rougher sea. Carl leaped to his feet. "Look there, Pulong—somebody has lost control of his boat!" he exclaimed. Who would be so unwise as to try to pass that dangerous reef with the sea like it is."

Breathlessly Carl watched the tiny sailboat as it bobbed crazily over the waves like a broken leaf in a whirlpool. The one sail was being whipped by the wind until the slender mast bent almost to the leaping billows.

"I think the man is new here, white brother; otherwise he would not approach those dangerous rocks when the waves are so high."

"What has probably happened is that the wind caught him off guard on the other side of the point. It has whipped him around onto the coral reef before he realized what was happening."

At that instant the boat gave a terrific lurch. Then came another cry for help.

"Looks like it's up to us, Pulong," Carl said as he started down the beach. Then he stopped short. "Try to get a couple of men quick, Pulong, and follow in a native boat! I'll race down to the point and swim out and try to keep the man from going under untill you get there."

Though Carl was almost as much at home in the water as a sponge fisherman, he knew he had a job ahead of him that would tax both skill and courage to the utmost. But a life was at stake, and it was up to him to take the risk. "If he would just jerk that sail down the skiff would float till I got there!" Carl muttered tensely as he threw off his clothing. "He dosen't seem to have had much experience."

Carl chopped his words. At that instant a huge billow, aided by a sudden gust of wind that whipped around the point of the cliff, fairly lifted the light boat into the air. The mast slapped the water.

"There it goes—it has floundered!" Carl groaned. Then his eyes opened with amazement—the boat righted itself in a remarkable manner. "What do you know! That's a real skiff, but the owner dosen't know much about managing it."

The next moment Carl was in the water, fighting his way towards the coral reef. He had been to the reef on many occasions when the sea was calm, and he knew the water wasn't of great depth. But with billows beating over the rocks there were dangers that only a skilled boatman could escape, if indeed anyone could escape them.

Carl was almost to the bobbing skiff before he had time to look up. Then he gasped with surprise. It was the very boat that the boat maker had just completed for a rich Spanish merchant in Manila.

Then a wave doused Carl and he shot through the foaming billows to the edge of the skiff. Now he knew why it hadn't floundered. That skiff had been built with master precision.

Carl awaited the right moment, then swung into the boat before the man knew of his presence. He sprang to the small mast and tore down the sail. Then he jerked an oar from its fastenings, at the same time instructing the man to sit down in the water that stood several inches deep in the

bottom, "And don't move!" Carl directed a little sharply. "We'll have to drive out in to the sea, then work around this reef."

Despite the waves and sporadic wind, the skiff seemed to come to life when Carl began playing the oar. The unmanaged rudder gave him no little trouble, but with methodical strokes he managed to work out into the deeper sea and away from the coral rocks. This done he, in a few terse directions, showed the man how to manage the rudder. A few moments later they were steering for the beach across the less dangerous waves.

Then Carl turned to the man. "I think you do not often sail a boat on the sea, senor," he laughed. "Our boatmen do not go near the reef when the waves are high."

"My good friend does not understand! This is a very new boat, and I fear, not a good one. I was but trying it out, but the wind blew me quickly onto the rocks. If you had not arrived I think I soon should have been thrown into the sea. I am very grateful!"

"Yes, I'm afraid that even this fine sailboat could not have resisted those waves much longer," Carl agreed.

Just then Carl caught sight of Pulong and two men driving towards with all speed possible in a heavy native boat. Carl motioned them back. "We don't need you now," he chuckled to himself. Then he turned back to the man. "You have a very fine skiff senor," he said. "Often I saw it in the boat maker's shop. Juna Burgos says it is one of the best he ever made."

The merchant gestured depreciatingly. "I think Juna Burgos is not a good boat maker," he said. "Never will I go in this boat again. I will give it to you! And I will give you much more for saving my life when I was trying to sail it."

Carl's paddle almost slid from his hand. "I cannot accept pay for saving your life, Don Romero! But—but if you would sell me the boat and give me a long time to pay for it—"

"Pay for it, senorito!" the rich man interrupted. "A thousand times already you pay for it. It is yours. I shall send to Spain and have made a boat that is not crazy."

Carl shot the skiff onto the sand. His heart was pounding with joy now "Don Romero, I can't thank you enough for this! It—it seems too much."

The merchant leaped out of the skiff, drew Carl to him and kissed him on both cheeks in true Spanish fashion. "Too much to accept for saving my life?" he said with deep emotion. "This is only part of what I shall give you. You must come to my home in Manila. Then Don Romero will show you how grateful he is. You are a very brave boy, senorito, a very brave boy."

Don Romero hurried away as if he feared that the boat seize him and carry him back to sea, and Carl Jenson rubbed his eyes and wondered if he were in a blissful dream.

But about then Pulong came racing up and jerked him back to reality. Carl watched the native boy's eyes open with surprise. "White brother, it is the very fine boat that Juna make for the Spanish merchant!"

"It was the boat of Don Romero," Carl corrected, "but now it is ours —our new Bible Boat."

Pulong was so full of joy that he knelt down and embraced the beautiful white skiff as it were some living, precious thing. He didn't ask a single question, but Carl knew that Pulong understood. "White brother, in no other way could we have earned such a wonderful boat. We shall now build a very fine house in which to keep it, and your good father will be very happy because he will now have the very finest boat in all this country."

Carl knelt down at the native boy's side. "Yes, and we must give dad his surprise right away. Then I want to go up there and salvage the little skiff we worked so hard to earn. We'll keep it as a reminder of the many months of hard work, for, after all, it was Bible Boat No. 1."

———o———

THE CONSCIENCE FUND INCREASES

In 1811 the Treasury at Washington started an account called the "conscience fund" into which was placed a remittance from a remorseful citizen who had evaded a federal tax.

In the 129 years since the fund was started it has received nearly a million dollars, a considerable amount of balm for guilty consciences.

A recent check came from a former doughboy who pilfered some chocolate candy bars from a government supply truck in France during the World War. He sent $2 to pay for the stolen sweets.

The "conscience fund" would swell to enormous proportions if all Americans who have evaded their indebtedness to the Government would follow the example of those who have already repented of their sins against Uncle Sam.

Every year merchandise which would yield large sums in customs duties is sneaked into the country by tourists returning home from foreign vacations as well as by professional smugglers.

There is widespread evasion also of many federal taxes, particularly the income tax, for which many have been severely punished.

The Americans who have poured money into the "conscience fund" apparently decided after thinking it over, that one should be as honest with the Government as with his fellow citizens. Which is a thought many more could ponder with profit.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been repairing and painting boys' lockers in several of the cottages.

—o—

The boys in our textile plant have been kept busy for some time weaving heavy ticking to be used in making mattress covers for the dormitories.

—o—

The barn force has been threshing peas and lespedeza seed this week. The report coming from those in charge of this work is that the lespedeza seed is of extra fine quality and the quantity of peas will exceed that of last season.

—o—

Durning the past week several boys have been confineed in the infirmary, suffering from severe colds. We are glad to report that all are showing improvement, and are gradually being discharged and returned to their respective cottages.

—o—

John Benson, of Cottage No. 11, a member of our printing class, is operating a linotype machine in the plant of the Concord Daily Tribune. When Editor Sherrill asked for one of the lads to help out during the Christmas season rush, we were glad to comply with his request, and feel sure John's work will be quite satisfactory.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 8:4-18, and his message to the boys was both helpful and interesting.

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker called attention to the fact that when Jesus Christ came to earth he went among all classes of people, preaching to them whenever the opportunity presented itself. He talked to them by the wayside, in the synagogue, along the seashore, and very often in the rooms of the temple. One of his greatest sermons was the sermon on the mount. Thousands of people came to hear the Master preach. They saw the miracles he performed, among them being the feeding of the 5,000 and opening the eyes of the blind. Although great throngs of people heard him preach, not all of them listened to what he had to say. Jesus knew that all would not heed him. His very first parable was along that line, for he said, "Take heed, therefore, how ye hear."

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then stated that there were four special ways in which people hear, as follows: (1) One who has a heart hardened on the outside, is like the sowing of seed on hard ground. The fine things of life which he hears fail to take root

in his heart. The seed is the word of God; he sent his son down from heaven to sow it in the hearts and minds of men. These seeds of the word of God are golden, pure, bright and shining. Seed must find good soil in order to grow. They may be as good as any, but if it has hardened on the surface, the seed cannot grow in it. Evil thoughts and evil companions harden hearts, but when Jesus comes into our lives, our hearts become soft and we are ready to serve him. (2) Then there is a kind of soil that is soft on the outside but hard on the inside. Some people are like that. Under the influence of a hymn or sermon they get all stirred up, but when the sermon is over, and they go out to work, the old habits return. (3) There are cases where seed is sown among briars. The briars choke out the tender shoots and growth stops. The thought along this line applies to people whose hearts and minds are full of sin which chokes the truth of God's word and will not let it grow there. (4) When seed is sown on good rich ground, it flourishes and produces great harvests. This brings the thought that people with honest hearts are like fertile soil. The word of God take root and they develop into men and women who love the truth and practice its teachings daily, thereby keeping their lives pure and clean.

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SOUTHERN GUM

It finally had dawned upon somebody that the pine tree furnishes a gum that makes A-1 chewing gum for those who like that sort of thing, and a pine base gum has been developed.

Many a youngster prowling through the woods has found the natural pine tree gum in excellent shape for mastication and the wonder is that the idea of putting it up in package form and backing it with advertising did not occur long ago.

Another native and natural gum that once was abundant in the South was derived from the sweet gum tree. One still observes these fine trees occasionally but they have been pretty well wiped out, along with the beautiful cedar trees that once were so abundant.

As a matter of course, the ues of southern gums for chewing purposes cannot be expected to make any such impression upon southern industry as has been made by tobacco, but every little bit helps and if the world is to chew gum it may as well have the best.—The Gadsden Times.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 1, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Drye
Cecil Gray
Robert Maples
Frank May
Mack McQuaigue
William Shannon
Kenneth Tipton
Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Blackman
William G. Bryant
William Callahan
Albert Chunn
Howard Cox
Ralph Harris
Porter Holder
Burman Keller
Clay Mize
Everett Watts
William C. Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

Bennie Austin
Charles Chapman
Joseph Christine
Jack Cline
Joseph Farlow
Julian T. Hooks
Edward Johnson
Robert Keith
Ralph Kistler
Virgil Lane
Donald McFee
Donald Newman
Richard Parker
Richard Patton
William Shaw
Charles Smith
James Stone
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Peter Tuttle
Clarence Wright

COTTAGE NO. 3

Lewis Andrews
John Bailey
Lewis Baker
Earl Barnes
Clyde Barnwell
Grover Beaver
James Boone
William Buff
Kenneth Conklin
Jack Crotts
Max Evans
Bruce Hawkins
Roscoe Honeycutt
Jack Lemley
Harley Matthews
William Matthewson
Otis McCall
Wayne Sluder
George Shaver
William Sims
John Tolley
Louis Williams
Jerome Wiggins
Robert Quick

COTTAGE NO. 4

William Cherry
Arthur Edmondson
Noah J. Greene
Gilbert Hogan
Hugh Kennedy
J. W. McRorrie
George Newman
Oakley Walker
Melvin Walters

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Collett Cantor
Harold Donaldson
Everett Lineberry
Ivey Lunsford
James Massey
Leonard Melton
J. C. Reinhardt
Currie Singletary
Donald Smith
Richard Starnes
Dewey Ware
Hubert Walker
Henry Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Joseph Dew
Robert Dunning
Leonard Jacobs
Durwood Martin

James Parker
Jesse Peavy
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Cleasper Beasley
Donald Earnhardt
George Green
Charles McGowan
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Marshall Pace
Loy Stines
Henry Butler

COTTAGE NO. 8

William Jerrrell
Otis Kilpatrick
James Quick
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

Holly Atwood
Percy Capps
David Cunningham
George Dyson
George Gaddy
Robert Gaines
Osper Howell
Mark Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Lloyd Mullis
William Nelson
Harold O'Dear
James Ruff
Thomas Sands
Lewis Sawyer
Richard Singletary
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Wayne Allen
James Eury
John Fausnett
Max Newsome
Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Benson
William Bennett
William Dixon
Ralph Fisher
Charles Frye
William Furches
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Fred Jones
Broadus Moore
Fred Owens
Theodore Rector
Monroe Searcy
James Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 12

William Deaton
James Mondie
Howard Sanders
Charles Simpson
Robah Sink
Norman Smith
Eugene Watts
J. R. Whitman

COTTAGE NO. 13

William Goins
Vincent Hawes
Douglas Mabry
Jack Mathis
John Murdock
Randall D. Peeler
Marshall White

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
William Butler
Edward Carter
Mack Coggins
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
Henry Glover
Troy Gilland
William Harding
John Hamm
Marvin King
Feldman Lane
Charles McCoyle
Roy Mumford
John Robbins
James Roberson
John Reep
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Wallace Woody
Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Beamon Heath
J. P. Morgan
J. P. Sutton
Bennie Wilhelm

INDIAN COTTAGE

John T. Lawry
Thomas Wilson

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
DEC 1 6 1940

THE UPLIFT

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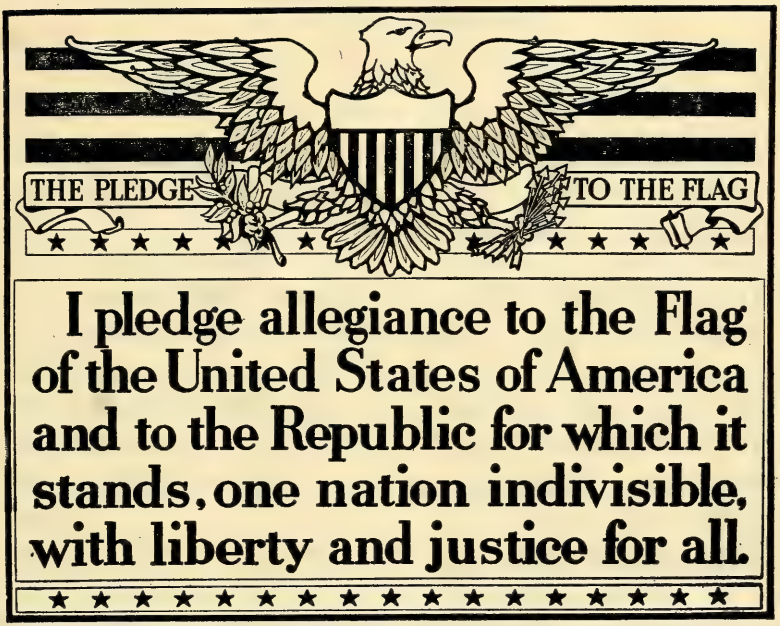

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE BOOK OF BOOKS

No fragment of an army ever survived so many battles; no citadel ever withstood so many sieges; no rock was ever battered by so many hurricanes and so swept by storms, and yet it stands. It has seen the rise and fall of Daniel's four empires. Assyria bequeaths a few mutilated figures to the riches of our national museums. Media and Persia, like Babylon, which they conquered, have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Greece faintly survives in its historic fame, and iron Rome of the Caesars has long since ceased to boast. And yet the Book which fortells all this still survives.

While nations, kings, philosophers, systems, institutions have died away, the Bible engages now men's deepest thoughts, in examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more assailed, more defended and more denied, more industriously translated and freely given to the world, more honored and more abused, than any other book the world ever saw.

It survives all changes; itself unchanged; it moves all minds, yet is moved by none; it sees all things decay, itself incorruptible; it sees myriads of other boons engulfed in the stream of time, yet it is borne along till the mystic angel shall plant his foot upon the sea and swear Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer.—H. L. Lane.

—o—

WOODROW WILSON

Woodrow Wilson, an American educator, historian and statesman, a notable president of Princeton University, governor of New Jersey, and twenty-eighth President of the United States, was born at Staunton, Virginia, December 28, 1856. No President since the days of Lincoln was ever confronted by more stupendous problems than Woodrow Wilson had to face. His influence extended far in the readjustment of financial and economic matters, but, most important, he was made to bear the very heavy burden of war. Personally a man of peace, he was forced to lead the nation in the most terrible conflict in the history of mankind. It is one of the inter-

esting facts of his life that, for more than a quarter of a century, the science of government was his hobby; he studied about it, talked, wrote, and taught about it. Then, while still in the prime of life, he was called on to put his theories into practice, first as governor and then as President.

It is perhaps a generation too early for a correct appraisal of Woodrow Wilson as a statesman; yet certain facts are clear. That he was one of the greatest American Presidents is evident. He was a man in whom intellectual keenness and great strength of character were combined. He shaped the course of a great nation along lines which it had never pursued, and it may not be too much to say that, when the last history of his administration is to be written, possibly the declaration may stand unchallenged that Woodrow Wilson inaugurated a new era.

After his retirement from the Presidency he purchased a home in Washington, where he lived quitely until his death, which occurred on February 3, 1924, His body lies in the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, in Washington. His name and memory are perpetuated in the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, established in December, 1920, and organized on a permanent basis in January, 1922, The income from the fund of the Foundation, all of which was voluntarily subscribed, is used to honor persons or organizations for their contributions to international friendship.

* * * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF CHRISTIAN TRAINING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

A man on a trip to Northern Canada in the spring of the year found the roads almost impassable. The thawing of the frozen ground had made travel exceedingly difficult. At one cross-roads he noticed a sign-board which read: "Take care which rut you choose. You'll be in it for the next twenty-five miles." Young people are in that period of life when they are choosing the channels in which their lives are to run. Christian training is essential for them if they are to choose wisely and well.

What can Christian training do? It can give young people a sense of values. It can instill into them the supreme importance of living a good life, one based on the teachings and life of Jesus,

and enable them to see the value of placing service above self. Further, it can give a sense of God's presence in all of life. To think of life and to try to live life while leaving God out of consideration is more absurd than trying to play Hamlet with Hamlet left out. It is to guarantee for oneself a life of emptiness, futility, and frustration.

Christian training can challenge young people to enlist their energies in a cause greater than themselves. Jesus said, "He that loseth his life shall find it." Christian teaching holds up One who laid down His life for the cause of human brotherhood, and challenges youth to follow Him.

The purpose of the Christian training of young people is to build Christian character. There is far too little of that precious commodity in the world today. Every enterprise which has for its purpose the building of Christian character, the guiding of young life into the right channels—such an enterprise as the Jackson Training School—deserves the wholehearted support of all Christian people.

* * * * * * * * *

YOUTH SPEAKS

After reading an article in The Readers Digest, concerning the youth of to-day, we are still of the same opinion, that young people do far more serious thinking than they are credited with. This article, written by Dr. George Gallup, entitled "American Youth Speaks Up," tells a story that confirms the belief that young people are alert as to public issues. Dr. George Gallup is usually safe in his estimate of public questions. The following we give below show that the young people do much thinking;

"Do you think you have as good a chance to get ahead as your parents had?" 47%, better; 40%, just as good—87%, "yes."

"Do you think jobs are obtained on a basis of ability, on a basis of luck, or on a basis of 'pull'?" Ability, 50%; "Pull," 31%; Luck, 6%; Combination, 10%.

"Do you think every able-bodied young man 20 years old should be made to serve in the Army, Navy, or air force for a year?" Yes, 68%; no, 32%.

"Under selective conscription, will you, personally, have any

objection to spending a year in some branch of the military service?" No, 76%.

"Would you favor changing to a different form of government in this country if it would promise you more in the way of a job?" No, 88%.

"American youth," concludes Dr. Gallup, "is tough-fibered, loyal and hopeful. The young people believe this is a good country, worth working and fighting for. They have faith in the future. They are not radical—in fact they are surprisingly conservative in their views."

* * * * * * * *

MORE CARE ON HIGHWAYS AND STREETS

Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division continues to warn the people of the danger on the highways and on the streets. He emphasizes that just a casual walk for exercise is attended with great danger unless every step is watched. He states that unless the unexpected happens, the year 1940 will claim a toll of more than 100 pedestrian lives in our state; that forty-nine have already occurred and of these two were in the city and forty-seven were in rural areas. This proves that there is as much danger on the highways as in the city. The report also shows that there were seven fatalities under four years of age, and thirteen above sixty-five years of age.

"Walking is dangerous business nowadays unless the pedestrian uses his head as well as his feet," Hocutt commented. "Little tots who are not old enough to think for themselves and who know nothing of the dangers of traffic, and old people whose step is slower and whose eyesight is failing are particularly susceptible to danger in traffic these days."

"If our pedestrian death rate is to be reduced," he added, "old people must learn to keep out of traffic as much as possible and to be extremely cautious when they have to walk in traffic, parents must keep their children out of the streets and roadway, and every pedestrian must obey all the rules of safe walking, such as: In rural areas, walk on the left, facing traffic; at night, carry a light or wear something white; always look both ways before crossing, and cross the street only at intersections."

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

For many years, since the opening of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for boys, this little paper has carried what is known as the "Boys' Christmas Fund." It is not necessary to explain what this fund means, for the friends of this institution know that in this manner they are priviledged to contribute towards a fund that is used to give to the underprivileged boy a happy Christmas. It is easy to understand that in a crowd of 500 boys, approximately the number we have here, there are some who have neither kith nor kin to remember them during this Yuletide season. We feel sure the interest in the underprivileged boy has not waned, therefore, we start off our Christmas Fund as usual. We thank our friends for their generous contributions in the past and feel sure that the Boys' Christmas Fund of 1940 will equal, if not surpass that of previous years.

10-13-8	$25.00
Miss Lena Leslie, Concord,	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	5.00
Mrs. T. L. Ross, Concord,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
New Hanover County, by J. R. Hollis, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Wilmington,	10.00
A Friend, Greenville, S. C.	2.50
Anson County, by Miss Mary Robinson, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Wadesboro,	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Davidson County, by E. Clyde Hunt, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Lexington,	5.00
Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Salisbury,	5.00
W. E. Stanley, Superintendent Public Welfare, Durham,	10.00
The Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund,	218.88

SOUTH CAROLINA HONORS WILSON

By Norman C. Schlichter

Americans in the South, especially in South Carolina, easily remember that December 28 is the birthday of Woodrow Wilson, since that state has a holiday in his honor. But many other Americans do not remember so well, and in these days it is easier than ever to forget that this former President accomplished wonderful social reforms.

Only those blinded hopelessly by party bias will fail to give Woodrow Wilson the credit he deserves for his courage and tireless determination in bringing about much for the social good in our country.

He fought single-handed mostly for the things he conceived to be beneficial to his fellow countrymen.

I once heard Dr. John R. Mott, a trusted friend and adviser, Wilson's choice for his successor as president of Princeton University, refer to him as "that lonely man in the White House."

His work in connection with a strong League of Nations which was peculiarly his, has overshadowed his other national efforts to bring about greater everyday happiness to millions.

Although often thought of as an intellectual, cold type of man Wilson was indeed very human and had a great passion for righting social wrongs.

His father had been a poor man, and he himself, during the first years of his married life, kept house on but $1,000 a year. He never forgot those experiences which awakened in him deep sympathy for every one of his fellow men who has had to struggle to make ends meet. And this he knew was the condition of the vast majority of our working people. Of course, he well knew that they were much better off at the worst than they would have been in any other country on earth.

While he didn't succeed in making the world safe for democracy, nevertheless he had a passion for this form of government that was as deep as any American ever possessed, and it was this passion that led him to take an interest in the betterment of the common man.

Let us not forget, especially on this birthday anniversary, that it was Wilson who achieved by his enthusiastic leadership and fighting spirit national workmen's compensation laws, the elimination of child labor to a greater degree than ever attained before him, the seamen's act, for which he has the everlasting gratitude of our men who sail the seas for a livelihood; and the eight-hour day as basic in industry he brought about.

Since money questions are the most prominent before us now we must also keep Wilson in mind as the one who gave us the Federal Reserve act, and who led the fight for the most effective of our anti-trust laws.

It was my privilege to see in Paris the demonstrations of the French masses for this man who was considered after the great war and up to the time of his tragic passing the world's greatest peace idealist.

I had also the unpleasant experience, because he was my President,

of seeing the Italian masses, who had received him with incomparable acclaim only a few months before, vent their wrath against him as a result of his views on the status of their city of Fiume during the peace conference.

It was indeed a convincing demonstration of the vicissitudes of political fame. Streets that had been named for him in all the chief cities were rechanged back to their old names.

As time throws light on this incident it was one of the situations in which the Scotch in him didn't do its duty.

He once explained to George Creel, who was surprised at his very great slowness and care in making his decisions for one so outwardly impetuous, "The Irish in me is forever crying, 'Up and at 'em, Woodrow! But you must remember that half of me is Scotch. And.. the.. Scotch.. always reaches out, grabs me by the coat tail, and says, 'Better wait a minute, Woodrow, and see where you are going.' "

In this case his abstract theory may have been right but it was the wrong time to apply to it, and the President had had to compromise it in one or two conspicuous instances before the Fiume dispute came up for settlement. And it was these compromises that were the fuel for the flames of patriotic passion skillfully fed them by Italian leaders, especially D'Annunzio, the poet.

Others, who should know, also explain his haste and hot-headedness in this situation as the result of the nervous strain that was already beginning to end in the complete collapse later on.

Speaking of Mr. Creel, so recently in the national spotlight as Upton Sinclair's opponent, few men knew Wilson better than he did, or had better chances to know him as President.

"The thing that most impressed me was his naturalness, his perfect simplicity," Mr. Creel once wrote a few years after Wilson's death. "One afternoon my secretary burst in the door, his face white, and stuttered the news that the 'P-P-P-President' was outside. Mr. Wilson followed him, and after shaking hands said he had been walking by and thought he'd stop in to see what sort of quarters I had fixed up for myself.

" 'Come on, now,' he laughed as I leaped up and began pushing chairs around, 'don't treat me like company.' "

In the same writeup Mr. Creel also tells another story that illustrates the humanity of the President who was destined to carry one of the greatest loads that any human spirit in the history of mankind has had to bear.

It was when suffragettes were picketing the White House and carrying banners that berated the President for his refusal to make Congress submit a constitutional amendment. They had gone the limit in their abuse of the President on a particular cold winter afternoon. "I found Mr. Wilson," says Mr. Creel, "at the front window of the White House much worried lest those women should catch cold.

" 'Go out there,' he said, calling a servant, 'and ask those women if they won't come inside. It's not a day for them to be out.' "

Time has already tested the value

of the many good things in the new deal which Woodrow Wilson helped our Government to give us. These very words, now so common, New Deal, should help all Americans to remember his birthday with grateful hearts.

When will Virginia, his native State, follow South Carolina's tribute to Woodrow Wilson?

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MAKING AUTO BODIES FROM COTTON

Experts in their campaign to find new uses for cotton report now the latest is automobile bodies which they say are almost indestructible.

Henry Ford is given credit for this newest discovery and The Cotton Trade Journal says the idea is to make the bodies from plastic instead of from iron.

The base of plastic is cotton and reports from Detroit describe Mr. Ford as taking an axe to a brand new car built with the new body and not denting a fender. The new car bumps into lamp posts and bounds slowly back without a scratch.

To begin with, there is no paint to be scratched for the plastic is the same shiny color all the way through. Nothing serious occurs when one car's fender scrapes against another's fender. The new material is stronger than steel, lighter, cheaper. Parts of a car which are bent out of shape quickly snap back into their original shape when the pressure is released. The sheets of the new plastic look like sheets of polished steel.

The promise is that the new Ford bodies will be in mass production in from one to three years. A complicated mass of raw materials go into the new plastic, including cotton, wheat, corn, soybeans, hides, lard, blue pine pitch, alcohol, flax and numerous other items. The sheets of the new material are heat moulded under tremendous pressure in a one thousand ton steel press. The average annual output of the Ford company runs around one million cars and to make the bodies for this output would take 100,000 bales of cotton, for the plastic alone in addition to the cotton always used for other parts. Should the idea succeed, there seems to be no good reason why all cars should not have plastic bodies, thereby finding use for several hundred thousand bales of cotton.

—Concord Daily Tribune.

THE MARCH PAST

By Kendall Emerson, M. D.

Fifty- three ytars ago there was a young physician in Edinburgh named Dr. Robert Philip. He decided to specialize in tuberculosis, a disease at that time ravaging the the homes in Scotland as it was ravaging homes in all parts of the civilized world.

Five years earlier, in 1882, the germ of consumption had been discovered and doctors knew that the disease was not hereditary, as had been believed up to that time, but was spread by direct infection from one person to another. Young Dr. Philip pointed out that, while tuberculosis was in truth not hereditary, nevertheless it was a "family disease," in the sense that if one member of a family was ill with consumption most, perhaps all, of the rest of the household were likely to be infected and to break down later with the familiar symptoms.

Any preventive measures to be effective must take into account this obvious fact of the spread of the disease through direct contact with others . Dr. Philip preached the necessity of discovering these contact cases before the disease had progressed to a serious degree. The device which he employed was the diagonostic tuberculosis clinic, then known as a dispensary, the first one of which he established in Edinburgh in 1887.

When a case of consumption was diagnosed, Dr. Philip at once called into the clinic all members of the patient's immediate and remote family who might have come into close touch with the invalid. These he examined in turn for early signs of the disease. As families were of considerable size in those days the procedure was often prolonged and took on a certain formality. He referred to it humorously as his daily "March Past" of persons who had been exposed to infection. The name has clung as a tradition in this first of all tuberculosis clinics, which is still operating in his native city.

From that diagnostic clinic many similar ones have sprung and today there are more than 1,000 in the United States alone. They are fulfilling the objective, the early discovery of the disease in a state where it can be prevented from developing, or be cured, if it has already gained some foothold. Thousands of human beings once threatened with tuberculosis, who have been marching past the discerning eye of clinic physicians ever since that day, are alive and well on this fifty-third anniversary of the first tuberculosis dispensary.

New discoveries, the tuberculin skin test and the X-ray, have added to the effectiveness of the diagnostic clinic, but the principle upon which it was founded has not changed. The vision of its originator was prophetic, and he was spared to watch the progressive development of his idea into one of our powerful weapons in the fight to control tuberculosis.

From this brief account the man

in the street can glean a hint of his duty to society. Tuberculosis is a disease. Therefore, it has its immediate classification in the realm of medicine. But tuberculosis is also an infection, spread from one person who has it to another who has not, during the family and business contacts of daily life. Therefore, tuberculosis is a social problem as well as a disease.

Now the signs of early tuberculous infection are subtle, often quite unrecognized by the infected individual until the disease has progressed to a danger-point for himself and to the point where he, in turn, has become dangerous to others because of the presence of the living germs of disease in his sputum. The only hope, then, of preventing such spread and ultimately of eradicating the disease itself is to assure yourself from time to time that you are not one of the unconscious hosts of the tubercle bacillus, a menace to yourself and your family. The periodic health examination is one effective method of preventing such a potential tragedy. Futhermore, in case you know of some definite exposure from close contact with an active case of the disease, your watchfulness should be multiplied and you should insist on calling in the aid of the X-ray which will reveal even the tiny beginnings of trouble in the lung and give warning of needed care and caution.

Most of all, our social obligation is toward the protection of our children. In most communities a third to a half of them have been exposed to a mild invasion of the germs of consumption before they are of high school age. It is highly important to know which of a student group have been thus exposed, because from this number will come the great marjority of those who will break down later with active tuberculous disease. This need not be so. The reason for such catastrophes is our lack of knowledge regarding just which children are in danger and our consequent failure to give them the medical and common-sense protection which will make such breakdowns highly improbable.

Fifty-three years ago, Dr. Robert Philip gave us our cue. We are slow learners and our apathy and indifferences do no credit either to our intelligence or our humanity. We could celebrate this Christmas in no better way than to purchase Christmas seals and to line up as a nation for a country-wide attack on tuberculosis. By doing this we will make headway against our ancient enemy, tuberculosis, and make a long stride foward in its final eradication.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unsion with all mankind.

—Edmund Goose.

GIVE THEM THEIR RIGHT TO LIVE

(Sanatorium Sun)

"Protect us from tuberculosis," the children on this year's Christmas Seal make their plea—a plea sharply appropriate at their age. It is as if they knew the danger past and the danger ahead from tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis charts a strange course through the years of life, veering in and out among boys and girls, men and women, never giving any period in life a clear berth, but choosing certain years—the young, active, productive years—for its most violent attacks.

Seldom thought of as one of the so-called childhood diseases, tuberculosis kills more children under ten years of age than does either diphtheria or scarlet fever. During these young years, the disease attacks little boys and girls alike showing little of the grim preference it does later.

When the 'teens are reached, tuberculosis rapidly advances to take more lives than any other disease. During these years, the scythe swings more deadly among girls than among boys. Why? Science, as yet, does not know.

During the twenties, tuberculosis continues to take more lives than any other disease and it still kills more young women than young men. But during the thirties, the toll of lives among men begins to mount and throughout the remaining years of life more men fall with the disease than women.

Tuberculosis is still the greatest enemy of youth, taking more lives between the ages of 15 and 45 than any other disease.

What can be done to meet the plea for the years ahead of the children on the seal? Scientists, medical men, health departments, and the tuberculosis associations throughout the country are answering their plea as quickly and fully as possible.

But there is no vaccine for the prevention of tuberculosis. There is no drug for the cure of the disease. Knowledge of the characteristics of the disease—how it is caught, how it can be prevented, how it affects the body, how it can be treated—and the spreading of such knowledge are our only real weapons.

Tuberculosis education must be universal. Tuberculosis is an infectious disease and can be in an advanced stage before the victim is aware he has it. During the months or years that tuberculosis can hide behind apparently healthy looks, it is destroying the chances of recovery of the victim and spreading the germs to many others.

We all must know such facts as these about tuberculosis. No child is safe from the disease until all children are safe. To educate a nation and at the same time finance medical research in its undaunted quest for more and more knowledge about tuberculosis takes money.

We are the sole means of support of the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated associations throughout the country. We give

only small contributions. One dollar, two dollars, five dollars from us is little enough to give to children, our children, who are asking for a chance to live out their lives free from the danger of tuberculosis.

SLAMMING—

Slamming is a very bad habit, indeed, as in the nature of the case, slamming is violent and things that are slammed never look the same. Thus, from their earliest days persons are warned not to slam.

They are warned not to slam the front door because slamming makes a lot of unnecessary noise, strains the hinges and causes nervous people to jump out of their skins. They are warned not to slam their books about, as books are valuable and should be handled with care (even our own textbooks).

They are warned not to slam their shoes on the floor, as this practice is highly annoying to persons in the room underneath. They are warned not to slam in the drawers of their desk and bureaus, as it will cost a lot of money to have them repaired and, mind you, that money will probably come out of their allowance.

They are warned not to slam windows, for, the first thing they know, the jar will smash a pane or snap a window cord and require the services of a carpenter. They are warned not to slam shutters, for shutters will not stand such rough treatment indefinitely and one of these days one of them will fly off its hinges and be smashed to bits on the ground below.

They are warned not to slam the lids of trunks, suitcases, or hat boxes, galvanized buckets, the tops of window seats, bridge tables, logs of wood on the antique andirons, garden gates, silver plated meat dishes, cocktail trays, dictionaries, encyclopedias, atlases and other valuable books of reference; nor yet again their brothers and sisters.

From the cradle up they are educated in the iniquity, the destructiveness, lack of necessity, the thoughtlessness, the selfishness, the barbarity, the inexcusability, the inconsideration and the virtual criminality of slamming. They are taught to look upon something slammed, even unintentionally, as a cause for mortification, regret and apology.

And that, perhaps, explains why most people act so timidly half-heartedly and ineffectually when the owner of an automobile which they are riding admonishes them: "You have to slam that door hard, if you want it to shut."—Selected.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

(Concord Daily Tribune)

The sergeant's voices rattled down the roll like a marble bouncing down a flight of wooden steps. Name followed name, and a ringing "Here!" from the ranks followed each. New York's "Old sixty-Ninth" was being inducted into federal service. As the Company D roll progressed, a name suddenly rang like a bell.

"Kilmer!"

Clear and strong came the response: "Here, sir!"

A tall dark-eyed youth of 23 was answering. He was Christopher Kilmer. He was a babe in arms when his father sailed away with the same company and regiment in 1918 —Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.

Twenty-two years! And Joyce Kilmer's son picks up the rifle that dropped from his father's hands in France 11 years ago.

"Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor.

"You will not them any more."

So Joyce Kilmer wrote of some of his comrades of Company D, dead in the Rouge Bouquet, shortly before he joined them in death.

True, most of the men of Company D, a rifle company almost wiped out in the Rouge Bouquet, had no need for rifles anymore. But Kilmer and millions of other young Americans of his generation had a higher vision. They hoped, they dreamed, that nobody would need them any more.

It was not to be. The world was not ready for that. It turned in less than 20 years back to the rifle. And while today's emergency is not that of 1917, while there is no Rouge Bouquet immediately facing the young men who are picking up rifles today, the world is such that still another generation must learn to march and shoot.

Kilmer's son, and the son of thousands of other World War soldiers now find it is their turn to become trained defenders of their country. Just as the fathers of Kilmer's generation had gone to Cuba and the had met at Gettysburg and Antietam.

Never have Americans hesitated, when need came, to answer "Here, sir!" They do not hesitate today. The young men registering for service are worthy heirs to a tradition, a continuity, that is greater than any of us.

Their willingness makes all the more sacred the obligation that it shall not be abused. We arm and train these men with malice toward none, but only with the resolute determination to defend what is our own—our land, our institutions, and our rights. To allow the willingness of today's generation of fine young Americans to be squandered on any lesser objective would be a betrayal too black to contemplate.

A man lifts vastly more with his influence than by his muscle.

PATCHWORK

By L. F. M. in Charity & Children

Townspeople and visitors in Winston-Salem on Wednesday, November 13, were presented with a strange and sinister sight. The day itself was dark and squally, with dirty ragged clouds and much wind and driving rain. Smoke lay heavily over the city, mingling with the rain and adding to the general murkiness and gloom.

From the top of the Reynolds Building, were the Star-Spangled Banner was proudly floated in the past, waved a new flag—large, rectangular and ominously black. On a calm day the sight would have been depressing enough, but in Wednesday's storm it took on an aspect of terror. Seen through the rain and the smoke, with the gray November sky as a backdrop, the black banner being whipped and twisted by the merciless wind might have been devised by Poe as a portent of death and disaster. It was in truth, a symbol of tragedy, a flag of death, dramatizing an ever-present threat to the lives and happiness of peaceful citizens.

Up until Tuesday, thirty-two persons had lost their lives in traffic accidents in Forsyth county during 1940. It was estimated that if the present rate continued, ten more lives would be lost before the year was ended. The black flag atop the Reynolds building on Wednesday was just one part of a safety campaign designed to save as many of those ten lives as possible before January, 1941. It was flown as a reminder that Fred A. King of Yadkinville had been killed as he was entering Winston-Salem the night before, thus bringing the number of traffic fatalities for the year up to thirty-three. It will be flown again for twenty-four hours every time there is a fatal accident from now on. A white flag will be subsituted for the black on those days when no traffic fatality has occurred during the preceding twenty-four hours.

In the meantime state, county and city officials continue to collaborate in one of the most intensive safety campaigns ever undertaken. The program includes the organization of bicycle clubs throughout the school system, the showing of moving pictures illustrating the importance of care in operating bicycles to Western Union and Postal Telegraph messenger boys, the showing of other safety films to groups of taxi drivers and truck drivers throughout the city, and plans for the organization of a citizens' safety committee. The proposed committee will carry the educational program into business and industrial groups by arranging for talks on the safe operation of bicycle and motor vehicles.

The sight of the black flag last Wednesday so soon after the campaign had got underway was naturally discouraging to the citizens of Winston-Salem and Forsyth county who were hoping to save ten lives between now and New Year's by having no more fatal accidents. It may be hoped, however, that the memory of the

grisly things writhing in the wind as through engaged in a frenzied danse macabre, may exert a restraining influence on motorist and pedestrians, not only for the rest of this year but on into 1941 as well.

Despite all the talk about safety, and despite the fact that it is hard to find a person accustomed to automobile travel who has not at some time been in an accident, we are still woefully indifferent to the danger that lurks on the highways and in congested city areas. Reports of air raids and earthquakes in foregn lands fill us with horror, but we still think it's smart to beat the red light even though we have to break the speed limit in order to do it. The citizens of Forsyth county are determined to change the situation in their locality, as the citizens in other parts of the United States have succeeded in doing. From being one of the most dangerous sections of North Carolina we may expect it to become one of the safest.

As I watched the black flag of death waving over Winston-Salem's tallest building, I thought of flags in the nationals of a conquered country general and of the bitterness and pain must feel as they see their own loved flag being replaced by that of the enemy. (In former times, by the way, a black flag, with or without a skull and crossbones, was the acknowledged symbol of piracy.) While Forsyth county's black flag, like any other flag, is no more than a symbol and probably the least important phase of the anti-accident campaign, I can imagine that the people of Winston-Salem were more than a little relieved to see it replaced on Thursday morning by the white flag of safety.

FRIENDSHIP

True friendship is ever fine and beautiful, but it is not accomplished with handshaking. There must be an exchange of something rich and sweet, something that will enliven the heart with happiness. There must be some service, no matter how small, that will endure.

Knowing many people does not necessarily determine many friends. True friendship is not based upon how many people we can call by their first names, but upon what we have done, willingly, for each other. Maybe in a lapse of a week or a month we meet many people and then meet them years later and recognize their faces and not know their hearts. Then that is not friendship but mere acquaintance, for there can be no real lasting friendship where the heart is not involved or revealed.—Beverly Coleman.

SAY IT

(Selected)

Silence is golden when someone is playing Chopin, or when the thrush is singing. But when there is really cause for something to say, silence is sheer stone-age stupidity.

I was riding in a bus one day when there was an accident. Women and children, bruised and cut with flying glass, became panicky. The driver took charge of everybody and everything at once, helping the injured, marshaling witnesses, sending someone to telephone for the ambulance, and keeping calm under the unjust abuse of the truck driver who had run into him. After the ambulance had come, the driver got into his seat, wiped some blood off his eyebrow, and started to finish his run with his battered bus. Said a man next to him, "I'm going to report you!" Indignantly, I began to intervene, but he hastened on: "For efficiency and courtesy. If you'll tell me where to write, and give me your name, I'll tell your company you're the best man in a pinch I ever saw."

"Gee, Mister," said the driver, letting out a long breath, "I wish there was more in the world like you.

When Robert Browning wrote this he had never met the recipient; he simply yielded to the impulse in his heart as he excitedly scrawled:

"I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett . . . the fresh, strange music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos, and true new brave thought; but in thus addressing myself to you, your own self, and for the first time, my feeling rises altogether. I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart—and I love you too."

Gasping but delighted at his audacity, Elizabeth Barrett of Wimpole Street dashed off instantly her reply: "I thank you dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart. Such a letter from such a hand! Sympathy is dear—very dear to me, but the sympathy of a poet, is the very quintessence of sympathy to me."

All the world knows of the romance that followed.

———o———

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize, after all, what a beautiful thing it is to work, and live, and be happy.

—R. L. Stevenson

HOW WAR HAS CHANGED

(Baptist Standard)

When men fought each other in primitive days they used their fists, rocks and clubs. This continued for a good while and all fighting was "hand-to-hand."

One day somebody invented a bow and arrows. This invention changed war and put the soldiers a few yards away from each other part of the time, but they still grappled with each other, using hand-to-hand weapons, especially knives and spears.

Later gun powder was made, guns were invented and war became more destructive of life and property. Armies were organized, trained and commanded from the standpoint of the new inventions as they came along. The bow changed the rocks and clubs kind of war. Powder changed the bows and arrows kind of war and introduced unthought-of methods of producing death and destruction by wholesale.

The submarine was invented and every ship was immediately in danger of being torpedoed to the bottom of the sea.

Then the Wright brothers invented the airplane and again war was changed. It is beyond a doubt more changed by the airplane than any living man realizes. The imagination is dazed and appalled at the possibilities of the rapid destruction of cities, ground armies, defenses, battleships, and everything that can be bombed or attacked in any way by an air antagonist. The whole method of war will be different from now on. Cities will be destroyed in a day. Armies on the ground will be utterly helpless. General Sherman said,"War is hell." It is "hell" many times more intensified than it was in 1864. The time has come for the entire human race to give it most serious thought and do something about it consistently with the spirit of patriotism in great nations.

Amazing as it may appear, Jesus of Nazareth uttered one short sentence which, if universally obeyed, would stop all war and build a perfect preventive of war. Here it is: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Everybody approves this statement. It is the cure, the only cure, for war. The gospel ought to be preached earnestly and practiced to the ends of the earth. David Lloyd George spoke the undeniable truth when he said, "It is Christ or chaos for this world."

The biggest menace to mankind is the trivial thinking of pretty minds. A first rate mind is like a cocoanut in a village of peanuts.—Selected

TIME TO BE BEAUTIFUL

(Selected)

No matter with what handicap Nature may start Modern Woman in the matter of appearance, she is the master of her fate. Just look at the magazines, if you don't believe it. They are full of pictures of mousey-looking creatures who turned as if by magic into fashionably lovely women. By care in the matter of diet and exercise, by proper cleansing of the skin and grooming of the hands and hair, by artistic choice of clothes and make-up, a woman may make decided improvements on Nature's original production.

Of course, it does take time. No bulging of the waist, no flabbiness of the hips was ever removed in a day. Only patient, systematic exercise will do it. No muddy complexion was ever cleared up without weeks, months —even years—of attention to diet and the general laws of hygiene. It takes faith in the possibility of finally achieving beauty. It takes time.

There are some women who take time to carry on a real beauty program, and they are very nice to look at. No mere man has the appreciation of feminine beauty that another woman has. Only another woman can understand the effort that has been expended to achieve the finished result.

Nature does have a few special pets to whom she has given an unusual share of what is called "Natural Endowment." Yet age takes its toll of everyone, and to retain beauty, if not to create it, Nature needs help.

The fashion magazines will tell you how time can be made to contribute to your appearance instead of detracting from it. "Frankly Forty," "The Woman of Fifty," "Age Can Be Beautiful." The older woman gets her share of advice these days.

Much of it is quite all right. We should present to the world as attractive a face and figures as possible. There is no particular virtue in looking dowdy and unkempt. All unnecessarily drab appearance smaks to me of flaunting good works. If I weren't afraid of doing that utterly un-Lutheran thing, quoting Scripture out of contex, I might back up my statement with the words, "But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face that thou appear not unto men to fast."

However, there is another sort of beauty that even the most wordly writers of "Beauty Hints" recognize: a loveliness of mind and soul, without which the most carefully groomed body is an empty shell. How distressingly often we meet very pretty women about whom we finally say, "Beautiful but dumb." The outside is all right, but there is "nobody home."

This spiritual loveliness takes time, also. It takes will power, self-control and faith in the possibility of finally achieving beauty. It takes a steady diet of devotional literature. It requires systematic exercise in the establishment of Christian attitude toward life. It requires both cleansing and lubrication of the mind.

WHO TRAVELS ALONE

By E. Mark Phillips

Eric Davincourt merely looked annoyed as the soup bowl being placed before him rattled in its plate. He did not look up from his reading. He knew who was the owner of the big, red hand serving him so clumsily. Johnny Corber waited table noon and night at Charley's Cafe, where most of the students ate. Also, he roomed across the dormitory court from Eric, and was in most of his classes in civil engineering at Westcote. Since he did not look up, he did not see that Johnny's eyes were bloodshot and that Johnny's pleasant face looked tired and a bit palish.

Johnny said, "Sorry," then Rusty Garwood, captain of the football and hockey teams, coming noisily into the cafe with two friends, hailed him, "Hiya, Johnny! Steaks for three with trimmings."

"Okey Cap," Johnny grinned, and disappeared kitchenward as the three piled into the booth opposite Davincourt. When they had settled themselves, Giles Lance leaned across the table and spoke in a lowered voice to Mick Flinter.

"I hated to see Johnny get that ribbing in structure design class, didn't you?"

"Sure, but Prof. Munson takes no fooling, and Johnny's work has taken a slump lately," Mick told him.

"Maybe he's doing too much outside work," Giles said.

"He has always done it," Rusty put in. He was a senior while the others were a year behind him. "His people live back in the hills, somewhere. They can't help him much. But he had better watch his step. If he loses his scholarship for his last year he will be in a bad way."

"I didn't know Johnny had any people," Mick said.

"He doesn't, of his own. He lost his parents in Mexico, when he was about ten. His dad was a civil engineer there."

"That's why he knows Spanish like a native. It's a good thing, with so many jobs popping up in Latin America. I was finishing up a paper for Senor Thomas after class yesterday when the Lone Wolf came in to ask about a special tutor. Said he didn't have time to get any classes in. Senor Thomas suggested Johnny. The guy looked insulted and...."

"Sh!" Rusty warned. Mick's voice had unconsciously risen. "He's over there."

There was a faint tinge of color in Eric Davincourt's face as it bent now over his soup bowl. He didn't glance in the direction of the three pairs of eyes that had turned toward him. In an extremely short time he finished his soup, picked up his book, his hat and overcoat and left the booth.

"Say, I know he didn't finish dinner. I'm sure he heard you, Mick," Rusty said regretfully.

"Well, he is a lone wolf," Mickey defended himself. "Living alone, never trying to make friends, never going out for any of the sports. What's he getting in training for when he gradutes next year—a nice, private, air-cooled office? Some engineer he'll make."

At least he does work hard," Giles

said, "and he's at the head of all our classes, you know."

Then Johnny bore down on them with loaded tray.

"How's practice for the cross-country skiing race coming fella?" Rusty asked him. "Have't seen you out lately."

"I'm getting in some practice on the side." Johnny said briefly, emptying his tray.

"How come?" Rusty looked surprised. Funny none of them ever saw him out. But Johnny had already gone to another table.

In the meantime, Eric Davincourt, the collar of his coat pulled up against the cold, his feet crunching in the hard-packed snow, was crossing the dimly lighted campus, his thoughts angry. Other students passed him in pairs and groups. Sounds of other voices, happy voices, came to him. Only he was alone.

Sure, he didn't need Mick Flinter to tell him they called him the Lone Wolf. And that was what he wanted to be. Kipling was right when he said,"....he travels the fastest who travles alone." He had to travel fast, didn't he? He couldn't have friends taking up his time, nor a lot of outside interests. He didn't have plenty of money, nor family and friends to back him. He was alone. He had to make time and money count.

Almost two years ago he had finished his second year at a big eastern college. He had no worries. His invested inheritance gave him a comfortable income. Of course, he was going to get a job after graduation, but there was no worry about that. Then, almost over night, most of his security went when the company in which it was invested failed.

He had never made intimate friends. He had never told others his worries. When his mind recovered from the blow dealt it, he began to make plans. He looked about for a cheaper college with a good engineering department. Westcote seemed the answer.

His little bit of money and his time he budgeted carefully. Besides summer studying, he had to have three crowded years here. And I had to be so outstanding in his work that Dean Summerwell, head of the department, would recommend him for a job. That was why he roomed alone, even if it was expensive. Roommates took up lots of time.

His first year grades had been very high. And he hadn't had time to think about being lonely. And wasn't his work going well now? He was just imagining that his professors weren't entirely pleased with him. What if the fellows never even asked him to join them for a meal? It gave him all the more time for his work.

But when he reached his room he didn't go on with his work. He didn't even snap on the light. He crossed to the window and raised

"My, my, I've heard Johnny talk about you. Says you're the smartest boy in the class."

Eric reddened, then slid into the chair she had pulled out. "You—you mean Johnny comes out every morning?" he said, more to change the subject than to get information.

"He wouldn't hear to anything else when Jim—that's Mr. Wilson, my husband—took sick. Thank goodness he'll be up and about in about a week or two now. Payin' a hired

hand would have set us back in our payments on the little place near the highway we're moving to next spring, and it seemed a shame to sell our six milk cows when we got such a nice start. But I'd rather do it than have Johnny lose out. Haven't you thought he's looking sort of peaked lately?" She poured herself a cup of coffee and set down opposite Eric.

Eric avoided her friendly, searching eyes. He couldn't tell her he had never taken time to see how Johnny looked. He took a swallow of coffee and almost choked on it. "Is—is Johnny a close relative of yours?" he asked desparately.

"No kin at all, but I reckon he's better to us than most sons," the woman told him, her tired face lighting. "His ma's father lived on a little place near us. He lived a year after Johnny came back alone from Mexico. His place was sold for taxes. Johnny came over to stay with us a while and somehow he just stayed on. It was a blessing to us he did, as we've said a thousand times. My, I don't believe you like oatmeal. Here, the ham and biscuits are done, anyway." She jumped up and hurried to the stove.

But Eric was up too. Somehow, it had swept over him like a blast how useless and selfish all he had ever done was. Who could say that he had been a blessing to them? He had the terrible feeling that he was suffocating. He must do something about it!

"Listen, Mrs. Wilson," he said quickly, earnestly, to the startled woman. "Don't tell Johnny I was here. But you'll see me again, lots of times. I'll be bringing Johnny out in my jallopy every morning. Don't worry about him any more. We're going to be rooming together and helping each other." He was gone.

Why was his heart so light when he had taken on such a huge order, said good-bye to his precious spare time, his privacy? But all he could think about was a convincing story for Johnny. Why, of course. Johnny could tutor him in Spanish. Of course, it would seem reasonable for them to room together.

Johnny not being a suspicious person thought it reasonable, too.

"Boy," he said happily three days after he had moved over into Eric's room. "It's grand to have a roommate who talks your language, not to mention," with a good-natured grin, "one who has moments of not talking."

Already Johnny had lost his tired sleepy look. Going out to the farm in Eric's car and having Eric help him out there, then the two eating breakfast and flying back was giving him three extra hours of sleep. When he found that the Spanish lessons were to last to the end of the term he had given up half of his hours at Charlie's.. To a boy that needed it worse than he did, he said.

It was no wonder that Johnny's grades as well as his appearance began to improve. As for Eric, well, sometimes he couldn't help worrying. True, Johnny had proven himself a whiz of a Spanish teacher. And it had been terribly exciting when the two of them came in second and

third for the inter-collegiate ski race. And there was something strangely warming about the way the fellows treated him now.

But his mid-term grades! Well, they were safely above failing, but they sure had the look of having been stepped on by an elephant. And now the spring term was coming to an end and he and Johnny had planned to room together next year. And they were going to raise a truck garden on the Wilson farm this summer if nothing better turned up for them.

Truck gardening! Maybe that was how his work in engineering was going to be rewarded. "Who travels alone. . ." he thought with a grim smile, and then Rusty's voice hailed him across the campus. "Hockey practice at two, Davincort."

"Sure, I'll be there," Eric answered and then noticed that Rusty's companion was Dean Summerwell.

"Gosh!" he thought, "I'll bet he's thinking I'd do better to be doing some work instead of galloping out to the hockey field."

And the next day Dean Summerwell called both him and Johnny into his office.

"Well, Corber," he said briefly, raking the embarrassed Johnny with his keen eyes, "I see you have brought yourself. . . ." He hesitated and then amended it to ". . . been brought out of the doldrums. Want a summer job—a blamed hard one without much pay—down in Guatemala? With Pan-Am."

"Pan-Am!" Johnny's eyes bulged. Pan-Am was the best construction company in the country. Make good with them on a summer job and you'd be sitting pretty for after graduation.

"I take it the answer is yes," the dean said dryly. "You, too, Davincourt. They asked for a pair that could wade through the language and who could pull together. You'll be surveying through the jungle, it, for the air inside was hot and stuffy. Then he pulled up his easy chair, leaned on the sill and sat looking across the wide court. Most of the rooms were dark, their occupants probably being at dinner.

Someone called across the campus, "Full moon tonight. Swell skiing." The answer was lost in the distance.

The light across the court that Eric had unconsciously been waiting for came on. He watched while Johnny Corber shed his outer wraps and settled down to work.

Presently, Johnny's roommate, Tex Pemberton, and two friends burst into the room talking vociferously, flung themselves onto beds and chairs. Johnny put his fingers to his ears and went on studying. Tex had a very social disposition, plenty of money, and the ability to make at least passing grades without too much effort. It wasn't long before Johnny gave up, gathered up his books and wraps, and with a good-natured gesture toward the others, went to look for a more quiet place.

"That's what a roommate does for you," Eric, who had seen that same scene enacted many times, told himself. But he thought uneasily of his own double room with the extra bed. And that Spanish tutoring Mick had been talking about. Why should he feel guilty about that? That

hundred dollars he had set aside for it couldn't be wasted on someone who not only wouldn't know how to teach but would waste his time in other ways. He'd look around next week and find someone.

Impatiently he got up, snapped on his light. His eyes fell on his long skis, standing in their press behind the extra bed. They warmed his heart, reminded him of happier times. That winter in Quebec, and that grand fellow who was the skiing master—a Norwegian, Franz Asker. What a lot he had taught them about Alpine running and jumping and Norwegian trekking. Now if he had time to practice before that intercollegiate skiing meet. . . . But that was silly. Of course he didn't. The only time he had been on his skis during his two years here was during both Christmas vacations, when most of the boys were gone.

But he knew a sudden hunger to feel the wind on his face as he winged down some snowy slope. That voice across the campus that had called out about skiing by moonlight. It was great. He had done it a number of times. He thought of the long, cross-country ski run. He had gone over it twice last Christmas. Besides, it was well marked.

He looked at his alarm clock—barely eight o'clock. The moon wouldn't even be up for another three hours. His battered old jallopy, that he rarely used, was in a near-by garage. He could leave it at the beginning of the run, and from the other end, which was also on the highway, he could thumb a ride back to it. Without stopping to consider the time he would be wasting, Eric set his alarm clock for three-thirty and went to bed.

The moon was white above the hills when Eric sat down to adjust his skis on top of the slope that was the beginning of the ski run. A little later he was thinking how good it was to hear the wind whistling in his ears as he went whizzing through a world eerie and shifting in the moonlight.

He was treking up the first hill when he saw the tracks of another skier going in his direction. Fresh tracks. Could it be another student or was it someone from one of the few hilly farms ahead? Flying down the next stretch with a sudden sweep around some boulders and a leap across a wide gully, he noted the pure Christiana turns the other was making without the aid of his stick. He swept down and across a marshy hollow, up and down another. Then he saw evident signs that the man ahead was taking plenty of spills. He probably wasn't keeping the lunging position that kept a skier ready to meet changes of snow texture and the lay of the land as he came into the hollows. Not that he cared, of course, but he was mildly curious to know who the skier might be. He increased his speed.

As he came out of a stretch of timber he saw on the long ridge ahead the one he was following. A yellow light glowed from the window of a farmhouse below. The other skier was turning down toward it when abruptly his feet shot out from under him and he rolled down the slope with a surprised bellow.

Could that have been Johnny Corber's bellow? He was up now, unstrapping his skis. He climbed

through a fence and went on toward the farmhouse. The door opened and a woman stood framed in the lighted opening.

"Johnny?" she called. And at Johnny's answering hail, she said, "You're early, son." Eric didn't hear the answer. Johnny went into the house and the door closed behind him.

Slowly, Eric started on. He was about halfway over the course, but the last half was faster than the first. When he was about a mile from the farmhouse, he stopped abruptly in a shower of snow, turned and started back. Why not get the low-down on this Johnny Corber who was forever getting in his hair? That woman sounded friendly. He'd get in, somehow, get her to talking.

The hospitality of the tired, gray-haired woman embarrassed him.

"Sell you some breakfast!" she scolded. "Get yourself unbundled and your feet under that table. If you're from the college I guess you're a friend of our Johnny. He don't eat till he's finished milking, and then he goes kiting back to school to a nine o'clock class." She was dishing up cereal, pouring coffee. "Ham and biscuits will be ready in a jiffy. What's your name young fellow?"

"Eric Davincourt," he told her, wishing he didn't have to.

just you two with a gang of native Indians. Six months ago I would have crossed you off. . .your work was good. . better than now. . . but, a lone wolf. You've changed, Davincourt."

"Yes, sir," Eric gulped. Then, as if to himself, "It—it isn't true, is it, that he travels the fastest who travels alone?" "

Dean Summerwell knew a great many things outside the field of civil engineering.

"The fastest, Davincourt?" he said slowly. "Perhaps. But where is he going with all his fast traveling, he who travels alone? Nowhere, in the final analysis, my boy," he answered himself. "Just traveling."

WHO AM I?

I am the producer of all good things in life. Without me, mankind must fail of happiness; the resources of the world would be empty and without value. I am behind every advancement that man has made. Rich and poor have tried to dispense with me, but in doing so have lost the very heart of happiness for which they sought. Because the creator is even greater than the created, so am I greater than wealth, fame, power or any other acquired possession of man. Without me there can be no riches, no learning, and no achievment. I am the great developer of power—the one agency which calls forth hidden forces of mind and body.

I am work!—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature picture at the regular weekly show in our auditorium this week was "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man", and the comedy, "Arabs With Dirty Fezzes", both Universal productions.

—o—

We are now studying plans for the erection of a grandstand at the athletic field, replacing the one destroyed by fire about two months ago. Most of this work will have to be done by our own carpenter shop force.

—o—

The yard force together with a number of barn boys have been spending some time in hauling and spreading manure for the lawns and sowing Italian rye grass on same. This will give the lawns a rich green color throughout the winter months. Quite an extensive territory has been seeded, some of which has not been under any kind of treatment for a long time.

—o—

The boys who have been considered eligible for conditional release have been listed and papers showing their records during their stay at the School have been sent to various county welfare departments for study, approval and placement. When this approval has been signified by letters from these county officials, the boys will be conditionally released, beginning January 5, 1941.

—o—

Due to the fact that Christmas this year comes on Wednesday, regular visiting day at the School, it has been decided to allow boys' visitors to come on Tuesday, December 24, rather than on Christmas Day. It has been the policy of the institution for many years not to allow visiting on holidays. Visiting at any time greatly disrupts the regular routine at the School, but should it be permitted on holidays the confusion would be greater.

—o—

Frank King, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School in January, 1940, was a visitor here this week. For some time after returning to his home in Hendersonville, he worked as helper for an interior decorator; he spent several months in a large garage as mechanic's helper; for the past six weeks he has been an enrollee in a CCC camp, located near Hot Springs, N. C. Frank tells us that he has made application for enlistment in the medical corps of the United States Army and hopes to get in camp soon.

—o—

Preparations are under way for making repairs on the riser pipe on the large water tank, capacity 50,000 gallons, on the School grounds. It would seem that this is rather a difficult repair job since several contractors have been consulted but did not care to undertake the task. This work will consist of removal of a broken joint in the pipe, which attains a height of more than 75 feet, and the break is more than 20 feet from the ground. A Charlotte company agreed to do this work but will be unable to start immediately because of pressure of work already bargained far.

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the rugular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the fourth chapter of Exodus, which gives an account of the story of the rod becoming a serpent, and the subject of his message to the boys was "What Is That In Thy Hand?"

The speaker began by saying that in the Bible story just read, the question, "What is that in thy hand?" was asked by a great and good God of a fellow who was quite like the average man of today. The Lord had something he wanted him to do but he did not want to do it. This fellow, Moses, offered all manner of excuses. He said that he could not talk well enough to lead people; that the people would not listen to him nor believe what he might say. The Lord then asked Moses a question which to some people might seem foolish. He simply inquired as to what it was in his hand. Then came the familiar occurrence in which the rod turned into a serpent and back to a rod again. God also told Moses to thrust his hand into his bosom and upon taking it out it was colorless, as in the case of one suffering from leprosy; thrusting it in again, he drew it out normal. While Moses was standing there arguing with God as to his ability to carry out the work he had been requested to do, God called his attention to something he had and showed him how it could be used. He showed Moses that the hand, when guided by the word of God to do the right thing, can be powerful. Just the hand itself can accomplish nothing. The mind is responsible for its actions. We learn from this part of the story that God wanted Moses to realize that he had a hand and a mind that might accomplish great things if he would let God guide them. He wanted him to learn to use the talents he possessed.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told the boys never to say that they could not become good men, perhaps because of some bad deed in the past. That has nothing to do with it. Just because a fellow stumbles and falls once, there is not any reason for his continuing to do so. Moses, away back yonder, in the past, had killed a man, but God was willing to forgive him and allow him to lead the people of Israel. What God wanted was for Moses to give his best.

While Moses held the rod in his hand, continued the speaker, it was just a common stick, but when he obeyed the order to throw it down, it became a serpent—something that would hurt him, if given a chance. So it is with us. God has given us talents, and if we throw them down or waste them, they will certinly become something to harm us. Take a boy for instance. The Lord has given him a chance to be honest, fair and square. If he wastes this opportunity, it becomes something to run from and he gets into trouble. When, at God's command, he later picks it up, it changes into something he can use for God and man. When Moses did the things God commanded, he and his people prospered, but at last he failed to heed God's wishes and had to die before reaching the promised land.

In the world today, continued Rev. Mr. Summers, we read of great suffering. Three prominent men, Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, are mentioned in large headlines in newspapers all

over the world. They may be specially talented men, but if this is true, they are cetainly using their talents in a most selfish criminal manner. Their only thought is to build up great empires for themselves, with never a care as to how many lives are lost or how much suffering they are causing among millions of innocent people. They are not using what they have in the right way, and it is the opinion of all Christian people that in the end they will be destroyed and right will once more prevail among the nations of the world.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that there were good talents among even the very worst of them, and urged them to put those talents to work for God, and let Him use them for His glory.

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ALARM CLOCKS

When Charles Lamb wrote an essay to discountenance what he considered the fallacious assumption of pleasure in being up with the lark, there were no handy alarm clocks to remind sleepers that the lark was already up. One can nowadays conveniently purchase such an awakener for a song—though not a lark's— and while we lack the "little airy musician" as an inducement, there are various other reasons for this matutinal arouser.

In 1939, by United States census reports, there were manwhich 10,070,666 were wound by hand and 929,336 by electricity.

Time is within memory when the winding of the clocks was (though not so considered) something of a domestic ceremony. The giant that Franklin decoyed down the string of his kite had not been inducted into doing all the chores he does nowadays. Families had not long had several clocks to wind up. Persons interested in antiques may recall that about 1800 one Eli Terry began making clocks in Connecticut. Other clock-makers came in, and the census of 1850 counted up 1,436 clock factories.

The industrial revolution had by then reached the United States from England; machinery and invention lowered the cost of production; the routine of factory employment provided employees an inducement to be up in the morning much more imperative than any song bird.

—Christian Science Monitor.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 8, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Drye
Cecil Gray
Homer Head
Robert Maples
Frank May
Mack McQuague
John Ray
William Shannon
Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

William G. Bryant
James Bargesser
Lloyd Callahan
Everett Case
Eugene Edwards
Porter Holder
Carl Hooker
Clay Mize
H. C. Pope
Leonard Robinson
Everett Watts
William C. Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Lewis Andrews
Earl Barnes
James Boone
Lewis Baker
William Buff
Jack Crotts
Max Evans
Roscoe Honeycutt
William Matthewson
Harrison Stilwell
Jerome Wiggins
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Quentin Crittenton
Arthur Edmondson
Aubrey Fargis
Paul Godwin
Gilbert Hogan
John Jackson
Hugh Kennedy
George Newman
Oakley Walker
Melvin Walters
John Whitaker

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Harold Donaldson
A. C. Elmore
Monroe Flinchum
Sidney Knighting
Everett Lineberry
Ivey Lunsford
J. C. Reinhardt
Currie Singletary
Richard Starnes
Fred Tolbert
Edward Thomasson
Hubert Walker
Dewey Ware
Henry Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Fred Bostian
Leonard Dawn
Robert Dunning
Leo Hamilton

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Clasper Beasley
Donald Earnhardt
Richard Halker
Lyman Johnson
Charles McGowan
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Marshal Pace
Carl Ray
Loy Stines
Ernest Turner
Alex Weathers

COTTAGE NO. 8

William Jerrell
Otis Kilpatrick

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
George Gaddy
Robert Gains
Osper Howell
Grady Kelly
Lloyd Mullis

William Nelson
James Ruff
Thomas Sands
Lewis B. Sawyer
Richard Singletary

COTTAGE NO. 10

Wayne Allen
Junius Brewer
James Eury
John Fausnett
Delma Gray
James Hare
Thomas King
Max Newsome
Edward Stutts
Walter Sexton
Carl Speer
O. D. Talbert
Jack Warren
Claude Weldy
Torrence Ware

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Bennett
John Benson
Harold Bryson
William Dixon
Charles Frye
William Furches
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Fred Jones
Everett Morris
Broadus Moore
Edward Murray
Fred Owens
Theodore Rector
Monroe Searcy
James Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 12

Ernest Brewer
Treley Frankum
Woodrow Hager
Charles Hastings
James Mondie
Hercules Rose
Howard Saunders
Charles Simpson
Robah Sink
Jesse Smith
Norman Smith
Peter Taylor
George Tolson
Carl Tyndall
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Wilson Bailiff
James Brewer
Kenneth Brooks
Vincent Hawes
James Lane
Douglas Mabry
Jack Mathis
John Murdock
Randall Peeler
Jack Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
Edward Carter
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Henry Glover
Troy Gilland
John Hamm
Marvin King
Feldman Lane
Norvel Murphy
Henry McGraw
Charles McCoyle
John Reep
John Robbins
Charles Stepleton
Jack West
Wallace Woody

COTTAGE NO. 15

Beamon Heath
J. P. Morgan
J. P. Sutton

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Duncan
Philip Holmes
John T. Lawry
Redmond Lawry
Thomas Wilson

A gentlemen is one who takes less than he is entitled to take and gives more than he is obliged to give.—Leon Feuchtwanger.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
DEC 26 1940

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXVIII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 21, 1940 NO. 51

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CHRISTMAS

What wealth of thought this one world holds
For those who knows its meaning true;
Nor days, nor weeks, nor months, nor years.
Can end its blessings or its cheers!

To mankind all, that day has brought
The gift divine—the gift sublime—
The endless peace, the aim of life,
Which comes through sharing all our joys.

—Selected

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING
AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

CHRISTMAS

If there were no other reason for Christmas than to make us sit down and carefully count our friends, it is justified a thousand times. Too brief, fleeting and infrequent are our meetings with those whose acquaintanceship we cherish. Many friends made today drift away tomorrow. In the rush of life, we fail to keep them in sight, though we try. Once a year most of us with serious determination, list all those who at sometime or in some way have added to our joy of living. We want to send them at least a line of remembrance and good cheer. As the list grows beneath our pen, we cannot help being proud and happy. We are grateful, too, and the overflow goes out to the poor and friendless, as it should. Yet sorrow shades our joy. Last year's list bears here and there a heavy line through a well loved name. Some with whom we laughed and jested only yesterday, it seems, we cannot greet again. Still it is a blessing to have known them. Our heart strings will vibrate to their memory. And the new friends that we make each day add constantly to our debt of gratitude for such good gifts of life. Friendship makes Christmas something broader and richer to each of us each year. It gives us pause in the busy round to ponder what we owe to those about us—those whom we see daily and others whom we may know only as fleeting lights and shadows that cross our path. Friends alone make life worth living. God keep us fit to make and hold them! At Christmas is our faith in men renewed and strengthened by the spirit of good will.—Selected

—o—

TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

On every thouroughfare, including the streets of cities or communities, there are colorful lights, all of which are significant of the Christmas season—the birthday of our Saviour. This glamour of lights, along with the profusion of gifts in stores, so arranged to attract shoppers, commercializes Christmas rather than emphasizes the real spirit of the season. But for the churches calling attention to this great event—the greatest in the history of all times —the day would bear semblance to the celebration of the Fourth of

July. The day in too many instances is given over the merry-making instead of true worship, or adoration to the Babe of Bethlehem. Instead of indulging in an exchange of gifts with friends and relatives, where not needed, these gifts should be taken to the underprivileged or needy, which is true religion undefiled, as taught by the Master. The model prayer given to us is the Lord's Prayer. Therefore, the program for observing Christmas should be according to the observance of the first Christmas as found in Luke 2nd Chapter, from the eighth to the fourteenth verses, inclusive:

> And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.
>
> And, lo, the angel of the Lord came unon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.
>
> And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
>
> For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
>
> And this shall be sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.
>
> And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,
>
> Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

* * * * * * * * *

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

There are only a few days before the streets will be flooded with cedar trees, holly wreathes and other evergreens, to be used to celebrate the Christmas season. We all feel that the cedar and holly tree furnish the most appropriate decoration for Christmas, because they are suggestive of a continued life of freshness and beauty. If this wholesale slaughter of the evergreens continues, the day will come, sooner or later, when the forests will be depleted of the cedar and holly trees—the beauties of the forest during the cold, bleak winter. When this day comes—a forest without evergreens—conservation of our forest will be enforced. We are a liberty loving people, but our liberties should not lead us on to vandalism. The beauties of the forest should not be sacrificed for

a few days gleeful satisfaction, but on the other hand saved. The ugly picture after Christmas, is pile upon pile of cedar trees and other decorations. hauled away and thrown in gulleys. Is there no way to stop this wholesale devastation of the forest.

* * * * * * * *

CHARACTER BUILDING

Every work has a small beginning, but as usual when the child is the objective, fine results are realized. It was on November 11, 1885 that the Babtist Orphanage, Thomasville, North Carolina, opened with the enrollment of one child. We wish it were possible to give a picture of the first building and those who were interested, so as to show the majesty of little things. This institution opened fifty-five years ago having as its objective the care of the fatherless and motherless children. Having just read in Charity and Children, a contribution from the pen of one who knows the school by experience, we were amazed and pleased to know the fine results. Since the date of the opening, over four thousand boys and girls have been received, trained, and turned back to their respective communities, as fine citizens. Happy are we to announce that over 98% have made good. Fortunate, indeed, are the children, who have passed through the portals of this institution and have been trained in every walk of life, including the home influence, the school room, and the church, making it possible for them to meet the emergencies of life. Long may this institution live and give back to the world young men and women who have proven themselves assets to any and all communities. The work of the Baptist Orphanage, the salvaging of human souls, is Christian Religion in action.

* * * * * * * *

DRIVERS' RESPONSIBILITIES

"A driver's responsibility does not cease when he steps out of the vehicle he has been driving," Ronald Hocutt, director of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, asserted recently in call-up to the American Bible Society, and for that purpose you are being asked for contributions to the "$150,000 Emergency Fund."

ing attention to several accidents in which driverless cars or trucks were involved.

In one of these accidents, Hocutt said, a truck which had been left parked on a slight incline without the hand brake on, rolled down the grade, struck a telephone pole, and killed a lineman working on top of the pole.

A driver, delivering a ton of coal, this fall, got out of his truck to open the chute door and left the truck out of gear, with the motor running. The truck rolled down an incline and pinned a woman against the house, killing her instantly. In Raleigh a few days ago, an oil truck driver left his truck parked next to the curb while he ran into a drug store to get some cigarettes. The truck rolled off down the street, smashing into the side of a house.

"Such accidents as these are utterly inexcusable," Director Hocutt said, "and they are due entirely to the carelessness of the drivers."

Parking properly is a thing so easy to do," he said. "It is always advisable to cut off the motor and set the hand brake before leaving a parked vehicle. If parked on a downgrade, cut the front wheels into the curb; on an upgrade, cut the front wheels away from the curb. Drivers of trucks should always chuck their wheels before leaving their trucks parked on an incline, because a hand brake can not always be depended upon to hold a heavy truck. Even air brakes can not always be counted on to hold a truck parked on a grade, because there may be leaks. Proper parking is highly important."

* * * * * * * *

The American Bible Society is making a stirring appeal for aid in distributing Bibles to Europe's prisoners of war. More than 2,500,000 of them are reported as in Germany alone—mostly French; there are also English, Polish, Moroccan and other national or racial groups of prisoners. The Bible Society of France is trying to supply the needs of her nationals, but it is "only feebly able to function," for very obvious reasons. The Bible Society of England, though vigorously effective in other parts, is prevented by the blockade from ministering to these prisoners. That leaves it

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

For many years, since the opening of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for boys, this little paper has carried what is known as the "Boys' Christmas Fund." It is not necessary to explain what this fund means, for the friends of this institution know that in this manner they are priviledged to contribute towards a fund that is used to give to the underprivileged boy a happy Christmas. It is easy to understand that in a crowd of 500 boys, approximately the number we have here, there are some who have neither kith nor kin to remember them during this Yuletide season. We feel sure the interest in the underprivileged boy has not waned, therefore, we start off our Christmas Fund as usual. We thank our friends for their generous contributions in the past and feel sure that the Boys' Christmas Fund of 1940 will equal, if not surpass that of previous years.

10-13-8	$25.00
Miss Lena Leslie, Concord,	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	5.00
Mrs. T. L. Ross, Concord,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
New Hanover County, by J. R. Hollis, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Wilmington,	10.00
A Friend, Greenville, S. C.	2.50
Anson County, by Miss Mary Robinson, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Wadesboro,	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Davidson County, by E. Clyde Hunt, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Lexington,	5.00
Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Salisbury,	5.00
W. E. Stanley, Superintendent Public Welfare, Durham,	10.00
The Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund,	218.88
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,	10.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,	5.00
Wake County Juvenile Court, by Harvey Jones, Judge, Raleigh,	5.00
Willard Newton, Pasadena, California,	2.50

THE FORERUNNER

By Rev. C. C. Herbert, Jr.

Most of us are spending time these days getting ready for Christmas. Many of our preparations have to do with external things. There is no harm in that. Many of these externals are truly expressions of a spirit of love and good will. We give gifts to one another because God gave his greatest gift to us. But we have to be careful when we become involved with things lest we miss the spirit. If the spirit of the Babe of Bethlehem be not born anew in our hearts at Christmas time, we have missed the main part of Christmas. But Christ cannot come anew into our hearts unless they are ready to receive Him.

About six months before Jesus was born, there was born in the hill country of Judea a boy who was named John. When John grew up into rugged young manhood he went into the wilderness, and he began preaching. With such power did he preach that crowds came out to hear him. Fearlessly he proclaimed the coming of the Kingdom of God, denounced the sins of the people, and called on them to repent and be baptised. He spoke of one who was to come after him mightier than he. He made it clear that he was but the forerunner of the Messiah, the Lord's Annointed, who was to come. His message thrilled the people. For centuries they had been a conquered nation, and their proud spirits awaited impatiently the coming of the Messiah who should free them from the enemy. It was a dark day for the Jews, and they looked eagerly for a Deliverer.

Surely we too, live in a dark day. Before the world has recovered from the effects of the gretatest war in history, it has been plunged into one still vaster. War rages "in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth." If there was a day when the world needed the coming of a Deliverer, a Prince of Peace, it is today. The greatest gifts this wretched world could receive at this Christmas would be the coming of Christ anew into the hearts of mankind, bringing his peace to the world. Can this happen? How can we prepare for the coming of Christ? Above all things He wants to come into the hearts of the world. From his ancient forerunner John the Baptist, perhaps we can learn how to make ready for the coming of the Prince of Peace. What did John tell the people of his day who were eagerly looking for the coming of a Deliverer.

The heart of the message of John was repentance. To the Jews who came out into the wilderness to hear him he said, "Bring forth fruits meant for repentance: and think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." John was calling for genuine repentance without hesitation or reservation.

Something stood in the way of real repentance by the Jews. It was their age-old conviction that they

were the Chosen People of God. And such, indeed, they were. God had chosen them as His instruments to bring His blessings to all the world. But they had misinterpreted God's purpose, and considered that He had chosen to bless them exclusively, that to be a child of Abraham was to have preferred a claim on the divine favor. They developed a religion of blood and soil. Their complacency made geniune repentance very difficult, if not impossible. John the Baptist undertook to puncture this serene complacency. He warned them that the all-powerful God "is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

In Germany today there is a rebirth of this same type of religion, the old worship of blood and soil. While they do not put it in the same words as the ancient Jews, the Germans believe and teach that they belong to a race especially blessed of God, that it is their right and privilege to dominate the world, that other races such as Jews, Poles, and French are inferior. This kind of religion is utterly contrary to the teachings of Jesus. The leaders of Germany recognize this, and they make little claim to be Christian.

This kind of racial and nationalistic religion is like a contagious disease. It spreads to other lands, and sometimes it seems to have spread to our own beloved country. God has certainly blessed America and made her a great nation. We are the most fortunate of all the peoples on the face of the earth today. But we must not delude ourselves into thinking that we are God's favorites, that He loves us more than he loves other peoples, nor must we make Americanism our religion. God loves all his human children equally. Christ died for all men. If God has richly blessed us by making us a great free democracy, it is that through us He may bring these blessings to his other children. We will sin against God if we assume an attitude of national superiority, and think that we may look with contempt on other peoples. Not so. The Christian way to meet hate is with love, the way to conquer a sense of superiority in others is by magnanimity in ourselves.

When John the Babtist, dressed in rude garments, gaunt and sunburned, preached his message of repentance and the coming of the Kingdom, the people flocked to him in the wilderness. They listened with awe, and then they asked, "What shall we do?" To this question John gave deffnite answers as he spoke to three groups.

First to the people in general he said, "He who hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise," If we today are to prepare the way for the coming of the Prince of Peace, we must do just that; we who have must share with those who have not. We must do it as individuals.

But simply to share as individuals is not enough. Within our nation there are great groups of people who have no coats and no meat. Millions live below the so-called subsistence level, while there are surpluses of foodstuffs and cotton. If the Prince of Peace is to come, we must give our best thought and the consent of our hearts to working out plans for

a better distribution of the necessities of life. And we must go even beyond our national boundaries. Careful students of the present world situation believe that a great root cause of the war is economic. There are the "have" nations, and the "have-not" nations. Some nations have an abundance of raw materials and the necessities of civilized, living others do not. Lasting peace will come only among the nations when those nations who have two coats impart to them that have none. That is the way to prepare for the coming of the Prince of Peace, and it is the realistic price of permanent world peace.

In speaking to the publicans, the tax collectors. John said, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you." In other words, he said to them and he says to us, "Be strictly honest." Not enough of us have come to the sound and mature conviction that the only way to live is the way of strict honesty. This is a prerequisite for the establishment of the rule of peace among men.

When the soldiers asked, "What shall we do?" John answered them, "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages." We may sum this up in the general statement: "Do not misuse your power." Scholars tell us that the Roman soldiers whose duty it was to police Palestine persecuted and cheated the Jews and gave as an excuse the smallness of their wages. They were not the last to misuse power Many homes have petty tyrants in them. Many business establishments are unhappy places because someone with a little power glories in hounding the happiness out of those under him. Everyone of us has the power to make others happy or unhappy. The rule of peace cannot come completely until all of us use that prower for peace and happiness rather than for self-aggrandizement.

John's preaching was a momentous happening. The expectation of the people was raised to a fever pitch. Perhaps this rugged prophet was the Messiah, the Annointed of God, the Deliverer who should free Israel from the Roman yoke. John recognized this growing feeling, and he acted to stop it in such a way that in his own life he exemplified a cardinal necessity for the rule of peace in the world: he manifested humility. "No," he said, "I am not the Messiah. One comes after me, greater than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to untie." And later, after Jesus had begun His ministry, John said of Him, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Now here is a glorious thing: a strong man with a humble heart. It is not difficult for a little man to be arrogant and make a great noice. Sometimes some people are deceived by the noise, and they think the little man is big. But it is a rare and grand thing to see a really great man, a man with power, a man who can sway the multitudes, who is really humble. Such a man was John, and his greatness is all the greater for it. Such a One was the meek and lowly Jesus. Such are they who are truly His followers— "Blessed are the meek."

True humility does not doubt of one's power or hesitation in speaking one's opinions. Neither John nor Jesus was either doubtful or hesitant. But they, and all other great men who have been so great as to be humble,

recognize, as Ruskin has said, that "the power is not IN them but THROUGH them, and that they could not do or be anything else than God made them, and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet."

It is about time the peoples of the world began adopting an attitude of humility, which at its heart is the recognition of the over-ruling power of God. God is not dead. Still he stands within the shadows, keeping watch above His own. We live in the day of a boasting, bragging conqueror. There was another terrible day when a ruthless conqueror strode across Europe. But he came to a halt. The Battle of Waterloo stopped Napoleon. Victor Hugo in writing of that battle asks, "Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington, on account of Blucher? No, on account of God."

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord." John the Baptist, rugged prophet. fearless forerunner of the Christ, you have not only told us, you have shown us by your life how we may prepare for the coming of the Christ. As another Christmas season approaches, may we hear your voice crying in the wilderness, warning us against a selfish complacency that looks down on the other peoples, urging us to be just and merciful in sharing what we have with others, remanding of us that we be honest, condemning and misuse of power, and above all recognizing all humility the supreme sovereignty of God.

THE STAR OF FAITH

Twelve months have passed in which the world has grown
In pride—and yet, where prisons burst with crime,
A blighted world. A King gave up his throne—
A year of speed—the dirge of things sublime—
A storm of strikes— the rivers' awful roar
Confusion here at home and overseas,
Where hatred warps men's souls from shore to shore,
And war still leaves its ghastly tragedies.
This is a troubled world but once again
We sing the glory of the Christ Child's birth,
And yearn for blessed peace—good will to men—
The Spirit of true brotherhood on earth.
O may the Star of Faith shine through this present gloom,
And Love light all the candles in your room.

—Betty L. Whitsell

THE SERVANT OF THE KING

By Ivy Bolton

The night was very still. All was silent in the white walled town of Irana and over the quiet valley. Only one person was awake and keeping vigil. Far up in the tower, Melchior the sage was watching the starry night. Down in the courtyard, the camels were kneeling, the great white Sher Khan nearest to the low embrasure. Behind were the rest of the train, bad tempered Kala and the new swift dromedary Haifa. Still farther back were the eight pack animals. The slaves in charge of them lay on their mats at a little distance, sound asleep.

Sher Khan moved and grunted and the slave lad David stirred and woke. He put his hand on the shaggy white hair. "What ails you, O Sher Khan," he asked softly. "Why are you moving now?"

The animal lowered his head and rubbed it against the boy's shoulder. David could do anything with the camels but Sher Khan was the one that he loved the best. He spent hours combing and grooming the white coat and he never used a goad in driving. It was a strange friendship, for whoever loved a camel before? But David loved Sher Khan and Sher Khan loved him. He stood now with his arm about the white neck, looking out at the glory of the night. He knew little of his master, Melchior's faith, but he shared his love of the stars. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork," he murmured.

David was a Jew. He had been a lad of twelve when the great fever swept the village of Bethlehem and and left him alone, father, mother, sister and brother, all swept away in one short week. He took the fever himself and had been too weak, sorrowful and apathetic to care much what happened to himself. He had acquiesced and asked no questions when his uncle Joel came to take him to Bethsaida. He knew little of his circumstances. His father had been one of the chief shepherds and they had always lived in comfort. But he had no suspicions of Joel's statements when the man told him there was nothing left. Joel was a poor man himself and David must make his own way in the world, he told his nephew. It would be best to leave Judea and go to the west. The Jews of the Dispersion always grew rich. There was a caravan starting that very night which would take the lad to his new master. Unsuspectingly, David had agreed and joined the Arab train. His uncle had bidden him an affectionate farewell and it was by accident that the boy turned and saw the chief paying a sum of money into his uncle's hand. His cry of horror was lost in the noise of the preparations, but the man had caught the boy's agonized glance and flushed darkly as he realized that David knew the truth. He had been sold as a slave. Joel had scuttered away, thankful that the lad had not discovered his plan before.

David had a relapse and nearly died on the journey into Persia. That he did not do so was thanks to the kind-

liness of the wife of the chief, who nursed him tenderly enough. If she could have had her way, the boy would have stayed with them, but the chief had no sympathy with sentimentality. He considered only the bargain that he had made.

It was a thin-faced, scrawny child who had stood in the slave market, his whole soul in revolt as rough men handled his body and discussed his points as if he had been an animal. Perhaps it was the desperate look in the dark eyes that had caught Melchior's interest as he walked through the market in search of a lad to care for his animals. David was not a sensible purchase, but the old man felt sorry for the boy and the money was paid. He had never regretted his bargain. David was faithful and loyal and in spite of hard work and strange surroundings he had soon recovered his health.

Sher Khan moved again and the boy once more caressed the shaggy neck. He lifted his eyes to the clear heavens and suddenly gasped. A star shone out, bigger and brighter than any he had ever seen, so clear in its pure beauty that he caught his breath in a sort of rapture.

He stood watching, his hand tightening in sudden emotion as he realized the star hung in the direction of Judea.. How still it would be on the Bethlehem plains tonight! The hot tears came to his eyes as a wave of homesick longing swept over him. Then his lips compressed sternly. Some day he would go home and then Joel would pay. A footstep sounded beside him and he turned. There was a light in Melchior's eyes and his face was radiant. He greeted the lad.

"You waked to see the star, lad A King is born tonight!"

"Where?" asked the boy.

"The great King of whom our books tell us. 'A star shall rise out of Jacob.' "

The boy's eyes lit with sudden excitement. "Jacob? Then.. the.. new born King is mine own," he cried.

The old man smiled. "Go and sleep well, David," he told him. "Tomorrow night, we will set forth, bearing our frankincense, to see this newborn King. Sher Khan must bear me and you will go with us."

He went on his way leaving a happy lad behind him. "I am going home," David murmured as he fell asleep. "I am going home."

It was a long journey. Over hill and valley, across mountain ranges until at last they came to the trackless desert. The attendants were sulky. This traveling by night following a star seemed the height of folly to them. But David, driving Sher Khan, went on contentedly. Melchior grew more and more interested in this young slave of his. When the dawn was breaking and they camped for the day, the boy and the old man would sit in the shadow of some rock and Melchior would read from the precious scrolls that he carried. Melchior was lonely for all his people had declared this journey of his a fantastic dream and sometimes as the way grew weary, he was almost tempted to give up. He was old; would he live to fulfil his quest? The worst fit of discouragement came on him as the mountains looked far in the distance and the desert still stretched endlessly ahead. David saw it as he waited on his master who

scarcely touched the food that he proffered him.

"It will not be long now, my master," David said.

"The star has led us far, lad, and the journey is overhard for an old man," Melchior answered with a sigh.

"Judea lies over yonder mountains." The boy pointed to the rugged crags in the distance. Then he stopped and shaded his eyes.

"A camel is coming, my master," he said and Melchior rose to look. It was a black animal, swift and strong as Sher Khan, and on it, rode a young man with attendants on other beasts at a distance. The newcomers paused as they caught sight of the other party of travelers. Their camels knelt and the riders sheltered behind them in case of attack. Melchior went forward.

"Peace be with you," he called. The young man rose and came forward. His dress was rich and there was a circlet about his brow.

He bowed with grave reverence to Melchior. "Strangers be ever possible foes," he said. "I have come far, my lord, following what seems a strange quest—a star."

Melchior's hands went out in eager greeting. "I too follow," he said. "Praise be to the All Holy One who has sent me a comrade by the way. Shall we not ride together?"

They made good speed that night. The great white camel led the way and the black one kept close beside him. The newcomer was Gaspar, king of a small territory in Asia Minor. It was his father who had given him a scroll which was a copy of Melchior's own. He had watched the stars ever since. "And now I go to bring my gift of gold to this newborn King," he ended.

They rode well into the dawn. The mountains were near at hand and at their foot they could see a shaded oasis. They were almost upon the place before they saw it was occupied by others. The leader rose to greet them, a tall Egyptian, Balthazar by name, who proffered refreshment as he welcomed them to this resting place. It was as they sat together that he too, spoke of the star.

He had no scroll. "But we watch the stars in Egypt and we know that this one must proclaim a great King. For many moons have I been following it and lo, it has led me to companions. Let us fare forth together. Surely our quest is almost done."

It was three days later that they reached Judea and rode up the steep height to Jerusalem. But to their dismay they had lost the star.

"It is because we have reached the place," Gaspar said hopefully. "Here in Jerusalem is the palace of the King."

Melchior looked doubtful. His counsel had been to wait and camp but the others had not agreed. They entered the city in the dawn, stared at by all the early comers, these stately men in their rich robes, riding their camels with gold and silver trappings like the kings of old. They made their way to an inn for rest. It would not be possible to seek the palace as early as this.

David roamed off by himself. His heart beat high as he walked swiftly through the streets to the great and beautiful Temple in the midst. His breath caught as he knelt where through the court of the Levites and the Priests, he could see in the dis-

tance the veil of the Holy of Holies. He had been here once before. Then a lad of twelve he had attended his first Passover, a lad, free and full of dreams for himself and for his nation. Now he was a slave, bound to a foreign master and a foreign land. He lifted his eyes to the Holy of Holies. He must look his fill now; he might never see it again. A gasp behind him made him rise and turn and he came face to face with his uncle.

"D-David," the man stammered.

"Yes, David," the boy answered tersely. "And you are going to pay." He walked out with his moment of happiness gone in the tempest of indignation that the sight of the man who had wronged him, had aroused. He paid no heed to the white face and wretched eyes of Joel. He knew suddenly what he could do. No Jew might be sold indefinitely and an appeal to King Herod and the priests would bring him freedom as well as revenge for it would ruin the man who had wronged him. He stood by the gate and watched for his uncle's exit. Joel came at last with faltering steps. But he came over to the boy.

"How came you here?" he asked.

"That matters not. I am here."

"What are you going to do?"

"That you will find out," the boy said as he turned on his heel.

He found Melchior ready to start for the palace and the train set forth watched again by the curious crowd. They went straight to the palace of Herod and there staring servants came running to meet guests of such importance.

"Where is the newborn King of the Jews?" Mechior asked eagerly.

Herod's steward bowed low. "There is no child here, my lord," he answered. "The son of Herod is a lad well grown; I know of no King of the Jews."

"We have seen His star in the east and have come to worship Him," Balthazar said in grave tones.

The steward looked more puzzled still. "If you will come to my master —" he said.

Herod the King greeted them suavely. David watched him with interest, this Roman ruler who had gained such power. His face was keen and shrewd; his lips thin and compressed. "A stern man and a grim one, the boy decided. "Yet he would surely listen to my plea."

Melchior bowed and told their tale while Herod paid close attention, his eyes narrowing as he listened. He called to his steward.

"Send to the high priest," he ordered. "Ask of him where Messias is to be born. Then bring refreshment for my guests."

He was the perfect host. The strangers were treated with all honor and the attendants feasted as well. But David, standing near his master, wondered a little at King Herod's questions. "When had the star appeared?" "How long had they been upon their way?" The messenger came back from the Temple. A young priest had accompanied him.

Herod turned. "Well," he asked "Whence comes Messias?"

"From Bethlehem, O King," the young man answered. "Is it not written," says the high priest, "And thou, Bethlehem in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come

a Governor, that shall rule my people of Israel?"

"There is your answer, my lord," King Herod said. "It is in Bethlehem, twelve miles over the hills, that you must seek your King. Go you have found Him, come and tell search diligently for Him and when me that I may go and worship Him also."

David drew his brows together as he listened. The last words did not ring true. Melchior voiced his doubt as they left the court.

"I do not trust yon crafty ruler," he said in a low tone to Gaspar as the two rode together.

The start was to be made at sunset. It was in the afternoon that Melchoir called David. It was about the mysterious Messias that he questioned the boy at first, then gradually he drew him out and David found himself telling his own story.

"And Herod and your priest would see you righted?" Melchior asked. "I shall be sorry to lose you, David, but I will aid you when we return from Bethlehem."

The sun was almost below the western hills when they rode out of the city gate and the sudden twilight deepened quickly into night. A cry broke from Gaspar.

"The star! The star!" he said.

There it was in all its glorious beauty and they followed it, pressing on eagerly till they came to the little town on the hills. The boy's eyes were wet as he saw his home once more.

It was no palace to which they went. The star seemed to stop over a poor little house in one of the poorest quarters of the little town. They all dismounted and knocked at the wooden door. A man with silvered beard and hair opened it.

"Where is He, who is born King of the Jews?"

The question did not seem to surprise the man at all. He bowed and stood aside.

"Enter," he bade them. "The Child and His mother are within."

They entered, filling the tiny room. There in a low chair sat a young mother, little more than a girl and, with part of her blue cloak flung around Him, a Babe starry-eyed and fair, who nestled happily in her arms. The great Kings bent their knees before Him and presented their costly gifts. was no palace of a King. But David had forgotten everything as he looked at the Child. He knelt at one side so close that the mother's soft robe touched him.

"Messias, Messias," he whispered. "O little King!"

Their advent at the inn roused excitement. The strangers were taken to the best of the accomodations. David, as usual, planned to rest in the courtyard near Sher Khan. His heart was beating high with hope. Tomorrow perhaps he would be free. He would come back to Bethlehem; perhaps, he could be a shepherd but most of all he longed to be of service to the little King. How wonderful it would be to serve Him! He dozed a little at last, and it was almost dawn when he was It was Melchior.

"I have come to seek you, David," he said. "We have all had the same dream and surely that is a sign not to be ignored. Each of us saw a messenger who bade us not to re-

turn to Herod, who plots evil against the Child, but to go back to our own country another way. We shall start in the morning to the northward. This means I shall not be able to aid you as I hoped. Will you fare back to Jerusalem alone?"

The boy looked at him. A new realization came to him. If he appealed, he must say whence he came, must tell of Bethlehem and the little King. "It would betray the King if I go," he faltered.

"That is what I fear," Melchior said. "But you—poor lad—well, you have a little time. Think it over."

It was a storm-tossed David who buried his face in the white coat of Sher Khan. The hot tears of bitter disappointment rained down his face; his whole form shook with hard sobs. Could he give it all up? Could he forego freedom and his rights? Was Joel to go scatheless? He rose as the morning broke and made his way back to the little house. Early as it was the Mother of the Child was at work. She smiled at him. David touched her robe timidly.

"There is danger for the little King!" he whispered.

Her eyes widened, then a look of perfect trust came into them. "God cares for Him," she said quietly. "I thank you for your warning." She looked at his reddened eyes. "Lad, you are sorrowful. Can I help you? Would you like to see the Babe again?"

David nodded, the lump rising in his throat. He saw the man at work on some carpenter's toil in the outhouse, and he himself entered the little cottage alone. He knelt by the sleeping Baby, and suddenly the starry eyes opened wide and looked into his own. Very carefully he raised the Child in his arms and the little head rested on his breast.,He stood there holding Him, a wave of love flooding his heart.

"Little King," he whispered. "Yes, for you I give it all up, my little King." He laid the Child down, bent and kissed the tiny hands and feet, and went back to the inn. Sher Khan raised his head and rubbed it against David's breast.

" I am going with you, Sher Khan," the boy whispered. "This is the service. I will go and trust God to bring me someday to my Lord again."

He busied himself with the preparations. Melchior nodded approval of his whispered resolve. Soon he was riding swiftly to the northward, a new David, with a strange happiness in his heart. Joel did not matter any more; the dark future did not matter any more.

He could forgive Joel now, Joel who knew nothing of this happiness of his. "Always your servant, my little King," the boy whispered as the great desert stretched before them. Some day he knew God would bring him back—perhaps as a man he would look into his King's eyes again. Now it was enough to serve and wait.

Win hearts, and you have all men's hand and purses.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS OLD AND NEW

(Southern Churchman)

There is a detrimental tendency to make of our holy days mere holidays in the poorest sense of that word. Thanksgiving has become to many people only a football celebration, and in parts of the South and West there is an inclination to make the same of Christmas.

While we must always admit that any nation will make a holiday something that is its own, there have grown up certain customs that we might, as church people, do our best to discourage.

In the South we think it would be a fine idea to replace firecrackers with something a little more becoming to the Prince of Peace. There was a day when the firecracker was symbolical of national strength and patriotism, but we doubt if there ever was a real excuse for Christmas to be celebrated that particular way.

Our young people who come home from school have developed into quite a problem. The original reason for extending holidays from one or two days, at most two, in some cases, as long as three weeks, must have been to give the young students rest from their labors and a chance to visit the family. The rest hardly comes with the whirl of social events, and we know one group of young people who generously stay home the last night before returning to college in order that they might visit with the family. Their only complaint so far has been that the family didn't stay home that one night!

Surely we can still find ways to make our homes attractive and to make the singing of Christmas carols in family groups a natural thing to do. Possibly the older people are the ones to blame, for they have decreed that Christmas season is a social whirligig and the young people, who never found their parents home even one night, are not exceptional in their desire to live in social excitement.

Possibly, if we make a real effort to attend Christmas services, we may bring the religious note strongly to the attention of those who have been in danger of making Christmas just one more season of worldly holiday. Yule logs and street carol singing may have to go by the board in our modern make-up of society, but we do need a deeper spiritual note and a renewed interest in the home on the feast day when God so exalted the home that He chose a humble one for His Son to be born into.

Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world.—Cervantes

SILENT NIGHT

By Anna Brownell Dunaway

Mrs. Hayward, feverishly taking a toy drum from its wrappings, stopped short at the sound of a sweet childish strain melody that seemed to come suddenly from the living room. High and clear rose the familar air:

"Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light—"

She rushed into the living room incredulous, shaking. Was it really Jimmy singing beside the grand piano as he used to sing on Christmas Eve? But nothing greeted her save the stillness of the big, cold room, that even the soft candlelight and the glowing coals in the grate and the glittering tree could not seem to warm. Two Christmases ago it had been full of light and cheer, but that was before Jimmy had left them.

She sank into a chair faint and trembling. The voice had sounded so real. And yet there had been something unearthly and far off about it as if it had come from an angelic chorus.

"I must have imagined it," she murmured. "Or it might have been the carolers outside. And yet—"

Her eyes wandered to the tree. Coldly, appraisingly, they went over it. Yes, it was quite as pretty as in other years. The silver star at the top almost touched the ceiling. She felt sure that Jimmy would like it. And she was glad she had not forgotten the drum. He was such a lad for noise. Such a freckle-faced loving little fellow, always making friends of cats and dogs and rude, rough children. And of them all he had to be taken—

She jumped up and moved restlessly around the tree, arranging the packages with a carressing hand. His sled with its shining runners gleamed like tinsel against the green background. At the foot, almost buried in the artifical snow was his great box of tools, and there tucked a bit out of sight, was the real automobile, the regulation car in miniature. How Jimmy could love that if he were here. His father's gift—

"Silent night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, O, how bright—"

It was the carolers singing. If they would only sing something else instead of Jimmy's song. What was that she had been thinking about? O, yes, the red automobile. Well, when Christmas was over it would go to his room along with his other toys that were waiting for him like the tin soldier for Little Boy Blue. Yes, Jimmy's toys should be faithful to him and to him alone. No other hands should touch them. No one else should wear his dear clothes folded away in her bureau drawer, his small sturdy shoes and half-worn stockings, his little nighties—

"I done wish you 'Christmas gif',' Miss' Hayward. Ef you-all kin get along, I'll go home and fix the chilluns' tree."

"O, it it you, Pinkie?" Mrs. Hayward roused herself from her ab-

straction. "I'll expect you back in the morning in time to get breakfast."

"Yas'm, yas'm." Pinkie's black face crinkled into an infectious smile. She had worked for Mrs. Hayward's mother before Mrs. Hayward was married, and she spoke with the freedom of long servitude. "Seems like the tree done look more be-yutiful than ever, Mis' Hayward. Lawsy massy, an automobeel! Some pore little chile's eyes would pop clean outen his haid if he had that, sho 'nuff—"

"He can't have it." Mrs Hayward spoke sharply. Pinkie was like all the rest. As if she should give Jimmy's presents away when they were all she had. Her blue eyes held a rebellious light. Some of these busybodies even went so far as to ask her to take another child in Jimmy's place. She went on in a hard voice: "Other mothers have the substance. Let me have the shadow."

"Of co'se, of co'se, honey chile," said Pinkie compassionately. "But Jimmy—dat boy would gib 'em away hisself. Don't I reccommember how he done use to come tripsin, in with a whole pack o' chillun at his heels, and gib 'em everything he had? Lawsy me, the cookies I done give to them pore white trash. Don't yo' reccommember, honey?"

Yes, Mrs, Hayward remembered. A faint, fleeting smile lit up her face. What a flair Jimmy had for stray dogs and cats and children. She had often told him not to bring anyone home whose parents' names she did not know. And now, there flashed before her memory the picture of a grimy urchin lifting a supplicating voice: "Please, ma'am, my mamma's name is Jennie and my papa's name is Bill."

But O, if Jimmy were here now, he could bring the scum, the riff-raff of the town. Her one ewe lamb, and he had to go—

"Jimmy, he wouldn't want yo' to shet yo'self up and grieve all de time," pleaded Pinkie.

Mrs. Hayward's eyes flashed. The fleeting smile vanished.

"Wait till you lose a little boy," she said harshly. "It's my business, not yours or anybody else's. Jimmy was mine—mine. I won't share him—I won't. I hate to have people telling me what to do. I hate Christmas—always reminding me of him. I hate—"

Her voice trailed off in a low, terrible murmur. Shaken and white, she fell back in her chair, her eyes hard and bright like blue crystal beads. Pinkie crossed the room heavily; tears in her eyes.

"There, there, honey chile, there, there," she soothed, stroking the drawn shoulders. "Ef you cud jus' cry oncet, Missy Elinor, ma'am, 'twould be easier to bear, yas'm it 'twould."

She drew the slight figure into her motherly embrace, but no tears came. and finally, with a caressing word of farewell, she left Mrs Hayward staring with her hard blue gaze at the shining tree.

"Nobody shall share it—nobody," she said to herself fiercely, "but John and me—"

"So you've hung all your presents, have you, Nellie?"

It was John's voice from the doorway. Mrs. Hayward had not heard him come in. She met his anxious gaze unsmilingly.

"Yes, I don't think I've forgotton a thing. I hope you didn't get a drum, John, because I bought one. What are in all those parcels?"

"The usual toys, Nell." He spoke a bit wearily. "I've had a time getting this last minute shopping done. The streets are so jammed. I got these skating shoes for Jimmy, but I wasn't sure about the fit. They're a couple sizes larger. He'd have outgrown the old ones."

"Of course," said his wife, her eyes unnaturally bright. "A growing boy, you know. What else did you get?"

"These Puss in Boots bed slippers. Aren't they keen?" he held them up with a sort of boyish pride.

"They are pretty," she pronounced briefly. "But rather childish for Jimmy, aren't they? How do you like the drum?"

"Great. He'd like that." Mr. Hayward spoke with an evident effort to enter into the spirit of the thing. He moved about, shifting a package here, adjusting an ornament there, turning the tree lights on and off, obviously ill at ease. He was short and boyish looking, and his brown eyes were reddened as if they were close to tears. "And that tool box, the little dickens." His cheerful smile was tremulous. "Those games, too, and that footbal." He stood back to view the effect. "'Bout ready for the tree, now, Nell?"

"Yes, you can turn out the lights —what's that?"

The doorbell pealed suddenly, its strident clamor echoing sharply in the muted silence. Mrs. Hayward rose and ran toward the tree, her arms outspread in a convulsive, possessive movement.

"Don't let them in," she cried, in a warning whisper. "This is no time to come when we are having Jimmy's tree. Tell them to go ,John."

Halfway to the door her husband paused, looking at her uncertainly.

"But, Nell dearest, it's Christmas Eve. We can't turn anyone away—"

"They shall not come in— they shall not!" She shrilled, her cheeks flaming red as holly berries. "Quick, snap out the light—"

Again, that arresting peal, loud and insistent. Mr. Hayward hesitated no longer.

"I'll have to answer it, Nell. It might be a summons—a message."

As he turned the knob the door burst open, and a group af huddled little figures pushed silently in, a strange, motley lot in thin, misfit garments and shawls and knitted comforters. Mr. Hayward fell back in amazement, and they walked, as with one accord, straight into the living room and surrounded the glittering tree. Mrs. Hayward, coming out of a frozen silence spoke:

"Children! You must leave at once —do you hear? Who asked you to come in—"

"Gee, ain't it swell!"

"Boy, lamp the drum!"

"Man, it's hot stuff!"

Awed, adoring, they crowded closer, almost treading upon the artificial snow that stretched in white, drifting wastes beneath it. With face rigid, Mrs. Hayward watched them futilely. They seemed impervious to word or command. She put out her hands with a hostile gesture, but her husband put his arm about her, his eyes full of entreaty.

"Jimmy would love to have them see it," he said.

The leader, a thin boy in a tattered

shawl, dropped almost reverently before the automobile.

"Tail light and all," he gasped. "Boy, if he don't like that—"

Mrs. Hayward made a determined spring forward. Her lips formed the word "Go," but they made no sound.

"Where is your little boy?" demanded the leader. "Is he asleep?"

Mr. Hayward laid a hand on the boy's unkempt hair.

"Yes," he said softly. "Asleep in heaven."

"Oh, I'm sorry. We din't know." The boy fumbled awkwardly for Mr. Hayward's hand. "We been lookin' at the tree all evenin'. And we got cold and come in. But we wouldn't of done it—"

"Don't touch Jimmy's drum!"

It was Mrs. Hayward's voice so sharp and so terrifying that all the children stumbled back in fright. But one little boy was left, the littlest child of all, standing before the tree and clutching in his arms the drum. And as he saw them all staring at him, and heard the harsh command, he raised his voice in a thin, piercing wail.

"Mummy!" he cried, dropping the drum and covering his face with his thin blue hands. "Mummy, I want you to come back! Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!"

"Cut it out, Peter, d'ye hear?" The leader darted forward and dragged the littlest boy back, trying with rough tenderness to dry his tears with his coat sleeve. "Don't, you little fool. Quit. You'll make the lady cry."

But the child wept on, with racking, bursting sobs. His cap had fallen off, and his yellow hair fell untidily about his grimy face. Mrs. Hayward stared at him, fascinated by the sight of that golden hair. Jimmy's had been that color, like ripe wheat in the shock. As one in a dream, she moved forward and laid a caressing hand upon it. In another moment the little boy had thrown himself into her arms, his cold hands clinging convulsively about her neck.

She soothed him gently.

"Don't cry like that—don't. You can have the drum."

"He ain't crying' for no drum," enlightened a little girl, who seemed to be the self-elected mother of the group. "He wants his ma. She up an' died, so he's goin' to the 'sylum. He ain't got no folks. He's been stayin' with us, but we got six kids anyway. Shame on you, Peter, bawlin' before the nice lady."

Mrs. Hayward scarcely heard. She could feel his little heart beating wildly against her own. The warmth of it seemed to melt the ice about her heart. The waters gushed up in a flood and overflowed her eyes. She broke into soft weeping—the first tears she had shed since Jimmy had died.

From without, the voices of the carolers rose clear and ringing:

"Silent night! peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a
light,
Yonder, where they sweet vigils
keep,
O'er the Babe who, in silent
sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace.
Rests in heavenly peace."

When the voices died away, Mrs. Hayward lifted her face from the

littlest boy's yellow head. Her eyes were soft and shining.

"John," she said quickly, "let us distribute the gifts. I know Jimmy would like that."

Holding tight to the hand of the yellow-haired boy, she ran to the tree and handed out the toys one after the other. To the leader she gave the tool chest, and to Peter the automobile. He hugged it to him, smiling now, his childish grief forgotton. One by one, the tree was stripped of everything except the tinsel and the ornaments.

"Haven't we something to eat?" suggested Mr. Hayward, looking himself like an overgrown small boy. "Some pie or cake or something, eh, Mother?"

He had not called her by that name since Jimmy died. She had asked him not to. But now she smiled.

"Surely, Father. Bring them into the dining room."

There were nine of them around the table, its length eked out by several boards. Mrs. Hayward had hard work setting the food out, for Peter clung tight to her hand. But, nevertheless, as if by magic, the food appeared. There was a cake that Pinkie had baked for the Christmas dinner, and bread and butter and cranberry jelly, and nuts and raisins and cookies and candy. What would Pinkie say to having all her dinner demolished like this? But no matter. Somehow, it reminded Mrs. Hayward of the long-ago Christmas suppers in the little church of her childhood, when happy, riotous children had eaten their fill. And miraculously enough loaves and fishes of the feast had been left to carry to all the town poor next day.

She had had many guests in that paneled room, but none so appreciative as these children who had come unbidden to a feast. She watched them smilingly. Curiously enough, it seemed to her that it was Jimmy's party, and that he was there—not in a deep mound under the snow.

"Here, you, haven't you got no manners?" The little mother of the group watched her charges with a maternal eye. "Can't you eat your pie with your knife, Henery, and not take it up in your fingers? Hey, there, Buster, stop dippin' out a whole glass o' jell at once thataway. Skip, don't you know what a napkin's fur? Quit using your sleeve or I'll take the waddin' out o' you. You bum, you, Peter, don't you know bettern'd to shove your chair back afore the toothpicks is passed?"

Mrs. Hayward, listening, felt a lump in her throat where for two years no lump had ever been. With such as these how full the empty days and nights could be. Hospitals, homes, settlement houses—why had she never thought of them before?

The table, when they had finished, was as bare as the tree. And when they passed out their faces were no longer old and pinched, but happy—like Jimmy's had been. They had got to the door when Molly, the little mother, turned back.

"You Peter, come along. Where's your cap at? Think you're goin' to stay all night?"

But Peter, his yellow head pillowed on Mrs. Hayward's arm, was fast asleep, his lips parted in a smile.

"Don't disturb him," breathed Mrs. Hayward. "Let him stay—tonight."

The door closed upon the happy group, and her husband came and

stood beside her, looking down with a smile that was no longer tremulous.

"Jimmy would like that, Nell," he whispered.

Her eyes, suddenly wet, were like blue-bells sweet with rain.

"John, dear, get his bath ready, won't you? And then go into our room, please, and get one of Jimmy's nighties—yes, in the bottom drawer. Do you know, John it is the strangest thing, but I'm sure I heard Jimmy singing just before the children came. He stood by the piano, and it was his voice, sweet and far-away like a faint celestial strain. I think—he led them here as he was always doing—listen!"

From without, came the tap, tap of foot steps in the snow. The carolers were singing again. And upon the Christmas air rose the music sweet and clear:

"Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our king!
Jesus, the Savior, is here,
Jesus, the Savior, is here!"

———o———

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

I saw a wonder, holy high on Christmas night:
A Little Baby in the straw—a precious sight;
Close by His mother, tender, sweet, her face alight;
And stable-beasts give up their feasts to crowd in tight.
I heard a chorus loud and grand on Christmas Night:
The Morning Stars a-twink'ling sang of gladd'ning Light;
Then Angel Choirs took up the strain on winged flight;
And Hosts of Heaven made glad refrain in Glory's height.
I saw the shepherds in the field on Christmas Night:
When Heaven sang and glory shone—a quaking fright;
The men, their lambs, their faithful dog make for the Light
To find the Baby in the straw—O blessed sight!
I know that Baby smiled at me on Christmas Night;
I know the Angels sang to me on Christmas Night;
I know the shepherds beckoned me on Christmas Night;
So now I praise, and pray, and sing on Christmas Night.

—Peregrinus.

CHANGE OF HEART

By Rosanna Wilson

Dan Briggs, a reporter on a city paper, was employed to cover police happenings. This being a very "hard" beat, Dan had become accustomed to accidents involving fatalities and drunken drivers; to stabbings and shootings; to street fights and brawls. Since he saw this kind of thing every day he had gradually learned to believe the worst about everybody. Briggs carried on his work conscientiously, however. His police stories were always prepared on time.

Now the Christmas season had approached. All the stores and shops in the center of the town were trimmed with some sort of ornaments representing Christmas. On every street corner was a Santa Claus or a Salvation Army member, each asking for a few coins. The sidewalks were crowded with busy shoppers struggling along loaded down with precious bundles. Every place was advertising Christmas bargins.

As Briggs walked through the streets day by day getting his news, he grew constantly more bored with all this enthusiasm over the holiday. He had no time for these false Santa Clauses, and these "beggars" asking for some one else's earnings. When he was requested to give to charity funds, he would ask how many people were getting a cut of the "take." Solicitors got a snappy response from him, but very seldom in coins.

It was now only two days until Christmas. Snow was falling softly while people hurried to their work. Briggs hadn't even noticed that it was snowing, and, anyway, he wouldn't have cared. He had just arrived at the office and had found almost all the rest of the reporters already present at their places. As he sat down at his desk, Dora Speed, whose desk was next to his, pleasantly remarked on how beautiful she thought the outside world looked that day.

"Well," said Briggs, "I don't care what the world looks like or how beautiful it is. I only wish I could get some live news for a change. I suppose today will be another dull day though." While Briggs was muttering this half to himself everyone else started working. Typewriters were going full blast, while a dozen phones were ringing at one time.

Then in the middle of all the noise, Briggs heard his telephone ring. He quickly picked up the receiver and spoke in a gruff voice. "Hello,—Yes, this is Briggs, the police reporter—Oh! an accident, at the corner of Fourth and Pine—I'll be right down."

Getting into his overcoat and hurriedly putting on his hat, he quickly drove to the scene of the accident. He found a large crowd already gathered around. Policemen were questioning the persons involved. Briggs pushed his way through the jam and found two cars had collided, due to the slippery condition of the streets. Two women were injured and were being taken to the hospital.

Well, this was just another story for Briggs, nothing new or startling. As he edged his way out of the crowd, he tripped and collided with an old lady, causing both her and himself to fall on the sidewalk. Briggs

scrambled to his feet and helped the old lady to stand. As he lifted her up he noticed an old man standing beside her, looking very much troubled about the whole situation. Briggs asked her if she were hurt, and she replied that she wasn't.

She was about seventy; rather short, with gray hair, over which she had wrapped a worn black shawl. Her coat was a long one which looked very much worn. The old gentleman also had on an overcoat which was neatly patched but very threadbare. He stopped and picked up a couple of packages which the old lady had dropped; and the couple then said that they would have to go on with their shopping for Christmas gifts for their three children and five grandchildren.

Though cynical over the fact that these old people were so excited about the holiday, Briggs who was a little afraid the woman might collapse after her fall, decided that he would follow them and make sure they reached home safely.

As they walked through the stores, he noticed that they would count their money closely before making a purchase. No, they couldn't get their grandchildren toys. They would have to buy them stockings or gloves, or at least something that would be useful. They talked softly and admiringly of the Christmas decorations, and remarked on the fact that this was the only time of year that they ever came to the city.

All this coversation seemed to amuse the reporter. After they had made several purchases, Briggs heard them say that they would have to start home, as they had quite a long distance to walk from the city to the country, where they lived. Then, of course, they would have to finish preparing for Christmas and the coming of their family, and do the chores after they reached home.

This was too much for Briggs, even if he was a hardened police reporter. He once more made himself known to them and learned that their names were Kate and John Hall. He asked them if he could take them home. They were so surprised that for a moment they were speechless. They finally told him where they lived, and he found that it really was some distance out in the country. He wondered to himself when they had expected to reach home that day by walking.

They told him when to stop. He found himself before a small white house, where everything was neat and clean. Even the barn had a spic and span appearance. Wreaths and green vines with red berries were placed in the shining windows of the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall invited Dan in, as they wanted to show him the nice little tree that they had fixed for their grandchildren.

"Yes," said Kate, "John was two hours cutting the tree, as he suffers from lumbago so badly. He had to be careful how he worked.

Briggs stepped into a neat kitchen. Everything was in order. The old couple didn't have everything "fancy" but what they had was clean. They showed him into a small, simple living room. There in a corner a hemlock tree stood in an old tub, with stones piled around it. The tree was decorated with strings of popcorn balls, with a little tinsel here and there to give it some brightness. A few other small ornaments and some bright

Christmas balls completed the trimmings.

Then Kate began to tell him of the Christmas dinner she had planned. She said that this was the only time of the year that all the children and grandchildren were together at home. She whispered that her husband was going to kill Bingo, the old turkey gobbler, but that she supposed he would shed a few tears when he had to do this. She was also going to have pumpkin pie and almost everything that anyone could ask for.

Briggs was completely lost in this old-fashioned, yet clean and neat, country home. For a few hours he had forgotten that he was a police reporter. There two old people and their cozy home had taken his mind back for a few minutes to his boyhood, when he had lived in almost the same kind of a home, with the Christmas season celebrated in the same way.

After turning over these thoughts in his mind several times, he finally realized where he was. He must hurry back to the city and turn his story in to the paper. He quickly said goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Hall and wished them both a very happy Christmas and New Year. He drove away from the place with a strange feeling of heaviness on his heart, but he resolutely forced his mind back to his work.

When he reached the office, he hurriedly ran off the story of the accident on his typewriter and presented it to the city editor. When the latter finished reading it, he burst out in a voice that quieted the whole staff.

"Well," he shouted, "this is a police story, all right, but here it is two days before Christmas and not a one of you has brought in a seasonal story from your beats. The public doesn't want to hear about nothing but crashes and the number injured at a time like this. They'd rather hear carollers than police sirens, for once in a year, at least."

Briggs sat speechless as he saw his story torn to bits and thrown away. His mind worked frantically for a few minutes. Then he again saw the old couple that he had encountered while getting his police story. Was that the feature story the Old Man wanted?

Without even taking time to consider the ridiculousness of a police reporter writing a story sopping with sentiment, he began tapping out his impressions of the old man and woman pushing through the jaded crowds of shoppers, an eager light of interest and anticipation in their eyes. He told briefly of their children and grandchilden, who came home only once a year; of the shabby but immaculate clothing of the aged pair; of the anxious counting of pennies before each purchase was made; finally, of the spotlessly neat little home, with its old-fashioned tree, and the smellof spices pervading the rooms —He was a boy of ten again as he wrote of the wreaths that hung in the shining windows; of the whiteness of the little lady's hair; and the tenderness with which the old man had protected her from the pushing crowds in the city; of the pungent odor of woodsmoke and hemlock intermingled in the parlor, where a fire had smouldered in a fire-place opposite to the tree—.

He finished; laid the papers, unread, in the editor's copy basket; rose to put on his coat and hat. His face

was red with some emotion so strong that is shocked him. Day after tomorrow would be Christmas—he might have just waked from a trance to learn of it. He suddenly determined to ask a favor of the Old Man —something he hadn't done for years. Only a very deep desire would bring him to this—

"Joe," he began, standing close by the editor's chair, so the rest of the staff could not hear, "is there any chance of my—"

The editor finished reading the page in his hand, put it with some others before him, and brought a heavy fist down on the desk, so that again every one in the room looked at him.

"Now, that's something like it!" he bellowed. He pushed back his chair and stood up, putting his hand on the fiery-faced Dan Briggs' shoulder.

"My boy," he rumbled, "You deserve a bonus for that tory. It brought tears to my eyes—mine, and I haven't shed any since I lost my candidacy for mayor. Put up your typewriter and go home to see your parents, and don't come back till next week."

"Yes, sir," Dan said humbly, "I was just going to ask for a day's leave. You see, my—my mother lives in Ohio, and it'll take me a while to get there—"

"How long since you've been back there, Dan?" the editor asked.

Dan stammered, terribly ashamed, all of a sudden, "A—about ten years, sir."

"Don't come back till Wednesday, my boy," the old man said then. "Any one who could write of somebody's parents like you have in this story deserves to spend a little time with his own at Christmas. And when you come back, how would you like to try your hand at feature stuff, and let John take on your police beat? We haven't had any really good feature stories since the Tribune stole James Karn from us."

Dan Briggs slowly removed his hat. Then he turned to the listening, beaming staff and said clearly and distinctly, "Merry Christmas," and put an unabashed hand up to clear the mist from his eyes.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

THE SHEPHERDS

It was the shepherds of the fold
  First heard the wondrous news,
What time upon the wintry wold
  They watched their lambs and ewes.
It was the simple shepherd folk
  First heard His angels sing,
When from the deeps of midnight broke
  Resplendent plume and wing,
And hill and vale to music woke—
  "All hail to Christ the King!"

It was the lowly and the poor
  That heard the tidings first,
When on the eyes of swain and boor
  God's splendid angels burst.
It was the simple shepherds sped
  To seek the Holy Child,
Who found Him in His manger bed
  Beside His Mother mild,
While Joseph bent in awe his head
  And on the Saviour smiled.

Still, would ye seek His place of birth,
  Go search in hut and cot!
Not with the proud or great of earth
  He casts His kingly lot.
But 'mid the poor the Saviour seek;
  There cradled low He lies.
He hideth still among earth's weak
  From undiscerning eyes.
Yea, veileth still His Godhead meek
  In simple human guise.

—P. J. Coleman

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 15, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Homer Head
Frank May
Robert Maples
William Shannon
Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

William G. Bryant
William Callahan
Everett Case
Albert Chunn
Porter Holder
Everett Watts
William C. Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

Jack Cline
Julian T. Hooks
Edward Johnson
Donald McFee
William Shaw
Melvin Stines
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

Lewis Andrews
Lewis Baker
Earl Barnes
Clyde Barnwell
James Boone
William Buff
Kenneth Conklin
Bruce Hawkins
Roscoe Honeycutt
Jack Lemley
Harley Matthews
William Matthewson
Otis McCall
Robert Quick
Wayne Sluder
William Sims
William T. Smith
Harrison Stilwell
John Tolley

Louis Williams
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

William Cherry
Quentin Crittenton
Arthur Edmondson
Paul Godwin
Noah J. Greene
Gilbert Hogan
Hugh Kennedy
George Newman
Robert Simpson
George Speer
Oakley Walker
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
J. C. Bordeaux
Collett Cantor
Harold Donaldson
William Gaddy
J. B. Howell
Everett Lineberry
Ivey Lunsford
James Massey
Leonard Melton
Currie Singletary
Richard Starnes
Fred Tolbert
Hubert Walker
Dewey Ware

COTTAGE NO. 6

Robert Dunning
Leo Hamilton
John Maples
Carl Ward
William Wilson
Woodrow Wilson
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Henry Butler
Cleasper Beasley
Donald Earnhardt
Carl Justice
Lyman Johnson
Charles McGowan
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash

Microfilmed
SOLINET/ASERL PROJECT

Marshall Pace
Alex Weathers

COTTAGE NO. 8

Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

Holly Atwood
Percy Capps
David Cunningham
George Gaddy
Robert Gaines
Osper Howell
Mark Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
William Nelson
Harold O'Dear
James Ruff
Thomas Sands
Richard Singletary

COTTAGE NO. 10

Junius Brewer
James Eury
Harry Peake
Edward Stutts
Carl Speer
O. D. Talbert
Claude Weldy
Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Bennett
John Benson
Harold Bryson
Robert Davis
William Furches
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Fred Jones
Broadus Moore
Fred Owens
Theodore Rector
Monroe Searcy

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
William Broadwell
Ernest Brewer
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Woodrow Hager
Eugene Heaffner
Charles Hastings
Tillman Lyles
Clarence Mayton
James Mondie
James Puckett
Hercules Rose
Howard Sanders
Robah Sink
Jesse Smith
Norman Smith
Pete Taylor
George Tolson
Eugene Watts
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Wilson Bailiff
William Goins
Vincent Hawes
James Lane
Douglas Mabry
Jack Mathis
John Murdock
Randall D. Peeler
Jack Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
Edward Carter
Mack Coggins
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
Henry Glover
Feldman Lane
Norvell Murphy
Henry McGraw
Charles McCoyle
John Reep
Charles Steepleton
Wallace Woody

COTTAGE NO. 15

Beamon Heath
J. P. Morgan
J. P. Sutton
Brown Stanly
Calvin Tessneer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Philip Holmes
John T. Lawry